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THE

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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER,

DEVOTED TO

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AND

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Au gré de nos desirs bien plus qu'au gré des vents.

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As we will, and not as the winds will.

VOL. XIX.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.

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Notes and Commentaries, on a Voyage to China.

CHAPTER XVI.

Italian Naturalist; Lapidary; Feather Flowers; Society; Character and appearance of ladies; A Soirée; Education; Religion; Character of Brazilians; Currency; Bank; Mint; Influence of European politics on Brazilian trade; A singular mode of arbitration; Witnesses in capital cases; Social qualifications necessary to diplomatists; Sail from Rio; General View of Brazil; Navy.

I visited, one day, the sanctum of an Italian naturalist, or rather collector of bugs, beasts, birds and snails. This man has resided some years at Rio, and manages to make his bread by selling specimens of natural history to the numerous strangers who visit this place. Amongst the English, the man for these things is most enthusiastic, and they pay accordingly; the prices demanded are exorbitant, because the specimens have not always the merit of being new, that is, hitherto unknown to the scientific christeners of the individuals of the natural kingdoms. To his avocation of collector, this Italian unites that of portrait painter and picture dealer; but in this line, I am not a judge, and cannot venture to praise his wares. The variety and contrasting beauties of the numerous insects, the horrible size and speckled colors of the serpents, and the number of land shells found in the neighborhood of Rio de Janeiro, were the chief objects of admiration. The man told me he kept a dozen slaves constantly abroad collecting and preparing objects of natural history. The number of those things constantly carried away for the public museums and private cabinets of Europe, is so great, that I do not wonder at the high prices obtained for them; my only astonishment is, that the

neighborhood continues to supply the demand.

From the Italian's I went to the house of a lapidary, and, on the way, passed through the "Rua dos Plateros," wherein all workers in silver make and display their wares; whether the same reasons which brought all the goldsmiths in London to Cheapside in time of Edward III. operated in the present case, I am not informed. At the lapidary's, we saw a variety of minerals, principally of the gem family, in form of native crystals, or cut for setting. The white topaz, called in Brazil "nova mina," *gout d'eau*, is very beautiful, and by those who are not skilled in the matter, may be mistaken for diamond. Amongst other gems exhibited, were quantities of topaz, aqua marine, honey-stone, opals, moonstones, (a variety of feldspar,) tourmalins, (Brazilian emeralds,) rubies, garnets, amethysts, &c., &c., besides pretty pieces of native gold.

One day we visited the shop of a polite little Frenchwoman, who is a florist, in one sense, for she manufactures flowers of birds' feathers, and insects' wings. She showed us all we thought curious in her shop, in which several slaves were at work, removing the wings of insects, and preparing them to be made into flowers. Most of the insects used for this purpose are of those species which have hard wings; in different lights they assume an endless variety of iridescent shades. They also enter into the manufacture of jewelry, in form of brooches, ear-rings, bracelets, &c., set in fine gold, forming very light and beautiful ornaments, some of them even rivaling, in display of colors, the flashing opal. Flowers are composed of feathers of their natural colors, and the varieties they are made to represent is surprising; they are arrayed in simple bouquets, crowns, and wreaths for dresses. Sometimes artificial humming-birds are placed among the flowers, which being made *tremblante*, as the florist said, possess a very natural appearance.

The number of dead insects and birds' skins in this shop was very great. When perfect specimens are brought in by the collectors, they are disposed of to amateurs to be placed in cabinets of natural history.

Of the native society of Rio, my own experience enables me to say but little. The ladies have a reputation for abstemiousness which, I am informed by an old resident, they do not merit. They eat more heartily, and partake of a much larger quantity of Lisbon wine, than is usual with ladies either in Europe or North America. But they are affectionate wives, obedient daughters, and possess very amiable manners. They are in every respect as exemplary in their conduct as the same classes in Europe and in the United States. Foreigners are debarred from their society in a great degree by not speaking the language; but in the circles of the educated and intelligent, French is very generally spoken, and strangers who have gained admittance to them do not complain of the pleasure or attentions received. Ever since the reformation of the political constitution in the time of Dom Pedro I., more attention has been paid to education than previously, and as a consequence, the tone of society will improve.

The ladies of Brazil are remarkable for fairness of complexion, elasticity of step, fine figure, soft black hair, regularity of features, and melting dark eyes; but wanting the rosy blush of health, the physiognomy is incomplete. This is attributable partly to climate, partly to dietetic habits, and partly to the customs of society. The soft rotundity of limb and person may be owing to the effects of diet and climate, aided by passing their lives in luxurious ease and inactivity. They seldom appear abroad; time, and a more free intercourse with foreigners, will break down the absurd notion of secluding females from the gentle airs of heaven and the cheering light of the sun. That the climate has a powerful effect on feminine beauty in Brazil, is proved by the fact, that young ladies from Europe as well as from the United States, in the course of a year or two after their arrival, lose the roses from their cheeks, and acquire the soft, blood complexions of the Brazilian fair.*

*Manual do Fazendiero. Rio de Janeiro, 1834.

One evening I attended a musical *soirée*, and heard some pieces of the best composers well performed. The ladies were seated altogether in close rows, as if at a public concert, and so closely packed, that it was impossible to pass between them; a nod, a smile or a familiar threat of a fan, was therefore all the recognition the beaux could obtain from the belles. The quantity, brilliance and costliness of the jewelry, were remarkable—necklaces of diamonds on fair, and of green tourmalin (Brazilian emerald,) or topaz, or amethyst, on brunette bosoms, are pretty enough when the wearer happens to be young; but artificial flowers made entirely of brilliants, in the heads of dark skinned dowagers of forty and upwards, though rich in their look, are not to our taste. Finger-rings, bracelets, aigrettes and ear-rings, of every variety of gem, were worn in profusion; one might imagine that the contents of a jeweler's shop had been emptied in a promiscuous shower upon the company.

Of course the rooms were oppressively warm; but thanks to the enterprise of our countrymen, and their benevolence in caring for the comforts of their fellow beings in all parts of the world, they were tempered by a plentiful supply of ices, a luxury which the Brazilians have derived from the United States. Ice creams are sold at the cafés, made of New England ice, brought here in American ships.

Music was not the only attraction nor the only source of pleasure offered. There were cards for those gentlemen who had no ears for sweet sounds, and about midnight, dancing for the young, and towards day-dawn a plentiful supper was spread, so that all tastes were cared for. Garlic, fat olives, and oil, entered largely into the composition of most of the native dishes; but our host had hospitably provided turkeys, fowls and ham, served up in a style to suit the palates of his foreign guests, leaving us no cause of complaint. The orange, the banana, the guava, the pine-apple, &c., were among the fruits, and all were delicious. The wines were pure and old; and the table was adorned with many flowers unfamiliar to the ultra-tropic eye.

As already stated, the Brazilians have devoted much attention to education, and now, almost without exception, well-bred Brazil-

ians speak French. The literature of France is generally diffused among them. French medicine and medical theories prevail exclusively; even the medical text books of the colleges are French. The change which has taken place in the past thirty years in public opinion on female education, is very remarkable in its effects. Formerly, women were regarded as toys, and therefore had no necessity for education beyond that which enabled them to read prayers in church. Now, however, ladies speak French, are musicians, and are skilled in ornamental needlework; plain sewing is left to the better class of slaves and French mantua-makers. In consequence of this change, ladies have come to occupy a higher position in Brazilian society, and are regarded as suitable companions for men.

Religion is not much insisted on by the Brazilians. It is a common remark that almost all the priests and monks, in spite of their vows of celibacy, have families; their sons and daughters are termed nephews and nieces. The physiological laws of man's organization are more potent than the conventional rules of the church. Bastardy seems to be a recognized condition of society; I have seen several medical theses in print by authors who announce themselves as the legitimate sons of persons named. I am told that deism, and even atheism exist to a very great extent. The clergy are paid small salaries; they receive fees for marriages, births, baptisms and burials. The Bishop of Rio has an annual salary of only about twelve hundred dollars.

Sunday shines no Sabbath day at Rio, being confined within the walls of convents and churches, venturing no farther into the open air than the steps and belfreys, where squibs and rockets are fired, which constitute a considerable part of the religious ceremony. Many shops, the fancy stores particularly, are open, and most things may be purchased as well on the Sabbath as on any other day. But having no show-windows, as in Philadelphia and New York, the goods are displayed at the doors, and therefore not to advantage. There are now more ladies met in a morning than formerly. They generally go abroad in black, with the hair dressed and without bonnets, simply

shaded by a parasol. A remnant of the ancient fashion of wearing long trains to the gowns, is sometimes seen, but worn gracefully over the left arm, instead of being borne by an attending slave, or left dragging in the mud. Street-sweeping skirts must have been invented to conceal the feet, and thus, perhaps, annul the necessity of wearing stockings, or to keep out of sight undarned rents in those appendages of costume?

The Brazilians are a passionate people, but they are neither malicious nor revengeful. They are cheerful and placid in their general deportment, usually confiding and unsuspecting. Men of business did not formerly think of charging interest for the use of even large sums of money for a few days, or even weeks, but the Anglo-Saxons have taught them that it is proper to look to their interest account. They have an undefined repugnance to foreigners. They are opposed to immigration, because they fancy that foreigners would, if here in large numbers, take away from them entirely, all power in controlling the affairs of the country. They feel the want of laborers and mechanics, but they will not encourage foreign immigrants. They prefer slaves and the slave-trade, although they do not find capital thus invested to be productive. In fact, some of the coffee-planters lose on large crops even when sold at fair prices. It is said that negroes on the coffee plantations are shorter lived than those who work on the sugar estates, which is the reverse of Cuba and other islands of the West Indies. Brazilians are said to be kind to their slaves.

The laws of Brazil do not permit imprisonment for debt, and it is next to impossible by law to force an unwilling debtor to pay; still credit is given for four, eight and twelve months, and even two years, but the state of public opinion is such that failure to meet pecuniary engagements of this kind is rare.

The currency of Brazil is constantly fluctuating in value. It consists exclusively of irredeemable treasury paper and copper. It is reckoned in mills, called "reis." The smallest coin is a vintem, or twenty reis; there is a coin of eighty reis, equal in weight to four American cents, called often by foreign sailors "dumps." The patacoon or mil-rei, of silver, is nominally one thousand

reis, but is marked 960, and is worth forty reis or mills less than the dollar. The object of this depreciation was to prevent the exportation of specie; but it was soon found that the patacoons were exported at the nominal value, and afforded a profit of forty mills on each. The patacoon is divided in three patacs of sixteen vintems, or 320 reis each; but there is no coin of this denomination in circulation. Four hundred reis or twenty vintems, make one "cruzado," and one thousand millreis or patacoons make one "conto." When we arrived, silver dollars were worth 1,820 mills in paper, but they have risen to 2,050 mills: it is conjectured that paper will still fall and silver appreciate in proportion, until the political state of Europe is settled.

I heard remarks by an experienced merchant here on the subject of the currency. He submitted that the treasury should coin all the silver which comes into its possession in pieces of small denomination, because it would secure small coin for the common daily traffic, and not be likely to accumulate in the hands of speculators. It would be very difficult if not impossible, for example, to collect in New York or Philadelphia, five thousand dollars in dimes and half-dimes. It would be more profitable to buy exchange at a handsome premium, than to be at the cost and labor of such collections. There is a "banco commercial," but it has not a right to issue notes. It is a discount bank exclusively, and charges a premium for taking care of deposits. Merchants require a bank of discount, issue and deposit, in order to facilitate commercial transactions. A bank of this kind, limited in the rate of dividend on its stock, would be entirely worthy of confidence. It was argued that the sub-treasury system of the United States must be embarrassing to men of business, because it requires duties to be paid at the custom house in specie. It is a good day's work to count ten thousand pieces of coin; it would therefore require a whole day to count \$40,000 in five dollar pieces, and four days in dollars. The number of clerks in the custom house must therefore be augmented; and, therefore, the sub-treasury system must be an unnecessarily expensive method of collecting the revenue. A bank whose paper is equivalent

to specie, would save labor and expense.

The Brazilian government possesses all the necessary apparatus for coining, but the minister of finance states in a recent report, that persons capable of working it are wanting.

May 17th.—After dinner to-day we rowed round the island of Cobras, which is within an eighth of a mile of the city. A fortress sadly in want of repairs covers it, and on the outside of the walls are buildings for the safe-keeping of stores for the navy, which are thus under the protection of the guns of the fort.

The condition of Europe exerts a powerful influence on the commercial world here. When disturbed by great political changes, or a prospect of them, business is tardy because shippers of coffee to Hamburg, France or Italy, are reluctant to confide their property to European consignees who may be, possibly, rendered bankrupt by political revolutions. Here coffee is the great article of export. Farmers depend on the sale of it to obtain cash for their various necessary purchases; if coffee will not sell, they are without means. The rich are afraid to buy or make investments, and those who have goods are anxious to convert them into money.

At the Porton Vermelho to-day, we had a conversation with an English resident, who related that one of his friends had been forced, while in the country, to act as arbitrator, on a point in dispute between some rude Brazilians. They placed him in a barrel at the head of a flight of stairs. The parties then stated the case and argued it warmly. One brandished a club over his head, declaring he should feel the weight of it, if he should dare to decide the case against him. The other party made a similar threat, adding that he would roll him, barrel and all, down stairs, if the decision was not in his favor. The forced judge was in great consternation, because it was plain he was to be beaten, if not murdered, no matter how he might decide. At the moment seeing two police officers pass, he called upon them to release him, but they were alarmed by the angry contention of the parties, and crying out, "they will murder him; let us not witness the act," took to their heels. Their conduct was not a result of fear or want of

humanity; in capital cases, the witnesses are incarcerated, as well as the criminal, until the trial is completed. The forced judge escaped from his awkward predicament, by suggesting a compromise, which was accepted by the parties.

A few nights since, a gentleman found a man who had been stabbed, in the street. He reported the case to the police, who urged that he should carry the wounded man to the hospital, because said they, we cannot go near him on your report. Had we ourselves found him, we should have been obliged to do so.

These anecdotes are illustrative of some of the remarkable notions which exist among these people.

We have an abundance of mosquitoes on shore, and more than are contentedly borne on board ship. A lump of camphor suspended in a state-room or cabin, causes them to desert the apartment.

An old resident remarked to me that although Brazilians are great consumers of cigars, gentlemen never smoke in the streets; none but artizans and shopmen smoke in the public highways of the city. From this circumstance, all foreigners seen with cigars in their mouths when walking the streets, are presumed to belong to inferior classes in their respective countries.

The same gentleman expressed his opinion, that only those gentlemen who can speak French fluently, should be employed to represent us in a diplomatic capacity in Brazil. With this qualification, they would be able, almost always, to settle questions conversationally, before instituting a correspondence in relation to them. It would enable them to occupy advantageously, a social position, which they cannot possibly attain while ignorant of the language. A man of tact and knowledge of refined society, should he entertain hospitably, would speedily gain the confidence of this people, and be able to exercise an influence sufficiently powerful to obtain for his government any thing reasonable. Under the present system, letters are written and translated on both sides, and both are embarrassed for want of means of easy intercourse. Both fear deception, and the caution thus begot, renders diplomatic communication tedious, and unsuccessful in many instances, in

which there would be no delay, if social confidence existed between the parties when business began.

It is remarkable, that men, all things being equal, have more confidence in those persons whom they have seen often, than in those they have met only once. Even in the same city, persons are prone to fancy that their own friends and acquaintances are more worthy, and better people than those whom they have not known at all; yet it is presumed there are few individuals of any degree of respectability whatever, who are without friends and acquaintances who appreciate their good qualities. There is almost always a degree of reserve between strangers, which is removed by intercourse in a short time; it seems to banish that sort of shyness or distrust which strangers mutually entertain for each other, for no other reason than because they are strangers. The influence of constant meeting may be seen in the rapid progress in acquaintanceship and friendship, between men who come together as shipmates and messmates at sea, and between youngsters at schools and colleges. There is an aphorism among seafaring men: a messmate before a shipmate, and a shipmate before a stranger, which seamen act upon, although changing from ship to ship very many times in the course of their lives. Juxtaposition of residence or neighborhood alone, begets kindliness, which seems to bear some proportion to distance. Men are wont to imagine they have more claims on their adjoining neighbors than upon those who are removed from them fifty or sixty yards or more. A common interest or common purpose is productive of personal kindness. Men of different vocations, of different politics and of various character, are made to fraternize through a religious or sectarian creed; and social intercourse often creates friendship between men of opposite views in religion and politics. And so strong is this feeling of friendship which springs from association alone, that men sometimes permit themselves to dislike those who do not go with them. In some of our large cities, we find perpetuated feuds between fire companies, which, probably had their origin in a spirit of rivalry alone: yet, to an entirely disinterested person, it would be extremely difficult to show

any reason whatever, why they should mutually complain of each other, and fight whenever opportunity offers.

Frequent and extended intercourse with our fellows, teaches, that men generally are worthy and disposed to be just and benevolent and are intrinsically neither better nor worse, because we have not seen them or known them. The true merits of men do not depend upon social position, nor upon the virtues or fame of their ancestors. There are few families including any considerable number of persons, of which one or more members are not deficient either in moral or mental constitution. And it is well known that all men distinguished for wealth are not unencumbered by poor relatives. Then, is it not remarkable that a man should be proud of his relatives, living or dead; because if he scrutinize closely, he may find among them fellows without many claims to consideration or respect, although one among the crowd may be or have been possessed of brilliant virtues. It is just to regard every man for his own qualifications, and not respect him more or less on account of his propinquities, or on account of the conduct of family connexions. But to estimate fairly the merits of men, is very difficult, and should be undertaken always with due caution and reserve, for we may, through ignorance, censure unjustly. A proud man, if poor, may acquire a reputation for meanness, while he is actually as generous and liberal as his circumstances will permit; and at the same time, another may win a name for generosity, by meanly giving away, not from his own, but from the pockets of his companions. Yet, the man whose want of integrity permits him to spend freely what is not his own in showy hospitalities, enjoys, at least for a time, more popularity, and exercises greater influence in society than he who honestly measures his expenses by his own revenue. How many "noble, good fellows" have won favorable opinions of the many, by preying upon the purse or fortune of a few; "noble fellows," who are ever ready to borrow money to spend in wine and wassail for "good fellows" at restaurants and taverns; "brave fellows," who despise a creditor mean enough to demand from them his just dues. Good fellows of every genus and species flourish, who,

like the lilies of the field, "spin not," or if they do, not enough to meet their wants; they may be moderately dishonest, untruthful, heedless, and be excused, provided they possess hearts and stomachs fitted for good fellowship. I mean simply to urge that, in the eyes of the multitude, good-fellowship stands in lieu of many virtues; a social, jovial fellow, without brains for business of any kind, will obtain and retain political office, in competition with the most capable and least exceptionable candidates who are deficient in social qualities. A deep drink and a good joke, are proofs of discretion and ability, and will convince a great number of voters; they are often more extensively influential than a plain statement of truth, urged in accordance with rhetorical rule.

Superior intelligence, honesty and sincerity are requisite in those who represent the country at foreign courts; but if they are not united with social powers, with the faculty of amusing and the means of gastronomically entertaining, their influence is comparatively nothing. The exercise of the social virtues is very expensive, but they are so much admired in all parts of the world by all classes of men, that adequate resources should be furnished to diplomatic agents by every government desirous to be effectually represented. The stolidity of a man must be very great, if he fail to perceive sound arguments in good dinners, good wine and good company: besides, it requires great moral courage to refuse the request of a man who has the faculty of providing superb dinners. It is said the agents for claims resident at Washington are aware that the weak side of legislators and statesmen is located in the stomach through which is a route to the "soft place" in the head or heart, if it exist; and they have created, in this belief, an occupation for a class of assistants, whose duty consists in giving agreeable dinners to such distinguished politicians as are not easily accessible during business hours. They may be named prandial caterers of claim agencies; they are generally much courted by wine dealers, and from habitually feasting with the great are suspected to be "good fellows" of great wealth who delight in the society of the capital. They are doubtlessly "good fellows;" but there is not

the smallest reason to suspect them of possessing riches.

Sunday, May 28th. At seven o'clock this morning the ship was under sail. Though we had not gained much of an "offing," by ten o'clock the shores of Brazil, owing to a foggy condition of the atmosphere, were no longer visible. We spoke a brig bound to Rio, which had been 79 days at sea from Boston. The day has been passed in arranging matters for sea, and as sailors say in "making all snug."

I here transcribe a sketch made some years ago.

Nature has been lavish of her choicest gifts to Brazil; in the soil, the scenery, the mineral and vegetable productions. This favored country possesses great rivers; a sea-board extending from four degrees north to thirty-five degrees south latitude, bathed by a peaceful ocean: abundant forests of enduring timber; graceful trees and plants for ornament and use; some affording food, some in their medicinal properties sources of comfort to afflicted humanity, and others dyes of unrivalled beauty and great value. The naturalist contemplates with delight the beauty and variety of her insects, and the gorgeous plumage of the feathered race, while he shrinks from the boa-constrictor and her many poisonous reptiles. She has a genial climate varying in temperature with the degrees of latitude which mark her limits, or, as mountain or valley may prevail on the face of the country, and she is comparatively free from those periodical diseases which, in similar parallels of north latitude, are sometimes so desolating.

It is a region in which the study of nature does not tire, where art finds ample employment, commerce a wide field for enterprise, and agriculture a full reward. Here, the philanthropist may indulge in conjectures on the destiny of man, and erect religious temples amidst the richest of nature's scenes; and the heart thus inspired with gratitude swells in devotion and breaks forth in holy adoration of the Great First Cause—"the Architect divine."

Nature nowhere frowns upon Brazil. Her mountains are covered with verdure to their summits; her forests are in perennial leaf;

and blossom and bud and fruit are common companions, even on the same tree.

Brazilians are not destitute of genius; we have evidences in the recent issues from the press. They respect foreigners who are not Portuguese, for whom they entertain a feeling of rivalry or colonial jealousy: and the government, in its political relations with other countries is confiding and liberal, at least in appearance. Perhaps the United States stands first in their regard. They are vain of their country and its institutions, and proudly associate the great names and deeds which shine so brightly in the early history of Portugal with the high destinies which, in their dreams of political greatness, they have marked out for Brazil. They are ceremonious and punctilious; suspicious in disposition, but easily flattered; courteous though dilatory in conduct; selfish, but assuming frankness and generosity; cunning, but easily overreached by a bold and confident demand of what is claimed as a right; timid, but presumptuous; unsteady in purpose, and without any large or comprehensive views of political affairs. Religion is merely nominal among the youth; the aged attend to its forms and ceremonies.

The population of the empire is estimated by the government at 5,200,000 souls. Of the whole two-thirds are supposed to be slaves; the proportion of Indians and mulattoes and free blacks to the white population is not estimated. The relative number of slaves varies in different provinces. In that of St. Paul, for example, they are supposed to constitute one-third; in Las Minas and in Rio de Janeiro, two-fifths; in Rio Grande do Sur and in Goiaz, little more than one-fourth.

No danger is apprehended from the slave population; because, being from different parts of Africa, and belonging to hostile tribes, they retain much of their national antipathy to each other, and, in point of intelligence, are considered but little above the brute creation. They are kindly treated, and are attached to the families of their masters, rather from a clannish feeling or habit of mind, than from any sense of gratitude, a sentiment of which they seem to be destitute. They are baptized by their owners as soon as purchased, and generally, in the

cities, go regularly to mass and confession. They never become entirely civilized; even those who obtain their freedom, in reward of faithful services, are less intelligent than their descendants born in Brazil.

Although the slave trade has been abolished by law, there is still a contraband importation amounting, it has been asserted, to an annual average of from eight to ten thousand slaves. About one-third perish in the act of importation; that is, about two-thirds of those who leave the African coast are available for labor in the country.

Male slaves are instructed in the craft or trade of their masters, and perform the greater part of the mechanical labor of the country; and the females learn the duties of house-servants, become mantua-makers, milliners, &c. Many families in Rio de Janeiro depend exclusively on the labor of their slaves for daily support; and for the finery displayed at balls and on other occasions, the ladies are indebted to the manual labor of their female slaves. The slave population increases slowly. The blacks are admitted into the church as priests, and as officers into the army, in which, in former times, they attained to the grade of major. Even the national legislature includes some who would not be received as white men in the United States.

The people take little interest in the politics of the empire. They are of a temper so mild, so averse to mental exertion, and so little calculated by education or habit to expand their views beyond local interests or personal affairs, that it would be difficult to excite in them any very active feeling in political matters. They have not yet entirely shaken off that state of mental apathy and sense of political inferiority into which the mother country had brought them by pursuing the common policy of European governments towards their colonies, before the voice of liberty broke upon them, which, being imperfectly understood, was listened to with apprehension. Except in the large seaport towns, they have not yet more than begun to feel the invigorating sense of individual right and political freedom. The advantage of free and frequent interchange of sentiments and comparison of views, is not afforded them, because the population is

spread over a wide extent of country where communication is difficult, and social intercourse is embarrassed and restrained from the influence of old habits and customs. Hence we may infer that a long time will elapse before there will be any violent political struggles among them, except of a local nature; particularly as they are prospering in their individual affairs, and therefore content with "the goods the gods provide them," without a desire to grasp at remote and problematical benefits.

The revenue is derived from a commercial tariff, and from tithes on produce, and on rents of city property, and on the sale of property; the tithe on produce being paid by the exporting merchant, who regulates his prices accordingly, the producer is not so sensible of the tax as he would be were he to pay it to the government from his own pocket. Yet, with the enormous tax of twenty per cent upon property, in addition to the commercial duties, which are low, the revenue is not equal to the current expenditures.

Suffrage is limited to persons who have, from labor, craft, trade, or property, an annual income of at least two hundred mil reis. The vigario of the parish sits with the judges of elections to decide upon the qualifications of voters. Friars and members of religious fraternities are not entitled to vote. Blacks are not excluded from the civil rights of white men.

The standing army of Brazil is so small as scarcely to merit the name. There is a military staff, however, supported on a large scale, and a corps of military police. A national guard is organized by law, in which all males from the age of eighteen to forty-five are enrolled. They are equipped at their own cost, the nation furnishing them only arms and ammunition. Detachments of this guard are daily on duty at the palace and public offices.

The navy is not effective, and having no mercantile marine to create seamen, there is no prospect of improvement. The navy list includes one admiral by brevet (?), one vice-admiral; three commodores, two chiefs of division; eight chiefs of division by brevet; four captains, three graduated captains; 24 captains of frigate; 58 lieutenant captains,

(commanders ?); 67 first lieutenants; 129 second lieutenants; besides a retired list of three vice-admirals, 5 commodores; 5 chiefs of division; 4 captains, 6 captains of frigate; 1 commander; 11 first lieutenants and 11 second lieutenants. There are 32 vessels in commission, among which is one frigate, 5 corvettes and 5 steamers; the rest are small craft. In ordinary there are 12 frigates and 4 smaller vessels. Including 5 transports or store vessels, the whole Brazilian navy consists of 42 vessels. The number of guns is not reported.

According to official reports the Brazilian navy is employed, in three fleets or squadrons, on the coast; and from absence of foreign service, officers have been occasionally placed on board of the public ships of England and the United States to acquire nautical experience. A system of apprentices for the naval service has been put in operation; machine shops, building yards, and dry docks have been recommended by the Minister of Marine to be constructed, and the acquisition of large war steamers is urged upon the national legislature. Persons of intelligence have been despatched to Europe and the United States to improve themselves in naval architecture and in the manufacture of arms.

But we may not look to genial climates and luxuriant soil for men of hardy adventure and daring enterprise; and it is not unjust to Brazil to say she cannot become an important naval power, notwithstanding her extensive coast, fine harbors and abundant forests. Moral laws seem to oppose her ambition in this field of national glory. Yet she must in the future appear gloriously in the history of nations. In point of morals and intelligence the people are in advance of the government, and the spirit of improvement is active amongst them. They have passed through a long night of despotism; but the light of freedom has begun to shed its rays, and is dispelling the mists of superstition and ignorance which have so long concealed from them their own degraded condition. Since the departure of John VI. much has been done. Agriculture is extended; the slave trade is prohibited, the army is disbanded, schools have been established; women are receiving instruction—

and are not women always patriots? To them and to their influence on society nations are indebted for their great men. The taste for literature is increasing; the number of bookstores is augmented, and the labors of native authors are kindly received. Including the daily press, there are seventy-eight periodicals of all kinds published in Brazil, to supply the demand of five millions of people.

LINES.

On the Inauguration of the Equestrian Statue of Andrew Jackson, produced by Mr. Clark Mills, of Charleston, S. C.

Approach and reverence! Art hath left her home
In Italy's old haunts, and thither come,
Reared her world's wonder on Columbian soil,
And well repaid the native sculptor's toil.
Behold this brazen pomp with deepest awe!
More than its like the wide world never saw,
Since the far-famed Memnonium of the Greek
Ceased with its power in living ore to speak.
Can aught transcend the grandeur of the horse,
Rampant, and struggling with almighty force;
The neck curved from its well-proportioned length,
The plunging limbs all eloquent of strength,
Nostril, and vein, and eyeball, all distained,
Till by the sight the very eye is pained,
And standing animate, in might of power,
The war-steed scents, it seems, the battle's hour.
And see astride, the veteran soldier sits!
While such Bucephalus he well befits—
Since power and majesty, august and proud,
Brood o'er his speaking image like a cloud:
And in the steady eye, the lofty mien,
The calm, stern front, the undaunted soul is seen—
The soul that saved New Orleans in the hour
When foreign soldiers thought it in their power,
And by a small device the battle won
Before the sunset told the day was done.
Warrior and Statesman! on thy brow of brass
Age upon age in storms and clouds shall pass,
Thou and thy deathless horse alike shall stand
An ornament and marvel to our land:
There in their lofty grandeur they shall be
Unmoved by changes upon land or sea.
Oh, wondrous power! to fix through length of time
The impress of the animate sublime,
And raise its likeness from the mine and ore
That crowds may gaze, and genius may adore.
Here now not less than Rome proud Art may bring
The vows and incense of her earliest Spring,
And to this fane the pilgrim well may come
And Sculpture find an altar and a home.

M.

Washington, D. C.

Sketches of the Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi.

THE BENCH AND BAR.

STOCKING A LAUGH.

After a while the practice of quibbling and taking small points began to grow out of fashion. It was found to be unprofitable. Nobody made any thing by it, and it was exceedingly troublesome to the lawyers, for which trouble they got no pay; and it took up the time of the Court to no purpose, and frequently to the postponement of important business. So some of us thought of trying a plan to put it down.

At the Fall session, 184—, of K. Circuit Court—Judge A. presided. To save time, he appointed night sessions to hear motions, demurrers, and such business as the Judge despatched without jury or examination of witnesses. Many lawyers were in attendance, the docket being much crowded. Among them was Ransed Malony. Now Ransed was a swift man in the dilatory line. His eyes were fashioned on the microscope plan; and like Jeffrey—Byron being witness—"all that law as yet had taught him was to find a flaw," though he had been sucking at one of the hind teats of the law for some quarter of a century. Ransed lived in the adjoining circuit, where his natural aptitude for small points had been sharpened against Jos. H's steel. Like William of Deloraine, the Scotch *collecting* attorney—vide Scott's Reports—who did a brisk business on the Southern border—Ransed

"Harried the men on hill and dale,
And drove the beeves of Lauderdale."

If Ransed did profess to know any thing, it was the laws pertaining to special demurrers as applied to a count on a promissory note. His learning on that interesting head was, as *he* had it, "*intricit*." Few men had read Chitty's, Saunders' and Gould's precedent so often: he knew to a gnat's heel what the form was, from the title of the Court to the signature of the attorney. You couldn't begin to fool Ransed with any thing short of a full complement of what the form

assured him he was entitled to in the way of declaration: the main difficulty that sometimes foiled Ransed's discrimination, even when at its keenest edge, was to know what parts of the form might be omitted without leaving the plaint fatally defective: and great were the exercises of Ransed's intellect upon this distressing topic. I am afraid 'Squire Malony's temper suffered some abatement of its equanimity by these repeated mental agitations. He was not a sweet-tempered man. He was subject to fits of strong excitement, especially in the heat naturally inspired by an argument upon a special demurrer, inflaming a warm imagination or fervid passions. The excitement sometimes became almost too much for his nervous system; and under the inspiration of his argumentation, his hand became so tremulous as to render him unable to read the special causes of demurrer, at least with that facility and fluency which are essential to beauty and brilliancy of delivery in such compositions. I cannot say that, on the whole, Ransed was an interesting speaker. His discourse, it is true, flowed through some of those "*Salinas* or salt-pits," of which Lord Bacon speaks: hence probably its dryness to the auditors. But then he used to cultivate an axiomatic style, which was too severe, in the great clots and dabs of wisdom he threw out, for the assimilating powers of his hearers; forcing them to think, with the critic who read the dictionary, that the matter was very good, but the subject was changed too often. His want of variety was supplied by a very alert turn for repetition, which was exercised frequently after he professed to pass on to another head or point of discourse; as the countryman, after changing his plate at the town tavern, called for *more* bacon and greens. His style of logic was peculiar and original: sometimes when pressed in the argument, he would prove the minor proposition by assuming the truth of the major; than which, if the opponent did not challenge his premises, nothing could be better despatched—or more unnecessary. The difficulty with 'Squire Ransed was to know when he was through his speech: but surely he cannot be blamed for this; seeing that, about concluding time, he could not see any particular reason why he had spoken so much, it is not

to be wondered at that he could see the same reason for saying more. Even after he had taken his seat he was in the habit of rising to make supplementary and amended arguments; but it is only fair to say that the opposite counsel had no right to complain of such emendations, as they were repetitions of what he had better said before.

It was found out that Malony was defending, among other matters, one of Jonathan Joy's cases; and had, as usual, put in a demurrer to the declaration: the matter of the demurrer was to be tried that night at the judge's room. This was a first rate opportunity for putting into execution the scheme of laughing quibbles out of court and countenance. The whole bar, and several other persons, numbering some forty or fifty in all, were present. H. G. and I went around among the brethren of the better sort and concerted with them the scheme: this was that whenever Joy said any thing intended for fun or ridicule, all should applaud in chorus, and the more the better. We went to Joy, and, representing to him the necessity of putting down this quibbling propensity, got him to do his best to give Ransed a benefit. He very readily consented; for, besides that he did the largest business in the collecting line in that region, his sturdy sense and his elevated character concurred to inspire disgust at the pettifogging practices in vogue. He was the very man for the purpose. He had a strong sense of ridicule, a racy and unique manner, and a coolness and deliberation which enabled him to carry a purpose of this sort through, while his experience and weight of character and position in and outside of the bar, gave effect to all he said. After the despatch of some other business, the case was called. Ransed opened the matters of demurrer. They were some ten or twelve. The declaration was on a promissory note. 1. Cause of demurrer—"that the said declaration is not entitled of any term of this court—which is error." (It was entitled "Fall term.") *Argument*: "it was entitled *Fall* term; but there is no such term—the term is the *November* term." 2. "The declaration does not show in what year the same is entitled—which is error"—(the declaration stated "1840.") *Argument*: "1840 does not show the year—it only

shows a number; and a number of one thing as well as another: it may mean 1840 bushels of corn." (Here H. G., the leader of the orchestra, exploded, and the rest followed suit.) 3. "The said declaration does not show any party complaining—which is error. It says, it is true, 'the said pl'ff complains; but pl'ff does not mean plaintiff.'" (Here there was another explosion, and Ransed asked protection of the court.) 4. "The said declaration commences with a 'Whereas,' instead of a 'For that,'—which is error." (Here we all broke out again; but Ransed, to appease the crowd, interposed—"I waive that.") 5. "There is no super se assumpsit—which is error." *Argument*: "It is true that the later books say that there is no necessity for this when a promise is averred; but these are overruled by the *elder* cases which all require it, and the precedent before me, (Chitty's,) has it in it." *Per curiam*—"Is there not a note of the editor saying it is not necessary?" *Ransed*—"Y-e-s, your honor, but the form has it plain, and the note, I insist, is a mere *obiter dictum* of the of the author, and not authority." (Here a laugh broke out, which the court had to interpose to stop.) 6. "Because the said declaration does not show that the plaintiff has sustained any damage by the breach—which is error." *Argument*: "The declaration uses the words, and refers to 'pl'ff and def't,' and, in conclusion, says the defendant 'has not paid the said note to pl'ff to *his* damage,' &c. Whose damage? It does not appear but that it was to the defendant's own damage; and if the defendant himself was damaged by his not paying his note, the plaintiff has no right to sue—that's clear '*damnum squee juryah*.'" (This idea being particularly brilliant, was greeted with a round of applause.) 7. "The said declaration shows no breach—which is error." *Argument*: "This point depends on the ground taken last—*his* damage: *Who's his*? Therefore, I insist the declaration shows no breach." A shrill voice here whispered, "The declaration can't say the same of you, Ransed," which caused such a laugh that Maloney sat down grumbling out something about *satisfaction*.

Brother Jonathan rose to reply. Never had speaker such an audience. There could

be no such thing as fail. Even if he had not said a word, but had merely gone through the motions, this would have done. Such an air of preparation—such visible expectation—shifting of seats—clearing of throats—adjusting themselves in easy positions for enjoying the discourse: while H. G.'s countenance, sharp as a steel trap, and as full of fun as a farce, beamed encouragement on the speaker "to cry aloud and spare not." Ransed's seat began to be uncomfortable to him, and well it might, for there were ominous tokens of something coming which he had not contracted for. Jonathan was not long in paying his respects to him. You would have thought you were in a hatter's shop from the way the fur flew. For one hour and a quarter, by the watch, he baited him. In vain Ransed squirmed and fidgetted and rose to explain or deny; every time he rose we laughed him down; and every rising afforded fresh provocation and fresh materials for further assailment. He was only audible once when, on coming to the 4th cause of demurrer, Joy wished to know why it was set down if was to be withdrawn as soon as read, Ransed said something in apology about its being inserted "in the heat of composition," and the leader of the orchestra giving the sign, the very rafters rung with the fun. After that there was no more interruption. He became the picture of unresisting imbecility and dogged submission. But though Ransed had struck his flag, the firing did not cease. Jonathan intended to sink his ship. He kept up a continual cannonade, relieved only by volleys of musketry. We roared—we stamped—we clapped our hands—we threw ourselves back—we slapped each other on the shoulders—we would pretend to hold in for respect to Ransed, but, catching his eye, even in the serious parts of Joy's epic and didactic essay—for it was hardly a legal argument—we would burst out as if restraint were impossible under such circumstances of mirthful provocation. At length, when Joy concluded with a reference to Mrs. Admiral Hardcastle's disappointment, as chronicled in one of Smollett's novels,—and made a not very remote application of this incident to Malony, we broke up the convocation in a hurrah.

Whether Ransed replied or not, I do not

remember. But he wasn't in court next morning; and when *the* case was called, I observed that Jonathan took judgment without further defence or let. This was about the last I ever saw of Ransed in that court; and from that time special demurrers got below par.

Ransed never liked Jonathan after that night: at least I judge so from hearing that he spoke of that yankee fellow, Joy, as the most overrated man he ever knew, and certainly the most uninteresting speaker. He said he once listened to him arguing a demurrer for an hour and a half, and really it was distressing to hear him.

ASSAULT AND BATTERY.

A trial came off not precisely in our bailiwick, but in the neighborhood, of great comic interest. It was really a case of a good deal of aggravation, and the defendants, fearing the result, employed four of the ablest lawyers practising at the M. bar, to defend them. The offence charged was only assault and battery; but the evidence showed a conspiracy to inflict great violence on the person of the prosecutor, who had done nothing to provoke it, and that the attempt to effect it was followed by severe injury to him. The prosecutor was an original. He had been an old-field schoolmaster, and was as conceited and pedantic a fellow as could be found in a summer's day, even in that profession. It was thought the policy of the defence to make as light of the case as possible, and to cast as much ridicule on the affair as they could. J. E. and W. M. led the defence, and, although the talents of the former were rather adapted to grave discussion than pleasantry, he agreed to doff his heavy armor for the lighter weapons of wit and ridicule. M. was in his element. He was at all times and on all occasions at home when fun was to be raised: the difficulty with him was rather to restrain than to create mirth and laughter. The case was called and put to the jury. The witness, one Burwell Shines, was called for the prosecution. A broad grin was upon the faces of the coun-

sel for the defence as he came forward. It was increased when the clerk said, "*Burrell* Shines come to the book ;" and the witness, with deliberate emphasis, remarked—"My christian name is not *Burrell*, but *Burwell*—though I am vulgarly denominated by the former epithet." "Well," said the clerk, "*Burwell* Shines come to the book and be sworn." He *was* sworn and directed to take the stand. He was a picture!

He was dressed with care. His toilet was elaborate and befitting the magnitude and dignity of the occasion, the part he was to fill and the high presence into which he had come. He was evidently favorably impressed with his own personal pulchritude; yet, with an air of modest deprecation, as if he said by his manner, "after all, what is beauty that man should be proud of it, and what are fine clothes, that the wearers should put themselves above the unfortunate mortals who have them not?"

He advanced with deliberate gravity to the stand. There he stood, his large bell-crowned hat, with nankeen-colored nap an inch long in his hand; which hat, he carefully handed over the bar to the clerk, to hold until he should get through his testimony. He wore a blue single-breasted coat with new brass buttons; a vest of blueish calico; nankeen pants that struggled to make both ends meet, but failed, by a few inches, in the legs, yet made up for it by fitting a little better than the skin every where else; his head stood upon a shirt collar that held it up by the ears, and a cravat something smaller than a table-cloth, bandaged his throat: his face was narrow, long and grave, with an indescribable air of ponderous wisdom, which, as Fox said of Thurlow, "proved him *necessarily* a hypocrite; as it was *impossible* for any man to be as wise as *he* looked." Gravity and decorum marked every lineament of his countenance, and every line of his body. All the wit of Hudibras could not have moved a muscle of his face. His conscience would have smitten him for a laugh almost as soon as for an oath. His hair was roached up, and stood as erect and upright as his body; and his voice was slow, deep, in "linked sweetness long drawn out," and modulated according to the camp-meeting standard of elocution. Three such men at a country

frolic, would have turned an old Virginia Reel into a Dead March. He was one of Carlyle's earnest men. Cromwell would have made him Ensign of the Ironsides, and ex-officio chaplain at first sight. He took out his pocket-handkerchief, slowly unfolded it from the shape in which it came from the washerwoman's, and awaited the interrogation. As he waited, he spat on the floor and nicely wiped it out with his foot. The solicitor told him to tell about the difficulty in hand. He gazed around on the court—then on the bar—then on the jury—then on the crowd—addressing each respectively as he turned: "May it please your honor—Gentlemen of the bar—Gentlemen of the jury—Audience. Before proceeding to give my testimonial observations, I must premise that I am a member of the Methodist Episcopal, otherwise called Wesleyan persuasion of Christian individuals: One bright Sabbath morning in May, the 15th day of the month, the past year, while the birds were singing their matutinal songs from the trees, I sallied forth from the dormitory of my Seminary, to enjoy the reflections so well suited to that auspicious occasion. I had not proceeded far, before my ears were accosted with certain Bacchanalian sounds of revelry, which proceeded from one of those haunts of vicious depravity, located at the Cross Roads, near the place of my boyhood, and fashionably denominated a doggery. No sooner had I passed beyond the precincts of this diabolical rendezvous of rioting debauchees, than I heard behind me the sounds of approaching footsteps as if in pursuit. Having heard previously, sundry menaces, which had been made by these preposterous and incarnadine individuals of hell, now on trial in prospect of condign punishment, fulminated against the longer continuance of my corporeal salubrity, for no better reason than that I reprobated their criminal orgies, and not wishing my reflections to be disturbed, I hurried my steps with a gradual accelerated motion. Hearing, however, their continued advance, and the repeated shoutings, articulating the murderous accents, "Kill him! Kill Shadbelly with his praying clothes on!" (which was a profane designation of myself and my religious profession;) and casting my head over my left shoulder in a manner somehow

reluctantly thus, (throwing his head to one side,) and perceiving their near approximation, I augmented my speed into what might be denominated a gentle slope—and subsequently augmented the same into a species of dog-trot. But all would not do. Gentlemen, the destroyer came. As I reached the fence and was about propelling my body over the same, felicitating myself on my prospect of escape from my remorseless pursuers, they arrived, and James William Jones, called, by nick-name, Buck Jones, that red-headed character now at the bar of this honorable court, seized a fence rail, grasped it in both hands, and standing on tip-toe, hurled the same, with mighty emphasis, against my cerebellum: which blow felled me to the earth. Straightway, like ignoble curs upon a disabled lion, these bandit ruffians and incarnadine assassins leaped upon me, some pelting, some bruising, some gouging—"every thing by turns, and nothing long," as the poet hath it; and one of them, which one unknown to me—having no eyes behind—inflicted with his teeth, a grievous wound upon my person—where, I need not specify. At length, when thus prostrate on the ground, one of those bright ideas, common to minds of men of genius, struck me: I forthwith sprang to my feet—drew forth my cutto—circulated the same with much vivacity among their several and respective corporeal systems, and every time I circulated the same I felt their iron grasp relax. As cowardly recreants, even to their own guilty friendships, two of these miscreants, though but slightly perforated by my cutto, fled, leaving the other two, whom I had disabled by the vigor and energy of my incisions, prostrate and in my power: these lustily called for quarter, shouting out "enough!" or, in their barbarous dialect, being as corrupt in language as in morals, "nuff;" which quarter I magnanimously extended them, as unworthy of my farther vengeance, and fit only as subjects of penal infliction, at the hands of the offended laws of their country; to which laws I do now consign them: hoping such mercy for them as their crimes will permit; which, in my judgment, (having read the code,) is not much. This is my statement on oath, fully and truly, nothing extenuating and naught setting down in malice; and, if

I have omitted any thing, in form or substance, I stand ready to supply the omission; and if I have stated any thing amiss, I will cheerfully correct the same, limiting the averment, with appropriate modifications, provisions and restrictions. The learned counsel may now proceed more particularly to interrogate me of and respecting the premises."

After this oration, Burwell wiped the perspiration from his brow, and the counsel for the State took him. Few questions were asked him, however, by that official; he confining himself to a recapitulation in simple terms, of what the witness had declared, and procuring Burwell's assent to his translation. Long and searching was the cross-examination by the defendant's counsel; but it elicited nothing favorable to the defence, and nothing shaking, but much to confirm Burwell's statement.

After some other evidence, the examination closed, and the argument to the jury commenced. The solicitor very briefly adverted to the leading facts, deprecated any attempt to turn the case into ridicule—admitted that the witness was a man of eccentricity and pedantry, but harmless and inoffensive—a man evidently of conscientiousness and respectability; that he had shewn himself to be a peaceable man, but when occasion demanded, a brave man; that there was a conspiracy to assassinate him upon no cause except an independence, which was honorable to him, and an attempt to execute the purpose in pursuance of previous threats, and severe injury by several confederates on a single person, and this on the Sabbath and when he was seeking to avoid them.

W. M. rose to reply. All Screamersville turned out to hear him. William was a great favorite—the most popular speaker in the country—had the versatility of a mocking bird, an aptitude for burlesque that would have given him celebrity as a dramatist and a power of acting, that would have made his fortune on the boards of a theatre. A rich treat was expected; but it didn't come. The witness had taken all the wind out of William's sails. He had rendered burlesque impossible. The thing as acted was more ludicrous that it could be as described. The crowd had laughed themselves hoarse already; and even M.'s comic powers seemed and

were felt by himself to be humble imitations of a greater master. For once in his life, M. dragged his subject heavily along—the matter began to grow serious—fun failed to come when M. called it up, M. closed between a lame argument—a timid deprecation, and some only tolerable humor. He was followed by E., in a discursive, argumentative, sarcastic, drag-net sort of speech, which did all that could be done for the defence. The solicitor briefly closed—seriously and confidently confining himself to a repetition of the matters first insisted, and answering some of the points of the counsel.

It was an ominous fact that a juror, before the jury retired under leave of the court, recalled a witness for the purpose of putting a question to him—the question was, how much the defendants were worth; the answer was about \$2,000.

The jury shortly after returned into court with a verdict which “sized their pile.”

SONNETS.

By PAUL H. HAYNE.

LIFE AND DEATH.

LIFE.

Suffering! and yet magnificent in pain!
Mysterious! yet, like Spring-showers in the sun,
Veiling the light with their melodious rain,
LIFE, from the world beyond hath radiance won:
Its gloomiest phase is as the clouds that mourn
’Neath the majestic brightness of the Arch,
Where nobler orbs in deathless daylight burn,
And God’s great pulses beat their music march.
The Heaven we worship dimly girt with tears,
The spirit-heaven, what is it but a Life,
Lifting its soul beyond our mortal years
That oft begin, and ever end with strife;
Strife we must pass to win a happier height,
NATURE but travails to reveal us—light.

DEATH.

Then whence, oh! Death! thy dreariness? we know
That every flower, the breezes’ flattering breath
Weeps to a blush, and love-like murmuring low,
Dies but to multiply its bloom in death:
The rill’s glad, prattling infancy, that fills
The woodlands with its song of innocent glee,
Is passing through the heart of shadowy hills,
To swell the eternal manhood of the sea:
And the great stars, Creation’s minstrel-fires,
Are rolling toward the central source of light,
Where all their separate glory but expires
To merge into one world’s unbroken night;
There is no death but change, soul claspeth soul,
And all are portion of the immortal whole.

PEACHBLOSSOM AND LADYSLIPPER: WITH OTHER FAIRY TALES OF TRAVEL.

TOLD BY THE WIND.

DEDICATED BY EXPRESS PERMISSION TO — AND —.

I.

PEACHBLOSSOM.

Peachblossom was a fine little fellow—the Wind commenced—who lived in a beautiful valley far beyond the Blue Mountains in the Virgin Land, where it always seemed to be Spring, and where his namesakes, the blossoms on the peach trees, were accustomed to make their appearance three or four times a year—even when the ripe, red fruit was mellow, or the boughs bare in Autumn.

One day—it was a warm, nice day in Spring—Peachblossom put his long, curling hair behind his ears, and rambled out into the fields—then deep into the woods; listening to the lark singing in the blue sky, and the little birds chirping in the tender-leaved trees. He felt very happy, for Peachblossom was pure and good.

One thing, however, made him sad: that morning Ladyslipper—the little girl he was devotedly in love with—had said to him, crying, “Oh, Peachblossom, I’m so afraid when we grow up we won’t be good and love each other!” And this made Peachblossom sad. Could it be? he thought: and so thinking, he lay down on a nice, green, grassy bank.

Suddenly, a beautiful lady appeared at his side, mounted on a milk-white horse, and her curling hair was bound with a jewelled band: she was wondrous fair, and said to the child:

“Come, Peachblossom, go with me. I will keep you pure, my little one, through all the years.”

“Go where?” he asked.

“To Fairy Land!”

“Oh, yes,” he said:

And mounting behind the beautiful lady, they set off like the wind: the bridle bells, all gold, tinkled and jingled as they fled.

“Listen,” the beautiful lady said, “each of these bell-chimes is a passing day!”

II.

LADYSLIPPER.

Ladyslipper loved her little Peachblossom so dearly, that when the news came that he

had been lost, and could no where be found, she cried and sobbed, and bemoaned his death so much, that they were fearful of her death, too.

"What did they go and hurt him for," said Ladyslipper, crying, "they knew I couldn't be happy without him: the wicked people!"

And thus did Ladyslipper, for the first time, doubt the power and the justice of Providence. She was walking, thus thinking, one beautiful morning, when suddenly the lady on the milk-white horse, with the hair bound with the jewelled band, stood by her side also.

"Come go with me, Ladyslipper," she said, "I will keep you pure, my little one, through all the years."

"Go where?" she said.

"To Fairy Land, where Peachblossom lives with me."

"Oh, yes," cried Ladyslipper; and so the beautiful lady took her in her arms, and laid her little head upon her breast, and then set off like wind: the bridle bells, all gold, tinkled and jingled as they fled.

"Listen," said the lady, "each of these bell-chimes is a passing day!"

Long wept the parents of the little ones: they thought it hard that their bright flowers should thus be torn from them by Providence: but they were resigned. Thus seven years passed, and then when grief was almost gone, and hope was dead—late one evening Peachblossom and Ladyslipper came home. There was a soft, bright light in their eyes, and they smiled joyfully at seeing again the old homestead. Thousands of questions were asked them, but they could give no answer: and at last they were left in peace.

Soon they were married—for now Peachblossom was a young man, with cheeks already shaded by a beard, and Ladyslipper was as nice a young lady as heart could desire. And so they settled down, and lived long and happily, a pure true life, and died within a month of each other, and were buried side by side.

A peach tree sprang from the head of the mound, and beside it a ladyslipper, tall and graceful, grew, twining its leaves and blooms with the peach-blossoms. And people said

they heard at times there, fairy bells, and that the sound was joyful: full of hopefulness, of brighter things than even Fairy Land!

III.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

A party of the very merriest boys and girls were gathered in a large room, just when the Fall began to give up to Winter: and there was a large, warm fire burning. They took away the centre table, and set back the cast of the Fisher Boy, and then after a great deal of laughing, they commenced playing blind man's buff. (But first I must tell you that little Charley was put in the corner by the fire, with orders not to stir, or he would be run over. There sat little Charley sucking his thumb: good little Charley!)

They laughed more than ever when the handkerchief was tied tightly round the light-haired boy's head: and then the fun commenced in good earnest; and the girls scampered, and the Blind Man chased them. (All the while little Charley sucked his thumb sitting in the corner.)

There was a great dodging, and stooping down, and pushing, and running: and when any body was caught, her face must be felt, and her hair, and her bracelets. ("Oh, how bad! to rub his ugly hands on sister's face!" said little Charley, who was sitting sucking his thumb in the corner.)

The chasing began to get merrier than ever, and the room fairly shook. Fanny ran harder than all, and seemed to get into more "hard places," and some times she nearly ran over little Charley; (who was sitting in the corner sucking his thumb.)

Fanny ran, and dodged, and her dark curls rippled about her white forehead, and she seemed to do much more to keep herself from being caught, than any.

"I tell you what! he can see, and he knows when it's Cousin Fanny!" said Charley—little Charley:—(who, as I told you once before, was sitting sucking his thumb in the corner.)

IV.

LITTLE PAULINE.

As the evening closed in, the busy mer-

chant came home and called for his little Pauline. So they brought her out of the chamber, and she ran forward and climbed up on his knees. The little thing maybe wanted to put her fingers in his waistcoat pockets for some good things!

"What a fine evening Pauline," said the merchant, "just look out of the window."

"Oh, yes, papa, and there is the big, rich man's house shut up like a church."

"Little of the church about *him*: he bought the beautiful tables mamma wanted, Pauline—I couldn't pay as much as he did."

"I know mamma wanted the tables," said Pauline, thoughtfully, "money is a great thing."

"And wicked too," answered her father.

"Look at that bad, rich man. He does more harm than any man in the city. He has robbed children before now—the hypocrite."

"Papa, was he ever rich enough to get any body to love him?"

"Love *him*, indeed, Pauline!"

"Did he never have any body like mamma—you know, like mamma is to you?"

"Any wife, you mean: no."

"And no friends, papa?"

"Friends! why every body hates him."

"And does he have to live all alone there, in the big, black house?"

"Yes: but he has a plenty of money."

"Poor old man!"

"And all sorts of rich things—think of pictures, which cost him thousands of dollars."

Pauline sat looking out of the window.

"And when he dines with his great company he has golden plates."

Pauline sighed.

"What are you thinking about, Pauline?" asked the merchant.

"I was thinking if I couldn't do something for him. Poor old man!" said little Pauline.

V.

THEY WALKED TOGETHER.

I saw two children wandering in the woods, the beautiful woods of the Fall. They were a boy and a girl, very young—they were brother and sister. The red sunset poured

itself over his white, tender, delicate face, and his deep blue eyes, and long, pale, golden hair. His sister gazed lovingly on him.

"How pretty it is!" he said smiling, and as he smiled, leaning his head against the girl's—against her short, black curls and rosy cheeks—"just look at the trees!"

"What a lovely place the world is," she said, sadly; with a wistful look at her brother.

"Oh, beautiful!" he exclaimed. "The leaves are the color of Joseph's coat—you recollect little Joseph, sister: his coat, you know of many kinds of colors."

And the sun made the red leaves redder, and the yellow leaves more yellow, and the green leaves—it fairly made the green leaves look as if they were all varnished over, or like pepper-pod preserves!

"Oh, how I would love to fly up there and play in the bright orange-colored clouds!" he said gaily.

"And leave the pretty world, brother?" she asked sadly.

"Oh, no! not leave the world! what put such an idea in your head?"

She put her arm round his neck and smoothed down his long, golden hair: and then she pressed her lips to it. He turned his large, blue eyes upon her round, rosy face, lit up by the crimson sunset light.

"Why, you are crying, sister!" said the boy.

VI.

POOR THING!

The Spring days were come, and the violets began to look out from the grass, and laugh at the snow. The little snow-birds began to peck at the young blades of the grass, and hop about and chirp—also the robins. You know the little girl who had walked with her brother in the Autumn, had neglected them that winter, for she had been away to town to school.

The morning sun was shining on the bright, beautiful earth, and the little snow left in the hollows of the hills began to sneak away toward the wooded valley. The sun was so bright that it fairly made you laugh, because the clouds, and the birds, and all

seemed laughing. The little girl was walking along in the wood-path, looking for violets, and talking with another little girl. Her cheeks were thinner, and not so red; she did not take pleasure in the grass and flowers as she once did. Her companion was telling her a story, which seemed to interest her, and when the sun came out particularly clear and bright, she would smile, and even laugh—with that and the story together;—and then she looked very pretty and cheerful, but not as cheerful as she did on the Autumn evening last year, when she was walking there with her brother.

"Oh!" said the little girl, her companion, "I see such a lovely bed of violets: come, this way!" she cried, taking her by the hand.

They ran toward the bank on which the violets grew, and a flock of snow-birds flew up, and went off chirping: "chirrup!" "chirrup!" they said. The place where the violets grew, was round and grassy, and a small white stone nestled under a cedar bush. The little girl who had wandered with her brother on the Autumn evening last year, leaned her head down in the dry, rustling leaves, and began to cry.

"Oh!" she said, sobbing, "I didn't know it was here."

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VII.

SAINT NIC.

The glorious Christmas morning had come; and every body was gathered in the breakfast room, shivering, and laughing, and making believe to play castanets with their teeth. The fire blazed, and roared, and laughed—the ridiculous fire:—for everybody knows the fire couldn't expect to get any presents from the Christmas tree in the other room.

"Mamma," said little Mary, (she was dressed in her blue frock made last week,) "did old Saint Nic come last night?"

"Why, certainly," said Uncle Oran, taking off his spectacles, "don't you know, Mary, that the Christmas tree in the other room was fixed for him—to hang the presents on?"

"Oh, yes; and this morning I had a peep. Oh, it's so nice. But uncle Oran, what is

Saint Nic like?" asked little Mary, with her round eyes.

"He's an old man with a white beard; and a short, black pipe, is always in his mouth: and he always goes along laughing, and twinkling his eyes, and jingling his toy bag:—you know, Mary, he brings the things in that."

"Does he ride in a sleigh!"

"Yes: and the reindeers draw it—all covered with little jingling bells."

"Oh! how nice:—but Uncle, don't he get his feet in the snow?"

"No: he jumps from his sleigh right into the chimney."

"Old Saint Nic?" asked Mary.

"Yes, my daughter."

"Then Uncle there is a new Saint Nic."

"Why?"

"And he gets his feet in the snow!"

"How is that?"

"I mean our Saint Nic has walked in the snow: for I saw his footmarks in the tree room. And they are for all the world like yours, Uncle Oran," said Mary, laughing.

"Bless my heart!" said Uncle Oran, rubbing his spectacles, "was ever such a singular child!"

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VIII.

THE POOR POET!

It was a very cold freezing winter night, and the wind blew, and the snow fell, (but the struggling clouds at times let the pale cold moon shine a little,) when a poor youth sat in his freezing room thinking, thinking, thinking.

In the fireplace a few sparks only were chasing each other about, as in a paper cinder; and in the dim light of a solitary candle the bronze figures on the high mantelpiece, and the bunch of fading autumn flowers, and the withered, dried-up bunch, whispering of other years, upon his book-case, (kept so carefully,) were only half visible. He sat there thinking in the cold winter night, the poor poet: and besure his thoughts were not of things around him;—but of other, happier times, full of the splendor which then was wrapped about all things. The snow fell faster—the bleak wind blew colder and

the fire went out entirely. Still he sat dreaming, the poor poet—dreaming there in the cold winter night, not thinking of the wind. On the table lay a little curl of hair, and this it was which made his temples throb and brought the passionate sad sobs up from his heart. Then he took out some letters, over which ran like thin sunset-flooded clouds across the evening sky, bright worded lines. She was dead! She was gone! He was alone! Oh! dreadful word—there in the chilly night;—his hope-fire dead; his great heart cold: poor poet!

He pressed the letters and the curl to his pale lips and shivered: but it was not from the cold. He murmured a name which died away in the dim old chamber: a sorrowful sob drowned the shrill wind; and two large tears rolled down his cheeks and fell upon the letters and the curl.

Poor poet! there in the cold winter night, dreaming of other days!

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IX.

THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

Everybody was sitting round the table at the Christmas dinner; and it was the most delightful thing in the world to hear the roaring logs in the fireplace, and the pattering snow against the windows, and to see the long table—which was so long that even little Tommy had his own proper seat among the rest.

Little Tommy was hungry, and he said so:—he said his mother always made him tell the truth; as if his mother had told him to say every thing that was true, and because a thing was true always say it!

"But I don't want any turkey," said Tommy: "I wouldn't eat him."

"Come, tell us why, Tommy," said his mother: "isn't it good, my child?"

Tommy sighed.

"Oh yes, mamma," he replied, "but I remember when he was running about and gobbling, he said to me, 'Don't eat me! don't eat me! don't eat me!'" So you see, mamma, I couldn't." And Tommy began to cry.

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X.

THE LITTLE BEGGAR GIRL.

The rich merchant came into his counting house, in the great city, and, taking off his thick, velvet-collared overcoat, covered with snow, his India-rubber shoes, and warm comforter half a mile long, sat down before the blazing coal fire with the morning paper in his hand. His attention was first called to the "Stocks," and then the "Price Current," which told him how much he could get for his flour, and tobacco, and all sorts of things. It was very comfortable to sit there and read that every thing was selling high—coals, and flour, and all,—owing to the severity of the winter. Stocks too had gone up, and as the snow put out all fires, the money invested in the "Fire Insurance Company" was bringing him a fine dividend.

Just as he had got through with this column, and was going on to the Presidential returns, (for all the States were not yet heard from,) the door opened, and a little beggar girl came in, timidly. She was dressed in a short red frock; her neck was bare; an old blue wadded bonnet was on her head, and her feet looked very red through the holes in her stockings.

"Please sir would you gi' me somethin', sir," said the little beggar girl.

The rich merchant turned round, and looked at her; but not angrily: coolly.

"For what, little girl?" he said.

"Mother and me is cold, sir—we liked to freezed last night: and we aint had no bread, sir, since yesterday morning."

The rich merchant looked somewhat annoyed.

"Always the same tale," he muttered; "when will these unfortunate individuals learn to tell the truth." Then turning round he said to the little girl:

"I am sorry to find you begging so early, little one. You have evidently learned already to whine, and talk about 'freezing' and 'bread.' Now it is out of the question to say you really want something to eat, and to warm you, with the admirably regulated system of charities here in force:—to which charities," added the merchant smoothing his large fat chin, "I am a liberal subscriber.

Endeavor to live a better life than begging, little girl: I can do nothing for you."

The little beggar girl did not dare to say anything more, and went out crying to herself. Then the merchant went to his books.

The very next morning he was sitting as before, (for these good men are like clock-works,) and reading the same morning paper, while the snow and wind ran gaily round the corner, racing in the icy air. A paragraph in the paper caught his eye:

"Last night about 9 o'clock, a little girl, dressed in a red frock and old blue bonnet, was found dead at the corner of Main and 150th street. It is supposed she froze to death."

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the rich merchant, "the very same girl who was here! Really I am deeply grieved. But then the public charities should see to this. I subscribe my part."

And he passed on to the Stock column. But that day he did no business, though he had "subscribed!"

THE CHRISTMAS LETTER-BAG.

In the comfortable room of his comfortable home, far in the north, the young husband sat, watching the servants bringing in the great roast turkey and the plentiful dinner which he *would* have; though his beautiful wife and darling child were far in the south, spending the winter months at his father-in-law's.

He sat down, and the cold wind without made everything around him more comfortable. He ate his dinner in solitary loneliness, thinking of his wife now far away.

"If Julia were only there in the chair opposite me," he said, smiling sadly, "and my little darling Puss here in the small chair, with the book in it, (for he would have it set to table,) I should be so happy!"

A servant came in bringing the letter-bag from the post-office: he snatched it eagerly; and out jumped two letters which he gaily opened, and read:

"I shall sit with you on Christmas day at ~~your~~, recollect," she said—his wife—"in ~~my~~ chair facing you, you know, George."

The poor husband raised his eyes and really seemed to see her sitting there, and smiling on him. He almost felt like asking her to be helped to turkey!

"Dear papa," said his little Puss, "we are so far off here that I can't kiss you, you know, or sit in my chair by you. But you can think I am there, dear papa, and kiss me, dear papa."

The poor father rested his arm upon the little chair back, and leaned his head close to it; and no one but himself knew he was resting it in thought upon her sunny curls. Poor father!

XII.

OH GAY NEW YEAR!

They all sat round the fire feeling very sad at the prospect of telling the brave old year good-bye. The fire was burning low, and the embers began to draw their white overcoats on, and lie down in the cold to die.

"Oh, the good old year," they said. "It was a nice old year: a dear, sweet, glorious old happy year! And now the fire is going out, the new year comes in gloomily, and it will certainly be far less merry than the old. Burn up, fire!"

But the flame did not come—and in the gloom the faces looked very sad, and some of the party must needs sigh. Suddenly the clock struck twelve—the year was dead!

"Oh gay old year," they cried, "Oh sad new year!"

But quickly flashed up merrily the fire; a bundle of dry twigs caught, and a bright rosy flame lit up the room with warmth and light most gloriously. And all cried:

"Oh no! the brave old year is bright! good bye, old year: welcome, O young gay year!"

L. I. L.

November, 1852.

TO RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

BY THOMAS BIRN BRADLEY, A. M.

As Auster breathing on the silent palm,
That upward soars like thoughts of holy men,
Its pliant leaves low-drooping in the calm
Doth wake to melody, so thou, again,
Long-silent chords of my lone heart hast made
To quiver with such strains of music rare,
That never from my mem'ry they may fade,
But blessing me must alway linger there.

Oh Poet! whence to thee this boon? Wert thou
With Ariadne on the Naxian isle,
When sorrow's plumes cast shadows on her brow,
And grief disrobed her lips of their sweet smile?
Did thy sad spirit hear her plaintive moan;
Her pensive sighs with ocean's music blent?
Unto thy verse heart-thrilling in its tone,
Her dirge some portion of its power hath lent.

Wert thou in Ida's leaf-embowered grove,
With bold Anchises when the goddess came,
Sweet ocean-born, all radiant in her love,
All hearts consuming with the hallowed flame?
Didst note her luscious lips how dewy seemed,
How on her neck warm auburn ringlets fell,
Her passion-fed entrancing eyes how gleamed,
How softly rose her bosom's billowy swell?

Her pearl-white moulded arms, her flexile waist
With wooing cestus girt in wanton fold,
Soft, lovely limbs, 'neath flowing garments traced
Symmetrical, voluptuous in their mould—
These beauties seen unto thy strains impart,
Oh Venus-favored bard, their melting flow;
To fondest rapture moving every heart,
In throbbing bosoms kindling up a glow!

Long years ago when golden moonbeams played
In liquid showers on Ilium's citadel,
Ere vengeful Greeks broad armies had arrayed,
Or wild Cassandra shrieked her fun'ral knell,
Wert thou old Priam's guest and didst thou hear,
His spacious halls and corridors along,
Delicious music stealing on thy ear,
Whose echoes sweet yet linger in thy song?

When to the past, oh bard, thy spirit turns,
To ruins marking where proud temples stood,
To mould'ring tombs and melancholy urns,
To cities crumbling in their solitude,
And gathers thence thy inspiration fine,
Thy magic verses then such power possess,
That all our hearts with sighs as sad as thine
Do pulsate back to thee thy mournfulness.

When with high thoughts thy soul exultant thrills,
And thy bold strains like martial music rise,
Our fervent breasts a rapt'rous frenzy fill,
From pulse to pulse the leaping ardor flies.
When glowing tones upon thy golden lyre
As soft, as warm, as maiden blushes dwell,
Then burn a thousand hearts with love's own fire,
With ecstasy a thousand bosoms swell.

Huntsville, Ala., Nov., 1852.

THE OLD BRICK QUARTERS.

BY E. Y. H.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

There are many sensations which come to us we know not why, and the nature of which seems to baffle investigation. Of this description is the impression not unfrequently described, that the circumstances of a passing event are but the repetition of what we have already seen and heard at another time, so that we even seem to anticipate the next thing to be said or done in the succession. And similar to this feeling is that of which many persons are conscious, on entering a new place, that it has been the scene of something strange and terrible; or in other words, that it has a story to tell, were there a tongue to give it utterance.

To a vague experience of this sort, and to the curiosity which it awakened, I owe my knowledge of the events which are embodied in the following tale, almost in the words of the narrator. And, however superstitious it may be, I cannot divest myself of the idea that the tragic occurrences have left their impress upon the old walls which beheld them.

In my early youth I was visiting a quiet, country neighborhood, with a dear friend who had formerly resided there; and in one of our evening strolls, she suddenly stopped and exclaimed, "I must really go to see old mammy: wont you come with me?" I readily consented, and we took our way across a corn field, by a narrow path which led towards an old brick house, situated on a pretty, gentle, elevation, which I was surprised to find commanded a lovely and extensive prospect, with the beautiful James river winding in the distance.

The house was built of brick, evidently very old, and seemed to consist of only two rooms; but, adjoining the side of the entrance was a heap of ruins, which appeared, from the inferior quality of the materials, to be the relics of a later building. Two rude logs gave access to the door of the old house. We entered, and scarcely had my friend accosted the old woman, who was knitting at

the side of the fireplace, (although it was summer, and the fireplace empty,) when I was seized with an undefined sense of horror so oppressive, that, after struggling for a few minutes to master it, I was compelled to quit the house, telling my friend I would wait for her under the trees. Short as was the time I remained in the room, its features are indelibly fixed in my memory.

In one corner a stairway commenced in the room: three steps led up to a low door in the plane surface of the wall. On the same side was another door opening on the level of the floor. The apartment was large; one window and the entrance door were on the opposite side, which seemed the front of the house. A large fireplace, with a window at its side, occupied a third side of the room. The whole of the walls were panelled with wainscot, though the panels were much split and defaced, and black with age and smoke. When my surprised friend joined me, she asked why I had so abruptly quitted her. I replied with truth that I felt as if I were suffocating, and could bear it no longer; adding, that it seemed to me as if some deed of horror had there been enacted, and its presence still haunted the place.

"How strange," she replied; "a horrible crime was indeed committed there, but how you guessed it I cannot imagine."

Such an answer was enough to provoke numerous and pressing questions; but she laughingly said she did not like horrors, and referred me to "Aunt Ceely."

This old lady was great aunt to my friend, and lived with the relations we were visiting. She had attained to old age, a cripple from early youth, and although always confined to her room, was a favorite with old and young for her cheerful temper, unrepining patience, and remarkable memory.

She was so completely mistress of the traditional knowledge, or if it better please you, the "unwritten history" of lower Virginia, that I am sure she could have traced the history of any family, which had a history to be traced, from its appearance in the colony up to the time of which I speak; including not only marriages and deaths, but many of the most minute particulars. Then she was always ready to narrate to us, and many an hour did I listen to her "old world" stories,

as my friend used to call them, with breathless interest.

I hurried to Aunt Ceely's room as soon as we got home, and found the old lady just going to bed. As soon as she was comfortably ensconced, and old Mimy, her sable waiting woman was gone, I opened my petition for the story of Mammy's house.

"Why, my dear, that was the family seat of the Wiltons; and the whole of the bricks and woodwork were imported from England, in the old, old times."

I made the *amende honorable* to the family seat of the Wiltons, and again besought her for the story.

"Ah," she replied, "it is a tale I do not like to tell, although it happened long before my day. I remember well the death of the last of its wretched inhabitants; and the old woman, who nursed me through the long illness which left me a cripple for life, had been raised in the family and had spent most of her life in its service; so that, naturally, her principal conversation, during the long and weary hours of my suffering, was about the family, and its glories, and its sorrows, and its final extinction; until I learned to feel with her for them, and could never converse about them as I could about others for whom I cared nothing. The events, however, which she placed so vividly before me, were so extraordinary, and at the same time so authentic, that I felt impelled to employ a portion of my solitary hours in recording them. I will give you the manuscript."

She did so, with the proviso, that no one should see it until after her death. She has long since gone to her rest, and I am now at liberty to make known the tragic history of

THE OLD BRICK QUARTERS.

CHAPTER I.

The last male of the Wiltons of Virginia had died; and his daughter and heiress, a girl of five years old, whose mother had expired in giving her birth, was sent to Williamsburg to the guardianship of her maternal uncle, Ralph Grymes, Esq. He was a man of some influence in the colony, who had already spent two pretty estates—his wife's and his own—in the most gentlemanly way; and who now looked upon his niece,

with her large fortune, as a windfall come at the right time to keep up his high estate.

As he intended to marry his niece to his only son, who would eventually be heir to all that his expensive habits might leave, he flattered himself that he was only using his son's property, which was the same thing as his own, when he dissipated recklessly the ready money of his ward, which, in those days, it was not uncommon to find hoarded in its most solid forms—good Spanish and Portuguese coins. But the son and heir who was ten years older than his cousin, thought proper to marry at the age of twenty-five, to please himself; and it thus became necessary for Mr. Grymes to plan some other mode of avoiding an account of his stewardship.

Miss Wilton, though only fifteen, was tall and womanly in appearance, and so much admired, that, but for the jealous guardianship of her uncle, she would have had many suitors. From among those he had kept at bay, he selected a young Irishman, whose frank, unsuspecting nature seemed to point him out as well fitted for his purpose. He gave him frequent opportunities of seeing his ward; and when her heart was won, artfully seemed to give a reluctant assent to their marriage. In the midst of the gaiety and dissipation at that time always attendant on a wedding, Mr. Grymes easily obtained from the young husband, on delivering to him the deeds of his wife's property, a complete relinquishment of all claims on him, arising out of his guardianship.

O'Donnell had not been influenced by her wealth, in seeking his youthful wife; and when the land and negroes belonging to her were surrendered to him, together with the proceeds of the last crop, he never thought of inquiring as to the disposition of the income which should have accumulated during her minority. He knew nothing whatever of the large personal property which had passed into Mr. Grymes's hands, and remained unaccounted for.

Married, as Mildred Wilton had been, through the contrivance of her uncle, ere she was old enough to form a proper judgment on a question of such importance, she was fortunate in finding herself united to a man of honor, talent and purity of mind. They

went, immediately after their wedding festivities were over, to her estate, to live in that same house in which old Mammy has resided for twenty years. The field, now cultivated in corn or wheat, was then a smiling, graceful lawn, dotted with trees; and the house, although but little larger than at present, was entered from a broad colonnade, and stood in the midst of grand old trees, the relics of the original forest. Near the house were pretty flower-beds, well kept shrubberies, and smoothly-rolled walks. A little farther off fruitful orchards, neat out buildings, a picturesque dairy, built near a cool spring bursting from the rock, and pleasant summer houses, covered with luxuriant vines, completed the picture.

Mr. Grymes, during the time that Mildred was his ward, had always passed his summers at this lovely spot; and, possessing refined tastes and habits, (although rather careless at whose expense they were indulged,) he had not only kept the house and grounds in good order, but even improved and adorned them.

In this pleasant retreat, our young couple enjoyed fully the purest cup of happiness which is granted to mortals on earth. Not a cloud sullied the brightness of their sunshine: every enjoyment was doubled to each of them by the sweet consciousness, that it was fully shared by the being best beloved of each.

My old nurse was the daughter of Mr. Wilton's steward, and had lived at the mansion house, as the family residence was called, with the housekeeper, from the time of her mother's death. Thus gradually trained to the management of the house, and the numberless duties of the housekeeper, on a farm in a slaveholding community, she was duly installed in that office, when, in the second year of Mrs. O'Donnell's marriage, the worthy old lady died, who had so long sustained its dignity and its cares. Very different then from the ordinary attachment of even a faithful servant, was the love of this good woman for her young lady. Several years older than her charge, she had watched over her, while yet an infant, and had rejoiced summer after summer, when her young lady's affectionate greeting, "dear Winny" showed how fondly she was remembered du-

ring the long absences from Oatlands; and, when, by her lady's orders, she assumed the keys, and the title of Mrs. Winifred, she felt that the devotion of her life could not more than repay the trust confided to her.

In this calm retirement, enlivened and improved by the judicious employment of time, these happy young persons spent five years of unmixed enjoyment. The only interruptions to their residence at Oatlands, were the visits to Williamsburg, rendered necessary by the duties of Mr. O'Donnell, as a member of the House of Burgesses. From these visits, they returned with renewed zest to their quiet country home. Here they were not, indeed, secluded from the world; for they had neighbors whose cultivated and refined society, gratified their best tastes; and, in summer, friends from a distance assembled at Oatlands, until it not unfrequently happened, that all the well known contrivances of a Virginia household were put in requisition to accommodate the guests. Mr. O'Donnell determined to build an addition to the house, and it was erected on that side upon which the ruins now are.

It was a handsome three story building, well built and furnished with many more convenient arrangements for the comfort of families, than was usual in those days. The entrance was also changed to the front of the new building; to which the original one seemed only an appendage.

The house was finished and furnished, and they had entered upon its enjoyment, when the time drew nigh for Mrs. O'Donnell to give birth to her first child.

Great was the anxiety, many the prayers for her safety. Redmond O'Donnell had ardently longed for such a blessing; and perhaps the most exquisitely happy moment of his life was that, in which Mildred communicated her first hope of it. But, as the time approached, his anxiety became more and more intense: he remembered having heard that his own Milly received existence from a mother who died in giving it, and he felt that nothing could repay him for such a sacrifice.

His fears, alas! were fatally realized. A few days before the young wife would have completed her nineteenth year, she gave birth to a son; and, 'ere she could look upon his face, her

eyes were closed forever in the solemn sleep of the grave.

CHAPTER II.

We will not attempt to describe the wretchedness of the bereaved husband. His faculties seemed paralyzed by the blow: nothing on earth could interest him: nor was he roused from his dejection and apathy, till the awakening intellect of his boy gave him something to live for. Then, indeed, as the child began to repay notice with recognition, and as the rapid development of feeling and passion called for the father's control and direction, Mr. O'Donnell devoted himself, day by day, to the task of his education, with the thoughtful care of a wise father, and the loving tenderness of a fond mother.

He guided his first steps, and taught him his first words, while Mrs. Winifred cared unceasingly for his creature comforts: and the child grew on, seemingly unscathed by the bereavement which, nevertheless, cast a dark shadow over the future.

It was beautiful to see the devotion of the young father to his boy. He was his only companion. First before his father on horseback, and as soon as possible, on a pony of his own, Wilton accompanied his father to the fields to overlook his laborers, to his various outdoor sports, which, after a time, he resumed, and on his visits to his neighbors.

Every year or so, rumor would proclaim that the widower was about to take another wife, but somehow, rumor never told the truth: though many fair ladies put on their brightest smiles of welcome for him, and thousands of caresses were lavished upon the lovely boy, and expressions of fond admiration, that might possibly have been meant as much for the father as the child, all were in vain. Time passed on, and Mr. O'Donnell still lived, absorbed in two thoughts—the memory of his wife, and the welfare of the son which she had left him.

Nor was his devotion ill-rewarded. Gifted with fine abilities, improved by education, and blessed with a temper so affectionate as to win the love of all who knew him, he inspired such interest in his son, as to enable him to meet resolutely the difficulties in his

path of study; and, under his care solely, Wilton was prepared for college. He entered William and Mary at sixteen. His first winter in Williamsburg was spent still with his father; and, accustomed as he was to associate with him on terms of perfect equality, although still so young, he easily and gracefully filled a place in the society of the gay capital, then even more than now, reserved for persons of riper years.

He was not so fortunate the second winter. A severe, contagious disorder among the slaves at Oatlands, compelled Mr. O'Donnell to devote himself to them entirely. Wilton had never needed him more! An addition to the vice-regal circle had been made, in the persons of Col. St. Leger and his daughters. Helen St. Leger was no longer a young girl; she was, perhaps, eight and twenty years of age. In the full zenith of her beauty, and possessed of winning and courtly manners, polished by intercourse with the most refined and elegant society of the various European courts, she was unhesitatingly allowed pre-eminence in all the Colonial circles.

Why Col. St. Leger had lived so wandering a life, was not known. He was of good and ancient family, but not equally matched in fortune; and he had accepted the appointment which he now held under the Crown in Virginia, (a lucrative but not an influential one,) apparently because it afforded him a support, or, perhaps, because here the charms of his daughter would be exhibited in a new field. It was known that they had lived abroad, and now lived in Virginia. The whys and wherefores were a mystery. However rumor might point unfavorably at the father, all joined in praise of the daughter. She was so simple, so gracious, so mindful of others, that she was as much the passion of her own sex as the admiration of the other. Then, too, she dressed so divinely: her French maid was an artiste, and had been taught to dress hair by Marie Antoinette's own friseur. Miss St. Leger graciously permitted her to instruct whom she chose in this most *recherché* art. Could anything be more magnanimous? was it not natural she should be adored? Wilton was by no means the last to yield to these fascinations. He could not choose but love, and

from the peculiar circumstances of his early life, and the more than usual development of his mind, he added, to the passionate ardor of youth, the deep devotion of reflecting manhood. She filled up the most glowing visions of his fancy, and did, indeed, seem formed "of every creature's best." She was so beautiful, yet so unpretending—so winning, yet so artless—so gentle, yet so dignified—so well informed, yet so unobtrusive—that he yielded, unconsciously, his whole happiness into her keeping; and knew not how devotedly and madly he loved her, until, at the expiration of the college term, he found himself shrinking from a return to his home, and to that dear father, who had so lately been all the world to him, as from a fearful doom. Although shocked at what seemed to be ingratitude, yet he could not repress the eager thrill of joy which coursed through his frame, as he thought that the being he so loved might be won to be his, and might thus repay to his father, in the affection of a daughter, the love of the son in which she had innocently supplanted him.

Helen St. Leger had early discovered her young lover's passion, and, in consultation with her father, had determined to encourage it as far as possible. He seemed precisely the game they wished to fall into their nets. Too young and inexperienced to detect, and too honorable by nature to suspect deception, the probabilities were in favor of his becoming so deeply attached to Helen, as to compel acquiescence from a father so devoted to his child as Mr. O'Donnell was known to be; and Col. St. Leger could hope, in such a case, to escape any scrutiny into his circumstances and plans which, as he knew from several little incidents, was but too likely to be attempted by any other of the gay young planters who offered their homage to the English beauty. The fact was, that, although to many of her admirers it would have mattered little that Helen would be portionless, yet various things had occurred, even in the short time of their residence at Williamsburg, which led it to be surmised that the Colonel made games of hazard, then commonly played by ladies as well as gentlemen, more a profession than a pastime. In short, Col. St. Leger, though of good birth, and the holder of a commission in the British service,

was little else than a chevalier d'industrie; and, as more than one pigeon had suffered from his expertness, his true character began to be suspected. Suspicions of this sort on Wilton's part were not to be apprehended; for he was singularly free from all the vices of youth, and knew only enough of games of chance, to enable him to perform his duty to society, by making up a table when required. Moreover, he was not accustomed to mingle much with those who might have enlightened him as to Col. St. Leger's true character.

Skilfully did Miss St. Leger play her part; and when Wilton, in all the joyful eagerness of his newborn hopes and aspirations, flew to her and poured out his whole tale of fond unselfish love at her feet, she could look on his handsome young face, beaming with the fervor of his own passionate nature; and while listening to the burning words which fell from his lips—opening to her view the deepest recesses of his honest, manly heart—she could frame the answer which should most stimulate his ardor, and least commit herself. So marvellous was her art, that every look, every gesture, every faltering word, was made to do its part, and aid in deceiving him. She confessed her love for him, but as if she were afraid to utter it. Her father was much opposed to her marrying in the colony, as her noble relatives in England had other views for her, and it would not answer to disoblige them. Much forbearance would be required to overcome these difficulties. She would not herself hesitate to offend all her English friends, rather than blight his happiness as well as her own; but her father owed his appointment to these friends, and must, therefore defer to their wishes more than was just to her.

Wilton thought these objections might be overcome, and prayed to be allowed to broach the subject to Col. St. Leger. Helen positively prohibited this step; saying it would be madness, unless she had paved the way: and then added, more playfully, "you could not ask my father to entertain a suit which has not the sanction of your own father's approval." Wilton urged his conviction that his father, who had no desire but for his happiness, would interpose no obstacle, but would forward his views as far as possible.

It was in vain. Helen was inexorable;

and he was compelled to return home, not desponding certainly, for Helen owned she loved him, but yet without the full satisfaction he would have received from her positive promise to be his.

CHAPTER III.

On Wilton's return to Oatlands, he found his father worn down with fatigue and care, and could not help a secret feeling of reproach as he remembered how seldom he had recalled that fond father to his mind during the last few weeks of his devotion to Helen.

Although the sickness had greatly abated, it still lingered, and some few days passed ere he could bring himself to open to his father this, his first secret; for he felt it to be almost wrong to have taken so decisive a step, without consulting him. The time at length came: and Wilton told him how he loved and was beloved again, and entreated his assistance in overcoming the opposition he feared from Col. St. Leger.

Mr. O'Donnell was not averse to the marriage; he only required that his son should wait until he was twenty years of age, and advised that the intervening two years should be passed in visiting England and the continent. To this proposition, Wilton could make no objection; for it had always been a part of the plan chalked out for him by his father, except that the visit to Europe had been designed to take place after he was twenty-one. As it was, preparations for his intended absence were rapidly made; and he wrote to Miss St. Leger, to apprise her of his father's consent, and to announce to her that he should in person lay his pretensions before the Colonel ere he sailed. This arrangement by no means suited Miss St. Leger's views. If he had announced his father's consent to their immediate union, she would willingly have acquiesced in an engagement; but, to make a positive committal of herself for two years, it would be madness. Well as she knew her father, she felt sure that two years would probably find him laying snares for new victims to his skill in another part of the globe. After due consultation, however, it was agreed upon between

them, that the Colonel should be absent on some duty, easily to be obtained, which should prevent his seeing Wilton before he left Virginia, and yet avoid the appearance of designing to do so: and that she should still bind him with hopes of future happiness, whilst she kept herself at liberty to fulfil or to disappoint them.

Helen did not fail in her part; when Wilton came, and urged her to enter into an avowed engagement, that would be a solace to him in his exile, she assured him of her devoted love, but persisted in saying that she could not make a positive engagement without her father's consent, and that it was vain to look for that, until she had time to use her influence to that end. This she was sure of doing during his absence, but in the mean time, they must be content with mutual confidence; and, as she did not refuse to correspond with him, a plan was arranged by which their letters should be interchanged, without passing through her father's hands.

Wilton was constrained to be satisfied with this arrangement. Soon afterwards, he sailed for England; accompanied by his tutor, a young Englishman of family, who had taken orders, and accepted a chaplaincy at the vice regal court. This he gladly gave up for the agreeable duty of accompanying Wilton on his foreign tour.

In the course of a few weeks more, the sickness at Oatlands had so far abated, as to permit Mr. O'Donnell to go to Williamsburg. He immediately sought the acquaintance of Col. and Miss St. Leger, and was flatteringly received by both. The Col. spoke warmly in praise of his young friend, Mr. Wilton O'Donnell; and Helen too, showed especial graciousness to the father of so valued a friend. Mr. O'Donnell was delighted with both father and daughter: the beauty of Helen far surpassed his expectations; and, in the varied charms of mind, manner and person, he had never seen her equal. His own gentle Mildred, the fair bride of his youth, to whom his whole soul had been devoted, was so unlike this magnificent woman in the zenith of her peerless beauty, and the polished and faultless elegance of her finished manner, as to render a comparison impossible; and O'Donnell never thought of drawing a parallel between them, but rejoiced

to find her whom he regarded as the plighted wife of his son, one every way so worthy of him. The favorable impression made by Col. St. Leger upon Mr. O'Donnell, was not counteracted by any oversight on the Colonel's part. Accustomed quickly to judge those he met, he readily concluded that his new friend was not his game; and a little farther acquaintance assured him that he was precisely his daughter's.

Helen had not been long in coming to the same conclusion: in truth, O'Donnell's manly form, and still eminently handsome face, had at once prepossessed her; and the chivalrous earnestness of his manner towards ladies, heightened in her case by his considering her as the betrothed of his son, increased the feeling. As their acquaintance ripened, the brilliant originality of his conversation, his happy wit and playful fancy, softened, as all was, by a tinge of sadness, that reminded one of the melodies of his native isle, where mournfulness lurks in the wildest notes of merriment, combined to awaken, in this practised woman of the world, all of heart that was left to her. She loved him, and determined to win him, *coute qui coute*.

CHAPTER IV.

Some pleasant weeks passed, during which the intercourse of Mr. O'Donnell with the St. Legers was uninterrupted; and, as yet, they had skilfully warded off any allusion to Wilton's hopes and expectations, whilst he was frequently spoken of as a dearly loved friend. At length, in conversation with the Colonel, Mr. O'Donnell hazarded an expression relative to the future of their children, which seemed at once to astonish and almost annoy the former. Mr. O'Donnell, surprised in turn, and much hurt at the Colonel's manner, insisted on referring the matter to Miss St. Leger. She was already prepared to reply, and at once owned that Wilton had, indeed, made a declaration of his passion, but that she felt it to be only a boyish love, which it would be preposterous to treat seriously. She said that she had told him truly that she was much attached to him, but that the disparity in their ages made a marriage between them out of the ques-

tion; had their ages been more suitable, it was very possible her attachment might have been of a different character; but, as it was, she felt for him as an elder sister might do—(she was far too politic to say mother;—) proud of his success, anxious for his happiness, ambitious for his advancement: “But this is not love,” she said, as she turned her softly beaming eyes on Mr. O’Donnell, with an expression which might mean that they could well express what love was: she added that it deeply pained her that Wilton should have so misunderstood her feelings, as to build false hopes upon her words or manner, but “Could you,” she asked, “Mr. O’Donnell, suppose it possible, that I should have spoken of your son to you in the affectionate, open manner I have done, had I supposed for a moment you considered me as his affianced wife?” Mr. O’Donnell could not but acknowledge the justice of this view of the case, and endeavored to express his disappointment at the failure of Wilton’s hopes; whilst the Colonel announced his intention of writing immediately to Wilton, and asking from him an acknowledgement that no such engagement existed. This step had already been taken: a letter to Wilton had been forwarded with despatches to Europe a day or two before, asking peremptorily if an engagement existed between Miss St. Leger and himself; and the same vessel carried one from Helen, telling him that her father was so resolutely determined against her marriage with him, that she felt it a duty to relinquish the idea, and that she was thankful, even in this overthrow of her hopes, that she was spared the misery of breaking a positive engagement. She went on to say, that she should ever love him; but she hoped he would unhesitatingly reply to her father, denying that any engagement existed; and also, that, for her sake, he would keep sacred the confidence she had reposed in him. She spoke of her acquaintance with his father, and of the delight it would afford her to be connected with one so charming.

Mr. O’Donnell, too, wrote to Wilton, telling him of his visit to Williamsburg, and giving the history of his intercourse with the St. Legers. This letter was entrusted to the ordinary channel of intercourse, then slow and unfrequent. It never reached its

destination: had it done so, how differently might events have been disposed.

During the early part of their acquaintance, Mr. O’Donnell had received from Colonel and Miss St. Leger, the promise of a visit at Oatlands upon the return of Spring. After the little scene described above, Mr. O’Donnell again pressed this visit; but without giving a positive refusal, Miss St. Leger, perhaps, from a feeling of delicacy, evaded the proposal. Ere the Spring opened Mr. O’Donnell had returned home, and his letters from Wilton, though not frequent, were unreserved, apparently, and very full. Writing more to gratify his father than himself, Wilton had affected great cheerfulness: and his mind seemed fully occupied with the gay and varied scenes in which he was engaged. No particular mention of Helen occurred in his letters, for he did not choose to hazard a written statement of the understanding which existed between them at parting; although, had he been with his father, he would have practised no such reserve. Mr. O’Donnell began to think, at length, that Miss St. Leger was correct in the view she had taken of the affair; and that Wilton was learning the boyishness of his love from the teachings of absence.

In due time, early in Spring, Wilton’s answer to Col. St. Leger arrived, acknowledging that no engagement existed between Helen and himself, but saying at the same time, that he had entertained hopes that he was not entirely indifferent to her. The tone of the letter was guarded and constrained; and was well calculated to leave the impression that he considered the affair at an end, and acquiesced quietly, at least, in this conclusion. To Helen he wrote very differently. He told her he had obeyed her implicitly, for he trusted her implicitly; that he could not give up the hope of calling her his own:—“You acknowledge, dearest Helen,” said he, “that your love is unchanged, I ask no other assurance; only hold fast that love; and, although years may pass ere our wishes can be fulfilled, they will yet be borne cheerfully with such a termination in view; then do not, for a moment say the hope must be abandoned; for, without that hope, life of my soul, I should be hopeless and aimless on earth.”

Wilton’s letter to Col. St. Leger, was duly

enclosed to Mr. O'Donnell. It was answered by him in person: and but little persuasion on his part was needed, to induce the English Colonel and his fascinating daughter, to return with him to Oatlands. He, poor man, never dreamed of stepping into that place in Miss Leger's affections, which he had supposed his son to hold; but he was really grieved to think that he had given so much uncomfortable feeling to such charming people, and felt it incumbent on him, by every possible attention, to remove all unpleasantness. He construed Wilton's silence towards himself, in connection with his reply to Col. St. Leger, as being confirmatory of the latter; supposing, as was natural, that Col. St. Leger's letter had gone out with his own. He therefore escorted his fair guest to Oatlands, without a thought beyond atoning for the misapprehension, which must have annoyed her so much.

As they approached Oatlands, the Colonel and his daughter were charmed with the beauty of the country; and the place itself far surpassed their expectations. When she ascended the broad steps leading to the entrance porch, Helen inwardly vowed to enter some future day as mistress. To this end, every faculty of her powerful intellect was bent, all her varied accomplishments, her rich stores of thought and fancy were put in requisition, and so gracefully and artlessly displayed, that Mr. O'Donnell, whilst completely duped by her blandishments, believed her greatest charm to be, that, through so much that might have sullied with worldliness the purity of her lovely character, she should have preserved the transparent simplicity which made her so attractive, and gave so winning a grace to her uncommon acquirements.

Week after week passed away, and still their stay was protracted, whilst, throughout the pleasant neighborhood, the English strangers received the attention and hospitality, then as now, characteristic of the Old Dominion.

It was on one of these "dining days," at a near neighbor's, that a particular friend congratulated Mr. O'Donnell on the prospect of so charming an addition to their society; and, when on expounding his meaning, Mr. O'Donnell assured him he was mistaken, he

expressed his regret at having been so premature, but added that he feared the lady would be as much surprised as himself, if it proved altogether a mistake.

Mr. O'Donnell was much startled at this; for he knew his friend to be a man of plain, solid sense, and not at all imaginative. After a little further conversation, he became assured that such was the current opinion in the circle to which they belonged; and it was in a somewhat uneasy mood he returned to Oatlands that evening. On his way home, he rode some distance in company with the good old Parson, whose presence in those days always gave pleasure in these social meetings; and, in this instance at least, restrained from license without diminishing hilarity. He opened to this good and tried friend the whole affair; and became assured, from his views, that it was due to the lady to leave the decision of the matter in her hands.

When he had once formed this determination, he was astonished at the impetuosity of his feelings; for he found he was as ardently in love as he had been twenty-five years before. Ere the evening closed, he laid his pretensions before the lady; and, although she exhibited the most artless surprise, she yet suffered him to perceive that the gratification, the happiness, exceeded the surprise. In the intoxication of successful love, no wonder Wilton was forgotten! But the hour for remembrance returned, when the happy and accepted lover retired to his bed-room. That old room was filled with the past; and how dear was that past! Here he had spent the happy years of his marriage with Mildred; and hither he had returned after her death: and it is hard to say, which most endears a particular spot to us, sorrows or joys. Here, too, so soon as Wilton was old enough to be taken from the hands of a nurse, he had established him as his companion; this, then, their common apartment, had been the scene of so many childish sports, boyish confidences, and earnest conversations, that every spot seemed filled with his image; and then came suddenly before him the idea of this beloved son—far from his home—amongst strangers, who could sympathise neither in his joys nor his griefs, learning that his father had married; nay, more, had wedded the very woman once so dear to himself. It was true, his letter,

denying an engagement, was in his father's hands; and in his last letters he made no allusion to Helen, although Mr. O'Donnell's previous letter seemed to call for a reply. It seemed almost certain, therefore, that time and absence had wrought their usual change in him, and that he had learned the preposterous nature of his love for a woman ten years older than himself: although he might feel a little ashamed of putting such a confession on paper.

Mr. O'Donnell then congratulated himself on the greater suitableness of her age to his own; still, he was restless and dissatisfied with himself and with Wilton, because he had not been more explicit to himself personally, though he thought Wilton was aware that Col. St. Leger's letter had been written for his peculiar satisfaction, and that of course its answer was intended for him as much as for the Colonel himself. Through all, however, came the image of the beautiful Helen, as worthy of losing a world for, as any of her sex could be; and, although he now acknowledged to himself the passionate love he bore her, she would not have been flattered, had she known the struggle it cost, to go forward in a matter which might cause even a transient pang to this dearly beloved son. Ah! could he have had one glimpse of his real feelings, it would not have required a knowledge of her treachery to make him cancel his engagement, at the expense of every farthing he possessed. The ensuing morning, he had a long conversation with Col. St. Leger, in which the latter learned, for the first time, that Oatlands was Mr. O'Donnell's only for life. He owned, however, a pretty and profitable estate in the vicinity, which he proposed to settle upon Helen for her life, with remainder to their joint heirs; and, only in default of them, to pass to his elder son. Mr. O'Donnell also expressed his determination, when Wilton came of age, to give up to him the mansion house, and half the revenues of Oatlands. Col. St. Leger was rather disappointed at this new aspect of affairs; but was much too deeply involved in debt to raise an obstacle to his daughter's marriage: whilst she, though she would have preferred a different state of things, really loved Mr. O'Donnell, and desired to marry him, even with a smaller fortune than she had expected.

So they were both as gracious as he could desire them to be, and although they deemed it proper to return immediately to Williamsburg, Mr. O'Donnell had permission to accompany them, and only returned to prepare for the reception of his lovely bride.

CHAPTER V.

A few weeks rolled swiftly round, and brought near the time at which Wilton had taken his departure the preceding year: letters were received from him by his father, written in unusual spirits. He had visited the noble relatives of his tutor, and had been charmed with the lovely aspect of English country life in their ancestral home; and, as he dwelt on the beauty and talents of the young cousins of Mr. Trevor, Mr. O'Donnell mused on the probability of his transplanting one of these fair scions to his native soil. About the time that had witnessed in the preceding year the parting of Helen and her confiding youthful lover, she gave her hand to his father, and was installed in the house of his ancestors as its mistress. The marriage took place at Williamsburg, and was graced by all the style and fashion of the gay little capital. We believe that starting from the church door upon a journey, was unknown in those days. Brides did not deem it essential to modesty, to spend the first week of marriage at public houses and in watering places. They were content with a more homebred notoriety, and suffered themselves to be gazed at for awhile by their friends, to whom weddings were a kind of privileged occasions.

Before they left Williamsburg for their beautiful country home, Mr. O'Donnell had the gratification of rendering an essential service to his father-in-law, by paying sundry bills for him; which, as the Colonel was not a privileged person, might have been used to abridge his freedom of locomotion. Amongst these, were the bills for Miss St. Leger's trousseau, &c. It is uncertain whether Mr. O'Donnell was aware of this; but, if he was, he felt that she was not to blame, if her father deceived her as to his resources; and, although Mr. O'Donnell certainly determined not to suffer himself to be involved by his

father-in-law in his embarrassments, (as he now saw clearly he was, to say the least, careless in money matters,) he took especial care that not a word should escape, to show his lovely daughter that he considered himself less charming than herself.

A few months afterwards, a successful (though private) application from Mrs. O'Donnell to her influential relatives at home, procured him an appointment in the West Indies, and relieved her from the interference with her happiness, which his longer stay might have possibly occasioned.

Wilton, in the mean time, had passed some pleasant months in England and Ireland. He had visited his father's family in the latter country, who gladly welcomed their young and attractive, though somewhat distant relative. He had visited Bath, then one of the most agreeable places in England; and, above all, had partaken the delights of a London season. Admired for his fine person and graceful manners, fortunate in his family connections and personal introductions, and no less so in his tutor, who was greatly beloved and prized by the noble family to which he belonged, Wilton, notwithstanding his devotion to Helen, had really enjoyed his tour. They had just gone to France, and were beginning to taste the pleasures of that unrivalled society, when Mr. O'Donnell's approaching marriage was announced by a letter from himself, as an event which would have taken place 'ere that letter could be received. Mr. O'Donnell added, that had he believed Wilton to be still attached to Helen, he would have avoided her, whatever the sacrifice to himself; but, that after his explicit denial of an engagement, in reply to a letter from Mr. St. Leger, which had been called forth by Mr. O'Donnell's intervention, he had considered Wilton's silence on the subject, (to himself,) as intended to show him that he had given up the pursuit of so unsuitable a marriage, and was prepared henceforward to seek his happiness in the possession of a younger bride.

Wilton was thunderstruck at this intelligence. He had not heard from Helen since the letter in which she besought his secrecy, nor, until this moment, had he dreamed that Col. St. Leger's letter was written upon his father's account. Yet his father's letter was

so affectionate; such deep, true love appeared in every line; that, whilst Wilton wept bitterly to think of the bar that was interposed between them, it was not his father whom he accused. He ran over in memory all the events of his intercourse with the St. Legers; recalled the looks and smiles which had said so much that words did not seem needed to express, and convinced himself that, from first to last, he had been deceived; and now he felt assured, that his father too had fallen a victim to their artifices. It was long ere he could determine what to do. To write and expose the false one, would but carry desolation to his father's heart, if he credited his tale; and, if not,—he could not dwell on such a possibility. At length, after many sleepless nights and wretched days of struggling with his bitter feelings, he wrote to his father an affectionate and filial letter. He avoided, however, as far as possible, any mention of Helen, and in his own mind vowed never to see her more. He had kept sacredly his promise of secrecy; in all his intimate intercourse with Trevor, he had told him only of his own love—not of the return on her part: and now he bowed to the stroke, and still held his peace even towards this devoted friend. For why should he criminate his father's wife, since it was in his power to suffer alone and silently? When the time drew near for his return to Virginia, he informed his father of his intention to remain some time longer abroad. Trevor meanwhile had been chosen rector of the parish in which Oatlands was situated; the good old parson, whom I have before mentioned, having been gathered to his fathers. As he accepted the situation, he was compelled to return immediately to Virginia; and he left Wilton in Paris, to which place they had returned, after an extended tour in Italy, Germany and Switzerland.

On Mr. Trevor's arrival in Virginia, he found Mr. O'Donnell quietly residing at Oatlands, beloved and respected by all. Helen, full of real love for her husband, selfish though it was, put forth all her charms of manner and of mind, to embellish his home. She had given birth to a son, and was again able to resume her place in the domestic circle: and Mr. O'Donnell would have been perfectly happy, but for the absence of Wil-

ton, and the hard and somewhat cynical tone which his letters had of late assumed.

CHAPTER VI.

Another year passed, and Wilton was still in that exquisite French society, so graceful, so brilliant, so charming, and so unprincipled. He enjoyed its perfect elegance, its wit, and its *abandon*; and who can wonder if his character suffered somewhat from its hollowness? His native purity saved him from the gross vices of the time; but the trusting faith of childhood was shaken by the scoffs and sophisms of the encyclopædists, and the poison of atheism was gradually infecting the life blood of his noble heart. Still one holy feeling existed, over which it had been unable to exert any influence. His love for his father was as true and strong as when they parted. Perhaps it underwent a severe shock when he first learned that that father was to wed the woman he had chosen for himself; but when he had come to regard him as her dupe, the tide of filial affection swelled higher than ever in his bosom. He was conscious that, to him, the treachery of Helen had disenchanted woman forever; and that all the love he had lavished on her, must be henceforth concentrated upon his father and his friend. When Trevor, therefore, wrote to him, to urge his return home, telling him how his father seemed more and more to long for his presence, and adding that Mr. O'Donnell was beginning to show the traces of age, against which he had hitherto seemed proof, Wilton's resolution wavered; and at length he concluded to do violence to his own feelings, and once more to revisit Virginia, although still determined not to make it his home. He made arrangements accordingly to reach Oatlands in time for the Christmas festivities; rightly judging that the embarrassment of meeting Helen in his own familiar home as its mistress, would be less amid the bustle of company, than in the ordinary routine of daily life.

Voyages in those days were not quite so easily performed as now. It was no uncommon thing for the passage, which is now accomplished in fourteen days, to consume as

many weeks. Wilton left Bristol in October, and reached Alexandria early in December: he lingered quietly there, attending to the shipment of the various treasures in books, engravings, &c., which he had accumulated abroad, and which he dispatched by one of the coasting vessels that furnished the only means of transportation from Alexandria to the James river. He purchased a horse and gig, and pursued his journey through the interior, arriving within twenty miles of Oatlands the day before Christmas. An early start the next morning enabled him to reach home before the dinner hour, then much earlier than now.

As he had foreseen, the house was full. The new rooms had been in use from the time of Mr. O'Donnell's second marriage; and the different aspect the house presented, approached by the new front, and with signs of life and habitation in every room, made it appear so different from what it formerly was, that Wilton was infinitely less overcome by the memories of the past than he could have anticipated. The usual signs of a great festivity in the country displayed themselves. Many vehicles were drawn off on one side of the wide and grassy lawn; the horses having been taken to the capacious stables and out buildings. The field hands were lounging about, sunning themselves that bright December morning, assisted by the various drivers and footmen, who, having performed the duty of attending their masters to the scene of pleasure, were now taking their own share in it; all watching the arrival of new comers, and ready to hold, or, if necessary, to unhitch the horse, and utter the "Merry Chris'mas, massa—Chris'mas gif'!" to be rewarded with the customary pistareen or shilling.

Within the house, though all were busy, there was no bustle. Every thing was well arranged, and our old friend, Mrs. Winifred, was at her post. Helen, at leisure to receive her company and welcome her guests, stood in the ample drawing room, in which a noble hickory fire filled the wide-throated chimney. With fond approbation her husband regarded her tall, elegant figure, as she would greet each new comer with hospitable words and gracious smiles, and occasionally say to some old friend of the family, "We

hope to have Wilton at home before our Christmas is over."

Wilton drove up to the door pretty rapidly, but before he reached it he was seen and recognized, and one universal shout of joy rose from the excited negroes. "Massa Wilton come!" was echoed from stable and kitchen, to parlor and hall. Mr. O'Donnell was standing in the drawing-room when the cry reached him. In an instant he was in the hall and locked in his son's embrace. All was forgotten, except that they were again together, heart answering heart.

And Helen! One moment the rebel blood retreated; pale as fear, she stood, as if transfixed, but in an instant her undaunted spirit came to her aid; and, coming forward with easy dignity, she said, "Let me not be the last to welcome you home, Wilton," and although the sound of that voice, once like the music of heaven to his ears, was now like the knell of past happiness, he had still self-possession enough to advance to meet her, raise her offered hand to his lips, and turn again to his father, while no glance of the eye from either had revealed the secret of the heart. She had not read in his averted eye the contempt he felt for the traitress who had made him an aimless man, ere he had fully entered upon man's life: nor he, in her false smile, the bitter jealousy that whispered, "This is the heir: my son is portionless."

When Wilton had completed his toilet, he joined the gay group in the drawing-room, and was gladly welcomed home by old friends and young companions. Here an old fox-hunter asked him if he had forgotten how to win a brush; there a blushing girl who, half-a-dozen years before would have offered her cherry lips for a kiss, now in all the graceful bashfulness of dawning womanhood, hoped, yet feared, to be noticed.

When Wilton retired to rest that night, he acknowledged a reality in the blessings of friendship and kindness among his fellow-men, that already began to melt the locked-up sympathies of his kindly, though misguided nature. His room was in the third story of the new house, which he of course had been familiar with all his life, but had never inhabited; so that even in this retirement, there was nothing especially calculated to re-

call the past. On the whole, he waked next morning with more of brightness and natural feeling about him than he had enjoyed for many weary months. A long conversation with Mrs. Winifred, from whom, amid the cares of the preceding day, he had received but a hurried though fond welcome, convinced him that Helen sought to make his father's life a happy one, and he then determined to overlook what was past, and endure her society, if possible, without betraying to his father the utter contempt in which he held her.

It was easy, in the midst of the gay party assembled in the house, many of them from a considerable distance, and during the festivities of the period, to avoid entirely any familiar intercourse with Helen. They lived altogether in the new mansion. There were the drawing-rooms, the company dining-room, which communicated by a door with the old family room so often mentioned, and opened on the other side into a library; and, except when Wilton sought Mrs. Winifred in her peculiar room in the old building, he never entered it; for his father's room, the old favorite one, which Mr. O'Donnell could not give up even to please Helen, he of course never entered. But at length Twelfth Night came; and as the last of their friends left them, they fell back into old ways and habits, and with them came new trials to Wilton,

CHAPTER VII.

When they met again at meals in the old dining-room, with its wide hearth, its queer steps, and door in the corner, there came over Wilton's heart the bitter loneliness which had so pressed upon him in Paris; and beneath his cold unvarying politeness Helen felt that she was distrusted, and detected, and that he despised her as worldly and unprincipled.

With his father, old habits of confidence and love were completely restored, save on one subject; and they were daily resuming more and more their old custom of occupying themselves in the same pursuits. To Helen this was intolerable. Had she believed Wilton capable of the generous forbearance he really felt and was governed by, she

would yet have dreaded lest in some unguarded moment he might betray her to his father, and thus destroy her power; but she did not thus believe—she deemed it impossible that he should know her as he did, and not intend, when his time should come, to unmask her. With these fears for herself, and her jealousy of Wilton as the heir, which amounted almost to hatred, mingled yet another feeling—she could not bear that one, who had passionately loved her, should now view her with cold and disenchanted eyes, and she felt that she must yet endeavor to resume her sway, and urge him once more from his home. Once more absent in anger with his father, her path would at least be free from him, and for the rest she must only hope that some fortunate circumstance would remove him from her son's also.

Actuated by these motives, she entered one snowy morning the room in which they usually met, (she had excused herself from breakfast,) and found Wilton, as she expected, alone; his father being engaged in directing some out of door operations: Wilton, with his habitual politeness, placed a chair for her near the fire. She did not accept it, but stood for a few moments gazing fixedly at him. The scrutiny was not pleasant; and he turned rather aside, and seemed to seek a book which had dropped from his hand before her entrance. She spoke, it was only to call his name in her low, sweet tones. He replied not. She again uttered his name, and the tone of reproachful tenderness was irresistible. He turned: their eyes met; and, as if impelled by feelings she could not master, she fell at his feet, exclaiming, "Forgive me, Wilton, all the cruel wrong I have done you!"

"I have nothing to forgive," he replied, with an effort at composure; for her looks, her tones, her streaming eyes, almost maddened him.

"Oh, speak not thus coldly!" she uttered rapidly. "I could bear the curse of my own blighted youth and happiness, but not that you should despise me!"

"Your blighted happiness, Helen!" he exclaimed; "what do you mean? Do you not love?"—he paused, hesitated, and then said—"your husband?"

"Yes—yes," she said falteringly, "I love

him, for he is so kind, so good, I cannot help it; but, Wilton, I was not false to you: I married to save my father!"

"Your father?"

"Yes, Wilton—my father. When we parted, I knew not the embarrassments his lavish habits had plunged him into,—and fondly hoped to bend his mind to look favorably on our wishes ere you returned. Soon after you departed your father came: I loved him for your sake and welcomed him to our home. Unfortunately he loved me: and my father, in their intercourse, denied my engagement to you, and questioned me so sternly, without naming your father as connected with it, that, frightened and friendless, I wrote you that wretched letter which has entailed such misery on us both. When your answer arrived, it was shown to your father, and then, on his coming forward through my father, and as my lover, did I learn for the first time the helplessness of my situation. I had denied, and caused you to deny, my engagement to you; and when I tried to tell my father how averse my heart was to these nuptials, I learned that but for your father's generosity, mine would have long since been the inmate of a prison. I felt the toils compass me around, and, at length, I gave my hand where no heart could go with it. I have since striven to love where love was become a duty. I thought I had learned to be happy, for I thought of you as one who no longer suffered, and felt willing that you should believe me false if you were happy; but since your return, your cold contempt maddens me, and I feel I must regain at least your pity or die."

Wilton gazed on her with looks that seemed to read her very soul. At length, in tones full of horror, he said, "Helen! is this the truth—the very truth?"

With tears of passionate earnestness, she replied, "As I live it is the truth!"

"Then God have mercy on me, for man has none!" he exclaimed; and rushing from the house, despite the fast-falling snow, he sprang on his horse, which had just been brought to the door, and rode madly onward in the storm.

Helen had not anticipated such an outburst. She had thought of Wilton as still the boy whom she could mould to her purposes, and felt alarmed at the possible consequences of

her treachery. Nevertheless, when her husband entered, in less than half an hour, her usual self-command had composed all traces of agitation, and she was able to meet him with her usual soft and quiet manner. He inquired for Wilton. She said he had ridden forth. He took it for granted that Wilton had gone to a neighbor's, where both were engaged to a bachelor dinner: so, seating himself beside her, he said playfully, 'Well, as he has gone to Turner's, I will even stay at home with you; this snow-storm is excuse enough for an old fellow like me.'

Helen was well pleased that he did not follow Wilton: it deferred at least the evil hour; but it was no easy task for her, practised as she was in dissimulation, to converse with her husband in the easy manner habitual to her; and she was relieved when, just after dinner, a summons to the nursery enabled her to quit him without suspicion. Here she sat pondering deeply on the events of the morning, and the possibilities of the future, until the twilight deepened into gloom. At length she was startled by the rapid tread of a horse: it stopped suddenly: her heart throbbed audibly; and such was her agitation, that for a moment she could not even think. Her apartment, it will be remembered, was above the old dining-room. She heard the outer door open and Wilton's step on the floor. Words were spoken; the tones were hasty, earnest, abrupt; she laid her sleeping boy in his cradle and ran quickly down the old stairs in the corner of the room. The door was slightly ajar: Wilton stood in the middle of the room; his hand in the breast of his coat. His father had risen from his seat, and stood transfixed with astonishment, as Wilton poured forth his bitter reproaches.

"I had told you I loved, and that my love was returned; yet you sought her hand and leagued with her father to buy what you could not win. Had this wrong been done me by another, I would have avenged it on him, but it is *my father*! Since he who gave me life has rendered it worthless, nought remains but death."

As he spoke, he drew forth a pistol and placed the muzzle to his head: at the same moment his father sprang forward, and wrenched the pistol round, exclaiming, "Have mercy

on my gray hairs!" The pistol went off at the instant he seized it: the ball entered his eye, and he fell dead at his son's feet!

At the same moment Mrs. Winifred rushed in from the pantry door, screaming, "Wilton what have you done! My child! my master! my dear master!" and flinging herself on the floor by Mr. O'Donnell, endeavored to raise and revive him. But life was extinct. Wilton sank down stupified at this unexpected result. He seemed incapable of motion, and only uttered almost unconsciously the words, "I have killed him!" The shock was so great—his grief and horror so intense, that he seemed not to remember that he might be held to answer for the deed.

The servants crowded in, and Helen was found insensible on the stairs, where she had fallen. She was removed to bed. In a few minutes the steward and overseers were on the spot, and messengers were dispatched to the neighbors. On the arrival of a magistrate, Wilton was removed to another room, and placed under guard to await legal investigation. He seemed indifferent to all that concerned himself, and submitted at once to what was ordered.

The next day the coroner's inquest was held. Mrs. Winifred's evidence was directly against Wilton, and the evident reluctance with which it was given made it the more forcible. Mrs. O'Donnell was too ill to be examined. The verdict was wilful murder on the part of Wilton. He was taken to prison. Before the examining court Helen appeared. She testified that she heard high words from Wilton—that she rushed down the stairs—saw Wilton draw the pistol—heard her husband's exclamation, and saw the pistol fired: *but she suppressed the seizing of the pistol by her husband, and Wilton's pointing it at himself!* Wilton was fully committed for trial, amid the execrations of the whole community. There was something so fiendish in the unprovoked murder of a parent, that we cannot wonder at the abhorrence felt for the murderer. Nor did he attempt any exculpation of himself. In fact, excitement, horror, remorse, (for he felt that his father's death truly lay at his door, though not in the manner it was believed,) rendered him incapable of judging for himself, and he had no friend to think or act for

him. Before his return, Trevor had been summoned back to England, as the heir presumptive to his noble uncle, who had lost his only son. All Wilton's other friends were still more the friends of his father.

Mrs. Winifred, who, although she could not avoid giving testimony which bore most hardly upon him, still could not believe him guilty, was debarred from any intercourse with him, from the fact of her being a witness against him. She was, however, permitted to send him clothing, and she sent with it his mother's bible, as the only solace she could offer him. Immediately after his return to prison, the over-worked frame yielded to the disease which had been oppressing him since the fatal morning of his conversation with Helen, and he lay for days in the raving delirium of brain fever.

CHAPTER VIII.

A week passed away. Wilton had received the necessary medical attendance from the honest old Scotch physician who had known and loved him from childhood, and who could not help saying it was half a pity to save his life, poor fellow, for the hangman to take it. When Wilton came to himself, however, he was a changed person. He declared to the Doctor, who, after awhile, spoke to him on the subject always uppermost in their thoughts when together, that he had not intended to kill his father, and that it was in the endeavor to save him from suicide, that his father met his death. Of the causes which had led him to the rash attempt, he said nothing, nor did he seem desirous to live. In fact, his whole demeanor was uncomplaining and hopeless; nothing could animate him. The only wish he seemed to have, was that he might see Trevor before his death. 'Ere many weeks passed, it was evident that this gratification would not be his. The exposure on that terrible day to the storm, the neglect of the cold taken, for so many days, fastened it upon his lungs; and it became evident to his experienced physician, that, without some great change, he would not live to meet his trial. Such a change could not be expected, for the utter depression from his grief and remorse for

what he had actually done, would have been enough to destroy him, even had he not felt so acutely as he did, that he was an object of abhorrence to all whose good opinion he valued, for that of which he had not been guilty.

His kind friend tried to rouse him with the hope of life; but it was in vain. He visited him constantly, and was soon convinced that poor Wilton was more sinned against than sinning; but when he would urge on him that he should make exertions and prepare for his defence, and endeavor to exculpate himself from this horrible charge, he would reply mournfully: "Why should I desire to live: life has nothing to offer but remorse; for my headstrong passion caused my father's death although I did not seek it. I am willing to live through my appointed time, even though it should bring me still farther degradation; but I thank God, I shall not now, as then, be without hope in the future. God has been merciful to me, and I now kindly wait his will."

He was permitted the use of pen and paper; and, as he now was fully assured that Trevor would not return during the short time it was likely he should live, he drew up for him a full statement of the intercourse between Helen and himself—the letters that had passed between them, and the feelings that had prompted his remaining so long abroad; he went on to narrate what had occurred after his return home; the affectionate manner of his father, and the return to old habits which had characterised their intercourse; then that conversation with Helen; his being compelled, despite his will, to give credence to her tale, and the state of frenzy in which he fled from the house on that fatal morning. He went on thus: "I rode; I knew not whither, until some time before night-fall, I found myself on the brink of an overhanging precipice, beneath which the swollen river rushed murkily on. I had, from the time you left me in Paris, my dear Trevor, been much in the habit of indulging in so called philosophical speculations, and had convinced myself that no one was accountable for suicide, except so far as he might injure others by his death. It was no wonder, then, that at this moment, I felt a friend was near, and was about to make a fatal plunge,

when a negro, whose hut in a cluster of pines I had not noticed, suddenly ran out. I drew back my horse from the leap, and striking my spurs into his sides, sped in an opposite direction. I know now—for I have probed the depths of my own sinful heart, and I wish not to deceive you—that, in what followed, I was actuated as much by revenge as despair. I remember riding the most direct way homeward, passing by the steward's house where I had left my pistols the day before, when we had been shooting at a mark, going into the house and taking one out of the box and placing it in my bosom. I met no one, nor was I an instant in the house; for I knew where the case had been put. I remounted, and I can now recall the fiendish exultation I felt, as I thought how bitterly my death by my own hand would avenge me on my father. Oh, God! the horrible revulsion of feeling, when I saw him dead at my feet, and knew he died to save me. I have but indistinct recollections of what passed afterwards. I heard myself branded as a murderer, and I could not deny it; for I felt myself guilty and accursed—a second Cain, yet worse! when before the examining court, I could not command my ideas. I feared to speak, lest I should say what it might wrong the dead to utter; nor did I, indeed, come to a full consciousness of my real situation, until after the crisis of brain fever had passed. I then could remember all I have now told you; and I learned, too, what that wretched woman's evidence had been. I truly forgive her; but, oh, Trevor! can she forgive herself. If she saw what she swore she saw, she must also have seen enough to exonerate me from the charge of attempting my father's life: she must have seen me point the pistol at myself! What her motives may be for blackening me more, if possible, than I deserve, I cannot tell; but at least she gives me back my faith in that dear father, who is, I honestly trust, receiving the reward of his just life in this world. I feel now that she was the sole plotter against my peace; and I trust I do not deceive myself in thinking that I pardon her as I hope to be forgiven myself.

"When, my dear Trevor, I recovered from my delirium, I found myself at once divested of atheism. I saw too plainly the evidences of a ruling power in all that had occurred, to

doubt, or even to have any feeling but that of submission to an Almighty Being: and, though for many long days and weary nights my submission was a hopeless one; yet, the light hath shone upon the darkness; comfort hath come even to me. I feel that I, too, have a hope for eternity, such as my dear father had long since made his own. I look forward with humble trust to rejoin him in the light of perfect day. I do not think I shall live to meet my trial; and my only earthly wish is, to see you once more. I do not see that it would benefit the dead to let my unhappy story be known; nor would I, to gratify the curiosity of the world, and perhaps gain some commiseration for my own fate, blight the young life of that unfortunate infant, the only one left to bear our name, by making public the cruel falsehood of his mother. No! let him live respected, so far as depends on me, and only to my dear old nurse, Winifred, do I wish this painful history to be told. I do desire, in the most authentic manner, to declare my innocence of the intent to take my father's life; but with the motives which led me to attempt my own, the world has nothing to do."

A week before the trial was to come on, and six weeks before Mr. Trevor's arrival, Wilton breathed his last in his solitary prison; only cheered by the presence of the kind old Doctor, who remained with him until the last. Into his hands he committed his will and the letter to Trevor, from which the above extract is taken. To him, he also gave a declaration of his innocence of any intention to take his father's life. On Mr. Trevor's arrival, he received the papers. Wilton had left all his property, (with the exception of a memento to his friend, a legacy to the Doctor, and a provision for Mrs. Winifred,) to his brother: and requested that Trevor might be his guardian.

Mr. O'Donnell had also appointed Trevor and Wilton his executors: and as Cedar Farm (Mr. O'Donnell's own estate) had been settled on Helen at their marriage, Wilton's property was nearly all the child inherited during his mother's life. Very soon after these events, the war of Independence commenced. Mr. Trevor was, under any circumstances, compelled to return to England, and Mrs. O'Donnell agreed to the propriety

of his taking the boy with him, though only three years old, whilst she remained, to secure, if possible, the property to her son, whichever side should prove victorious.

CHAPTER IX.

Mrs. O'Donnell remained at Oatlands for a few years longer; but a residence there became so distasteful to her, as to compel a removal. The painful circumstances attending the deaths of father and son, caused many to recollect the rumors which had existed before Wilton went to Europe, of his attachment to this lady; and, although Mr. Trevor strictly kept Wilton's confidence, and in obedience to his wishes, had even forced himself to show her the outward respect and observance, which, as his ward's mother, seemed her due, yet there was not wanting many a keen remark, or slighting look, which gave the alarm to her guilty conscience; and finally, she determined to remove to Richmond, (then a mere village,) which, offering her the choice of some change of society, yet afforded her the means of visiting her own or her son's estate at pleasure.

During the military movements in Virginia, Oatlands was occasionally occupied by both parties. On the last of these occasions, it took fire in the new building, which was entirely destroyed; the old part being still left standing, though much defaced and injured.

When the war was over, Mrs. O'Donnell permitted the Steward to have such rough repairs put upon the house as might serve to render it habitable; but she had taken so great a dislike to the spot, that, although she sometimes visited it, she never stayed all night. She continued to reside at Richmond, which began, almost immediately after her removal thither, to grow into importance; and at the time young O'Donnell returned, some years after the war was over, to reclaim his property, (to which, as he had been under age, there was no hindrance,) he found the society polished, talented and refined, to a degree that surprised him. Richmond was now the seat of Government of the State; and the Legislature of Virginia, composed of the first men in the commonwealth, in those, her palmiest days, was worthy the powerful

influence it was permitted to exercise in the councils of the nation. The learned professions, too, were represented most efficiently. Marshall, Washington and Wickham adorned the bar; Blair and Buchanan the pulpit. and McClurg, as remarkable for his wit and literary taste as for his professional talents, upheld the honor of the healing art. In this society Helen was distinguished. Her wonderful beauty, still in admirable preservation, her manners and accomplishments, rendered her house attractive to young and old; and thus did she wish it to be, for she desired, ardently, that her son should find it too pleasant to exchange it for Oatlands. The first few months after his arrival, he was easily induced to delay going there; and when at length Helen, in compliance with his earnest entreaties, accompanied him thither, she easily managed to induce him to give but a day to an inspection of the farm, and to return home at night.

Autumn, however, approached; and the time for his coming of age drew nigh. He announced his intention of celebrating it at Oatlands. His mother would gladly have opposed it: but too wise to make an opposition without hope of success, she contented herself with delaying it until it was settled that they should go down about a week before his birth-day. They went; and each day was a living torture to Helen. Her son was now just about the age of Wilton at the time of his return from Europe. Their long separation had caused her, perhaps, to fancy a greater likeness between the brothers, than really existed: for the difference between Redmond, (he bore his father's name,) as he was when a child and as he now appeared, made it more easy to trace the resemblance to Wilton, than to the infant she had parted with. Helen had allowed her terror at Oatlands to become morbid, and now she feared she knew not what.

The morning of the birth-day came. Many of the old neighbors were invited to dinner, and also some friends from Richmond. They breakfasted in the old room; and, after breakfast, Redmond called his dogs as he was wont to do for hunting; and, putting on his hunting accoutrements, took his fowling piece in his hand and was about to leave the room: Helen called him back. He returned and stood in

the door-way, with his gun resting on the floor. She reminded him of the company they expected, and begged him not to be late in returning. He smiled as he answered—"Oh, I shall be back in time." One of his pointers at the moment leaped up on him. "Down Ponto," he exclaimed: and as he spoke, the foot of the dog struck the trigger, and the unfortunate youth fell dead—his brains besprinkling his mother's dress!

One scream, and she, too, fell motionless; but when the servants raised her from the floor, they found she was not, (as they at first thought) dead. She breathed, and after a while, moved; but remained silent, though her lips moved inaudibly. Mrs. Winifred, who lived in the little cottage near the run, (now the miller's house,) was sent for, and watched over her. All necessary duties were paid to the remains of the last of this unhappy race, but Helen seemed unconscious of what was passing. She never appeared to notice anything, except the endeavor to put a cap on her head, or to induce her to get into a carriage. These two things she resisted; but in all else, she was passive. Mrs. Winifred remained with her until her death, which did not take place until after my father had removed to this house; and I can distinctly remember her when I was still able to run about, and used to play in the field on this side of that estate. She was a tall woman, very thin, always in black, and bareheaded, and her hair as white as snow. I do not think she lived many months after we came; but after her death, Mrs. Winifred came to nurse and take care of me, and told me all these things. She said that Mrs. O'Donnell never spoke a word aloud after her son's death; but frequently spoke to herself. After a long time, she found it was a single word that she uttered, and that word was "RE-TRIBUTION!"

Hood, in his "Ode to Rae Wilson, Esq.," thus hits off the super-sanctimonious—

A man may cry Church! Church! at ev'ry word
With no more piety than other people—
A daw's not reckoned a religious bird
Because it keeps a cawing from a steeple.

THE MAID O' COQUET SIDE.

Air—The Lass o' Gowrie.

By Coquet Side there dwelt a maid,
The fairest girl that e'er was seen,
Her locks in dark black tresses strayed
Aboon her sparkling hazel 'een.

Her broo it was sae white and fair,
Might rival with the drifted snaw;
Mang a' the bonnie lassies there
She was the bonniest of them a'.

To hear her speak, to see her smile,
To gaze upon her lovely face,
I've aften walked for mony a mile
To meet her at the trysting place—

Where we've sae often side by side,
O'er Coquet's bonnie banks and braes,
Frae morning-noon till even-tide
Spent thus our early happy days.

SHALL VERSUS WILL.

*To The Southern Literary Messenger,
Your Petitioner SHALL humbly represents,—*

That Your Petitioner knows not where he can look, if not to you, for redress of the grievances he has now to complain of: That his place and powers have been lawlessly usurped by his twin brother, WILL, to an extent which threatens your Petitioner almost with banishment from the English Language. Both he and his said brother are signs of the future tense in grammar: but the occasions on which each of them is to be employed, are unmistakeably settled by ancient usage; and are almost as distinct as the uses of the present tense and the future tense. The respective provinces, or functions, of SHALL and WILL are determined clearly, though clumsily, by an old grammarian, in these lines:

"In the first person, simply SHALL *foretells*;
In WILL a *threat*, or else a *promise* dwells:
SHALL in the second and the third does *threat*;
WILL simply, then, foretells the *future feat*."

That is, in the second and third person, we change offices; SHALL performing what was in the first person WILL's office, and WILL performing that which was SHALL's office.

More plainly it may be said,—SHALL, in

the first person, expresses *intention, expectation, or desire*: as, "I shall go to market to-morrow"—"We shall all be dead in a few years"—"We shall meet again, I hope."—WILL, in the first person *promises or threatens*: as "I will pay you next week"—"I'll knock you down, if you do so."—In the second or third person, on the contrary, SHALL *promises, threatens, or commands*: as "Be a good child, and you shall have some cake"—"Whoever violates the law, shall be punished"—"You shall do this work." But WILL, in the second and third persons, only *predicts*: as, "It will rain to-night"—"I'm afraid he will die"—"They will be married next month"—"The debate will end to-morrow."

Yet, although the proper places and offices of your Petitioner and his said brother have thus been defined for ages, so as to be known and respected by all faithful speakers of the English tongue,—there has of late widely prevailed in the Commonwealth of Virginia, if not in other Southern States, a practice of employing WILL where it is your Petitioner's time-hallowed and exclusive right to be employed. There is reason to believe that this encroachment on your Petitioner's rights originated in Scotland, or in the north-east of Ireland; since the Scottish people, (even writers of note among them,) and the northern Irish, have been observed thus to misemploy WILL for SHALL. The great Doctor Chalmers has more than once been guilty of this outrage upon grammatical justice. In one of his eloquent Astronomical Discourses, he says, "I will not regret it, if I have familiarized the minds," &c. And in one of his sermons on The Depravity of Human Nature, he says, "I will not be able to convince you," &c. In Western Virginia, where that shrewd and thrifty race called "Scotch-Irish" are mostly settled,—even about Lexington, the Cohee Athens—your Petitioner is well nigh discarded altogether, for his *will*-ing, if not ambitious brother. It is quite common there to hear ladies, lawyers, preachers, and professors, when they by no means intend to *bind* themselves—when they do not mean to *promise or threaten*, but merely to signify a present expectation or intention—say "Perhaps I will see you at church to-morrow"—"I'm afraid I'll be sick"—"If it don't rain

soon, we will make a poor crop"—"We will always be happy to see you at our house." In all of which instances, your Petitioner humbly submits, he was clearly entitled to the places most unjustly occupied by WILL.

But your Petitioner's feelings were never so often agonized by manifold wrongs, as during the session of the Reform Convention, in Richmond, one or two years ago. In that luminous body, a gentleman from the West hardly ever had occasion for the first person (singular or plural) of the future tense, but he used my aforesaid brother, in my place. You might constantly hear such sayings as, "If we do not get on faster, we will be here six months longer"—"When will I be allowed to speak?"—"I will probably vote for the proposition"—"Power which I will never be willing to confer"—"The provision still remains in the report, and we will still have to act upon it."

This bad usage has now crept down from the mountains to Eastern Virginia, whose dialect was once, more correct. Even the Examiner newspaper, commonly remarkable for the purity of its English, lately had an editorial upon the decease of an eminent comedian, in which the sentence, "But neither as prince or peasant—quack or flunkey—man, god, or devil—will we laugh at him any more." When your Petitioner saw that, Cæsar's exclamation "*Et tu Brute!*"—would have burst from his lips, had the power of speech been given him.

There is a corresponding misuse of *Would* for *Should*, which calls alike for redress. But your Petitioner trusts that if his wrongs be done away, those of his kinsman *Should* will soon be ended.

The whole English world has laughed at the Frenchman, who on falling out of a boat exclaimed, in great terror, "Oh, I vil get drowned! Nobody sall help me out!" But those of whom your Petitioner has been complaining, and who probably have laughed as loudly as any at the Frenchman, are as much in the wrong as he was in the first half of his outcry—bating his *v* for *w*.

To you, sir, as Literary Censor of Virginia and the South, your Petitioner hopefully appeals for protection against any further repetition of the wrongs herein set forth. He proposes that you require of all offenders in

the premises to get by heart and repeat every morning at breakfast, for one month, the four lines of homely verse above quoted: and if any of them afterwards violate the rule therein laid down, oblige him to learn and repeat in like manner for another month, the prose paraphrase thereof which follows the verses.

And your Petitioner will ever pray, &c.

SHALL.

SAPPHO'S ODE TO VENUS.

A LITERAL RENDERING.

Daughter of Love! the foam-born—the immortal—
The many-throned—to thee I make request;
Oh, queenly one! let not distresses startle,
Nor sorrows read my breast.

But hither come as erst: my low-breathed yearning
Reached heretofore, thine ear bent earnestly;
And from thy father's radiant mansion turning,
Thou hastenest unto me.

Thy chariot thou didst yoke, and on quick pinions
Thy proud birds sped: with plumage floating fair,
Downward they swept to earth's obscure dominions,
Through the serene mid-air.

And thou, oh, blessed one! with smiling gladness
Upon thy brow of fadeless beauty wrought,
Didst urge the reason of my heavy sadness—
And why thine aid I sought;—

And what I craved to soothe my mind's distraction,—
How love's entanglements detained me still:
—Tell me, my Sappho, who by wrongful action,
Hath dared to work thee ill?

'For if he flies, my speed shall overreach him,
Instead of gifts received,—he shall bestow;
And if he love not, I will straightway teach him—
Though thou his love forego.'

Come thus again!—and let corroding passion
Be henceforth borne forevermore away;
Fulfil my spirit's struggling invocation,
And be my constant stay.

M. J.

DESTINY OF RUSSIA.

It is proposed, in the following pages, briefly to set forth what seems the probable destiny of the Russian empire, as it may be gathered from the experience of the past and the march of present events. If to many, the conclusions at which we shall arrive seem startling and improbable, to the eye of the philosophic peruser of history and the critical observer of the present, they will appear but too evident. The annals of mankind, from the flood to the establishment of empire in the wilds of the New World, have never presented such a spectacle of gigantic, yet symmetrical greatness as that now exhibited by Russia. No other nation which has yet played a part on the great stage of time, has possessed proportions so colossal, a foundation so deep, so solid and so lasting, or a spirit of conquest so unsatiated and untiring in its march. Rome, in the palmiest hours of the old republic, when every day was heralded in by some new addition to its wide, extended dominion, never moved in the path of acquisition with a more steady and unswerving pace than has Russia for the last two hundred years. It is the duty of the statesman and the historian, reasoning from the past and present, to trace out the destiny of nations: we do not arrogate to ourselves such titles as these, or claim that a larger portion of the prophet's ken has been given to us than to others; but even the humblest individual may read when the scroll is laid before him—may obtain a glimpse of the future when its portals are so widely opened. Since the beginning, the condition of the world has never presented such a field for speculation, nor has the veil of the future been so lifted up to the view of mortals, as now. "Coming events cast their shadows before," and the mighty destiny of the Russian empire is foreshadowed in the miserable blindness and lifeless energy which weigh like a mildew upon the heart of Western Europe. The prophecy of Napoleon is about to be fulfilled: from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Northern Ocean, Europe must soon fall under the Slavonian sway, and that, too, possibly, before the sod covers the remains of men now living. It is remarked by Lieutenant Lynch, that the spirit of the present Sul-

tan is saddened by gloomy forebodings of his own and his country's fate; and well may this be so; the embrace of the Northern Bear is already closing round him, and the Moslem rule and the Moslem faith will soon perish altogether beneath the Muscovite sword.

When the Roman empire in the West, enervated by luxury and prosperity, was finally crushed towards the close of the fifth century, by the vast hordes of barbarians who poured down in countless masses from their Northern hives, the world seemed enveloped in a weight of barbarism from which it would never be able to emerge. But the barbarians, separating into various nations, embraced the manners, customs and laws of the conquered, and civilization once more began to raise its head from the ruins of the Roman world. What are now the nations of Europe were then formed; and the course of civilization from that time forward has been one of steady advance. At the time when the earth was shaking under the crash of the falling empire, there existed, deeply immersed in the Northern and Eastern wilds of Europe, a savage and hardy tribe of barbarians who had never crossed the confines of Rome; and whose very existence was unknown, until they were accidentally encountered by the Huns in their great migration from Asia to the banks of the Danube. These barbarians were the Russians. This encountering of them by the Huns is the only notice we have of them through history for many ages, save now and then a casual mention of the name, unconnected with events. For centuries they continued in comparative barbarism; growing up unnoticed, scarcely ever heard of, and taking no part in the great events which were ever agitating the nations of Western Europe; until near the close of the seventeenth century, when, at length, the great genius of Peter broke like a rising sun over the night of semi-barbarism, and taught the world the existence of an infant, but mighty empire. Piercing at a glance the destiny which fate had marked out for his country, he gathered up its huge proportions, and hurled at once its vast bulk into the scale of civilization. Since then the course of Russia has been one of rapid and almost unparalleled progress; and, at the present moment, it is the most powerful nation on the surface of the globe,

and is destined, in all human probability, to destroy, or gather to itself, all the governments of the Old World. Nor does it require any gift of prescience, or any supernatural wisdom, to discover this, the foreshadowed destiny of Russia in the coming future. The scroll is spread out, and "he who runs may read;" and the infatuated blindness which veils the eyes of European statesmen is wholly unaccountable, unless it be, indeed, that Providence has so ordered it for the more speedy accomplishment of its own decree. While the Muscovites have been laying the foundations of their empire, and pursuing a gradual but steady path to greatness, the other nations of Europe, embracing at its fall the manners and luxuries of Rome, have risen far more rapidly; have run, some of them, splendid careers; have reached the weakness and the tottering of old age; and are now standing on the brink of revolution and of ruin.

One great, and perhaps the chief cause of the greatness which has been reached by the Russian empire, of its substantiality, and of its still continued increase, is the long ages which were occupied in firmly establishing and consolidating the foundation upon which its colossal fabric has been reared. No nation can exist long, unless it has a solid and cemented foundation. It is an eternal law of nature that all things which continue for any great length of time, must be slow and gradual in their growth. If we but look around us, every object which meets our gaze adds but another proof that nature has no law more fixed and unalterable than this: if we look at the vegetable kingdom, we find that the giant oak of the forest often grows for ages, and continues centuries before decay has finally sapped its roots; while the mushroom, which springs up in a single night, is quickly destroyed in the heat of the morning sun: and so it is with nations. If we survey the history of the world, it will be seen that the existence of every nation has been in exact proportion to the time and toil taken in laying the basis of its fabric—that those which have advanced with slow and steady steps, have enjoyed the longest existence and exerted the most controlling influence over the affairs of men; whilst on the other hand, those which have sprung up,

as it were, like the mushroom, how great soever their momentary power might be, have had but a fleeting and ephemeral existence, and have gone down as suddenly as they rose. Whether we survey the ancient or the modern world, the same invariable workings of this law are exhibited. The Assyrian empire, so far as we are able to glean from the mists and obscurity of such high antiquity, rose gradually from the deluge, and occupied ages in reaching the final acme of its glory under the reign of Sennacherib; and it enjoyed an existence in proportion to the moderation of its growth, even despite of all the fiery and mercurial passions which, proverbially, have ever swayed the inhabitants of the oriental world. Egypt and Rome furnish striking examples. Rome owed the long period of its history, from its first appearance as a little village on the banks of the Tiber, to the burial of its last relic in the final siege of Constantinople—to the time, labor and perseverance which was taken to establish, perfect and unite its government before it aspired to the dominion of nations: for it will be remembered, that not until the First Punic War, several centuries after its foundation, did Rome emerge from the theatre of Italy. The Chinese empire is perhaps the longest lived, of which history gives us any record; and it is true we have no accurate means of knowing the time it did occupy in acquiring its present stature, but if we may judge from the character of its people, its growth must have been slow and gradual in the extreme; and as a consequence, the Chinese historians trace a regular record of their existence, as a nation, so far back, as to raise in the skeptical mind a doubt of the Mosaic history of the creation.* But the proud republics that once chequered the whole surface of Greece, where are they? Their existence was brief as their rise was rapid! They were erected, as it were, in a single day; and the rising of the morrow's sun looked down upon their ashes! Athens swept like a brilliant meteor across the sky, and dazzled the earth with her splendor and glory; yet but a little more than two centuries will embrace her rise, reign and fall. So it was with all the Grecian States; they sprung at once to maturity, ran a bright, but

fleeting career, then perished as they came. Alexander, within the short space of his own life, conquered and matured a mighty empire, but ten years after his death that empire was a heap of ruins. Immense empires were reared by both Timour and Attila; yet their growth had been too sudden, and at the death of each, the whole evanescent fabric melted away. Descending from ancient to modern times,* we find the same proportionate period of existence. The long period that France has been a kingdom is the consequence of the time which was consumed in its foundation while Gaul remained a province of Rome: and the French Government may continue until hid under the looming shadow of Russian greatness. All know how gradual, yet steady and ceaseless has been the progress of the British empire. Nineteen centuries have rolled away since Julius Cæsar first landed upon its shores, yet it did not attain the climax of its power until it became involved in the stormy scenes which closed the last and ushered in the present century: and although from a multitude of concurrent causes, the last hour of British dominion is rapidly approaching,† as yet it is still great and powerful. But it has been reserved for the present century, to show forth to the world the most terrible example—the most convincing proof of the instability of all power, howsoever great, if not built upon a deep and time-cemented foundation. Not a half century has yet passed by since the superhuman intellect of Napoleon erected on the ruins and carnage of the Revolution, one of the most magnificent and gigantic empires that has stamped the page of history. In the year 1804, Napoleon was crowned emperor of the French, and swayed a sceptre that held Europe under its influence: twelve years from that day not a vestige of that mighty power was left; and he, the master intellect of his race, was a chained prisoner on a lone, desolate and island rock. The power of Napoleon was monstrous, perhaps exceeding that which has ever been wielded by man; but in its formation, time

* Timour and Attila can hardly be called either modern or ancient, but a link between.

† We are not alone in this opinion. British historians now acknowledge the approaching downfall of the empire. Vide Alison, Hist. Eu. ch. xli.

* Vide Confucius and others.

was not given for its roots to spread, and it quickly consumed away, leaving scarce a monument to mark where it once had been. It does not require further illustration to prove the unfailling presence of this law of nature. The history of every nation, great or small, since the exodus of Adam and Eve from the Garden, will but serve to add proof upon proof to what the most casual glance at the world around will abundantly show—that the stability of all earthly things is in exact proportion as their growth has been slow, regular and natural. In reviewing the history of Russia, we will find, as has already been said, that no preceding nation has ever so completely conformed to the requirements of this law—that no nation has ever reared the fabric of its greatness upon a foundation so deep, so solid, and so lasting. Its path to dominion has been steady and regular, yet uninterrupted. Beginning its march with slow and toilsome steps, its pace has been gradually accelerating, but never for one moment has paused. The tide of advance at first was scarcely perceptible, yet it swept onward, and during the last two hundred years the rapidity of its progress has had few parallels in history. Even its very defects and apparent misfortunes, have been of greater benefit than victory to others. Sobieski burned Moscow more than five hundred years ago; but the Russian confines now embrace almost the whole territory over which Sobieski held sway. Charles XII. destroyed Peter's army of eighty thousand men on the field of Nerva; but he taught the half-civilized Czar the art of war, and poured out a fearful retribution on the plains of Pultowa. Moscow has again been burnt, by a greater than Sobieski; yet Napoleon and his empire have passed like a comet away, and Russia remains far mightier than it was before the star of Austerlitz arose. Under Peter the Great, the Russian empire made its first grand *entré* upon the stage of Europe; and from that time until the breaking out of the French Revolution, bore a part in almost every considerable event of the great arena. That Revolution at last broke forth; and with the desolation of a tornado raged over Europe; and while it gave irremediable wounds to every other nation on the continent, seems to have been destined by Provi-

dence as the instrument to prepare Europe for the Russian dominion. Almost every other power sunk mildewed and crushed before this chilling curse—this bitterest vial, Almighty wrath has ever poured out upon a guilty and crime-ridden world. None of those nations have or will recover from the terrible blows inflicted upon their very vitals by this tremendous upturning of the human passions. This Revolution was the triumph of faction, anarchy and fanaticism, over government, law and order: it was the upheaving of the wildest passions of human nature, bursting into a thousand fragments the social compact which had bound Europe for ages: withering and destructive has been its course; and that course is not yet finished. The seeds of restlessness and discord were deeply sown in a fertile soil by the Revolutionary armies in their deadly march over the continent: those seeds have sprung up with a fearful rapidity, and are now hurrying many a time-honored government to its grave. The day is not far distant when grim anarchy, with all its gloomy train of attendant evils, will break like a volcanic eruption over Europe, spreading desolation and ruin around, and leaving all that sisterhood of nations, even more than now, weak, unresisting and powerless at the feet of the Czar, who waits but that appointed moment to make his last and eagle swoop. The opinions promulgated by M. Kossuth during his late visit to this country, were not altogether so wild and unfounded as many supposed them. That the institutions of most of the countries of Europe are resting upon a shaking and rotten foundation, there can be no doubt: and the day is nearer than may be dreamed of, when the whole will be torn and shattered by a great revolutionary outburst. The train is already laid—the pile erected; it wants but the match to ignite the whole, and there will be a funereal pyre of nations. But there is little reason to believe that the grand result will be, as Kossuth and his followers seem wildly to hope, in the establishment of universal republicanism. When the storm does come, every monarchy of Europe will without doubt be ruined; but they will all be gathered and consolidated finally under the more steady, more quiet, and for that reason, perhaps, the more happy rule of Russian

despotism. Not that despotism is a happier state than republicanism, but that it is far preferable to that turgid, ever-changing republicanism, of which alone the people of Europe would be capable.

From the seven-fold heated furnace of the French Revolution, Russia alone emerged unscathed and uninjured: and not only did the empire escape unharmed from the tremendous struggle; but its power and influence have since been actually doubled. Mr. Alison, in his "History of Europe," thus speaks on this subject. "It (the Russian empire) received its greatest development from the French Revolution—the experience acquired and the spirit called forth during the contest for its existence, doubled its power: and the cloud which had hitherto overshadowed in obscure and gloomy grandeur the North of Europe, now emerged like the genius in the Eastern fable, an armed giant from the stroke of Napoleon." Since its fearful struggle with the intellect of Napoleon, it has occupied the first position on the map of nations: while all others sank under the influence of the unsparing pestilence, it alone has risen up even more gigantic in stature than before. It is now beyond all question the most powerful empire on the globe. It already contains within its bounds one-sixth of the earth's entire surface! its whole extent is about six million seven hundred and fifty thousand square miles; and as the earth is composed of but thirty-seven millions, one-sixth at least is possessed by Russia. The population of Russia in Europe alone in 1840, consisted of seventy millions; and in Asia, of more than fifteen millions more—amounting in all to eighty-five millions of human beings; nor is it the number which composes the most formidable characteristic of this vast multitude; it is the unyielding, undying, voiceless spirit of devotion to their emperor which actuates the whole mass as one man. It has been accurately calculated that, even at its present ratio of increase, the population of Russia doubles itself every half century—thus it will, in 1900, amount to one hundred and seventy millions. But if we make allowance for the increasing of the ratio of increase which must necessarily take place, the number of its inhabitants in the year 1900, will be little less than two hun-

dred millions, or one-fifth of the human race; indeed, by the increase since 1840, it already possesses *one-tenth*. This enormous empire enjoys the resources of every climate, from the eternal ice and snow of the Frigid, to the olive and vine, and burning sun of the Torrid Zone. Throughout its southern portions, both in Europe and in Asia, vast and almost interminable plains abound, consisting of the richest and most arable soil in the world: the agricultural resources alone of the European division, are sufficient to supply forever the wants of all mankind; and although from the associations connected with its name, Siberia is commonly considered as one of the most desolate and dreary regions of the globe, yet this applies only to the northern part; the southern abounds in every production which characterises the oriental temperate zone. Says Mr. Alison: "Formidable as the power of Russia is from the boundless extent of its territory and the great and rapidly increasing number of its subjects, it is still more so from the military spirit and disposition by which they are distinguished." The Russians, as was incontestibly proved in the terrific contest with France, are the best soldiers on earth. The ruling passion of the race is insatiate love of war and conquest: but they never waste and weaken themselves by internal strife and discord, because all are equal—all alike dependent on and submissive to one absolute and uncontrolled will: and blindly and without question, they follow wherever that will directs, even though it be to inevitable death. No republican ideas even have or ever can penetrate within those wide extended borders, from the very nature, both of the government and the inhabitants—all are *equal save one*; and with an eastern devotion they bow before that one as a superior being. Russia has now the finest and best appointed army in existence; its standing army when the continent is wrapped in the profoundest peace, is far superior both in regard to numbers and discipline, to that which any other monarch can equip in the extremest emergency of war: and at the slightest beat of the alarum drum, a countless host would spring forth as if by magic, with which all other nations combined might in vain attempt to compete.

The Cossacks, who have already more than

once brandished their javelins over the capital of France, are a nation of warriors, whose only trade is war from the cradle to the grave; and who furnish to the Czar an inexhaustible supply of the most formidable cavalry—a cavalry before whom even the far-famed Cuirassiers of the “Old Guard,” melted away like mist. Every page in the history of that eventful period, during which, France poured its legions over Europe, proves that the Russian soldier has no superior, and but seldom has had an equal. No army of ancient Rome, in the most glorious days of the republic, ever exhibited more examples of stern, unyielding heroism, than did the army of Suwarrow in Italy and Switzerland. The splendid legions of Napoleon, perhaps, while they lasted, the best the world has seen, met with a fierce and terrible shock, wherever they encountered these iron soldiers. The annals of mankind furnish the record of no bloodier and more madly contested fields than those of Eylau and Borodino. At Eylau, for the first time, Napoleon’s army met that of Russia on an unshared field; and for the first time, the the Eagle of Napoleon beheld the sun go down on the crash and din of battle, without his accustomed scream of victory. Throughout the whole of that long and most terrible of wars, unparalleled instances are multiplied, of entire Russian battalions perishing to a man in their tracks—moveless as leaden statues amid the annihilating storm, until they received their leader’s order to retreat. The desperate stand of the “English squares” at Waterloo, may be cited as an instance of equal bravery; but it was another cause than the deep devotion and matchless discipline of the Russians, which actuated them there—death or victory was their only alternative—they must stand firm and fast till night or the rescuing Prussian arrived, or all would be mercilessly massacred in a hopeless route; for, with singular infatuation or an unaccountable oversight of one whose genius was inferior only to that of his great rival, Wellington, had placed his army in such a situation, that had a solitary one of those “squares” wavered for a moment, instant, complete and irretrievable destruction was the inevitable result: * this, every man in that army knew; and this it was, that rooted those “squares”

* Alison’s History of England.

to the earth, where few other squares could have stood: but, the mere force of their matchless discipline would have held the Russian soldiery, where the powerful influence of fear alone, held the British. In addition to all that has been said, to add fuel to their martial spirit, there is a universally received opinion throughout the Russian empire, that they are one day to conquer the world.* Every man believes it, as undoubtedly, as the wandering Israelite looks for his coming Messiah. And this general belief will serve no little to accelerate the great event which must sooner or later come to pass, at least in the Eastern hemisphere.

Since the accession of Peter the Great to the throne of Russia in 1809, its mighty dominion has been constantly swelling. By his successes over the Swedes, several provinces and the unlimited command of the Baltic, were gained; and, by the unholy “treaty of partition” with Austria and Prussia, was acquired the absolute possession of one-half of Poland, and the virtual government of the other. The very treaty of Tilsit, itself, where peace was dictated to him, served only in the end to aggrandize the Czar: and, in consequence of the late internal commotions and the revolt of Hungary, he now wields a power and control over Austria, surpassing that which Napoleon once swayed over those feeble descendants of the Cæsars. But steady as has been the Russian march to empire in the West, no less steady and more rapid has it been in the East and South. The Turkish empire both in Asia and Europe, is rapidly falling to pieces: the greater part has already been conquered by the sword or the diplomacy of its great northern neighbor; and the remnant must soon follow. The time will be short, indeed, before the sceptre and the creed of Mahomet’s followers will be known only among bygone things. Already the eagle of Russian victory has circled over the plains of Persia and along the storied banks of the Tigris and Euphrates: but a little while can elapse until the Russian and the Briton will meet in deadly encounter on the hallowed shores of the Ganges, amid the valleys and the jungles of India. The issue of that struggle, which must certainly take place at no distant day, cannot be doubtful. England,

* Vide Napoleon’s Review of the Battle of Waterloo.

declining in power and concentration, with a vast ocean of ten thousand miles rolling between the government and the army, will scarcely be able to withstand the countless thousands, which Russia, at an instant's warning, can hurl down upon her through the fertile and tributary plains of Asia Minor.

Tremendous as the power of Russia is, it is rendered still more startling from the present weak and enfeebled condition of Europe. During its whole history, from the fall of Rome up to the present century, the continent has never presented so degraded and forlorn a spectacle as now, in the very hour of its utmost peril. Weak, disjointed and without concert, every monarch quaking on his throne, and the whole apparently on the eve of a great democratic outbreak, little resistance can be offered to the legions of the Czar. France, time-worn and decrepid with age, torn and riddled by the storms and revolutions which, for half a century, have beat on her devoted head, and unable to establish a secure and permanent order of government, is fast sinking into the quiescent indifference of a nerveless despotism, and so is eminently liable to conquest. The British empire, overwhelmed by a mountain load of debt, sufficient to bankrupt the civilized world, with a turbulent Democracy in its midst, and from other causes unnecessary to mention, is hurrying to its ruin. Austria is already dependent on, and virtually within the grasp of the spoiler: and, if she were not, is old, decayed and powerless. Prussia never has recovered and never will recover from the Simoom breath of the French Revolution. Anarchy, as ever, is rioting in faction-torn and defenceless Germany. Sweden is weak, indifferent, and unworthy of notice; and the night of Gothic barbarism is closing round the once proud monarchies of Spain and Portugal. And the last, though far from the least evil, is, that they are all so widely separated, that even the ties of a common danger cannot unite them. Completely are they at the mercy of the Czar, and every day but renders them more so. The "Hour and the Man" alone are wanting; and the "Hour and the Man" are near at hand. The same bell which rings its requiem over the grave of Nicholas, will, in all human probability, toll the death-knell of European Governments.

Thus plainly and unmistakably, seems marked out the destiny of this mighty empire. History has incontestibly proved that for permanent stability and long-continued existence in a nation, a solid foundation and gradual rise, are absolutely necessary; and that Russia, beyond all others, has fulfilled the requirements of this immutable law; hence, even should the empire remain as it is, without further increase, it must continue long after the other nations of Europe have returned to primitive barbarism, or till the end of time. Russia has been shown to be, not only the most powerful nation now on the globe, but perhaps, that ever existed: it is possessed of an inexhaustible mine of men, money and natural resources; and, above all, is founded on a spirit of devotion in its inhabitants, never equalled in the history of the race. It is situated between, and extends far into two continents, so that it may strike at pleasure upon both or either. The one continent, for many ages, has been filled with a weak and imbecile population, whom it can scatter and destroy in a moment; the other, by nations, either nerveless and ruined, or rapidly becoming so—the mere wrecks of their former greatness. With all this spread out to view, who can fail to trace the path of Russian destiny? The subjugation of Asia, from the Dardanelles to the mouth of the Ganges, from Kamschatka to the Persian Gulf, will be the first task, and will be speedily accomplished: before another half century has rolled away, the whole of that vast continent, comprising the fairest portion of the earth—the cradle of arts—the scene of the advent, the death and resurrection of the son of God, will be overrun and conquered by its iron armies. Turning from the conquest of Asia, the disciplined millions will pour down with renewed vigor upon defenceless Europe—those shadows of kingdoms passed away—and the Eastern hemisphere will bow to the supremacy of Russia.

But there are other and far deeper causes than these, at work: there are moral causes working deep at the main-spring of human affairs, which are hurrying on these great events with a more unerring certainty. We are taught by the Bible, that before the end of time shall finally come, Christianity must universally reign; must cover the entire

world. No one can doubt that thousands of years must intervene before Christianity, through the common course of events, becomes predominant in Asia or Africa. It is plain, their conquest by Russia will establish the Christian religion in both these continents, in immense regions now sunk in pagan darkness, although it will be established by the sword. The question then arises, will it not seem better, more consonant with the mercy of God, that Christianity be carried to these benighted regions, even by the sword, than that they be suffered to linger on for thousands of years in heathenism? Wherever the sword of Russia falls, the religion of Christ, abused perhaps, but nevertheless, the germ will spring up in its path. There can be no alternative; Christianity must become universal by the arm of Russia, or it must, in many places, still be unknown for countless ages. There is, however, yet another cause at work, which has fixed Russia as the instrument for the final establishment of the Christian religion. However we may hurry on through life, regardless of the changes around us; however we may lay the syrens' song to our soul, the sober thinker, when he pauses, must see that all things are now indicating the fulness of time—that the human race has nearly arrived at its goal. In the enlightened portions of the globe, civilization has reached its ultimatum. A few more steps, and mankind would spurn the mortal coil Deity has set upon them, and mount to the regions of the gods; and hence they can go no further. God has fixed a limit for human progress, saying, "thus far shalt thou go and no farther": and that limit will be found in the civilization of the nineteenth century. Civilization rose immediately from the Deluge, and reached its climax in the learning of Egypt, and then disappeared. It was again revived by Greece and Rome, attained a still higher point of perfection, then sank with the Western Empire. Once more it has arisen from the darkness of the Middle Ages, in the present century, to the highest point humanity can grasp—and the end is near at hand. When civilization revived in Greece and in the Middle Ages, the world was comparatively new and its inhabitants few, and there were vast and then unknown regions to be filled up; to accomplish which, progress was

still required. This is now no longer the case. With the single exception of the American wilds, the world is nearly full: when they become settled, as they shortly must, there will not be a spot of unsettled earth remaining to be peopled; and the mission of mankind will be finished. There will be nothing beyond. Hitherto, almost boundless regions have ever been open for the expansion and progress of man: but this can then no longer be; for he will be spread over every portion of the entire globe: and, God has so formed human nature, that he will not permit it long to remain chafing in its bounds, after the final barrier has been reached. But it is the decree of the Almighty, that Christianity shall universally prevail before the end of time. Countless ages must elapse before the usual course of events will bring it about; and if the fulness of time is already at hand, there is, then, no alternative which we can see, save that it must come to pass through the instrumentality of Russian arms. The conquest of the East by Russia will, in all probability, fulfil another prophecy of the Bible; it will destroy the Moslem dominion, and re-establish in Palestine the wandering tribes of Israel. Thus all things, all causes, both human and Divine, seem working together for the same great end—the speedy supremacy of the Christian religion and the establishment of Russian dominion throughout the Eastern hemisphere.

It may be objected, that the United States, changing front as it is from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, will soon be closely connected with China, and will interrupt and check there the progress of Russia. We think this cannot be: the United States are separated by a wide ocean from China, while the situation of Russia must give it complete control whenever a Czar worthy of his position ascends the throne; and it will be remembered that not only the nearest portions of Asia to America, but part of America itself, belong to this very Russian empire. Yet, though the United States cannot check the march of Russia, it will, in all probability, as inevitably extend its domain over a hemisphere. The republican institutions may possibly change: but, whether under a republican or monarchical government, the sceptre of the American Continent from

ocean to ocean, and from pole to pole, at no distant period, will be swayed by the Anglo-Saxon race; and the world will be divided into two immense empires. What then? Here we must pause—speculation itself can go no further—the problem becomes too great for other than Deity to solve.

SOME LINES TO MR. N. P. WILLIS.

BY MRS. DR. HICKS.

I know thee not, thou Fairy-petted man;
Thy path has never intersected mine:
High was thy fame ere my low life began,
And all the poet craves, proud one, was thine.

Oh! delicate of soul! all nature teems
With wondrous treasures waiting thy command;
The forest opens for thee, the sunset gleams,
And dainty flow'rets spring beneath thy hand.

Heaven's blue is more intense, her stars more bright,
The moon's sweet face is never veiled, to thee;
The morning flushes with a richer light,
And nature smiles her favorite to see.

She formed thee but to string the rarest pearls,
And idly lounge in amaranthine bowers;
Catching the beauties which each day unfurls,
And the chameleon tintings of the hours.

She formed thee not the busy race to run—
Thy pinions e'en in gold-dust should not trail,
Nor falter 'neath a brazen, fervent sun,
Nor strive against the tempest and the gale.

She formed thee not for callous, northern climes,
But in a gorgeous, generous, tropic land,
Luxuriantly to weave thy wreathed rhymes,
And scatter bouquets with thy lavish hand.

To paint the broad magnolia's sombre leaf,
The sullen river in luxuriant flow,
To gather sunbeams in a golden sheaf,
And bind the summer blossoms, ere they go.

To dive into the forest's hidden heart,
And open vistas with thy magic wand,
And watch, with kindling eye, new beauties start,
As though in ambush, at thy bare command.

And o'er the odorous branches of young limes,
And o'er the jasmine's newly budding bowers,
Lightly to fling thy poesy in rhymes,
Linking thy thoughts with evergreens and flowers.

Festooning rhymes in the deep aisled woods,
Hanging immortelles where the tendril swings;
Awaking echoes in the solitudes—
Echoes, as when the Campanero sings.

Yes, such thou seem'st to me, oh, wondrous one!
The very pride of mother Nature's heart:
Beloved in waywardness, thou darling son,
And charming with the witchery of art.

A BELL(E) ADVENTURE.

A queer little city is Pau, the recent place of imprisonment of Abdel Kader, in the district of Bearn, in the south-western part of France, and seldom visited by the tourist, though one may see there some interesting objects and drink there some very capital wine. It is the wine of Jurançon, much esteemed for its rare and delicate flavor, and quite as worthy of poetic celebrity as the Muscadine which sparkles in the verse of Mr. Longfellow. But it is not of the Jurançon, that I sat down to write, (though I drank a couple of bottles of it, with a purple-faced abbé at the hotel,) nor yet of Pau itself, with its fine old park and its Chateau of Henri IV.—but of an adventure, which I had, many years since, during a ride between that city and Bordeaux, and which is yet very fresh in my remembrance.

There were five of us in the diligence, as my note book informs me,—the abbé already mentioned, a young student on his return home from the University, a Bordeaux merchant with his daughter, a brown beauty of eighteen summers, and myself. We left Pau about daybreak. It required but little time to establish a footing of cosy familiarity between us all, and the sun had scarcely lighted up the finely-undulating country through which we were passing, before I had learned much of the history of my companions, and begun to divine the existence of a reciprocal *tendresse* between Monsieur, the student and Mademoiselle. But as this has nothing whatever to do with the adventure I am to relate, and as those who have read thus far, in expectation of a love-story, are doomed to disappointment, perhaps I had much better have not mentioned the fact at all.

For many miles, our way lay along smiling and cultivated fields, and by orchards loaded with the autumnal apples, and though meadows, divided by hedges almost as luxuriant, though not so trimly clipped, as those I had seen in the county of Kent. The atmosphere was delightful and hung like a veil of soft drapery, to the south, over

"The long waving line of the blue Pyrenees."

There was every thing to render my situation agreeable—the bright sunlight and the

balmy air—the new sights that greeted my vision on every hand without, and *les beaux yeux* of Mademoiselle that beamed on me within—all but the monotonous roll of the lumbering vehicle over the rough road, for Macadam had not then been translated into French. Every now and then we came to a long hill, and the brunette and I would alight to pluck an apple from the drooping branches, and we would walk along together eating the stolen fruit, with the student looking at us out of the *coupé* as if the act were likely to involve consequences as dire as did the eating of the first apple by our mother Eve. The merchant would sometimes walk with us and sometimes retain his seat, while our friend of the Church after a few hours of conversation, slept most composedly in the corner—a condition to which his rotundity of person very greatly predisposed him.

We dined that day at a roadside inn, after having entered the district of Landes, and candor compels me to say that the dinner was execrable. It is not at all to the purpose, and yet I may mention that the student lent a sort of *sauce piquante* to the repast, by words and gestures of impatience at the little attentions of the table which I could not help paying to the young lady. The abbé contributed largely in a private flask of *Jurançon* which he brought with him.

"*C'est bon*," said he, sipping his third glass and handing me the bottle.

"Will Mademoiselle allow me the pleasure of a glass with her?" said I, turning to the brown beauty.

"With the consent of her papa!" interrupted the student.

"Certainly," I replied, deferentially bowing to the speaker.

"You are very kind, I am sure, to intercede with papa in my behalf," said the young girl, with a half petulant air, to her lover.

"But papa is quite willing she should," said the merchant, "and will gladly unite in the proposal."

"Now, Pierre," cried our fair friend, (for the student's name was Pierre,) "we will not need *your* further assistance."

And so we tossed off our wine to the infelicitous discomfiture of Pierre, who seemed not to like at all the position of an outsider.

"Has Monsieur been long in France?" asked Mademoiselle, after a little silence.

"Almost a year," said I.

"Monsieur speaks excellent French for an Englishman."

"But I am not an Englishman."

"*Comment?*" said the abbé, "then what are you!"

"An American," said I.

"*Diable!*" cried the merchant, "then you must know my nephew, François, who went off to New Orleans."

"No," I rejoined, "New Orleans is a thousand miles from my home, and I have never been there."

"Tis a great country, *l'Amerique*," said the abbé.

"And François writes us that the ladies of America are very beautiful"—added Mademoiselle.

"François need not have left home to see fair ladies," said I, gaily.

"Hola!" interrupted Pierre, "the diligence is ready."

And so we left the road-side inn on the confines of the district of Landes, and should I live a thousand years, I trust I may never see it again.

The country had now become exceedingly uninteresting, and stretched out before us an interminable waste of marsh land, where for miles, no human habitation could be seen. Whether the wine had superinduced drowsiness or the malarious atmosphere of the region possessed some narcotic influence, the company seemed wonderfully inclined to sleep; all except Mademoiselle, who kept up a running fire of conversation for my especial benefit.

"You must not sleep," said she, "and leave me to mope by myself. Papa is nodding and Pierre too is off, which is strange enough, since the abbé has not given us a homily."

"Softly," said I, "the abbé will hear you."

"*Ma foi*, I care nothing, but see, he is as dull as a log. Let us still speak low, or we shall waken Pierre—that stupid Pierre."

"And Pierre," I ventured to ask, "is an old acquaintance of yours?"

"*Oui, Monsieur*, we were children together, and lived just across the street from each

other in Bordeaux, and before Pierre went to the great university at Paris, papa and Pierre's papa had arranged that when he came back, we should be married, and now Pierre has come, and I suppose we shall go to the church before long, and Pierre will be *mon mari empressé*."

"A thousand blessings attend you," said I.

"*Mille graces*," replied she, "but indeed, I hope to be happy, for Pierre, though he seems like a blockhead, is kind and gentle—*il a un bon cœur*."

And as the pretty little maiden of Bordeaux said this, there was just that moisture around her shining black eye, that convinced me that her heart too was good, and caused me to forget the diligence and my companions and the dreary campagna of Landes, in recalling a sweet face lighted up by eyes as lustrous, three thousand miles away, which I hoped should, some time or other, regard me with an expression as tender.

In this delicious reverie I relapsed into silence, and blended with the circumstances of my situation, the ride in the huge old diligence with the Bordeaux beauty at my side, the noise of the conductor's whip and the musical French oaths with which he now and then accosted his horses, there came into my brain recollections of poor Laurence Sterne and his Sentimental Journey, and I thought if I could set down my adventures as gracefully and pleasantly as he did, I might give to the world some pictures that would not be considered inferior to his own.

By and by, the country began to ascend, and looking out of the window, I saw afar off, through the mellowing haze of the afternoon, the towers of a great cathedral.

"It is the Church of Our Lady of the Plains," said my fair companion, "and if Monsieur likes paintings, he will find there some brave ones indeed."

"Shall we have an opportunity of visiting it?" I asked.

"There will be a change of horses at the village," she replied, "and we shall have plenty of time to go in."

"Will Mademoiselle act as my cicerone?"

"Willingly, and we shall see the great bell in which one can stand up with an umbrella hoisted above his head, and the bones of Saint Idelfonso and the sword with which

Peter struck off the ear of the centurion's servant."

And so it was arranged that we should make a pilgrimage to Our Lady of the Plains, while the conductor was "swearing in" the fresh horses at the village.

* * * * *

After a while we arrived at the village, and leaving the diligence our whole party rambled off to the cathedral, whose towers upon a nearer approach, seemed to me taller and vaster than any I had ever seen before. It was an immense building of white stone, and richly ornamented in the most elaborate style of Gothic architecture. There were wonderful niches in the exterior occupied by marvellous saints, and over all, there was a profusion of tracery, as if the snows of many winters, wreathed into all fantastic shapes by the winds from the north, had hardened there into enduring marble. Around and among this fret-work a creeper of evergreen had grown luxuriantly, and contrasted with the frost-like appearance I have mentioned, as the rhododendron of the Alps contrasts with the icy surface of the glacier.

We entered the building, and our abbé performed many genuflexions, and Mademoiselle repeated an ave, after which we examined the paintings and the relics, and were preparing to ascend the tower to see the great bell, when the conductor's horn warned us to return. But I had determined to see the bell, and so I sent word to the conductor that I would very speedily join the rest of the passengers, and went up the great tower. It was a long, long distance, up a flight of winding stone stairs that ascended spirally in the corner, with doors opening into each apartment of the structure, of which there were many. I did not however enter any one of these lofts, until I came to that containing the great bell, which I reached, quite exhausted and out of breath. The bell was indeed an immense one. I had read accounts of the enormous bell of the Kremlin which was never swung, and I had been stunned with the vibrations of many gigantic bells in the continental minsters, eloquent with the joy or lamentation of a great city. But it seemed to me that if this bell were to be sounded, I should have preferred to be many

miles farther on my way to Bordeaux. Indeed, I had no apprehensions of a peal while I should remain in the tower, for it did not seem hung for ordinary service. There were no wheels attached to it, but it depended by great chains from some huge beams overhead, and was elevated perhaps two or three feet above the solid oaken floor of the loft. Nothing but an event of real importance, one would think, should call forth the tones of such a bell. The inscription on the bell of Schaffhausen—

Vivos voco—Mortuos plango—Fulgura frango—

might very well have been written upon it, but though its sound could probably have averted a thunderbolt, it should only have been rung when some national benefaction had been achieved, or some mighty man had died, whose death was like the fall of a commonwealth.

What appeared strange as I looked upon this monstrous piece of human workmanship, was that it did not suggest the idea of great weight. There was a symmetry in its proportions that repelled the notion of ponderosity, and it did not once occur to me that to raise such a bell two hundred feet above the ground was an undertaking of no little difficulty. Thus admiring it and feeling a disposition to cultivate its acquaintance, I bent down and stood erect within its interior, which resembled some hall of iron such as might have been constructed for the dungeon of the Inquisition. Then an uncomfortable feeling possessed me, and fastened me to the spot, as I conjectured how horrible a fate would be confinement under such a bell. And as I stood, fully under the influence of this fearful fascination, an overpowering noise, as of a falling edifice, assailed me, and I found myself shut in beyond all hope of escape. *The bell had fallen and I was consigned to a living tomb.* The first emotion of my mind at this dreadful fact was that of obstinate incredulity. The thing was too monstrous for belief. It was some terrible nightmare that oppressed me rather than a reality. But alas! the sense of touch, as my fingers came in contact with the cold metallic walls of my prison-house, at once cruelly undeceived me. It was all too real. Around and above me was the perdurable mass of

iron and the very coldness of it sent a deadly chill to the heart. In a frenzy of terror I thought to throw it over by main strength, but as well might I have attempted to remove the superincumbent weight of Mont Blanc. In boyish days, I had sometimes derived a cruel delight from witnessing the motions of a fly imprisoned in an inverted wine glass, but how much more helpless was my own present condition? Hope, however, did not at once desert me. Surely, I thought, the shock of the bell's fall had been heard in the village and a few moments would bring the inhabitants to the church to learn the nature and extent of the accident—or my fellow passengers, alarmed at my delay, would return to ascertain the cause of my detention. Clinging to this fond belief, I strained my ears to catch the sound of their footsteps upon the spiral stairway, but in vain. The silence of the grave reigned throughout the vast edifice. Thus, perhaps, an hour passed away—an hour that seemed like the lapse of ages. All this time, the most fearful thoughts had tortured my soul. Had I indeed looked my last upon the bright landscapes of a world I loved, and was I doomed to die, far from the country of my birth, without even the knowledge of my direful fate on the part of one human being? And to die—how? In that one interrogation, what presages of torment were involved! Should I stifle for want of breathing space, or should I linger days, perhaps weeks, wasting under the hand of famine? Then it was, after such reflections, that I gave way to despair and rolled upon the floor in unutterable agony.

When I had sufficiently recovered my composure to think more calmly upon my situation, I discovered that the fall of the bell, while it had not torn away any of the massive timbers beneath me, had yet caused them to start and made the planks on which I rested, gape open to an inconsiderable extent, not enough quite to enable me to see with distinctness anything in the apartment below. The towers fronted to the west and the rich sunset of France was streaming into every loft, and the effect of this was to cause lines of light, marked by the divisions of the planks, to stretch across that portion of the floor covered by the bell, like streaks of gold dust trailed along a pavement. How I

clung to these faint mementoes of the outer world! and as they grew less and less visible in the coming twilight, how grim and dark despair settled upon me! Suddenly, when these streaks were brightest, a flood of music came up from the cathedral—clear human voices and the rich tones of the resounding organ—and broke upon my ear as the rapture of the heavenly host. I had heard the Miserere at Rome, when the full power of the choir of St. Peter's had been invoked to celebrate some hallowed day in the Romish calendar, but how poor seemed its highest efforts when contrasted with the vespers of Our Lady of the Plains! The music gave me courage. If the voices of female singers, I thought, can be heard so distinctly by me here, why should not my own cries reach the worshippers in the church? And I cried out with all my strength, and caught the echoes of my own shoutings—they found no other hearer!

I could not now any longer perceive the chinks in the floor: the night had come down and covered all things with its mantle of darkness, and by degrees, I became benumbed with cold—for the air without was frosty. Drawing myself up to husband the heat of my body, I thrust my hands deep in my pockets, when, Merciful Providence! I felt, what in the extremity of my alarm I had forgotten was there,—a strong and serviceable pocket-knife. As the drowning mariner grasps the rope which has been thrown to him, I clutched it, and kissed it in a transport of joy, regarding it as the certain instrument of my escape.

It may be readily imagined that I lost no time in beginning to hew out a hole in the floor of sufficient size to admit my body. This was, however, by no means a very easy affair. The seasoned timber yielded with great difficulty to my efforts with the blade, and my hands were seriously blistered before I had succeeded in cutting an aperture large enough for the admission of my finger. Still when I was enabled to feel the other side of the plank, I gained fresh encouragement and redoubled my exertions. A shudder would, now and then come over me, as I thought of the imminent hazard of the blade's breaking (there was but one) against the firm wood, and my thus being again bereft of all

hope of life. And I felt of the blade, very tenderly, in the dark, and assured myself that it was yet whole, though sadly notched by the use I had made of it. Perhaps the knife would fall from my aching grasp, after a while, into the lower loft, but before I could let myself through the opening, and then what reproachful agony would be mine! Oh no, I held it much too tightly for that. And I worked on, with a hopeful spirit until the blood flowed from my hands. At the end of an hour, I could pass my arm freely below, and in this act, what joyful sensations I experienced! Then, after severe labor with the knife, I could introduce my leg and this emboldened me to regard my ultimate safety as assured. Thus hacking away for life at the enlarging aperture, I had at last, after what seemed to me a year of darkness and painful toil, cut out a hole of a diameter as great as my body, and with fervent gratitude I gave thanks to the great Ruler of all things, that a way of escape had been opened to me from a living sepulchre.

But until the morning light should discover to me the apartment underneath, I dared not attempt leaving my place of confinement; the distance to the next floor might be so great as to make the fall a dangerous one, and I must therefore await the coming of the day. When the earliest beams at last penetrated the building, I became aware of the fact that between the loft containing the bell, and the floor immediately below, was an uninterrupted distance of at least eighty feet! My exultation, then, had been premature, for how should I descend? There was but one means that I thought practicable. Passing up and down the entire height of the tower, through holes bored in each floor, were strong ropes connected with other and smaller bells higher up, which together formed a chime. These bells had rung the quarters in my ear the live-long night, as I lay cutting through the floor in the manner already described. Now, if I could in any way reach one of these ropes, I should have little difficulty in getting down, although the lacerated condition of my hands did not favor the undertaking. But how accomplish this? It could not be less than fifteen feet from the position I occupied, to the spot where any one rope passed through the loft, and how could I pos-

sibly hope to project myself so far? I had no faculty of walking, like a fly, on the ceiling, nor could I imitate Monsieur Marzetti, the Brazilian Ape, in jumping from one side of a room to the other. And so I abandoned, for a time, all idea of descending by the ropes. But it instantly recurred to me that I had read many accounts of felons escaping from prison by means of ropes made of their clothing, and I set myself to cutting every available garment into strips, out of which I made a long, and I hoped, a strong cable. Fastening one end of this securely, I let it down with the intention of instantly sliding along it myself. Judge my exceeding disappointment when the other end did not reach the floor beneath by thirty feet! What to do in this extremity I knew not. For hours I sat in a state of indecision, endeavoring meanwhile to persuade myself that some one would come to my relief; but though, from the seraphic melodies of the matins which floated up to my ear upon the rays of the rising sun, I was assured that many persons had entered the building for morning worship, I caught no footfall on the stone stairway of the tower, and though I again shouted for help at the top of my voice, it was evident enough that no one had heard me. At length, when the chimes had sounded the hour of noon, and nobody had yet appeared to give me assistance, I reflected that the more I deferred attempting my deliverance, the less able would I be to effect it, by reason of my enfeebled condition from hunger, and so I determined upon descending my rag-cable, in the hope that by swinging to and fro, I might catch hold of one of the bell ropes before-mentioned. This I did cautiously, and I was overjoyed to find my cable so strong. I slid down perhaps twenty feet, and had already begun the pendulous movement which was to carry me to a means of safety, when, to my inexpressible horror, my miserable dependence snapped and I fell—down—down interminable depths—but where?—

Where? Be quieted, good reader,—into the lap of Mademoiselle, the brown beauty of Bordeaux—sitting there on the back seat of the diligence—and the first sound that greeted my ear after this terrific fall, was that of Pierre's voice:

"By my faith, Monsieur," said he, "you have slight regard for the comfort of a lady, that you should take your repose in Mademoiselle's lap."

"Be good enough to manage your own affairs, Monsieur Pierre," said the maiden, with *empressement*.

I rubbed my eyes in some degree of confusion. There before me in the corner sat the purple-faced abbé, and there was Pierre, looking 'pistols and coffee' at his innocent American fellow-traveller, and here was I, unconscious of offence, though, truth to speak, reclining in the lap of Mademoiselle after a fashion that there was nothing whatever in our previous acquaintance to justify.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," said I, "but I have been dreaming."

"And Monsieur's dreams," interrupted the abbé, "have been none of the pleasantest, I fancy, since you have been as restless as a lunatic."

"Indeed they have not," I replied, shuddering yet to think of my recent imaginary adventures.

"Voilà," said the young lady, "here is the village of which I told you, and there is the old cathedral; shall we go to it?"

I intimated my assent, but the conductor, having been previously worked upon, as I half-suspected, by Pierre, declared we had no time to spare, and so we did not make the pilgrimage. I looked at the towers out of the window of the diligence, as we were leaving the village, but they appeared so little like the architecture of my dream, that I did not regret the disappointment. Indeed, the church of Our Lady of the Plains, when seen close at hand is so little imposing, or otherwise remarkable, that Mr. Murray in his Guide Book has not taken the trouble to speak of it at all.

* * * * *

We reached Bordeaux late that night, and there I remained a fortnight. One evening, about ten days after our arrival, as I was walking down a sequestered path of the *Al-lées de Tourny*, crushing the crisped leaves of autumn beneath my tread, I met Pierre and my pretty *compagnon du voyage*, who wore upon her handsome face the sweetest smile

in the world. They had been married, she said, and were going to set up a house of their own, and I must come and see them.

But I have never seen Pierre or his wife since.

SIR LAUNCELOT.

BY SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY.

Arise, arise, Sir Launcelot,
Such prayer availeth not with me—
I yield not to the suppliant sigh,
I scorn the bended knee ;—
To fairer dames, more lightly won,
Thus lowly kneel and humbly sue ;—
Humility wins not the heart
That pride could not subdue.

I doubt thee not, Sir Launcelot,—
It is thy heart that speaketh now ;
I well may doubt the suitor's tongue,
But not the lover's vow.
And if I smile upon thy suit,
Some cause of smiling it may be,
That one who sought my pride to bow,
Hath bowed himself to me.

I saw thee, gay Sir Launcelot,
The noblest of the festive scene—
Thine was the fairest brow of all,
And thine the stateliest mien ;
Rejoicing in thy high estate,
Thy noble blood, thy lineage old,—
The heir of an unscuffled name,
And of uncounted gold.

With cunning skill, Sir Launcelot,
You sought unto the world to prove
The power of your manly grace,
The strength of woman's love ;—
You lingered by me in the throng,
You sought me in the mazy dance,
And triumphed in the fitting blush
That woke beneath your glance.

Thou didst not know, Sir Launcelot,
When stooping from thy haughty pride,
That mine own soul between us placed
A barrier strong and wide ;—
The high nobility of soul
Whose trust is in itself alone,
The pride that will not stoop to ill—
These, these were not thine own.

I loved thee not, Sir Launcelot
Whatever whispering tongues may tell—
Believe me that I loved thee not,
Yet loved thy beauty well—
I loved alone the graceful mien,
The haughty lip, the raven hair—
As I might love a pictured form,—
Missing the spirit there.

Full many a high and titled dame
To win thee doth in secret sigh,
And many a fairer hand than mine
Thy boasted gold may buy ;
But I, who own no princely wealth,
Who came of no immortal line,
Possess a soul too proud to stoop
To such a pride as thine.

Richmond.

ARRIA.*

Præclarum quidem illud ejusdem ferrum stringere, perfodere pectus, extrahere pugionem, porrigere marito. addere vocem immortalem ac pæne divinam—PÆTE NON DOLET, sed tamen ista facienti dicentique, gloria et æternitas ante oculos erant.—Plin. Ep. lib. iii.

And yet it did give pain. The sharp dagger cutting its way through the nerves of that fair bosom, made the flesh quiver with agony, just as certainly as it caused the blood to flow. It was a brave soul whose habitation was thus rudely assailed—one of the bravest—and doubtless it was filled with scorn of its earth-given mate, the body, that could not withstand the ictus of a woman's feeble hand. But with all its bravery, it could not truthfully say, *non dolet*—that is, that the being made up of soul and body, felt no pain. And yet certainly Arria did not mean to deceive, in this hour of honesty and solemnity, her idolized husband for whose sake she was dying, that she might, as Pliny says, afford him at once, an example and a solace in death. No, she did not mean to deny the pain, but to say that pain itself is easy to be borne by a resolute mind—*non dolet—my Petus, it is nothing*. Let us forget that the act was suicide, and was intended to prompt her husband to the commission of suicide. Arria thought that the Gods approved the magnanimity which disdained a life of disgrace or even of adversity, when the way of honorable death (so esteemed) was open to the brave. And if the act was not wrong, how noble was the spirit that prompted it. We know not whether most

*ARRIA. Wife of Cæcina Pætus. When her husband was ordered by the Emperor Claudius to put an end to his life, A. D., 42, and hesitated to do so, Arria stabbed herself, handed the dagger to her husband, and said, 'Pætus, it does not pain me.'—*Smith's Classical Dictionary*.

her heroism impresses us, or her tenderness melts us. Suppose a painter should take the scene for the subject of a picture, (and a noble one it would be,) what would he make the characteristic expression of her countenance? Sublime exaltation, or death-surviving love? The deed and the expression are bold enough for the brain of Lady Macbeth, while Hector's Andromache never loved her lord with a more womanly affection, than Arria did her Pætus just then.

And how well the simple Latin phrase expresses all, and leaves you at liberty to give as you please greater significance to the one or to the other branch of the idea—*Pate non dolet*. The Latin is not a tender language. It is strong and stately. It suits very well the rough camp-notes that Cesar made of his campaigns, and it is just the proper vehicle for the sententious philosophy of Tacitus, and above all, it was glorified in the oratory of Cicero. It seemed made for him: how he loved its swell, and caressed and adorned it, as a knight might do his battle-horse that he trusted in, and was proud of. But the language never was tender, even in the hands of Virgil. But *Pate non dolet*, is like the note of a wounded dove, so mournful, with its liquid tone, and yet so uncomplaining. Try to translate it—*cela ne fait point mal*, is the received French rendering, but how circumlocutory it is, and therefore how dilute! Besides, it is not true. If in our language we say, *It grieves not*, we have a brief and literal translation; but, unfortunately, it is neither good English nor good sense. *It gives no pain*, has just the same faults noticed in the French—want of strength and want of truth. *My Pætus it is nothing*—the imitation that we have given of it, though not exact, and perhaps, for the occasion, too familiar in its tone, seems to us to approach somewhat to the happy ambiguousness of the original. Martial has made it the subject of an epigram; but the whole scene is itself so epigrammatic, so compressed and so completely ended by the immortal words, that any written epigram must suffer in comparison.

How noble a thing is true fortitude! Put it into the heart of a Mutius Scævola or a Regulus, a Lucretia or an Arria, a Martyr or a North American Indian; and it attracts all admiring eyes. When the soul can smile at

the drawn dagger and defy its point, then it vindicates its divine essence.

What does Pliny mean by the expression—*sed tamen ista facienti, dicentique, gloria et æternitas ante oculos erant*. Do those words, *gloria et æternitas* imply nothing more than fame? As when Horace says, *non omnis moriar*—or, as Virgil desires, *tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora*? We think they mean more. The immortality of the soul, and a state of future blessedness were distinctly announced by the Creator to man, in the world's primæval time, and though the voice had been so far unheeded and forgotten as to be no longer understood, still its mighty echo was reverberating through the world, and was ever and anon sounding in the hearts of the worthiest. It excites in our breasts a painful sympathy to read the passages scattered through the writings of the ancients, which reveal to us those whom we are proud to call brethren, groping in darkness, and feeling for God, if haply they might find him. How would a word which the humblest of us could speak, have rendered luminous their darkened speculations, and have given rest to their laboring minds! How meagre at best, must have been the spectacle of glory and eternity that played before the mind of the heroic Arria; and yet, how her quick spirit caught at it!

The Roman ladies must have been (in their way) most worthy of man's love. Strength is man's prerogative, and beauty woman's; but both qualities, in different degrees, belong to the most highly gifted in each sex. Give a strong man beauty, and you make him the Apollo Belvidere; and let a beautiful woman have just strength enough to make her beauty compact and her character resolute, and you make her, not Juno, Minerva, nor Diana, but simply perfect. There is no evidence in the Latin classics, that the Roman men duly appreciated female excellence. They insisted much on the observance of female virtues, and the diligent cultivation of housewifely accomplishments, and they were not slow to applaud the woman who exhibited a masculine share of *virtus*—bravery—that great word in the Latin vocabulary. But of woman as the artificer of domestic happiness, the cherished companion of man, and a member of society equally im-

portant as himself, though in a different way, they had but little idea. Otherwise, how could their great Epic have been composed without exhibiting a single female character, except a guilty one, worth a second thought? And although we would not expect the Lydias, and Lydes, and Chloes and Galateas of Horace to be models of domestic virtue; yet, he could not have written, as he has done, so much about woman, and so little that is appreciative of her noble qualities, had not the general sentiment about females been rather contemptuous. If, however, the influence of woman was undervalued in the better days of the Empire, its power for evil was fully recognised in the times of treachery, licentiousness and blood.

This Cæcina Pætus was a man of note in the days of Claudius, and if ever he compared himself with his wife, doubtless he thought himself vastly her superior, and Arria was of the same mind; and yet, see how things change! If you now take up a classical dictionary and turn to his name, the only thing about him that is deemed worthy of record, is, that he was the husband of Arria.

So she gave him her love and service, while she could live for him and with him, then gave him her life to encourage and solace him in the hour of death, and finally, has bestowed immortality upon his name. Could a wife do more? And all that she did and suffered, all her enduring love and unflinching heroism, her scorn of life, and pre-captation of eternity, seem to us to be symbolised in those words which Pliny calls immortal, and almost divine, and which the oftener we repeat them, acquire more and more a mystic significancy in our ears—*MI PÆTE NON DOLET!*

S. L. C.

LORD BACON'S acceptance of presents—*bribes*, as his enemies called them,—has been defended on the ground of custom and precedent. It appears, however, from his own showing, that he could appreciate in another the dignity of refusing them—

"Sir Thomas More had sent him by a suitor in chancery, two silver flagons. When they were presented by the gentleman's servant, he said to one of his men, 'Have him to the cellar, and let him have of my best wine;' and turning to the servant, said, 'Tell thy master, friend if he like it, let him not spare it.'"—*Apothegms*: 23.

Editor's Table.

"AS WE WILL AND NOT AS THE WINDS WILL."—*Au gré de nos desirs bien plus qu'au gré des vents*—was the motto, taken from a French dramatist, which was prefixed to the first volume of the Southern Literary Messenger, and eighteen years of magazine existence have demonstrated the propriety of the selection. Since that time, similar literary ventures have put to sea, bravely enough, rode the waves for a day gracefully, and then either rotted away in that dead calm which follows the subsidence of the popular breeze, or run upon the breakers of bankruptcy. Meanwhile the course of our barque has been steadily onward, and though frequently the winds have been adverse, and disaster seemed to impend over cargo and crew, we still float, and hang out yet, in a spirit rather of hopelessness than of defiance, that ancient motto which implies the supremacy of *force of will* over all dangers and difficulties.

But to drop the figure, (which, truth to say, was beginning to give us some trouble, like a rapier forever getting between the legs of a clown,) the Messenger enters, with the present number, its Nineteenth year, and as some important changes have been made in its business affairs, since we have had an opportunity of addressing our readers, we take occasion, in wishing each and all of them a "Happy New Year," to say a few words of its future prospects. (Firstly,) then, a glance at our Prospectus will show that the price of subscription to the Messenger has been reduced to Three Dollars per annum. This step was resolved upon, not because we ever entertained a doubt that the literary pabulum we gave the public annually was worth Five Dollars, but from a desire on our part to place the magazine within the reach of the largest possible number, and to address the widest possible circle of readers. That in thus diminishing our receipts, the expenses of publication remaining the same, we must, to save ourselves against loss, very greatly increase the subscription list—is a sum so plain that it will not require the aid of algebraic quantities to work out its solution. But we have the largest confidence that the Southern people will sustain us in what we have done, and that before the year 1853 closes, the Messenger will visit portions of the country where it has rarely been before, and be regarded as a fireside companion by many persons who have hitherto known it only by reputation.

If ever there was a time, when the South-

ern people needed literary organs, through which to address the educated classes of Christendom, it seems to us that time is the present. Never before have the forces of fanaticism been so banded together to compass the destruction of Southern interests. We have seen, in the past twelve months, a furor excited on both sides of the Atlantic by an abolition novel from the pen of a New England woman, such as nothing else has heretofore been able to create—a furor which has turned upon the people of the Southern States, the indignation of all mankind, and left the Yankee authoress, like the fisherman in the Arabian tale, in stupified astonishment at the genius she had conjured up. In almost every foreign publication of note—in England and on the continent—this miserable tissue of falsehoods and abominations has been highly commended and American slaveholders have been denounced as monsters of oppression. From the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Allgemein Zeitung* down to the most insignificant journal that dribbles out its daily nonsense to the citizens of a provincial town, the press of Europe (with rare exceptions) have selected the Southern States of America for their most withering denunciation and noble rage. In England, the assaults upon us have been peculiarly malignant. All classes and conditions of the English people—every shade of political sentiment and every tinge of religious faith—are found to agree at least in one thing—abhorrence, real or assumed, of negro slavery. The North British Review for once sings the same tune with Blackwood, and the Duchess of Sutherland sits down in Stafford House in the most sisterly manner, with Mary Howitt and other ‘strong-minded women’ of the school of reform, who could no more get into the circle of St. James’s, than they could get into heaven. Even the Times, which dared to hint that ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin’ was not altogether without faults, has sung its *palinodia* in a review of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin as It is.” Of course everybody understands that it is the policy of Britain to break up, at any hazard, the Union of these States—hence her industrious efforts to widen the breach which already exists between the Northern and Southern people. Perhaps if we should retaliate, by suggesting to the Irish nation, that the oppression under which they live, might be readily enough relieved through one means alone—severing the Act of Union—the rose-water philanthropy of Stafford House and the sham sympathy of the reviewers, would alike relapse into silence. But, enough of this English hypocrisy. Our object in referring to it, is to show that in view of the position now

occupied by the slaveholding States of America, single against the world, it becomes them to sustain their literary journals as the best means of self-defence. That the Messenger has always come up to the contest between Southern institutions and fanatical zealotry with a willing heart, and often with no feeble arm, its pages, ever since the first number saw the light, will abundantly prove.

But there are other reasons why the Southern people should generously support their literary journals, of great moral significance. The periodical supplies, in every society, what is of no small value, a depository for the chance ideas of thinking men, which, for want of such keeping, would be altogether lost to the world. In this way, it acts most beneficially in eliminating the literary talent of the community, and garnering up every fragment of intellect. It is astonishing how much of the genius and wisdom of a people is thus made available, which otherwise would have passed away as unprofitably as the unuttered minstrelsy of those “inglorious Miltons” of whom Gray has informed us. In the pages of the Messenger for past years, may be found many valuable thoughts which would never have been committed to paper but for its existence, and much poetic sentiment, that would have “blushed unseen,” had it not found an appropriate *parterre* in a home publication. We hope to be useful, in this manner, hereafter. Recognizing talent wherever we shall find it, we hope to furnish a magazine which shall faithfully reflect the Southern intellect, and, working together with the several literary papers and reviews in other parts of our section of the Union, shall represent worthily the Southern people in the world of letters.

In submitting these remarks, it is proper for us to acknowledge our appreciation of the kindness of those old friends who have so long lent us their assistance as subscribers and contributors, and of those gentlemen of the press who have endeavored to place the claims of the Messenger properly before the public. Our new friends and subscribers we greet with ‘the compliments of the season,’ and the hope that when we become better acquainted, we shall only like each other the more.

We were not aware, previous to the receipt of the following letter, that so distinguished a gentleman as Mr. Yellowplush—or YELLOWSPLUSH, as we perceive he signs himself—was anywhere in our vicinity. We understand he precedes his more distinguished master, who will, before many weeks

visit to the South. The letter—we at a portion of it—will speak for itself: Mr. Yellowplush's writings, it is re-
with grace and spirit.

S YELLOWSPUSH ESQUIRE TO THE
MESSENGER.

* * * * *

ad not say that the grate pleasure mentioned was
ed in the puffawmence of the Bateman "Chil-
find in them my deer sir that knovilty, that new-
y say, so delightful to the blazzy man, which *om*
am sorry to say I am. I beg to call your at-
o the 'ighly hartistic character of these tru *pro*-
all have very properly dezignated them, and
he cussory manor in which I shall be kompsonelled
will not be found wholly unegsepshunable to
merous reders.

I shall be able more prespicuouslee to igspress
x if I throw my hobservations in a dram-atic
a order to do this with that himaginative grace
my brother *vally-de lett*r (Bulwig and othersel-
ters) say I am remawkable, permit me to trans
to the Theatre and relate a little inside-ent kar-
of the subjc in 'and. I was sitting lishning with
hus to the puffawmnce of the piece known as
us Pet"—which is inigspressibly affecklink to
;—and when the eldest of the "Children" ar-
e passage where—with many tiers—the "pet"
o the *amuseminse of the rick*, and the shame and
boy caste upon the pour:—when the young lady
parrygraf in question I was overkum I must
d hinstantaneously dizzolv'd into a flud of teres.
ible was my hagitation, that it was the means
hattention to myself from the whole hawdience.

not so inigsperienced and grene—if I may use
dy inbelligant word—as I was once, when, as
ed friend Bulwig igspresses it, I was "dreming
where the rathe vilets dwell!"—the time has
I was a shamed of my emoshuns. Therefore
is addressed in the following inbelligant words;
aint cryin'!

ntanyously turned—and feelink confidence from
oomed as my honored Master Mr. Titmarsh dis-
nself in the "Book of Snobs"—hobserved to the
last spoke:

riend, it greaves me to see you thus turnink into
e most bellevated, and hennobling hinstincts of
'art. I wepe sir because I am haffected sir!—
rmed sir! I am delited, sir!—I hope sir after
planation I shall be permitted to applaud the
nce in the fashun most hagreeable to myself!

dignified hexpressions 'ad their haffect. I was
to dissolve in tiers in piece.

ittle inside-ent goes only to sho the egstreme
the hacting. I could hexhaust my time and your
in relatink the many hanecdotes of these
little puffawmers which my memory effords me:
the tremblink and shudderink of the whole hau-
the deth of little Richard 3—the inigspressible
of delight egperienced from the komedy kalled
ag Kupple;" which is suttlnly hadmirable; het-
ncetara.

klewsion, sir, hallow me to hoffer my egscuses
rid, unlitrary, and disconnected karakter of this
I think I may add without being amenable to
of consete or wanity, that my usual manor of

ritink is puspickuwus, and greasefully hat rack-tive. I
am afraid the wandering and krowd remarx I have here
sit down, will skessly be konsidered worthy of a riter of—
I say it umbly—the pozishun I injoy. I must also beg
you to parding the length of my parrygraf. I have rit more
than I igspected. My igskuse, my only igskuse is that the
subjc incensebly dru me fourth.

"Parding my 'astily written sellables and believe me
with distinguisht considderashun, your frend and servant.

CHAWLS YELLOWSPUSH.

Chancellor Oxenstern said, that few peo-
ple knew how little wisdom it required to
govern a nation. We understand that this
question came up *directly* in a recent debate
in our Legislature; in the course of which, it
was asserted that *insanity* does *not* *disqualify*
a man to make laws, because no such disa-
bility is mentioned in the Constitution!
Something like this has been familiar enough
to us in *practice*, however novel in *theory*:
and we suppose the force of the precedents
is now to be consolidated into a principle of
law. (Were the scene of this debate in any
other legislature than our own, we might sus-
pect that some members would consider it a
question of self-defence, and cry out with
Burns—

"There's a heretic blast
Has been blawn in the West,
That what is *no sense* must be *nonsense*."

But of course we can entertain no thought so
injurious to the learning and sagacity, collec-
tive and individual, of the General Assembly
of Virginia.)

Every body has heard of the sailor's an-
swer to the footpad—

"Give me your money, or I'll blow your
brains out!"

"Blow away then, and be d—d to you!
A man can get along well enough without
brains, but not without money!"

In the Southern Literary Gazette for De-
cember 18th, we observe the valedictory ad-
dress of W. C. Richards, Esq., who retires
from all connexion with the work of which
he was the founder, and, up to that time,
had been the editor in chief. Mr. Richards
will hereafter reside in New York, to which
city he transfers the publication of the School-
fellow, a juvenile periodical that has risen to
great favor under his auspices. The edito-
rial mantle of the Gazette has fallen upon
Paul H. Hayne, Esq., long known to the

readers of the Messenger as a poet of no ordinary gifts. We esteem it a rare piece of good fortune to have, as a fellow-worker in the cause of Southern Literature, such a man as Mr. Hayne, and we predict for the Gazette in his hands, a wide and ever increasing popularity. To Mr. Richards we tender our best wishes for his abundant success in the new field of labor he has chosen.

The following is as neat a specimen of the classic pun, as we remember to have met with anywhere—to say nothing of the sarcasm—

"When peace was renewed with the French in England, divers of the great counsellors were presented from the French with jewels: the Lord Henry Howard, being then Earl of Northampton, and a counsellor, was omitted. Whereupon the king said to him, 'My Lord, how happens it that you have not a jewel as well as the rest?' My Lord answered according to the fable in *Æsop*—*Non sum GALLUS, itaque non reperi gemmam.*—*Bacon's Apophthegms*: 203.

Talking of puns, we are tempted to insert one of domestic origin, which has not (so far as we know) appeared in print—

A party in the country, engaged in hare-hunting, being much annoyed by the slow motions of an old dog named "Time," finally drove him off, relying upon the younger and more active curs of their following. But they started no more hares: and one of the party, becoming satisfied that they had depised and banished the very best of their four-footed auxiliaries, exclaimed—

"We take no note of TIME, but by his loss!"

A friend, who frequently "makes his mark" in the pages of the Messenger, thus chronicles for our benefit a capital Irish repartee—

One cold winter day,
As we rode in a sleigh,
We saw that the wind made our Irishman shiver:
So a buffalo hide
By the party inside
Was flung out to Aleck, to serve as a "kiver."

He turned it about
With the hairy side out,
And round his broad shoulders began to secure it—
"Why, Aleck, I say—
Do you wear it that way?—
Faith! and a'nt it the way that the buffalo wore it?"

In a foregoing paragraph, we have referred to the attacks of the English press upon American slavery, in connection with Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel. As a gratifying exception to the general rule, we note a very caustic review of "Uncle Tom" in the "*British Army Despatch*," for a copy of which we are indebted to Col. Samuel Colt, the well-known inventor of the Repeating Pistols. The writer must belong, we think, to the Ordnance, for he understands the throwing of hot shot as well as any artillerist of the army. See how he devotes himself to the authoress—

"We have not reviewed *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, chiefly because we felt our views of the tendency and nature of that work to be so hostile that we could scarcely judge of it in a proper critical manner. We believe it to possess a certain melodramatic power, equal in pathos to the "*Green Bushes*" at the Adelphi, and in incident to a popular novel something between the style of Eugène Sue and George Reynolds. But we believe it also to be devoid of truth, principle and reality, and that its tendencies are highly mischievous and detrimental to the interests of mankind. In saying this, we entirely acquit its authoress, Mrs. Stowe, of any evil desire, any wicked feeling, or intended falsehood. That lady, for all we know, may be a most excellent, as she is undoubtedly a very talented person. We fully give her credit for good motives; we doubt not that she believes herself entrusted with a mission, as much as ever did any "eminent female," from Maria Leczinska to Johanna Southcote. We can imagine her to be endowed with an awful sense of womanhood, and to make—if ever she condescended to such task, since the second edition of her book was sold—about the worst dumplings that were ever placed upon a dirty table-cloth in a slovenly parlor. We can imagine that she writes a big, scrawling hand, with the letters all backwards, avoiding neatness with pains-taking precision—her voice is probably harsh, her attitude imposing, and she will, or does, wear her own grey hair in the mother-of-a-nation style. Still we think it a great pity that she did not do anything rather than what she has done, with all the busy enthusiasm of a woman in breeches."

The lectures at the Athenæum have commenced for the season. The holidays at the end of the year, which seem to suspend for a time all business (even that of Legislation) have occasioned a sort of interregnum for the last week or two: but we understand they will be resumed very early in this month, of which due notice will be given in the daily papers. Among other distinguished lecturers who are expected, we have heard the names of Professor William B. Rogers of the University of Virginia; Professor Felton of Harvard University, Cambridge; and the Rev. Dr. Baird, the well-known lecturer upon Europe.

We beg leave to remind our city readers of the importance of encouraging and sus-

taining this institution; founded as it has been by the enlightened liberality of the City Council, and connected with a scheme for the gratuitous instruction of all who will avail themselves of the offered means. *It is not sufficiently known, that the libraries in the Athenæum building are open during certain hours every secular day, and one of them for several hours each night, to all visitors who desire to consult the books; that this privilege is secured to our citizens without charge or fee of any sort: and, that no one need feel hesitation or delicacy about exercising it, since it is the condition upon which the library rooms were granted by the City Council.* We hope ere long to see this valuable right fully appreciated and enjoyed by the public.

We understand that the price of tickets of admission to the Athenæum lectures will be reduced hereafter as follows—for one ticket 25 cents; for each additional ticket 12½ cents.

Mr. Galt's bust, on exhibition in this city, has inspired one of our contributors, who sonnetizes it as follows:

Psyche looked on me with her luminous eyes—

Psyche, the idol of all poets' dreams—

Psyche, a living murmur of the streams
God-haunted, flowing under Grecian skies!

This Psyche surely *breathed* in former years!

Surely this brow and fawn-poised head were known

Full of divinest life, in that old zone

Of high-wall'd towns, and Dryad-haunted meres!

They knew her well, those noble bards of Greece,

And honored her in grand, undying verse:

Shall I then, writing now in English, nurse

The hope of standing with such brows as these?

All I can offer take thou—a poor sheaf

Of broken arrows, pointless: whence my grief!

L.

Dec. 15, 1852.

The following epigram we think has *point*—the most important feature in such compositions from the time of Martial down to our own day. But let the reader, by all means, judge for himself.

When Latin I studied, my Ainsworth in hand,
I answered my teacher that *Sto* meant to *stand*,
But if asked, I should now give another reply,
For *Stowe* means, beyond any cavil, to *lie*.

Notices of New Works.

MEMOIRS, JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS MOORE. Edited by the Right Honorable Lord John Russell, M. P. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 500 Broadway. 1853. Part I. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

It is well known that by a provision in the will of Thomas Moore, the Right Hon. Lord John Russell was constituted his literary executor, with instructions to prepare for publication, such papers, letters and journals, left by the poet, as he should deem proper for that purpose—the design of the testator being thereby to make provision for his family. To this task the worthy baronet has applied himself, after a certain fashion, and we have the 'first fruits' of his labors in the ninety-six pages of his volume, which are now under our eye. An arrangement has been entered into with Longman for the appearance of the 'Memoirs' in Parts, upon such terms, we are gratified to learn, as will place the poet's widow in a condition of independence for life.

The career of Thomas Moore, extending beyond the allotted three score years and ten of human existence, was one which, though not marked by any striking incidents, presents as interesting a study as that of any man of his time. He was born in poverty and of obscure parents, yet he became the recipient of large sums of money and lived to be the chosen companion of earls. In a society as brilliant as the world has ever seen—whose circles were lighted up by the radiant wit of Sheridan and illustrated by the hospitality of such men as Holland—the little Irish poet was always the favored guest and most conspicuous lion. Women of the highest rank and rarest beauty contended for the sweet privilege of being celebrated by his muse. The Prince of Wales himself (who afterwards felt so keenly the satiric shafts of the poet,) condescended to thank him for the honor implied in the dedication to His Royal Highness of the Odes of Anacreon. To hear the gifted song-writer at the piano sing one of his own exquisite melodies of Erin, was a piece of good fortune which the proudest peer of the realm did not hesitate to acknowledge. In more advanced life, when these melodies had become the common property of all who spoke the English language, it was reserved for him to enjoy his laurels in literary seclusion, though thorns were afterwards entwined in the garland and pierced him cruelly. At last, in comparative neglect, after so much of fond caressing, in narrow circumstances, after having lived 'like a gentleman,' the latest survivor of his youthful companions, he lay down in lingering imbecility to die. There is a moral in the story, which we need not dwell upon.

The Preface to Part I. of the *Memoirs, &c.*, contains a meagre and most unsatisfactory sketch of Moore's literary life, from the pen of the editor. The plan of the work as therein unfolded, embraces an autobiography of the poet till the age of twenty, a full correspondence between the years 1800 and 1818, and a journal carefully kept from 1818 down to the period of the poet's last illness. We think that as far as Lord John Russell's editorial labours are concerned, we are likely to have 'Right Honorable' dulness throughout the work, for the critical preface, as we have already hinted, is as flat as possible, and we ob-

serve that his Lordship has cautiously stricken out of the poet's letters all the gossip and sprightliness which lent to them their greatest charm. It is as if his Lordship, having invited a party of friends to dine with him, should give private instructions to his servants, by all means to open the champagne an hour beforehand, that all its effervescence might escape. The autobiography is given entire in the present Part, and there is also included, by way of appendix, an account of the duel with Jeffrey, which is quite new to us. The provocation, it will be recollected, was the caustic article of the *Edinburg Review* on the "Odes and Epistles." The preliminaries having been fully arranged, the circumstances attending the meeting, as narrated by the poet, were as follows—

"I must have slept pretty well; for Hume, I remember, had to wake me in the morning, and the chaise being in readiness, we set off for Chalk Farm. Hume had also taken the precaution of providing a surgeon to be within call. On reaching the ground we found Jeffrey and his party already arrived. I say "party," for although Horner only was with him, there were, as we afterwards found, two or three of his attached friends (and no man, I believe, could ever boast of a greater number), who, in their anxiety for his safety, had accompanied him, and were hovering about the spot.* And then it was that, for the first time, my excellent friend Jeffrey and I met face to face. He was standing with the bag, which contained the pistols, in his hand, while Horner was looking anxiously around.

"It was agreed that the spot where we found them, which was screened on one side by large trees, would be as good for our purpose as any we could select; and Horner, after expressing some anxiety respecting some men whom he had seen suspiciously hovering about, but who now appeared to have departed, retired with Hume behind the trees, for the purpose of loading the pistols, leaving Jeffrey and myself together.

"All this had occupied but a very few minutes. We, of course, had bowed to each other on meeting; but the first words I recollect to have passed between us was Jeffrey's saying, on our being left together, 'What a beautiful morning it is!' 'Yes,' I answered with a slight smile, 'a morning made for better purposes;' to which his only response was a sort of assenting sigh. As our assistants were not, any more than ourselves, very expert at warlike matters, they were rather slow in their proceedings; and as Jeffrey and I walked up and down together, we came once in sight of their operations; upon which I related to him, as rather *à propos* to the purpose, what Billy Egan, the Irish barrister, once said, when, as he was sauntering about in like manner while the pistols were loading, his antagonist, a fiery little fellow, called out to him angrily to keep his ground. 'Dont make yourself unaisy, my dear fellow,' said Egan; 'sure, isn't it bad enough to take the dose, without being by at the mixing up?'

"Jeffrey had scarcely time to smile at this story, when our two friends, issuing from behind the trees, placed us at our respective posts (the distance, I suppose having been previously measured by them), and put the pistols into our hands. They then retired to a little distance; the pistols were on both sides raised; and we waited but the signal to fire, when some police-officers, whose approach none of us had noticed, and who were within a second of being too late, rushed out from a hedge behind Jeffrey; and one of them, striking at Jeffrey's pistol with

his staff, knocked it to some distance into the field, while another running over to me, took possession also of mine. We were then replaced in our respective carriages, and conveyed, crestfallen, to Bow Street."

Every body remembers the mirth occasioned by the rumor which went abroad, that the pistols in this famous duel were not loaded with ball, and the lines of Lord Byron concerning Jeffrey in the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*—

Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye
And Bow Street myrmidons stood laughing by?

In reference to this rumor, Mr. Moore says that when he was discharged from custody, the magistrate refused to give up the pistols, telling him that while his own pistol contained a bullet, none was found in Mr. Jeffrey's, so that unfair play was suspected. The account proceeds:

"Recollecting what Hume had told me as to the task of loading the pistols being chiefly left to him, and observing the view taken by the officer, and, according to his account by the magistrate, I felt the situation in which I was placed to be anything but comfortable. Nothing remained for me, therefore, (particularly as Hume had taken his departure), but to go at once to Horner's lodgings and lay all the circumstances before him. This I did without a moment's delay, and was lucky enough to find him at his chambers. I then told him exactly what the officer had said as to the suspicion entertained by the magistrate that something unfair was intended; and even at this distance of time, I recollect freshly the immediate relief which it afforded me when I heard Horner (who had doubtless observed my anxiety) exclaim, in his honest and manly manner, 'Don't mind what these fellows say. I myself saw your friend put the bullet into Jeffrey's pistol, and shall go with you instantly to the office to set the matter right.' We both then proceeded together to Bow Street, and Horner's statement having removed the magistrate's suspicions, the officers returned to me the pistols, together with the bullet which had been found in one of them: and this very bullet, by-the-bye, I gave afterwards to Carpenter, my then publisher, who requested it of me, (as a sort of *polemic* relique, I suppose), and who, no doubt, has it still in his possession."

We shall look with real interest for the ensuing Parts of this work. It is proper to state here, that the style of the publication is exceedingly good, and that Part I. contains a fine portrait of Moore and a spirited steel engraving of Sloperton Cottage.

ROMANCE OF STUDENT LIFE ABROAD.—By Richard B. Kimball, author of "St. Leger," etc. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co., 10 Park Place. 1852. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

The Parisian student of these pages sought the French capital with the intention of pursuing a regular course of study, involving the usual attendance on the Lectures at the University and the vaudevilles at the *Gaieté*, and mixing up the acquisition of surgical knowledge with a close observance of life on the Boulevards. His views, however, underwent some modification after a short residence in Paris, and he became possessed of a desire to

* One of these friends was, I think, the present worthy Lord Advocate, John Murray.

study life and character, not only as they were presented to him in the *cafés* and theatres around him, but as developed in rural France, afar from metropolitan influences. This desire he only partially indulged, for by far the greater portion of his volume is occupied with scenes and incidents of *la belle ville*. But there is so much, in every chapter, of the excellence of the author of *St. Leger*, that we are equally delighted with the descriptions of town and country. Here is a little sketch of the chapel of the *Hôtel des Invalides*—

"The stranger who visits the chapel of the *Invalides*, will encounter few of the inmates, unless at the time of service: but there are always a small number who can be seen kneeling, repeating a prayer, or going through with their *Ave*, *Credo*, or *Confiteor*. After a "fitful fever" of marches and assaults, or sieges, sorties and pitched fields of fierce pursuits and sullen retreats, of bloody defeats and bloodier victories, it is a touching sight to behold the soldier kneeling before the cross, asking forgiveness and absolution.

"I observed an elderly officer, who appeared much superior to the majority of his *confrères*, and who came very regularly to the chapel. He was about fifty, tall and slender, with a serious countenance, and an air of habitual depression. He used to kneel with so much devoutness, and repeat the prayers so earnestly, and afterwards come away with a look so melancholy, that it touched me to the heart to witness it. He had not been wounded, so far as I could see; he had lost none of his limbs, but his face was pale and wasted, and loose, straggling gray hairs were scattered over his forehead.

"How much it adds to the intenseness with which we regard misfortune or calamity, to separate some individual object, and fix our attention on it! I believe one could easily become utterly miserable by this very process. I have myself, in this way, on many occasions, been made wretched enough, and only escaped by turning to the brighter scenes of life. So it is always; light and shade, light and shade again. But without light and shadow, can there be a *picture*? There is, at the same time, a fascination in the contemplation of great suffering, difficult to explain. Perhaps it may be traced to the unconscious sympathy we feel with whatever is intense, whether it be ecstatic or agonizing, and which underlies almost every other emotion.

"On one occasion, in turning to leave the chapel, when I was standing near the door, the melancholy officer of whom I have spoken, dropped his handkerchief. I picked it up, and observed, as I took it in my hand, that it was of a description used only by ladies. I stepped at once towards the owner, and gently touching his arm, I said:

"Your handkerchief, *sir*."

"A faint, hectic blush overspread his cheeks.

"He seized it almost eagerly, gazed at it an instant with much tenderness, as though it was some dear object, and put it in his bosom; then taking my hand in both of his, he pressed it silently.

"I am very glad," said I, "that I discovered it in time."

"It was my wife's."

"His lip quivered slightly, but he showed no other signs of emotion. Still he retained my hand.

"Forgive me," I exclaimed, "I have intruded on feelings which are sacred."

"Monsieur shows that he has a heart."

"He pressed my hand once more, bowed low and walked away.

"I do not think I can ever forget that old French officer. Although I used frequently to see him after this occurrence, I never accosted again. Yet I buried myself, at

times, imagining what had been his peculiar griefs.

"His wife. It was his wife's handkerchief. Her memory was all he had to cling to. Children none: relatives none. She had been to him his sole and only friend, and she was gone. That was it. Perhaps—I carried my conjectures further—perhaps he had not been as affectionate, as constant, as kind, while she lived, as he now felt he ought to have been, and, like too many who do not

"———Understand a treasure's worth

Till time has stolen away the slighted good,"

he had appreciated her *too late*. Perhaps he was now tortured by a recollection of her last sad, yet not reproachful look, and cherished as a part of his existence, a tender though unavailing remorse. But whatever might be his personal history, I felt an assurance that his daily prayers and supplications were not put up in vain."

Mr. Kimball has stories of greater length and power than this in his record of "Student life," but we cannot do more than refer the reader to the volume for them.

THE VICTORIES OF WELLINGTON AND THE BRITISH ARMIES. By the author of "*Stories of Waterloo*," etc., etc. New Edition. London: Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden. 1852. New York. Bangs, Brothers & Co. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

The Death of the Duke of Wellington was no doubt the cause of the present new and handsome edition of Mr. Maxwell's "*Victories*," as the apotheosis of the great captain has concentrated upon his life and deeds an interest more widely spread and more intense, than has ever before been exhibited concerning any man—hero, statesman or apostle. Mr. Maxwell writes with great spirit, and seems particularly well qualified to narrate the story of battles, except that, now and then, we half suspect a little unfairness to the other side. The book treats of all the military adventures of the Duke from Seringapatam to Waterloo, and is embellished with several fine steel engravings, among which are portraits of Sir John Moore and the Marquis of Anglesea.

LIFE AND MEMORIALS OF DANIEL WEBSTER. From the *New York Daily Times*. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1853. [From Nash & Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.

Of all the works which have purported to give to the reader an account of the Life and Public Services of Daniel Webster, we consider this by far the most complete and satisfactory. The biographical sketch was published, *in extenso*, the day after Mr. Webster's decease, in the columns of the *New York Daily Times*,—a feat in newspaper enterprise, which altogether surpasses that performed by its great namesake (the *London Times*) the morning after the death of the Duke of Wellington. The memoirs were comprised in a series of Letters from Elms Farm and Marshfield, written by Genl. S. P. Lyman, the intimate friend of the great Senator. They embody as much of personal interest and characteristic *ana*, as any work, not written through a medium by the spirit of James Boswell, possibly could. These volumes are brought out in Appleton's Popular Library.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DANIEL WEBSTER. By *Charles Lanman*. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.]

We think Mr. Lanman would have christened this little volume more appropriately, if he had styled it, "Some Personal Recollections of Daniel Webster," or affixed to it some other less ambitious title than that it now bears. "The Private Life of Daniel Webster" would seem to demand a detail of biography to which Mr. Lanman makes no pretensions. His book is really a very delightful one, just such as we should expect from a gentleman of his taste and judgment. As Private Secretary to Mr. Webster, for several years previous to his death, Mr. Lanman enjoyed peculiar advantages for observing the social characteristics of the great statesman, and some of these are charmingly portrayed in the book under consideration. We give, as a taste of its quality, a story about John Taylor, Mr. Webster's overseer.

"The last time Mr. Webster visited Elms Farm, which was in July last, the writer was his only companion. All along the railroad, on our way from Boston to the mountains, groups and crowds of people were assembled to welcome him to his native State; but this had for so long a time been a consequence of his annual visits to Elms Farm, that he was not therefore taken by surprise. At Concord he heard the particulars of an accident which had happened to his man John Taylor, and when told that his life was in danger, he was sadly distressed, and manifested great impatience to reach home. On alighting from the cars and stepping upon his threshold, he only took time to cast one loving look at his noble rows of elms and broad fields just ready for the scythe, before he went to visit his tenant. Though he found his yeoman friend suffering from a dislocated shoulder, a dreadfully bruised breast, and a fearful gash in his thigh, some seven inches long, yet the doctor had declared him out of danger. With this news, Mr. Webster was, of course, delighted. Before he left Boston he had heard of the accident, but no particulars; and as he did not apprehend any danger, his first thought was, 'What shall I take John Taylor as a present?' which question he answered by bringing him a *basket of grapes* and a *fresh salmon*. The present was fit for a king, but John Taylor deserved it.

"The accident alluded to was caused by an angry bull, who turned upon his keeper in a fit of causeless anger, and not only tossed him high into the air with his horns, but trampled him under his feet. It is a wonder the man was not killed. What saved him was the presence of mind which he manifested in seizing and holding on to a ring in the bull's nose. In spite of his wickedness, this animal deserves a passing notice in this connection, as he was a very great favorite with his owner. He was presented to Mr. Webster by his devoted friend, Roswell L. Colt, Esq., of New Jersey, and he is of what is called the *Hungarian breed*. He is a magnificent creature, quite young, weighs some two thousand pounds, of a beautiful mouse or slate color, and has a neck which measures more than six feet in circumference. John Taylor's account of the attack upon himself, and of other exploits of the bull, was very amusing; and when asked by Mr. Webster if he really thought the animal dangerous and ought to be chained, he replied "Why he is no more fit to go abroad than your friend Governor Kosuth himself." "Rather strong language this," replied Mr. Webster; "but when a man has been gored almost to death by a Hungarian bull, it is not strange that he should be severe upon the Hungarian governor."

The book is well printed, and contains several wood engravings which we consider very unworthy of it.

ESSAYS AND TALES IN PROSE. By *Barry Cornwall*. In Two Volumes. Boston. Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1852. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.]

The publishers of this work have entitled themselves to great favor with all lovers of literature for the series of volumes, issued from their press within two or three years past, embracing the miscellaneous writings of De Quincey and the poems of Tennyson, Browning, Motherwell and Milnes—none of which could be obtained, complete in any other form, even in England. The work now before us is another benefaction, for which we should be grateful. The fame of Barry Cornwall rests upon his songs, but for which his real name never would have been sought after: nevertheless, while his criticism is not altogether so discerning as Hazlitt's, and his sketches are certainly less powerful than the Opium Eater's, there is much in the two volumes of his "Essays and Tales" to interest and enlighten, and they are likely to prove all the more agreeable for being published in the excellent style of Messrs. Ticknor, Reed and Fields.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE. By *Sir E. Bulwer Lytton*. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.]

Though we cannot judge of a novel as a work of art, before it has been completed, and therefore are yet unable to assign this book its proper rank among the writings of its gifted author, we have no hesitation in declaring that, up to the melodramatic abduction and rescue of Violante, we regard it as one of the most delightful fictions in the English Language. This episode, conceived, as it is, after the manner of the French, consorts little with the quiet naturalness and sweet domesticity of the preceding chapters and we should like to see it altogether blotted out from the story. The characters in "My Novel" are wonderful portraiture. Old Parson Dale, and Riccabocca—Harley L'Estrange and Richard Avenel, Helen and Leonard—even the scoundrels, Levy and Randal Leslie—are so set before us that we feel, as it were, personally acquainted with them, and this feeling was never inspired by Bulwer's earlier novels. We shall look out for the rest of "My Novel" with the greatest possible solicitude, lest a work already marred by a forced and unnatural incident, should be conducted to a "lame and impotent conclusion;" against which we fervently hope.

From Harper & Brothers, we have received a new edition of *Cornelius Nepos*, with Notes, Historical and Explanatory, by Charles Anthon, LL. D.—a work which will commend itself to the attention of teachers:—The History of Romulus, being another volume of that excellent series of juvenile works by Jacob Abbott; and No. 10 of Dickens' Bleak House, for which thousands of readers throughout the country, have been waiting impatiently during the last fortnight. The press of the Harpers never flags for an instant, and has never been occupied with better publications than within the year just drawn to its close.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.

VOL. XIX.

RICHMOND, FEBRUARY, 1853.

NO. 2.

SIMON SUGGS, JR., ESQ.

A LEGAL BIOGRAPHY.

Correspondence.

OFFICE OF THE JURIST-MAKER, }
CITY OF GOT-HIM, Nov. 18, 1852. }

COL. SIMON SUGGS, JR.

My Dear Sir—Having established, at great expense, and from motives purely patriotic and disinterested, a monthly periodical for the purpose of supplying a desideratum in American Literature, namely, the commemoration and perpetuation of the names, characters, and personal and professional traits and histories of American lawyers and jurists, I have taken the liberty of soliciting *your* consent to be made the subject of one of the memoirs, which shall adorn the columns of this Journal. This suggestion is made from my knowledge, shared by the intelligence of the whole country, of your distinguished standing and merits in our noble profession; and it is seconded by the wishes and requests of many of the prominent gentlemen in public and private life, who have the honor of your acquaintance.

The advantages of a work of this sort, in its more public and general bearing, are so *patent* that it would be useless for me to refer to them. The effect of the publication upon the fame of the individual commemorated is, if not equally apparent, at least, equally decided. The fame of an American lawyer, like that of an actor, though sufficiently marked and cognizable within the region of his practice, and by the witnesses of his performances, is, nevertheless, for the want of an organ for its national dissemination, or of an enduring memorial for its preservation, apt to be ephemeral, or, at most, to survive among succeeding generations, only in the form of unauthentic and vague traditions. What do we know of Henry or of Grundy as lawyers, except that it is reported of them that they were eloquent and successful advocates. But

what they did to acquire that reputation, and of course, the true value of it, is left to conjecture, or, as in the case of the former, especially, to posthumous invention or embellishment.

It was the observation of the great Pinkney, that the lawyer's distinction was preferable to all others, since it was impossible to acquire in our profession, a false or fraudulent reputation. How true this aphorism is, the pages of this L.w M.....e will abundantly illustrate.

The value, and, indeed, the fact of distinction, consists in its uncommonness. In a whole nation of giants, the Welsh Monster in Barnum's Museum would be undistinguished. Therefore, *we*—excuse the editorial plural—strive to collect the histories only of the most eminent of the profession in the several States; the aggregate of whom reaches some two or three hundred names. You have, undoubtedly, seen some of the numbers of our work, which will better illustrate our plan, and the mode of its past, as well as the intended mode of its future execution.

It would be affectation, my dear sir, to deny that what mainly consoles us under a sense of the hazardous nature of such an enterprise to our *personal* fortunes—pardon the pun, if you please—and amidst the anxieties of so laborious an undertaking, is the expectation, that, through our labors, the reputation of distinguished men of the country, constituting its moral treasure, may be preserved for the admiration and direction of mankind, not for a day, but for all time. And it has occurred to me, that such true merit as yours might find a motive for your enrolment among the known sages and profound intellects of the land, not less in the natural desire of a just perpetuation of renown, than in the patriotism which desires the improvement of the race of lawyers who are to come after you, and the adding to the accredited standards of public taste and professional attainment and genius.

We know from experience, that the char-

acteristic diffidence of the profession, in many instances, shrinks from the seeming, though falsely seeming, indelicacy of an egotistical parade of one's own talents and accomplishments and from walking into a niche of the Pantheon of American genius we have opened, and over the entrance to which, "FOR THE GREAT" is inscribed. But the facility with which this difficulty has been surmounted by some, of whose success we had reason to entertain apprehensions, adds but further evidence of the capacity which the noble profession of the law gives for the most arduous exploits. Besides, sir, although the facts are expected to be furnished by the subject, yet the first person is but seldom used in the memoir—some complaisant friend, or some friend's name being employed as editor of the work, the subject sometimes, indeed, having nothing to do with the composition, except to revise it and transmit it to this office.

You may remember, my dear Colonel, the exclamatory line of the poet—

"How hard it is to climb the steep,
Where fame's proud temple shines afar!"

And so it used to be: but in this wonderfully progressive age, it is no longer so. It is the pride of your humble correspondent to have constructed a plan, by means of his journal, whereby a gentleman of genius may, with the assistance of a single friend, or even without it, wind himself from the vale below, as by a windlass, up to the very cupola of that temple.

May we rely upon your sending us the necessary papers, viz: a sketch of your life, genius, exploits, successes, accomplishments, virtues, family, antecedents, personal pulchritudes, professional habitudes, and whatever else you may deem interesting. You can see from former numbers of our work, that nothing will be irrelevant or out of place. The sketch may be from ten to sixty pages in length.

Please send also a good daguerreotype likeness of yourself, from which an engraving may be executed, to accompany the sketch. *The daguerreotype had better be taken with reference to the engraving to accompany the memoir—the hair combed or brushed from the brow, so as to show a high forehead—the ex-*

pression meditative—a book in the hand, &c.

Hoping soon to hear favorably from you, I am, with great respect and esteem,

THE EDITOR.

P. S. It is possible that sketches of one or two distinguished gentlemen, not lawyers, may be given. If there is any exception of class made, we hope to be able to give you a sketch and engraving of the enterprising Mr. Barnum.

RACKINSACK, Dec. 1, 1852.

TO MR. EDITOR.

Dear Sir—I got your letter dated 18 Nov., asking me to send you my life and karackter for your Journal. Im obleeged to you for your perlite say so, and so forth. I got a friend to rite it—my own ritin being mostly perfeshunal. He done it—but he rites such a cussed bad hand I cant rede it: I reckon its all korrekt tho'.

As to my doggerrytype I cant send it there aint any doggerrytype man about here now. There never was but won, and he tried his mershine on Jemmy O. a lawyer here, and Jem was so mortal ugly it bust his mershine all to pieces trying to git him down, and liked to killed the man that ingineered the wurks.

You can take father's picter on Jonce Hooper's book—take off the bend in the back, and about twenty years of age off en it and make it a leetle likelier and it 'll suit me but dress it up gentele in store close.

Respectfully till death,

SIMON SUGGS, JR.

P. S.—I rite from here where I am winding up my fust wife's estate which theyve filed a bill in chancery.

S. S. JR.

CITY OF GOT-HIM, Dec. 11, 1852.

COL. SIMON SUGGS, JR.:

My Dear Sir—The very interesting sketch of your life requested by us reached here accompanied by your favor of the 1st inst., for which please receive our thanks.

We were very much pleased with the

sketch, and think it throws light on a new phase of character, and supplies a desideratum in the branch of literature we are engaged in—the description of a lawyer distinguished in the out-door labors of the profession, and directing great energies to the preparation of proof.

We fear, however, the suggestion you made of the use of the engraving of your distinguished father will not avail: as the author, Mr. Hooper, has copyrighted his work, and we should be exposing ourselves to a prosecution by trespassing on his patent. Besides, the execution of such a work by no better standard, would not be creditable either to our artist, yourself, or our Journal. We hope you will conclude to send on your daguerreotype to be appended to the lively and instructive sketch you furnish; and we entertain no doubt that the contemplated publication will redound greatly to your honor, and establish yours among the classical names of the American bar.

With profound respect, &c.,

THE EDITOR.

P. S.—Our delicacy caused us to omit, in our former letter, to mention what we suppose was generally understood, viz: the fact that the cost to us of preparing engravings, &c., &c., for the sketches or memoirs, is \$150, which sum it is expected, of course, the gentleman who is perpetuated in our work, will forward to us before the insertion of his biography. We merely allude to this trifling circumstance, lest, in the pressure of important business and engagements with which your mind is charged, it might be forgotten.

Again, Very truly, &c.,

ED. JURIST-MAKER.

RACKINSACK, Dec. 25, 1852.

DEAR Mr. Editor—In your p. s. which seems to be the creem of your correspondents you say I can't get in your book without paying \$150—pretty tall entrants fee! I suppose though children and niggers half price—I believe I will pass. I'll enter a nolly prossy q. O-n-e-h-u-n-d-r-e-d dollars and fifty better! Je-whellikens!

I just begin to see the pint of many things which was very vague and ondefinit before.

Put Barnum in first—one hundred and fifty dollars!

That's the consideratum you talk of is it.

☞ I REMAIN

Respy

SIMON SUGGS, JR.

Therefore wont go in.

P. S.—Suppose you rite to the old man!! May be he'd go in with BARNUM!!! May be he'd like to take two chances? He's young—never seen MUCH!! Lives in a new country!!! AINT SMART!! I SAY a hundred and fifty dollars!!!

SIMON SUGGS, JR., ESQ.,

OF

RACKINSACK—ARKANSAW.

This distinguished lawyer, unlike the majority of those favored subjects of the biographical Muse, whom a patriotic ambition to add to the moral treasures of the country, has prevailed on, over the instincts of a native and professional modesty, to supply subjects for the pens and pencils of their friends, was not quite, either in a literal or metaphorical sense, a self-made man. He had ancestors. They were, moreover, men of distinction; and, on the father's side, in the first and second degrees of ascent, known to fame. The father of this distinguished barrister was, and, happily, is Capt. Simon Suggs of the Tallapoosa volunteers, and celebrated not less for his financial skill and abilities, than for his martial exploits. His grandfather, the Rev. Jedediah Suggs, was a noted divine of the Anti-Missionary or Hard-shell Baptist persuasion in Georgia. For further information respecting these celebrities, the ignorant reader—the well-informed already know them—is referred to the work of Johnson Hooper, Esq., one of the most authentic of modern biographers.

The question of the propagability of moral and intellectual qualities is a somewhat mooted point, into the metaphysics of which we do not purpose to enter; but that there are instances of moral and intellectual as well as physical likenesses in families, is an undisputed fact, of which the subject of this memoir is a new and striking illustration.

In the month of July, Anno Domini, 1810, on the ever memorable fourth day of the month, in the county of Carroll, and State of Georgia, Simon Suggs, Jr., first saw the light, mingling the first noise he made in the world with the patriotic explosions and rejoicings going on in honor of the day. We have endeavored in vain to ascertain, whether the auspicious period of the birth of young Simon was a matter of accident or of human calculation and sharp foresight, for which his immediate ancestor on the paternal side was so eminently distinguished; but, beyond a knowing wink, and a characteristic laudation of his ability to accomplish wonderful things and to keep the run of the cards, on the part of the veteran Captain, we have obtained no reliable information on this interesting subject. It is something, however, to be remarked upon, that the natal day of his country and of Simon were the same.

Very early in life, our hero—for Peace hath her victories, and, of course, her heroes, as well as war—gave a promise of the hereditary genius of the Suggs's; but as the incidents in proof of this rest on the authority, merely, of family tradition, we shall not violate the sanctity of the domestic fireside, by relating them. In the ninth year of his age he was sent to the public school in the neighborhood. Here he displayed that rare vivacity and enterprise, and that shrewdness and invention which subsequently distinguished his riper age. Like his father, his study was less of books than of men. Indeed, it required a considerable expenditure of birch, and much wear and tear of patience, to overcome his constitutional aversion to letters sufficiently to enable him to master the alphabet. Not that he was too lazy to learn: on the contrary, it was his extreme industry in other and more congenial pursuits that stood in the way of the sedentary business of instruction. It was not difficult to see that the mantle of the Captain had fallen upon his favorite son; at any rate, the breeches in which young Simon's lower proportions were encased, bore a wonderful resemblance to the old cloak that the Captain had sported on so many occasions.

Simon's course at school was marked by many of the traits which distinguished him in after life: so true is the aphorism which

the great Englishman enounced, that the boy is father to the man. His genius was eminently commercial, and he was by no means deficient in practical arithmetic. This peculiar turn of mind displayed itself in his barterings for the small wares of school-boy merchandize—tops, apples and marbles, sometimes rising to the dignity of a pen-knife. In these exercises of infantile enterprise, it was observable that Simon always got the advantage in the trade; and in that sense of charity which conceals defects, he may be said to have always displayed that virtue to a considerable degree. The same love of enterprise early led him into games of hazard, such as push-pin, marbles, chuck-a-luck, heads and tails, and other like boyish pastimes, in which his ingenuity was rewarded by marked success. The vivacious and eager spirit of this gifted urchin sometimes evolved and put in practice, even in the presence of the master, expedients of such sort as served to enliven the proverbial monotony of scholastic confinement and study; such, for example, were the traps set for the unwary and heedless scholar, made by thrusting a string through the eye of a needle and passing it through holes in the school-bench—one end of the string being attached to the machinists leg, and so fixed, that by pulling the string, the needle would protrude through the further hole and into the person of the urchin sitting over it, to the great divertisement of the spectators of this innocent pastime. The holes being filled with soft putty, the needle was easily replaced and the point concealed, so that when the outcry of the victim was heard, Simon was diligently perusing his book, and the only consequence was a dismissal of the complaint and the amercement of the complainant, by the master, *pro falso clamore*. Beginning to be a little more boldly enterprising, the usual fortune of those who "conquer or excel mankind" befel our hero, and he was made the scape-goat of the school; all vagrant offences that could not be proved against any one else being visited upon him; a summary procedure, which, as Simon remarked, brought down genius to the level of blundering mediocrity, and made of no avail the most ingenious arts of deception and concealment. The master of the old field school was one of the regular faculty, who

had great faith in the old medicine for the eradication of moral diseases—the cutaneous tonic, as he called it—and repelled, with great scorn, the modern quackeries of kind encouragement and moral suasion. Accordingly, the flagellations and cuffs which Simon received were such and so many as to give him a high opinion of the powers of endurance, the recuperative energies, and the immense vitality of the human system. Simon tried, on one occasion, the experiment of fits; but Dominie Dobbs was inexorable; and as the fainting posture only exposed to the Dominie new and fresher points of attack, Simon was fain to unroll his eyes, draw up again his lower jaw, and come to. Simon, remarking in his moralizing way, upon the virtue of perseverance, has been heard to declare that he “lost that game” by being unable to keep from scratching during a space of three minutes and a half; which he would have accomplished, but for the Dominie’s touching him upon the raw, caused by riding a race bare backed the Sunday before.—“Upon what slender threads hang the greatest events!” Doubtless these experiences of young Suggs were not without effect upon so observing and sagacious an intellect. To them we may trace that strong republican bias and those fervid expressions in favor of democratic principles, which, all through life, and in the ranks of whatever party he might be found, he ever exhibited and made; and probably to the unfeeling, and sometimes unjust, inflictions of Dominie Dobbs, was he indebted for his devotion to that principle of criminal justice he so pertinaciously upheld, which requires full proof of guilt before it awards punishment.

We must pass over a few years in the life of Simon, who continued at school, growing in size and wisdom; and not more instructed by what he learned there, than by the valuable information which his reverend father gave him in the shape of his sage counsels and sharp experiences of the world and its ways and wiles. An event occurred in Simon’s fifteenth year, which dissolved the tie that bound him to his rustic *Alma Mater*, the only institution of letters which can boast of his connection with it. Dominie Dobbs, one Friday evening, shortly after the close of the labors of the scholastic week, was quietly

taking from a handkerchief in which he had placed it, a flask of powder; as he pressed the knot of the handkerchief, it pressed upon the slide of the flask, which, as it revolved, bore upon a lucifer match that ignited the powder; the explosion tore the handkerchief to pieces, and also one ear and three fingers of the Dominie’s right hand—those fingers that had wielded the birch upon young Simon with such effect. Suspicion fell on Simon, notwithstanding he was the first boy to leave the school that evening. This suspicion derived some corroboration from other facts; but the evidence was wholly circumstantial. No positive proof whatever connected Simon with this remarkable accident; but the characteristic prudence of the elder Suggs suggested the expediency of Simon’s leaving for a time a part of the country where character was held in so little esteem. Accordingly the influence of his father procured for Simon a situation in the neighboring county of Randolph, in the State of Alabama, near the gold mines, as clerk or assistant in a store for retailing spirituous liquors, which the owner, one Dixon Tripes, had set up for refreshment of the public, without troubling the County Court for a license. Here Simon was early initiated into a knowledge of men, in such situations as to present their characters nearly naked to the eye. The neighbors were in the habit of assembling at the grocery, almost every day, in considerable numbers, urged thereto by the attractions of the society, and the beverage there abounding; and games of various sorts added to the charms of conversation and social intercourse. It was the general rendezvous of the fast young gentlemen for ten miles around; and horse-racing, shooting-matches, quoit-pitching, cock-fighting and card-playing filled up the vacant hours between drinks.

In such choice society it may well be supposed that so sprightly a temper and so inquisitive a mind as Simon’s found congenial and delightful employment; and it was not long before his acquirements ranked him among the foremost in that select and spirited community. Although good at all the games mentioned, card-playing constituted his favorite amusement, not less for the excitement it afforded him, than for the rare

opportunity it gave him of studying the human character.

The skill he attained in measuring distances, was equal to that displayed in his youth, by his venerated father, insomuch that in any disputed question in pitching or shooting, to allow him to measure was to give him the match; while his proficiency "in arranging the papers"—vulgarly called stocking a pack—was nearly equal to sleight of hand. Having been appointed judge of a quarter race on one occasion, he decided in favor of one of the parties by three inches and a half; and such was the sense of the winner of Simon's judicial expertness and impartiality, that immediately after the decision was made, he took Simon behind the grocery and divided the purse with him. By means of the accumulation of his wonderful industry, Simon went forth with a somewhat heterogeneous assortment of plunder, to set up a traffic on his own account; naturally desiring a wider theatre, which he found in the city of Columbus in his native State. He returned to the paternal roof with an increased store of goods and experience from his sojourn in Alabama. Among other property he brought with him a small race mare which excited the acquisitiveness of his father; who, desiring an easier mode of acquisition than by purchase, proposed to stake a horse he had (the same he had swapped for, on the road to Montgomery, with the land speculator,) against Simon's mare, upon the issue of a game of *seven up*. Since the game of chess between Mr. Jefferson and the French Minister, which lasted three years, perhaps there never has been a more closely contested match than that between these keen, sagacious and practised sportsmen. It was played with all advantages; all the lights of science were shed upon that game. The old gentleman had the advantage of experience—the young of genius: it was the old foggy against young America. For a long time the result was dubious; as if Dame Fortune was unable or unwilling to decide between her favorites. The game stood *six and six*, and young Simon had the deal. Just as the deal commenced, after one of the most brilliant shuffles the senior had ever made, Simon carelessly laid down his tortoise-shell snuff-box on the table; and the father, af-

fecting *non chalance*; and inclining his head towards the box, in order to peep under as the cards were being dealt, took a pinch of snuff; the titillating restorative was strongly adulterated with cayenne pepper; the old foggy was compelled to sneeze; and just as he recovered from the concussion, the first object that met his eye was a Jack turning in Simon's hand. A struggle seemed to be going on in the old man's breast between a feeling of pride in his son and a sense of his individual loss. It soon ceased, however. The father congratulated his son upon his success, and swore that he was wasting his genius in a *retail* business of "shykeenry" when nature had designed him for the bar. To follow Simon through the eventful and checkered scenes of his nascent manhood, would be to enlarge this sketch to a volume. We must be content to state briefly, that such was the proficiency he made in the polite accomplishments of the day, and such the reputation he acquired in all those arts, which win success in legal practice, when thereto energetically applied, that many sagacious men predicted that *the law would yet elevate Simon to a prominent place in the public view*. In his twenty-first year, Simon, starting out with a single mare to trade in horses in the adjoining state of Alabama, returned, such was his success, with a drove of six horses and a mule, and among them the very mare he started with. These, with the exception of the mare, he converted into money; he had found her invincible in all trials of speed, and determined to keep her. Trying his fortune once more in Alabama, where he had been so eminently successful, Simon went to the city of Wetumpka, where he found the races about coming off. As his mare had too much reputation to get bets upon her, an ingenious idea struck Simon—it was to take bets, through an agent, *against* her, in favor of a long-legged horse, entered for the races. It was very plain to see that Simon's mare was bound to win if he let her. He backed his own mare openly, and got some trifling bets on her; and his agent was fortunate enough to pick up a green looking Georgia sucker, who bet with him the full amount left of Simon's "pile." The stakes were deposited in due form to the amount of some two thousand dollars. Simon was to

ride his own mare—wild Kate, as he called her—and he had determined to hold her back, so that the other horse should win. But the Georgian, having by accident overheard the conversation between Simon and his agent, before the race, cut the reins of Simon's bridle nearly through, but in so ingenious a manner, that the incision did not appear. The race came off as it had been arranged; and as Simon was carefully holding back his emulous filly, at the same time giving her whip and spur, as though he would have her do her best, the bridle broke under the strain; and the mare, released from check, flew to and past the goal like the wind, some three hundred yards ahead of the horse, upon the success of which, Simon had "piled" up so largely.

A shout of laughter like that which pursued Mazeppa, arose from the crowd, (to whom the Georgian had communicated the facts,) as Simon swept by, the involuntary winner of the race; and in that laugh, Simon heard the announcement of the discovery of his ingenious contrivance. He did not return.

Old Simon, when he heard of this counter-mine, fell into paroxysms of grief, which could not find consolation in less than a quart of red-eye. Heart stricken, the old patriarch exclaimed—"Oh! Simon! my son Simon! to be overcome in that way!—a Suggs to be humbugged! His own Jack to be taken outen his hand and turned on him! Oh! that I should ha lived to see this day!"

Proceeding to Montgomery, Simon found an opening on the thither side of a Faro table; and having disposed of the race mare for \$300, banked on this capital, but with small success. Mr. Suggs' opinion of the people of Montgomery was not high, they were fashioned on a very diminutive scale, he used to say, and degraded the national amusement by wagers, which an enterprising boy would scorn to hazard at push-pin. One Sam Boggs, a young lawyer "of that ilk," having been cleaned out of his entire stake of ten dollars, wished to continue the game on credit, and Simon gratified him, taking his law license in pawn for two dollars and a half: which pawn the aforesaid Samuel failed to redeem. Our prudent and careful adventurer filed away the sheepskin, think-

ing that sometime or other, he might be able to put it to good use.

The losses Simon had met with, and the unpromising prospects of gentlemen who lived on their wits, now that the hard times had set in, produced an awakening influence upon his conscience. He determined to abandon the nomadic life he had led, and to settle himself down to some regular business. He had long felt a call to the law, and he now resolved to "locate," and apply himself to the duties of that learned profession. Simon was not long in deciding upon a location. The spirited manner in which the State of Arkansas had repudiated a public debt of some \$500,000, gave him a favorable opinion of that people as a community of litigants, while the accounts which came teeming from that bright land, of murders and felonies innumerable, suggested the value of the criminal practice. He wended his way into that State, nor did he tarry until he reached the neighborhood of Fort Smith, a promising border town in the very *Ultima Thule of civilization*, such as it was, just on the confines of the Choctaw nation. It was in this region, in the village of Rackensack, that he put up his sign, and offered himself for practice. I shall not attempt to describe the population. It is indescribable. I shall only say that the Indians and half-breeds across the border complained of it mightily.

The motive for Simon's seeking so remote a location was that he might get in advance of his reputation—being laudably ambitious to acquire forensic distinction, he wished his fame as a lawyer to be independent of all extraneous and adventitious assistance. His first act in the practice was under the statute of *Jeo Fails*. It consisted of an amendment of the license he had got from Boggs, as before related; which amendment, was ingeniously effected by a careful erasure of the name of that gentleman, and the insertion of his own in the place of it. Having accomplished this feat, he presented it to the court, then in session, and was duly admitted an attorney and counsellor at law and solicitor in chancery.

There is a tone and spirit of morality attaching to the profession of the law so elevating and pervasive in its influence, as to work an almost instantaneous reformation in the

character and habits of its disciples. If this be not so, it was certainly a most singular coincidence that, just at the time of his adoption of this vocation, Simon abandoned the favorite pastimes of his youth, and the irregularities of his earlier years. Indeed, he has been heard to declare that any lawyer, fulfilling conscientiously the duties of his profession, will find enough to employ all his resources of art, stratagem and dexterity, without resorting to other and more equivocal methods for their exercise.

It was not long before Simon's genius began to find occasions and opportunities of exhibition. When he first came to the bar, there were but seven suits on the docket: two of those being appeals from a justice's court. In the course of six months, so indefatigable was he in instructing clients, as to their rights, the number of suits grew to forty. Simon—or as he was now called—*Colonel Suggs*, determined on winning reputation in a most effective branch of practice—one that he shrewdly perceived was too much neglected by the profession—the branch of preparing cases *out of court* for trial. While other lawyers were busy in getting up the law of their cases, the Colonel was no less busy in getting up the facts of his.

One of the most successful of Col. Suggs' efforts was in behalf of his landlady, in whom he felt a warm and decided interest. She had been living for many years in ignorant contentedness, with an indolent, easy natured man, her husband, who was not managing her separate estate, consisting of a plantation and about twenty negroes, and some town property, with much thrift. The lady was buxom and gay; and the union of the couple was unblest with children. By the most insinuating manners, Col. Suggs at length succeeded in opening the lady's eyes to a true sense of her hapless condition, and the danger in which her property was placed, from the improvident habits of her spouse; and, having ingeniously deceived the unsuspecting husband into some suspicious appearances, which were duly observed by a witness or two provided for the purpose, he soon prevailed upon his fair hostess to file a bill for divorce; which she readily procured under the Colonel's auspices. Under the

pretence of protecting her property from the claims of her husband's creditors, the Colonel was kind enough to take a conveyance of it to himself; and, shortly afterwards, the fair libellant: by which means, he secured himself from those distracting cares which beset the young legal practitioner, who stands in immediate need of the wherewithal.

Col. Suggs' prospects now greatly improved, and he saw before him an extended field of usefulness. The whole community felt the effects of his activity. Long dormant claims came to light; and rights, of the very existence of which, suitors were not before aware, were brought into practical assertion. From restlessness and inactivity, the population became excited, inquisitive and intelligent, as to the laws of their country: and the ruinous effects of servile acquiescence in wrong and oppression, were averted.

The fault of lawyers in preparing their cases was too generally a dilatoriness of movement, which sometimes deferred until it was too late, the creating of the proper impression upon the minds of the jury. This was not the fault of Col. Suggs: he always took time by the forelock. Instead of waiting to create prejudices in the minds of the jury, until they were in the box, or deferring until then the arts of persuasion, he waited upon them before they were empanelled; and he always succeeded better at that time, as they had not then received an improper bias from the testimony. In a case of any importance, he always managed to have his friends in the court room, so that when any of the jurors were challenged, he might have their places filled by good men and true: and, although this increased his expenses considerably, by a large annual bill at the grocery, he never regretted any expense, either of time, labor or money, necessary to success in his business. Such was his zeal for his clients!

He was in the habit, too, of free correspondence with the opposite party, which enabled him at once to conduct his case with better advantage, and to supply any omissions or chasms in the proof: and so far did he carry the habit of testifying in his own cases, that his clients were always assured that in employing him, they were procuring counsel and witness at the same time, and by

the same retainer. By a very easy process, he secured a large debt barred by the statute of limitations, and completely circumvented a fraudulent defendant who was about to avail himself of that mendacious defence. He ante-dated the writ, and thus brought the case clear of the statute.

One of the most harrassing annoyances that were inflicted upon the emigrant community around him, was the revival of old claims contracted in the State from which they came, and which the Shylocks holding them, although they well knew that the pretended debtors had, expressly in consideration of getting rid of them, put themselves to the pains of exile and to the losses and discomforts of leaving their old homes and settling in a new country, in fraudulent violation of this object, were ruinously seeking to enforce, even to the deprivation of the property of the citizen. In one instance, a cashier of a Bank in Alabama brought on claims against some of the best citizens of the country, to a large amount, and instituted suits on them. Col. Suggs was retained to defend them. The cashier, a venerable looking old gentleman, who had extorted promises of payment, or at least had heard from the debtors promises of payment, which their necessitous circumstances had extorted, but to which he well knew they did not attach much importance, was waiting to become a witness against them. Col. Suggs so concerted operations, as to have some half dozen of the most worthless of the population follow the old gentleman about whenever he went out of doors, and to be seen with him on various occasions; and busying himself in circulating through the community, divers reports disparaging the reputation of the witness, got the cases ready for trial. It was agreed that *one* verdict should settle all the cases. The defendant pleaded the statute of limitations; and to do away with the effect of it, the plaintiff offered the cashier as a witness. Not a single question was asked on cross-examination; but a smile of derision, which was accompanied by a foreordained titter behind the bar, was visible on the faces of Simon and his client, as he testified. The defendant then offered a dozen or more witnesses, who, much to the surprise of the venerable cashier, discredited him; and the jury, without leaving the box, found a verdict for

the defendant. The cashier was about moving for a new trial, when, it being intimated to him that a warrant was about to be issued for his apprehension on a charge of perjury, he concluded not to see the result of such a process, and indignantly left the country.

The criminal practice, especially, fascinated the regards and engaged the attention of Col. Suggs as a department of his profession, calling into the fullest exercise his genius and energies. He soon became acquainted with all the arts and contrivances by which public justice is circumvented. Indictments that could not be quashed, were sometimes mysteriously out of the way; and the clerk had occasion to reproach his carelessness in not filing them in the proper places, when, some days after cases had been dismissed for the want of them, they were discovered by him in some old file, or among the executions. He was requested, or rather he volunteered in one capital case, to draw a recognizance for a committing magistrate, as he (Suggs) was idly looking on, not being concerned in the trial, and so felicitously did he happen to introduce the negative particle in the condition of the bond, that he bound the defendant, under a heavy penalty, "*not*" to appear at court and answer to the charge; which appearance, doubtless, much against his will, and merely to save his sureties, the defendant proceeded faithfully not to make.

Col. Suggs also extricated a client and his sureties from a forfeited recognizance, by having the defaulting defendant's obituary notice somewhat prematurely inserted in the newspapers; the solicitor, seeing which, discontinued proceedings; for which service the deceased, immediately after the adjournment of court, returned to the officer his personal acknowledgements: "not that," as he expressed it, "it mattered anything to him personally, but because it *would have aggravated the feelings* of his friends he had left behind him, to of let the thing rip arter he was de-funct."

The most difficult case Col. Suggs ever had to manage, was to extricate a client from jail, after sentence of death had been passed upon him. But difficulties, so far from discouraging him, only had the effect of stimulating his energies. He procured the aid of a young physician in the premises—the prisoner was

suddenly taken ill—the physician pronounced the disease small pox. The wife of the prisoner, with true womanly devotion, attended on him. The prisoner, after a few days, was reported dead, and the doctor gave out that it would be dangerous to approach the corpse. A coffin was brought into the jail, and the wife was put into it by the physician—she being enveloped in her husband's clothes. The coffin was put in a cart and driven off—the husband, habited in the woman's apparel, following after, mourning piteously, until getting out of the village, he disappeared in the thicket, where he found a horse prepared for him. The wife obstinately refused to be buried in the husband's place when she got to the grave; but the mistake was discovered too late for the recapture of the prisoner.

The tact and address of Col. Suggs opposed such obstacles to the enforcement of the criminal law in that part of the country, that, following the example of the English government, when Irish patriotism begins to create annoyances, the state naturally felt anxious to engage his services in its behalf. Accordingly, at the meeting of the Arkansas legislature, at its session of 184—, so soon as the matter of the killing a member on the floor of the house, by the speaker, with a Bowie knife, was disposed of by a resolution of mild censure, for imprudent precipitancy, Simon Suggs, Jr., Esquire, was elected solicitor for the Rackensack district. Col. Suggs brought to the discharge of the duties of his office energies as unimpaired and vigorous as in the days of his first practice; and entered upon it with a mind free from the vexations of domestic cares, having procured a divorce from his wife on the ground of infidelity, but magnanimously giving her one of the negroes, and a horse, saddle and bridle.

The business of the State now flourished beyond all precedent. Indictments multiplied: and though many of them were not tried—the solicitor discovering, after the finding of them, as he honestly confessed to the court, that the evidence would not support them: yet, the Colonel could well say, with an eminent English barrister, that if he tried fewer cases in court, he settled more cases out of court than any other counsel.

The marriage of Col. Suggs, some three years after his appointment of solicitor, with

the lovely and accomplished Che-wee-na-tubbe, daughter of a distinguished prophet and warrior, and head-man of the neighboring territory of the Choctaw Indians, induced his removal into that beautiful and improving country. His talents and connections at once raised him to the councils of that interesting people; and he received the appointment of agent for the settlement of claims on the part of that tribe, and particular individuals of it, upon the treasury of the United States. This responsible and lucrative office now engages the time and talents of Col. Suggs, who may be seen every winter at Washington, faithfully and laboriously engaged with members of Congress and in the departments, urging the matters of his mission upon the dull sense of the Janitors of the Federal Treasury.

May his shadow never grow less; and may the Indians live to get their dividends of the arrears paid to their agent!

THE SIBYL.

BY SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY.

The fire-light flickered faintly on the walls
Of the dim cavern:—in the fitful gleam
The rough projections started boldly forth
From the grey rocks, and sudden disappeared
Like phantoms in the darkness. All around
Swiftly and silently the shadows danced
A mystic measure:—pendent from the roof
The many-colored crystals darted forth
A rainbow light,—and as some straggling ray
Streamed forth into the darkness, back there shot
A starry radiance, like the watchful eyes
Of spirits lurking 'mid the distant gloom.

She sat beside the embers, and the light
Revealed the perfect beauty of her form
Scarce veiled beneath the slight and gossamer robe
Clasped on her ivory shoulder by the gem
Of mystic opal stone. Her face was young,—
Young, but intensely mournful. On her brow,
Pure as the Parian stone was stamped the spell
Of intellect, and in her earnest eye
An inspiration gleamed, as though the soul
Rapt in a spell of voiceless ecstasy
Shone forth amid its brightness. Still she sat,
And in her slender fingers grasped the pen
Suspended o'er the mystic scroll that lay
Unrolled upon her knee.

She spoke at length,
And strangely sweet the thrilling tones arose
Through the dim cavern,—earnest, soft, and clear,—
Floating and falling with a silver sound.

"Come at my call, sweet spirits! Lo, my soul
Hath cast aside the influence of earth
And stands serene in native purity
Waiting your presence. Come, ye holy ones!
For I would question dim futurity
And read its hidden secrets. Come to me!
No thought of earth is on my spirit now,
But calm and holy with intense devotion
And thoughts that elevate the soul from earth
And low mortality, my soul awaits
Your coming. Lo, my spirit is athirst
For knowledge, deeper knowledge! I would read
The hidden secrets of the Universe,
The mystery of Creation;—would unseal
The wondrous book of fate, where lie inscribed
The things that are to be, and deeply pore
Upon its sacred page. I cannot rest
With this thick darkness weighing on my sight—
This mist of dull mortality that veils
The glorious radiance of the spirit-world,
The soul's own native home. Sweet spirits, come
With your clear revelations like the dawn,
The still-increasing dawn of morning light
Upon a darkened world. Yea, though it bring
A curse upon my spirit, I would still
Implore the boon. For glory such as this
Who would not dare to yield existence up
And be no more!

Ye come—ye come!

I feel your presence round me, by the spell
Of inspiration o'er my spirit shed
Solemn, and deep, and still! As when a flood
Of gorgeous radiance from some western cloud
Streams through the temple's stillness, lighting up
Its altar into glory: or when soft
The passing of the wind—God's viewless wing
Awakes the chords of some neglected lyre
That long hath hung suspended in the dome
Of some mysterious and deserted fane
To sweet and solemn music. Lo! the strain
Rises and swells and deepens, 'till my soul
Thrills to its rapturous breathings with a sense
Of most unearthly sweetness! Oh, for power
To cast aside this dull humanity,
This clinging weight of clay, and soar afar
In proud unfettered freedom, e'en as ye,
Ye glorious ones! To seek with ye a realm
Of deathless beauty, where my soul might soar
Through space illimitable, basking still
In holiness and beauty, such as oft
My yearning dreams have pictured. Yea, I would
That such a power were mine! My soul grows faint
Beneath the burden of its own deep thoughts—
Its haunting dreams and visions;—yearning e'er
For something upon which it may pour forth
Its fulness, and win back an answering tone
Of deeper holiness.

'Tis over now—

The light hath fled, the presence all passed by,
And on my fainting spirit falls the weight
Of solitude and silence. 'Tis in vain
To seek to satisfy my woman's heart
With high communion with immortal things,
Whose mystic life is too remote from mine
To mingle with it freely. Still I stand
Apart from them, apart from earthly things,—
Alone, alone—yea, utterly alone!

Oh human heart, and oh, immortal soul,
That bound together by so frail a tie,
Still struggle each to gain your element,
How clings the one to tender human love—
How soars the other to empyrean heights,
Whence earthliness withholds it! E'en as though
The spirit of a timid dove were bound
Within an Eagle's breast. But yet, afar,
Through the dim vista of unnumbered years
I see the gathered clouds roll slowly back—
I hear a voice revealing of a time,
When all that was, and is, and is to be
Of love, and truth, and beauty shall be given
To satisfy this high immortal thirst
Which earth may never still. And in this faith
I bear, I strive, I bow not to the dust,
But stand serenely with a soul elate
To grasp the joy whose radiance when found
Shall cast a glory round me, shutting out
The gloom that hath been and shall be no more!

Richmond.

POETRY AND RELIGION.

No. XII.

*Deviations of Modern Literature from the
Christian Standard—Works of Gross Immo-
rality—Works of Pleasure and Amuse-
ment—Caricatures of Religion—Adoption
of a low and defective standard of Moral
Duty—The Literature of Social Progress
and Philanthropic Reform.*

The subordination and conformity to Chris-
tian truth, on which we have insisted, as the
high responsibility of genius, instead of be-
ing a state of degrading enthrallment, is, on
the contrary, the only possible condition of
enlarged and ample liberty. The poet in
such a case, is not tied down to what may be
termed "the narrow dogmas of a creed, or
the stale superstitions of a sect." Nor is the
province of polite literature limited to the
formal outlines of a theological system.
There need be no direct reference to the pe-
culiar doctrines of Christianity. These may
be omitted as themes peculiar to the pulpit;
and yet this coincidence and harmony be
fully maintained between the productions of
genius and the principles of Christianity.
We may walk in the light of the sun, and
witness the form and color of objects as re-
vealed by that light, without referring at the

same time, to the laws of the solar system, or investigating at each step, the science of astronomy. Nor would any one, in the exercise of his reason, complain that the light thus necessary for his guidance, impaired or limited the free scope of his vision. Christ, the Divine Teacher, is the light of the world. The gospel is the central luminary, suspended by the hand of God on high, to shed its beams over the darkness of earth, so that objects, which were dim, doubtful, or invisible, to the organs of sense and the discernment of reason, stand forth disclosed under that superadded revelation, which has "brought life and immortality to light." Now, the obvious and entire duty of the poet consists simply in representing objects in his appropriate department, just as they appear under the disclosures of this heavenly light; or, in other words, just as they are in reality.

The authors of our polite literature, for the most part, do assume an attitude of avowed hostility to the gospel. Were they decided infidels, their deviations from the Christian standard would at least be consistent with their character. But a more pernicious policy is pursued by those who admit the divine authority of the Christian system; but who practically disregard its inspired communications, while they advance sentiments alien and even hostile to its spirit, without seeming to be conscious of such startling inconsistency. An enlightened Christian judgment must, however, demand, as an indispensable condition of its approval of any production of genius, calculated to influence the tastes and feelings of mankind, the most exact conformity to the spirit and sentiments of the Christian religion. How large a proportion of the elegant literature, circulated and read in our own land, must excite painful emotions and melancholy anticipations in the mind of a sincere believer in the religion of Christ!

1. There is a class of works, not only anti-Christian, but openly and daringly *immoral* in their tendency. These generally assume the form of fiction. Their chief interest consists in the intricacy of the plot or story, conducted through a series of surprising events and startling coincidences. Their grand aim is to patronize crime and pander to lust. The fundamental maxim of their creed is, "the impulse of passion and the

force of circumstances justify all actions to which they incline." This general principle pervades this whole class of corrupt literature. Adopting this perverse maxim, these writers proceed to erect a superstructure of fiction for its habitation. They employ their descriptive and inventive powers to paint the workings of passion, in all the glowing ardour of its excitement, associated at the same time with certain generous or chivalrous qualities, that give relief to the picture and fascinate the sympathies of the reader. They describe propitious scenes, and combine the circumstances in the history, so as to form a suitable occasion for the triumph of temptation. The leading characters in such works of fiction, are mostly selected from certain reprobated ranks of society. And instead of representing them as suffering under the providential penalty of their own misdeeds; the attempt is made rather to represent them as objects of commiseration—as the victims of passion and the slaves of circumstance. Their passions prompt perpetual outrage on the relations of society, and society, in self-defence, repels such destructive elements. Hence, in the inevitable conflict which ensues, the whole blame of the result is thrown upon the institutions of society. Such *superior* natures are hampered, harrassed, and hurried headlong into reckless violence, by the tame compliances of social life! They sin and they suffer because they are oppressed! In this literature of lust and license, we accordingly find, that almost every social virtue is, in its turn, traduced and villified, in order to vindicate the opposite vice. The tenderest ties of nature—the most sacred relations of human life, are reproached and dishonored, in order to extenuate the lawless passions by which they are assailed. Virgin chastity and conjugal fidelity are stigmatised in order to redeem from merited disgrace the crimes of the prostitute and the adulteress. The violation of marriage vows is justified by describing the dreary and desolate doom of some fair victim, sacrificed by parental authority, or the more indefinite tyranny of circumstances, on the hymenial altar—joined in law, but not in heart, to some uncongenial and irksome companion; inhabiting a cold and cheerless home; pining and drooping in the loneliness of despair; until at length some

more fascinating lover breaks like sunlight upon the scene; dispels the shadows from her heart, and illuminates her whole being with the glow of a new life. Then follow a series of stolen interviews—the secret compact—and the final elopement. Again, perhaps, the guilt of the painted prostitute is palliated and excused by describing the captivating person and seducing arts of some faithless lover, who ensnares and then betrays the affections of his confiding victim. The different stages in the process of beguilement are set forth; and when the spell is complete—the hour, the scene, the persuasion and the yielding impulse are all vividly portrayed. And after the first fatal step has been taken, the victim of shame is represented as shut out from all return to virtue, by an unjust and unrelenting public sentiment.

But why continue a description of that depraved literature, which perverts the decrees of reason and conscience; which reverses the laws of nature and providence; which exalts licentiousness and vice, and degrades virtue and piety; which elevates rogues and ruffians, debauchers and desperadoes above the ruins of disorganized society? It is an honor to our country to state that the literature of this description, circulated in our midst, is almost entirely of foreign production. The greater portion of it is of French origin. An image of the national character, instead of a model to win our admiration, it should prove a beacon to warn us of danger. Unhappy nation! Blessed with brilliant gifts, but cursed by a wretched destiny! With a bloody history of revolutions in the past—the present a scene of trembling suspense, with elements of disorder suppressed but not subdued, overawed into temporary silence by threatening military power—the future, what it shall be, no prophet has dared to predict. Vain, volatile, fluctuating, fantastic and yet gifted people! What oracle can solve the mystery of your career? What causes can be assigned for the contradictions in your history? Shall they be traced to the peculiar constitutional temperament of the people, as sanguine, excitable and prone to extremes? We find they are composed of common flesh and blood, and exhibit nothing singular in their physical organization. No, the causes lie deeper than the viens and arteries of the

physical frame, veiled in the secret fountains of their moral nature. France, with her heroes, poets and philosophers; with her priests, superstitions and temples; with her arts, palaces and monuments; with all her Babel jargon of “liberty, fraternity and equality;” France is yet a nation of infidels! with all the elements of social life, sensuous, sordid and self-conflicting; shrouded in earthliness, and shut out from the air and the light of heaven; with no abiding sense of moral obligation; with no supreme law of conscience; with no elevating, sustaining and satisfying religious faith: long since has her doom been recorded—“*Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel!*”

2. Another classification of literature consists of what are termed *works of pleasure and amusement—entertaining but innocent*. Their claim of innocence may, perhaps, be conceded to this extent; that they avoid making a direct assault on any one of the social virtues: but, while yielding this concession, we are compelled to object to faults of another kind, as chargeable on this class of literature. A grand moral error, inseparable from such works, is an undue prominence given to pleasure as an object of pursuit. Connected with this error is another, viz: a fatal mistake as to what constitutes true pleasure. That there is an innocent diversion of mind, no one but a morose ascetic will for a moment deny. But this diversion should be to the mind, what relaxation is to the body, an occasional relief from the more severe labors of life. But, if life itself is converted into a holiday; if the mind has no higher aim than pleasure, and the body no other employment than the gratification of its senses; then nature itself, in maintaining such an unnatural system of life, is forced to the necessity of obtaining variety and zest in its enjoyment, by adopting artificial, stimulating and destructive ingredients, and pursuing a career of dissipation and profligacy, disastrous alike to the health of the body and the happiness of the mind. Man was not placed in this world merely to be diverted: and he who makes diversion his only aim in life, sacrifices both his duty and his happiness. Pleasure, when innocent, is always subordinate to duty: and he who holds duty supreme, takes the only course to secure real and permanent plea-

sure. Here, then, is the grand defect of the class of writers under consideration. They make pleasure the great end of life; and they fail to discriminate between true and false pleasure. They take for granted, that pleasure is the chief good—the “one thing needful;” and they do not pause to inquire how it stands related to other interests; or to ask even if there be any interest apart from this. Nor do they deem it incumbent on them to ascertain what qualities are necessary to constitute true pleasure. This is not their office. They do not aspire to be teachers and guides, that they may instruct mankind what paths to choose and what to avoid. They aim only to be entertaining and amusing companions, to divert the tedium of the journey. It is not their part to correct the tastes and tendencies of the age. They must consult the popular taste, and fall in with the fashionable current, in order to render themselves as agreeable and pleasant as possible. They are well aware, too, what kind of entertainment the public taste demands. They know that in this reading age, most men read, not to be instructed and edified, but to be amused and diverted—that they desire to find in books, not a sound, rational, and above all, not a religious entertainment; but wit, humor, novelty and a gay variety of painted scenes and images, passing like a comic panorama before the eye. In furnishing a supply for this public demand, they ply their colors to paint amusing caricatures or hideous distortions of truth and nature. If they are admonished that there are other and higher interests, which are sacrificed by this indiscriminate and exclusive devotion to mere amusement; that it is indulged to the neglect of moral duty, and at the expense of rational happiness; inasmuch as it excludes that serious reflection which is indispensable to the knowledge of our duty, and maintains a frivolity of spirit, which is inconsistent with the experience of happiness, they will profess to be unable to discriminate in such subtle casuistry—they will say that a benevolent Creator doubtless designed that man should find enjoyment in life, and that any form of pleasure would be more agreeable to his will than habits of gloom and moping melancholy.

* Thus tell such men, that pleasure all their bent,
And laughter all their work in life mispent;

Their wisdom bursts into this sage reply,
Then mirth is sin and we should always cry,
To find the medium asks some share of wit,
And therefore 'tis a mark fools never hit.”

With them, pleasure is everything or nothing. A proper medium, a due proportion, and a subordinate relation to other interests, are conditions which they cannot conceive in their application to this subject. They see only the two extremes of incessant gaiety and unalleviated gloom; and the whole world to them, is divided into but two classes, the devotees of pleasure and the victims of sorrow.

But what are the sources of this vaunted pleasure? Buoyancy of animal spirits, successive scenes of festive mirth, and a uniform frivolity of mind easily diverted and averse to habits of serious thought. This is the sum of all its attributes. How unworthy the character of a rational being! How incapable of satisfying the thirst of an immortal spirit! How entirely opposed to the attainment of that pure and permanent pleasure which Christianity proffers to our acceptance! The one awakens the soul to the right exercise of its rational and moral powers, opens its vision on the surrounding scene, enables it to triumph over the evils of life, and draw its light and animation from an unfailing source. The other suspends the powers of the soul, blinds the mind to the inevitable realities of life, assumes a gay delusion which hides the features of truth, and a levity of spirit which shakes off the impressions of duty. The one is an ever-flowing stream, springing from perennial fountains, sparkling here and there in many a sportive eddy, but still rolling on, spreading fertility and beauty in its course, and growing broader and deeper as it flows on forever. The other is an artificial reservoir, confined in its position, fed by temporary supplies, liable at any moment to escape by a sudden rupture of its embankment; or, if retained, it is only to grow putrid from stagnation, and exhale in deadly vapours under a blasting sun.

Now, these two systems of pleasure are obviously opposed to each other in their very nature. The very habits of mind and traits of character, which these amusing writers encourage and confirm, involve a permanent hostility to that entire scheme of happiness

which is founded on rational and Christian principles.

Nor is it merely a passive enmity of nature by which this vain system of pleasure stands opposed to Christianity. It breaks forth in direct and aggressive hostility. Destitute of resources within itself, it makes predatory incursions on the sacred territory of truth, and converts the most awful solemnities of religion into subjects of mockery and sport. One of the most common instruments employed by these writers, is *ridicule*—a weapon most effective in the defence of prejudice, whatever may be its pretended value as a test of truth. This is a mere pretence, however, without a shadow of reason for its support; for it can be maintained only on the supposition that the blind prejudices of the multitude and the reigning fashions of the hour are in every instance identical with truth. For where lies the sense of ridicule? Not in opposition to abstract truth; but in opposition to the existing current of popular sympathy. This imparts oddity to an event, and absurdity to an opinion. This gives authority to a sneer, and currency to a laugh. What, then, are the conditions of ridicule? Power of fancy to represent an object in a grotesque position; an arrogance of spirit, which dares to despise it; and a coincidence of public sentiment, which sustains the act and echoes the laugh. Again, to what feeling does ridicule make its appeal, but a feeling of shame? And what occasions shame, but a regard to public sentiment? Then, to make existing public sentiment a test of truth, would render truth a mereameleon. Instead of being immutable in its nature, it would change its colour and form with every change of location. For not only in dress and diet, but in conduct and character, that which is the extreme of absurdity in one community, is the sublime of dignity in another.

Such is the nature of the instrument chiefly used by writers of amusement.

They deal extensively in *caricature*. And where do they generally find their materials? What class of subjects do they select for the exercise of their ridicule? Errors that are popular? Vices that are fashionable? The various forms of cant and hypocrisy that pre-temptable conduct; while men of the world,

vail in the more polite and polished circles of society? Folly and guilt in any of the high places of the world? Ah, no; *that* would be rather too *serious* an affair! There is influence—patronage—power to affect popularity in such quarters. The founders of fashion, the oracles of taste, the connoisseurs of refinement preside in these departments. The laugh might be turned against us. It would be more prudent to let them alone. So reason these polite authors. They turn to the Christian church, and select the peculiarities of Christian character, as the most suitable subjects for satire. Here they find fair game and an open field. Here caricature may paint its distortions, and waggyery may twirl its grimace and ape its attitudes, not only with impunity to themselves, but to the infinite amusement of those gay and polished circles, whose propitious smile is so essential to literary reputation.

Let any one revert in memory to the list of works of fiction which he has read, and then ask himself how many of the specimens of Christian character introduced in such works have been faithful likenesses; and how many have been disgusting caricatures. And he will, perhaps, be surprised at the result. The Christian name is represented as concealing, under a mask of outward devotion, a character of malignity, or worldliness, or sensuality: and even when the outward profession is not made the veil of hypocrisy, it is openly associated with a character of fierce fanaticism, or contracted bigotry, or superstitious credulity, or ignorant stupidity. If a priest or parson be introduced, he is either some darkscheming scoundrel, or some effeminate fop of fashion, or some rubicund and rogering boon companion of the bottle, the card table and the fox chase; or some fanatical stickler for creeds and dogmas; or some devout ignoramus, whose piety, though sincere, excites pity instead of respect. Now, we admit that there are exceptions to this description; but they are so rare, as to be only exceptions to a general rule. The Christian name is generally associated with some psalm-singing, sour-visaged, sanctimonious pretender to piety, with a jargon of religious cant, whose character exhibits the most unlovely and distorted features, and whose life displays the most vile and con-

who make no pretension to piety, are set off in contrast with every noble and generous trait of character, and all high minded and honorable actions of life.

Now, it is true, it may be replied to all this, that such unworthy characters have existed in the Christian church; and the apology of Burns for his satires on religion, may be adopted—

"To stigmatise false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee."

But, we ask, why are evil examples *so generally* introduced, and worthy ones *so rarely*? Is there any *caveat* or any intimation implied or expressed, that these examples were intended to represent only "false friends" and insincere pretenders to piety? Is there any thing in the *manner* in which they are introduced, to show that it was designed "to stigmatise" *them*, in order to relieve religion from the odium of their example? Or rather, does not the whole spirit of the performance indicate the deliberate purpose to injure the cause of religion, by means of their example? At all events, whether intended or not, the practical result of such representations is to bring Christian piety into contempt—to identify the sincere devotion of an honest heart, and the straight forward consistency of Christian principle, with superstitious cant and sanctimonious hypocrisy; and to induce irreligious men to feel contented and secure in their neglect of the whole subject of religion.

But in many instances, such writers go even beyond the point of ridiculing the Christian name and profession. They make the solemn doctrines of Christianity subjects of caricature and profane burlesque. They do this by expressing the truth in the cant phrase of vulgar ignorance, so as to clothe it in an aspect of absurdity, or by associating the truth with some low allusion or ludicrous image; or by extending the limits of the truth to some extreme of evident extravagance, or blending it in association with foreign and opposite ideas: little thinking that this absurd, distorted, fantastic image, which they have conjured up as a phantom of human superstition, is nevertheless but a caricature of a divine reality, which, in a different form, is revealed in direct terms again and again, in

that Book which, many of them at least, acknowledge to be the word of God.

3. The greater portion of polite literature is chargeable with a general fault, which includes a variety of departures from the Christian system. This is *the assumption of a low and defective standard of moral duty*. These writers do not acknowledge the obligation of the divine law, in the full extent of its requirements. They limit their ideas of duty to a class of mere social virtues. The duties which arise from our relations to God—the high and peculiar duties of religion, are practically disowned. This is not merely as a matter of omission, which arises from confining the attention to one class of duties, while a higher department is left to the supervision of other teachers. There is a silent assumption that these higher moral duties have no existence, or at least no practical obligation. The virtues patronised by polite literature, have consequently no reference to the character of God. Not only is the first great class of spiritual duties discarded, but the grand source of all obligation and the right motive of all obedience are disowned; and a set of mere human and social virtues is regarded as the sum of all our duties. These are not held as parts, connected with a vast system; but as complete substitutes for the entire moral law.

This grand defect in the moral teachings of polite literature, leads to a number of departures from the Christian system. The false standard of duty thus assumed, produces false and flattering views of personal character—involves self-ignorance—conceals the evil nature of sin—blinds the mind of man to his true moral attitude—hides the alienation of his nature from God and the corruption of his heart. Ignorant of the true nature and extent of his moral obligations—the high and holy standard of God's law out of view, he perceives not in contrast the depth of his fall or the distance of his wanderings. In a word, he is thus lulled into a fatal delusion as to those prevailing moral evils, to which the gospel of Christ brings the only appropriate and adequate remedy. Unconscious of guilt, he rejects the atonement. Ignorant of his moral weakness, he seeks not the needful grace to quicken, to sustain and to save.

Rejecting thus the remedies of the gospel,

even the partial and seeming virtues which may exist, are composed of qualities foreign to the elements of Christian character. The virtues of the one are humble, gentle, patient, prayerful and aspiring. Those of the other are proud, passionate, revengeful, self-righteous, self-dependent, and stationary.

4. We shall conclude the present article by adverting to a recent type or classification of literature, which, in its character and results, is decidedly antagonistic to the religion of Christ. It may be styled *the literature of social progress and philanthropic reform*. The ancient arts of the demagogue and the political agitator, are going out of date. An improved policy has been adopted. The restless advocates of reform and revolution, not content with straining their heated lungs in loud harangues to gaping crowds from the stump, the hustings or the rostrum of anniversary jubilees, have selected a new instrument of success; have brought the press into their service; have constrained taste, genius and poetry to minister in their cause; and have perverted polite literature to become a channel of their communications with the public. The authors of the new type of literature are a mongrel herd,—a motley class of various shades of opinion and belief; alike in the prominent outlines of character, and differing only in the degree and intensity of their generic development. We find Agrarians, Socialists, political revolutionists, radical reformers of social evil, pantheists, atheists, and nominal Christians, all mixed in homogeneous amalgamation of spirit—all blended in a common brotherhood of benevolence. Their only difference consists in being stationed at different points along a line of *progress* in the same direction. They are alike in spirit, in principle, in policy, in the means employed, and the ends proposed; and, *in all these respects, alike in their opposition to the religion of Christ*.

One common feature of this general class is a practical disregard of the authority of the Bible: some indeed openly disown it as a *divine* revelation and so far act honestly. Others, however, acknowledge it to be the word of God; but from what motive they do so cannot be readily discerned, unless it be to avoid the labour of finding reasons to justify its rejection, or to escape the shame of

rejecting it without reason. But they practically recognize its authority *only so far* as it coincides with their opinions, and sanctions their policy. This, however, is not invariably the case. And when the word of God conflicts with their principles and policy, they either evade it by a forced interpretation, or reject it as a spurious insertion in the sacred canon, or pronounce it obsolete and superseded by subsequent progress in religious knowledge and the developments of the age. Some have even gone so far in the penetration of their enlightenment, as to avow the conviction that had Christ lived in the present age of steam and electricity, and enjoyed all its advantages, he would have taken different views of many important subjects from those which he expressed while on the earth. In a word, he would have thought as they do, been of their party and adopted their measures; and *therefore* they feel entitled to plead his authority for their opinions, and to call themselves Christians!

But let not our meaning be misapprehended. Let it not for a moment be imagined, that Christianity is opposed to social reform and the progressive enlightenment and elevation of mankind; and that *on this account* it conflicts with the teachings and tendencies of these self-elected and self-styled reformers of the day. On the contrary, the gospel of Christ is the true and only efficient agent of genuine amelioration in the character or condition of man, and *therefore* it opposes these specious counterfeits and showy impostures. It is an emanation of infinite wisdom and love—an embodiment of divine benevolence. It taught the first lesson of true liberty to the world. It first conveyed to man correct ideas of the proper dignity of his nature. It brought the first tidings of encouragement and hope to the poor, the ignorant and the oppressed. Animated by the true spirit and adopting the proper plan of benevolence, it has pursued its silent and steady march, while just laws and liberal governments, social order and domestic happiness, the arts of peace and the luxuries of refinement, enlightened civilization and elevated humanity, have attended its career and attested its triumphs. But the radical reformers of the day have no sympathy with such a spirit, and no coöperation with such

a policy. Many of them, it is true, bear the Christian name, and are connected with the Christian church. Some are even ministers of the gospel: but they use their religion for other purposes. They look to the church for something else. When any thing is to be done in the shape of benevolent enterprise, or social reform, or of setting the world to rights in a general way, they forthwith forsake the church—seek some new platform—organize some special association of kindred spirits—collect a crowd—get up an excitement—speak—write—abuse—rail, and shout huzzas in anticipation of speedy triumph.

It would be unjust to apply an indiscriminate condemnation to an entire class. Among them may be sincere, but deluded individuals—men, who, themselves delivered from the dominion of evil passions, cherish a real, but misdirected sympathy for the afflicted and oppressed—misled by an aspect of romance which invests certain Utopian schemes of benevolence. But, in schemes of this character, such facilities are afforded for diverting attention from the wants of their own nature, and the duties of their own sphere—the miseries in reach of their relief and the sins that lie at their very door—such ample vent is given to the restless and turbulent passions of a disordered mind—such plausible disguises are supplied by which to cloak malignant tempers and unholy aims, under a character of liberal zeal and large-souled benevolence; and so cheap a reputation for heroism is offered to the champion of oppressed humanity, who only swims with the tide of popular phrensy, and shouts the war-cry of the maddened multitude, “agitate—overthrow—disorganize!”—that it would be no breach of charity to apply the term *diabolical* to that spirit of reckless, raving, riot-breeding radicalism, which in certain quarters rules the day. Look at its characteristic features, and call it Christian if you can? Look at its inevitable results, and you will hesitate even to call it human. But call it what you may, in its spirit and form, in its principles and policy, in its motives and measures, in its aims and results, in every feature of its character, and every step of its career, it displays a direct and decided hostility to the religion of Christ.

Observe some of the points of contrast

between Christianity and this modern radicalism.

1st. Christianity begins with *self-reformation*. It demands attention, first of all, to personal character. It requires as a primary duty of each individual, that his own heart and life should be right in the sight of God, before he goes forth to reform the character of his fellow men. It enjoins that he should set his own house in order, before he begins to rectify the general condition of the world. “Cast the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull the mote out of thy brother’s eye.” Modern radicalism, however, overlooks these private and personal details of duty, pitches its plans on a general scale, and begins its operations at a distance from its own sphere.

We do not say that all the advocates of such a system are necessarily men of corrupt character. But there is nothing in the laws or condition of the system to forbid their being so. On the contrary, there are many special inducements to encourage depraved men to adopt such measures as a substitute for personal piety. Restless and malignant passions may be indulged in denouncing general wrongs. A spurious benevolence may be exercised in sympathizing with vague and distant calamities. And in the very act of denunciation and sympathy there is a flattering consciousness of moral superiority which cancels and covers up all defects of personal character. So that this false “charity hides a multitude of sins,” not in the object towards which it is directed; but in the agent by whom it is exercised. Hence the description in the Bible of a class of self-deluded reformers, is often verified in the present day—“while they promise others liberty, they themselves are the servants of corruption. Suggest to such men the propriety of attending to the personal claims of religion—hint the application of the proverb, “physician heal thyself,” and they will indignantly repel the insinuation as an impertinent insult. They will exclaim, “You are behind the age. Away with your antiquated superstitions—your stale and stupid sermonizings—your sanctimonious croaking, and your puritanical cant! We are men of enlightened views and liberal sentiments, of lofty aspirations and expansive benevolence—the apos-

ties of liberty and the advocates of reform, in an age of progress! Trouble us not with your cold-blooded cautions and your narrow-minded scruples! We are above your sphere and beyond your comprehension."

2nd. Christianity is *humble and patient in its benevolence* and employs *persuasion* to effect its object. The true Christian is acquainted with his own character—knows his weakness and unworthiness—acknowledges all his hopes to rest on the unmerited grace of his Redeemer, and aspires to imitate the character of Christ. Humble in self-estimation, he does not arrogate the right to censure or denounce his fellow men. He pities, persuades, and prays, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." These are the means by which he seeks to enlighten, reform and elevate mankind.

On the other hand, the spurious charity of these radical reformers, is arrogant, censorious and malignant. Ignorant of themselves, they are puffed up with pride, and vaunt their own powers—they are prompt to condemn and denounce; and if they pray, it is only to call down fire from Heaven to consume their adversaries. Actuated by such a spirit, they are inefficient for good, and powerful only for evil. They alienate where they should appease; they exasperate where they should heal; they poison where they should purify, and desolate where they should reform.

3rd. Christianity is conscientious in the use of means—forbids "to do evil that good may come," and employs only the *truth* to effect its purpose. Modern radicalism is unscrupulous in its measures; considers that "the end justifies the means," and circulates slanders and lies for effect. It employs fiction not only as the vehicle of its lessons, but often as the veritable burden of its instructions. If its facts are not literally true, they at least answer the purpose of truth—they accord with existing sentiment on the subject—they encourage prevailing sympathy, they keep up a proper excitement, "and what need," think they, "of such precise accuracy in our statements, when they are obviously for the good of the cause. Surely in such a case, a *telling lie* may be told—a significant slander may be circulated. If not true as facts, they

are as symbols and exponents, and have the effect of truth."

4th. Christianity regenerates individuals, and thus moulds society at large. Radicalism would reform whole masses at once; and hence keeps up a perpetual ferment, which produces nothing but disaster and decay.

5th. Christianity renews the heart, reforms the inward character and thus effects a change in the fountains of our moral nature, which secures the result of individual happiness and social order. It infuses a spirit of mutual love amongst men and of humble piety towards God, which produces harmony in all the relations of life, and contentment under all the allotments of providence. Radicalism, however, reverses the whole process, reforms the outward condition, changes the external relations of society, leaves the fountains of evil untouched and engages in the vain attempt to dam up the swelling current by artificial embankments. It reforms laws, revolutionizes governments, changes the relations of society, and to this end wages wars, fights battles, sheds the blood and slays the bodies of thousands, that each proffered remedy may in its turn be applied as a panacea for all the evils under the sun. Under this disastrous regimen the distempers of the world have been doctored from its infancy until now, with only the abatement of a temporary depletion, by such means, while their ravages have reacted with new violence, and disorder and death still prevail.

6th. Christianity has reference in its results mainly to a future life. Christ affirmed my kingdom is not of this world. The great object of his mission was to purify and prepare man for an immortal destiny. In effecting this final purpose, however, Christianity secures incidentally the subordinate result of the greatest social order and happiness. The "godliness" or piety which it inculcates, "is profitable in all things, having the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." By planting the hope of immortality in the human heart, and regarding this life as a scene of preparation and pilgrimage, it takes the surest and only effectual method of transforming the character and regulating the conduct of mankind. By referring to a future and eternal state of existence, it gathers motives sufficient to repress the evil propensi-

ties and passions of the soul, and sustain the secret struggles of virtue in the hour of temptation. By unfolding the portals of immortality in the future, the soul is supplied with a satisfying portion and expatiates freely amid prospects as large and lofty as its own desires. Released from the dominion of the sordid lusts and passions of earth, admitted into the spiritual liberty of the sons of God, and endowed with a title to a heavenly inheritance, the happiness of the true believer is rendered to a great extent independent of external influences. Thus enlarged, exalted and enriched, the poorest and humblest Christian may look down with a rational pity on the proudest and most prosperous devotee of the world, who may affect to commiserate his outward state. And many a saint in bonds now looks with serene compassion on the spiritually enslaved reformers of the day, who are so loud in their expressions of sympathy in his behalf, and says to them, in the language of Paul, the prisoner in chains at the bar of the royal and sympathizing Agrippa, "Would to God that not only thou, but all who hear me this day, were not only almost, but altogether such as I am, except these bonds!" By idolizing the interests of this life, we prostitute our nature. By expecting too much from earthly things we disqualify ourselves for enjoying the true, but transient satisfaction they are intended to impart. By blotting out the hopes of immortality, and living alone to the present world, all motives to high effort and holy aspiration are destroyed, and the soul without an anchor of hope is tossed and thrown into perpetual tumult by the restless longings of its own nature. Here is the grand mistake of the radical reformers of the day: they look alone to things that are seen and temporal: they attach exclusive importance to outward evils: they idolize the present world; and they aim to realize an earthly paradise by changing the external relations of society. They look not to "things that are unseen and eternal," have no "respect to a future recompense of reward," and foster a supreme devotion to the world, which produces a brood of sordid lusts and passions, that throw society into a perpetual ferment; so that even were it possible to realize the outward changes they propose to effect, they could only

succeed *so far*, as to sweep and garnish the apartments of a palace; "the unclean spirit" would return, and with it other and viler devils, and the last state of such a society would be worse than the first. Surely the history of the world has sufficiently illustrated the vanity of all such attempts. Look at France. Why after all the *revolutions* of her wheel of progress is she stationed in her present position? Why, except that her reformatory have all been *external*! and the unclean, unhappy, earthly spirit of the nation has never been exorcised!

7th. Finally, Christianity recognizes the actual condition of the materials on which it operates—takes into account the positive facts that pertain to all human experience—acknowledges the Providence of God, the curse of sin, the authority of government and the rights of individuals. It enjoins patience under unavoidable evils, commands obedience to "the powers that be," and inculcates contentment under the allotments of Providence. It consults prudence in the use of means; regards expediency in its proposals of change; and is *conservative in its progress*.

Modern radicalism, however, has *but one idea*, and is regardless of other relations and reckless of consequences; and in all its bearings and results it is *disorganizing* and *destructive*. It admits no providence but its own will, and no sin but civil government. It sets up an ideal scheme of society, and denounces every thing that comes short of its standard. A single defect, an incidental evil, is sufficient to demand the overthrow of an entire system. Hence a simultaneous attack is made on all the institutions of society. And even in our free land, with its ample resources and equal laws, there are bands of madmen openly demanding the destruction of our government, or urging the rash introduction of changes that would ensure it as a necessary result! "O liberty, what crimes are perpetrated in thy name!" "Necessity is the plea of tyrants." But such men and such measures furnish tyrants with that plea. Rash, reckless, and revolutionary in their attempts, the government which they assail, is forced in self-defence to adopt a more stringent policy. Forever engaged in impracticable and dangerous designs, the only result of their efforts is to

strengthen the chains and increase the burdens of the oppressed. The principles they adopt are opposed alike to the laws of nature and the laws of God. The policy they advocate, would, if carried into effect, overthrow at the same time the order of the material universe and the structure of human society.

In the present system of things, we nowhere find absolute perfection. Incidental evils occur in every department. This will be the case, in spite of all the tampering and meddling of world-menders, until "the new heavens and the new earth shall appear." The partial order and harmony which prevail, are in every instance the result of a single principle—*obedience to law*. In the physical world, it results from the blind and passive obedience of matter. In the moral world, from the intelligent and voluntary obedience of mind. But the order and harmony which prevail in both the material and the moral world, do not arise from obedience to one solitary law, impelling in a given direction; but from obedience to two conflicting laws, impelling at the same time in opposite directions. Thus in the physical world every separate form of matter obeys two laws or forces at the same time; (a centripetal and a centrifugal force,) and these forces impel in opposite directions. Thus regulated and impelled, the radiant ranks of the heavenly bodies revolve above us, each in its own orbit, and all in harmony, around a common centre. Thus also in the moral world, man acts under two laws or forces at the same time, each impelling in an opposite direction. The one is a law of liberty; the other of duty: the one is a force of right; the other of obligation. Consistency of action arises from an equal regard to both these laws. The law of right secures to man the possession of certain immunities and privileges—an ample amount of personal liberty. The law of duty enforces the obligations of man to society, and to God, the centre of all. Religion secures the equal action of these two forces in human character, and thus maintains the order and harmony of society at large. But there are malignant forces at war with each of these laws. Tyranny would rob man of his rights, destroy his liberty and crush society under civil oppres-

sion. But on the other hand, licentious, disorganizing radicalism, whose perpetual cry is *liberty*—whose frantic song is ever of "rights"—would destroy the force of duty, would annihilate obligation, and break asunder that centripetal law, which binds man in a subordinate sense to civil government, and supremely to the moral government of God. If this result were possible, man released from all law, would revel in the unbridled license of his passions, and society would present a scene of anarchy and desolation; to escape from which the most rabid reformer would gladly take refuge under the most tyrannical government.

Under the most liberal policy, irregularities and evils to some extent are inevitable. The elements of nature—air and water, for instance—although they move in general harmony under existing laws, yet they are liable to occasional interruptions. The air, generally pure, placid and healthful, now and then becomes infected with pestilential vapours, or drives in the fury of desolating storms over the land. Water for the most part, gushing pure and fresh from its mountain springs, flows evenly along its appointed channels; but occasionally the streams swell beyond their natural limits, and overflow the surrounding region. Here are real evils incident to the economy of the elements around us—evils of a serious character. But they must be patiently endured, with such partial alleviations as may be within our power. To disturb that economy, in hope of an effectual remedy, would ensure general desolation and death. Suppose the reckless and radical reformers of the day, who lament over social evils, and prescribe unbounded license, as a remedy for every disease, were permitted to undertake the reformation of the economy of the elements. Suppose they should first apply their experiments to the element of water. Suppose they should abolish those presiding laws, which cause water to seek and retain its proper level; turn all the streams backward on their original fountains, and proclaim universal emancipation to the abounding element! Need we ask what would be the consequence? We read of such an experiment having been once made; but it was made in wrath, as a judgment from Heaven. We

read that the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened, and the earth and its guilty inhabitants were overwhelmed by a deluge; all—save a remnant preserved alive in the ark. And when at length the waters subsided, and man once more walked abroad over the earth, we read that God appointed the bow in the sky as a token that the earth should not be destroyed again by a flood. And yet there are spirits raving mad with visions of human rights, social progress, and universal equality, who would advise a similar experiment, as a remedy for evils inseparable from the lot of man—who would overthrow the bulwarks of civil government, release the elements of society from their present laws, break up the relations of human life, unlock the fountains of the great deep of human passion, and open the windows of heaven's wrath over our heads, and who would degrade our elegant literature into an instrument to effect this work of desolation and death! Shall it suffer such an unnatural prostitution? Shall American literature ever sink so low as to become the tool of such reckless and ruffian vandalism? *No, never!* On the contrary, let it rise in its purity and strength, and assert its native dignity, its high relationship, and its legitimate purpose—let it rise in all the majesty of mental power, and all the loveliness of moral worth; imaging at once the charms of earth and the glories of heaven; blending the ties and endearments of life with the brighter visions of immortality—let it rise like the rainbow, resting its radiant feet on the earth, and lifting its omnicoloured arch to heaven; and rising thus, let it bend above us in its brightness, as the symbol of God's propitious smile, and the shining pledge of our national security!

W. C. S.

January, 1853.

SONG.

Tarry awhile, 'tis nae sime, to be gangin,
Naeboddy'll ken that ye've been out wi me,
An gin ye but minded hoo aft I've been langin
To ramble by sunset, dear lassie, wi thee.

Ye'd nae think it lang sin ye left yer ain dwelling
And cam to the stile at the foot o' the glen,
And gin ye'd but think it the truth that I'm telling,
Ye winna be looked for, dear lassie, till ten.

Its nae that I think na hoo aft ye've been langin
To range o'er the heather at sunset wi me,
But aye when I see that the daylight is gangin
I think hoo my mither'll be lookin for me.

She'll aye be a watchin an unco uneasy
By the window as lang as there's daylight to see,
But to morrow again will I come out to please ye,
And range o'er the heather at sunset wi thee.

Sae set me back hame to the stile i' the glen,
Nae langer than that ye maun tarry wi me,
But to-morrow at noon gin ye come there again,
I'll aye be awaiting, dear laddie, for thee!

Sketches of the Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi.

SQUIRE A. AND THE FRITTERS.

Now, in the times we write of, the flourishing village of M. was in its infancy. She had not dreamed of the great things in store for her when she should have reached her teens, and railroad cars crowded with visitors, should make her the belle-village of all the surrounding country. A few log houses hastily erected and overcrowded with inmates, alone were to be seen; nor did the inn, either in the order or style of its architecture, nor in the beauty or comfort of its interior arrangements and accommodations, differ from the other and less public edifices about her. In sober truth, it must be confessed that, like the great man after whom she was named, the promise of her youth was, by no means, equal to the respectability of her more advanced age. It was the season of the year most unpropitious to the development of the resources of the landlord and the skill of the cook. Fall had set in and flour-made cakes were not set out. Wheat

it then an article of home growth, and as of flour were only to be got from the river, and not from thence, unless when the bigby river was up; so, for a long time the boarders and guests of the tavern brought it on *corn dodger*, as it was called, to their discontent. At length joyful tidings were proclaimed, that a barrel of flour had come from Mobile. Much contentment prevailed. An animated discussion arose as to the form in which the new article should be served up; and on the morrow Squire A., who eloquently seconded his own motion, it was determined that *Fritters* should be had for supper that night. Supper came dragged its slow length along: it came, however, at last.

There were a good many boarders at the time, some twenty or more—and but one new-comer, except a servant of J. T., whom Squire A. talked about him, and who waited at table. If Squire A. had any particular weakness, it was in favor of fritters. Fritters were not his favorite even *per se*, but in the dearth of other pleasures, they were most especially so. He began his way of eating them with molasses, and gave them a rare and delectable relish. Accordingly seating himself the first at the table, and taking position next the door nearest to the kitchen, he prepared himself for the onslaught. He ordered a soup-plate, and filled it half-full of molasses—tucked up his sleeves—brought the public towel over his shoulder, and fixed it behind him at the neck, so as to protect his chest—bust—and stood as ready as the jolly hunter over the haunch of venison, at the door of Glendinning's, to do full justice to the meat, when announced.

Squire A. had a distinguished reputation and great skill in the art and mystery of fritter-eating. How many he could eat at a sitting, I forget, if I ever heard him say, but I will say—making allowances for exaggeration in such things—from the various estimates I have heard, well on to the matter of a bushel—possibly a half a peck or so, more or less. When right brown and reeking with fat, it would take as many persons to eat it as a carding-machine. Sam. Harkness used to say, that if a wick were run through his throat after a fritter dinner and lit,

it would burn a week—but I don't believe that.

He used no implement in eating but a fork. He passed the fork through the fritter in such a way as to break its back and double it up in the form of the letter W, and pressing it through and closing up the lines, would flourish it around in the molasses two or three times, and then convey it, whole, to his mouth—drawing the fork out with a sort of c-h-u-g.

If A. ever intended to have his daguerreotype taken—that was the time—for a more hopeful, complacent, benevolent cast of countenance, I never saw than his, when the door being left a little ajar, the cook could be seen in the kitchen, making time about the skillet, and the fat was heard cheerfully spitting and spattering in the pan.

“But pleasures are like poppies spread,” and so forth. As when some guileless cock-robin is innocently regaling himself in the chase of a rainbow spangled butterfly, poising himself on wing and in the very act of conveying the gay insect to his expectant spouse for domestic use, some ill-omened vulture, seated in solitary state on a tree hardby, unfurls his wing, and swoops in fell destruction upon the hapless warbler, leaving nothing of this scene of peace and innocence but a smothered cry and a string of feathers. So did J. T. look upon *this* scene of Squire A.'s expectant and hopeful countenance with alike and kindred malignity and fell purpose. In plain prose,—confederating and conspiring with three other masterful fritter eaters and Sandy, the amateur waiter at the Inn, it was agreed that Sandy should station himself at the door, and, as the waiting-girl came in with the fritters, he should receive the plate, and convey the same to the other confederates for their special behoof, to the entire neglect of the claim of Squire A. in the premises.

Accordingly the girl brought in the first plate—which was received by Sandy—Sandy brought the plate on with stately step close by Squire A.—the Squire's fork was raised to transfix at least six of the smoking cakes with a contingency of sweeping the whole platter; but the wary Sandy raised the plate high in air, nor heeded he the Squire's cajoling tones—“Here, Sandy, here, this way, Sandy.” Again

the plate went and came, but with no better success to the Squire. Sandy came past a third time—"I say, Sandy, this way—this way—come, Sandy—come now—do—I'll remember you"—but Sandy walked on like the Queen of the West, unheeding: the Squire threw himself back in his chair and looked in the puddle of molasses in his plate sourly enough to have fermented it. Again—again—again and yet again—the plate passed on—the fritters getting browner and browner and distance lending enchantment to the view; but the Squire could not get a showing. The Squire began to be peremptory, and threatened Sandy with all sorts of extermination for his contumacy; but the intrepid servitor passed along as if he had been deaf and dumb and his only business to carry fritters to the other end of the table. At length Sandy came back with an empty plate and reported that the fritters were all out. The Squire could contain himself no longer—unharnessing himself of the towel and striking his fist on the table, upsettin thereby about a pint of molasses from his plate, he exclaimed in tones of thunder, "I'll quit this dratted house: I'll be eternally and constitutionally dad blamed, if I stand such infernal partiality!" and rushed out of the house into the porch, where he met J. T., who, coolly picking his teeth, asked the Squire how he "liked the fritters?" We need not give the reply—as all *that* matter was afterwards honorably settled by a board of honor.

JONATHAN AND THE CONSTABLE.

Now, brother Jonathan was a distinguished member of the fraternity and had maintained a leading position in the profession for many years, ever since, indeed, he had migrated from the land of steady habits. His masculine sense, acuteness and shrewdness, were relieved and mellowed by fine social habits and an original and genial humor, more grateful because coming from an exterior something rigid and inflexible. He had—and we hope we may be able to say so for thirty years yet—a remarkably acute and quick sense of the ridiculous, and is not fonder than other humorists of exposing a full front

to the batteries of others than turning them on his friends. Some fifty-five years has passed over his head, but he is one of those evergreen or never-green plants upon which time makes but little impression. He has his whims and prejudices, and being an elder of the Presbyterian church, he is especially annoyed by a drunken man.

It so happened that a certain Ned Ellett was pretty high, as well in office as in liquor, one drizzly winter evening—during the session of the S. Circuit Court. He had taken in charge one Nash, a horse-thief, and also a tickler of rye whiskey; and this double duty coming upon him somewhat unexpectedly, was more than he could well sustain himself under. The task of discharging the prisoner over, Ned was sitting by the fire in the hall of the Choctaw House, in deep meditation upon the mutations in human affairs, when he received a summons from Jonathan, to come to his room for the purpose of receiving a letter to be carried to a client in the part of the county in which Ned resided. It was about ten o'clock at night. Jonathan and I occupied the same room and bed on the ground-floor of the building, and I had retired for the night.

Presently Ned came in and took his seat by the fire. The spirits, by this time, began to produce their usual effects. Ned was habited in a green blanket over-coat, into which the rain had soaked, and the action of the fire on it raised a considerable fog. Ned was a raw-boned, rough-looking customer, about six feet high and weighing about two hundred nett—clothes, liquor, beard and all about three hundred. After Jonathan had given him the letter, and Ned had critically examined the superscription, remarking something about the hand-writing, which, sooth to say, was not copy-plate—he put it in his hat, and Jonathan asked him some question about his errand to L.

"Why, Squire," said Ned, "you see I had to take Nash—Nash had been stealing of hosses, and I had a warrant for him and took him.—Blass, Nash is the smartest feller you ever see. He knows about most every thing and every body. He knows all the lawyers, Blass—I tell you he does, and no mistake.—He was the merriest, jovialest feller you ever see, and can sing more chronicle songs than

one of these show fellers that comes round with the suckus. He didn't seem to mind bein took than a pet sheep. I tell you he didn't, Blass—and when I tell you a thing, Blass, you better had believe it, you had.—Blass, did you ever hear of my telling a lie? No, not by a jug-full. Blass, aint I an hones' man? (Yes, said B., I guess you are.)—“Guess—Guess—I say guess. Well, as I was a saying, about Nash—I asked Nash, what he was doin perusin about the country, and Nash said he was just perusin about the country to see the climit? But I know'd Harvey Thompson wouldn't like me to be bringin a prisner in loose, so I put the strings on Nash, and then his feathers drapped, and then Blass, he got to crying—and, Blass, he told me—(blubbing,) he told me about his——old mother in Tennessee, and how her heart would be broke, and all that—and, Blass, I'm a hard man and my feelins aint easy teched—but (here Ned boohood right out.) Blass, I'll be —— if I can bar to see a man exhausted.”

Ned drew his coat-sleeve over his eyes, blew his nose, and snapped his fingers over the fire and proceeded: “Blass, he asked about you and Lewis Scott, and what for a lawyer you was, and I'll tell you jest what I told him, Blass, says I, old Blass, when it comes to hard law, Nash, knows about all the law they is—but whether he kin norate it from the stump or not, that's the question. Blass, shew me down some of these pairs of stairs. [They were on the ground floor, but Ned, no doubt, was entitled to think himself high.]—B. shewed him out.

All this time I was possuming sleep in the bed as innocent as a lamb. Blass came to the bedside and looked inquisitively on for a moment, and went to disrobing himself. All I could hear was a short soliloquy—“Well, doosn't that beat all? Its one comfort, J. didn't hear that—I never would have heard the last of it. It's most too good to be lost. I believe I'll lay it on him.”

I got up in the morning, and as I was drawing on my left boot, muttered as if to myself, “but whither he kin norate it from the stump—*that's* the question.” B. turned his head so suddenly—he was shaving, sitting on a trunk—that he came near cutting his nose off.

“You doosn't mean to say you eaves-dropped and heard that drunken fool—do you? Remember, young man, that what you hear said to a lawyer in conference is confidential, and don't get to making an ass of yourself, by blabbing this thing all over town.” I told him “I thought I should have to norate it a little.”

SHARP FINANCIERING.

In the times of 1836, there dwelt in the pleasant town of T. a smooth oily-mannered gentleman, who diversified a common place pursuit by some exciting episodes of finance—dealing occasionally in exchange, buying and selling uncurrent money, &c.—We will suppose this gentleman's name to be Thompson. It happened that a Mr. Ripley of North Carolina, was in T., having some \$1200 in North Carolina; money, and, desiring to return to the old North State with his funds, not wishing to encounter the risk of robbery through the Creek country, in which there were rumors of hostilities between the whites and the Indians, he bethought him of buying exchange on Raleigh as the safest mode of transmitting his money. On enquiry he was referred to Mr. Thompson, as the only person dealing in exchange in that place. He called on Mr. T. and made known his wishes. With his characteristic politeness, Mr. Thompson agreed to accommodate him with a sight bill on his correspondent in Raleigh, charging him the moderate premium of five per cent. for it. Mr. Thompson retired into his counting room, and in a few minutes returned with the bill and a letter, which he delivered to Mr. Ripley, at the same time receiving the money from that gentleman plus the exchange. As the interlocutors were exchanging valedictory compliments, it occurred to Mr. Thompson that it would be a favor to him if Mr. Ripley would be so kind as to convey to Mr. T.'s correspondent a package he was desirous of sending, which request Mr. Ripley assured Mr. T. it would afford him great pleasure to comply with. Mr. Thompson then handed Mr. Ripley a package, strongly enveloped and sealed, addressed to the Raleigh Banker, after which the gentlemen parted with many polite expressions of regard and civility.

Arriving without any accident or hindrance at Raleigh, Mr. Ripley's first care was to call on the Banker and present his documents.—He found him at his office, presented the bill and letter to him, and requested payment of the former. That, said the Banker, will depend a good deal upon the contents of the package. Opening which, Mr. Ripley found the identical bills, minus the premium, he had paid Mr. T. for his bill: and which the Banker paid over to that gentleman, who was not a little surprised to find that the expert Mr. Thompson had charged him five per cent. for carrying his own money to Raleigh, to avoid the risk and trouble of which he had bought the exchange.

T. used to remark that that was the safest operation, all around, he ever knew. He had got his exchange—the buyer had got his bill and the money, too,—and the drawee was fully protected! There was profit without outlay or risk.

MARY MAGDALENE.

BY THE LATE F. S. KEY.

To the Hall of the Feast, came the sinful and fair,
She heard in the City that Jesus was there;
Unheeding the splendor that blazed on the board,
She silently knelt at the feet of the Lord!

The Hair on her forehead so sad and so meek,
Hung dark on the blushes that burned on her cheek;
And so sad and so lonely she knelt in her shame,
It seemed that her spirit had fled from her frame.

The frown and the murmur went round through them all
That one so unhallowed should tread in that Hall;
And some said the Poor would be objects more meet,
For the wealth of her perfume she showered on his feet.

She heard but the Saviour—she spoke but with tears;—
She dared not look up to the Heav'n of his eyes,
And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of her breast
As her lips to his sandals were throbbingly press'd.

In the sky after tempest, as shineth the bows—
In the glare of the sunbeams as meeteth the snows;
He looked on the lost one—"her sins were forgiven,"
And Mary went forth in the beauty of Heaven.

February.

Notes and Commentaries on a Voyage to China.

CHAPTER XVII.

Geographical Sketch of Brazil—The River Amazon and its headwaters.

The territory of the Empire of Brazil extends from four degrees north to thirty-three degrees of south latitude, or 700 leagues of 20 leagues to the degree, counting from the river Oyapok, which separates it from French Guyana, to the river Chuhy, between the province of Rio Grande do Sul and the Cisplatine State; and in its greatest breadth 600 leagues, reckoned from the Cape of St. Augustin to Abuna on the margin of the river Madeira, extending between $323^{\circ}17'$ and $292^{\circ}58'$ of longitude of the meridian of Ferro.

It is bounded on the north by the Atlantic Ocean and the river Oyapok, on the south by the Cisplatine State, on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, and on the west by Peru, Bolivia and Chili.

Going from south to north along the coast, the provinces are 1, Rio Grande do Sul; 2, Santa Catharina; 3, S. Paulo; 4, Rio de Janeiro; 5, Espirito Santo; 6, Bahia; 7, Sergipe; 8, Alagoas; 9, Pernambuco; 10, Parahiba; 11, Rio Grande do Norte; 12, Ceará; 13, Piahy; 14, Maranhão; 15, Pará: in the interior from west towards the east—16, Matto-grosso; 17, Goyaz; 18, Minas Geraes.

1. Rio Grande do Sul, or San Pedro-do-Rio-Grande, derives its name from the first parochial church, built near a strait or river called Grande. It was inhabited by aboriginal tribes named Minuanos, Tapes and Charuas. The province of Santa-Catharina, which originally was included in Rio Grande do Sul, was separated from it in 1821. The southern limits are the brook or rivulets of Quereim and Taquarembo, the peaks of Jaguarano, lake Mirim, the peak of San Miguel, and the Chui, which empties into the ocean at $33^{\circ}50'$ south latitude. On the east the coast extends from north to southwest about 110 leagues. This province has a surface of 8,230 square leagues, one-third of which is occupied by lakes, rivers, marshes

and arid sierras, unsuited for the purposes of agriculture. It is divided into two unequal halves or parts, by a mountain range called the Serra Geral, and known on the northern side by the names Serra da Vacaria, and Serra do Herval, and on the southern by that of Serra dos Tapes. Between this chain of mountains and the sea are the lakes Viarnano, Patos and Mirim, which extend north and south about 80 leagues, with a breadth of from one to eight leagues. The Butcharahi, the Pardo, the Tebicuari, the Sino, the Cahi, and the Gravatahi are tributary streams of the Jacuhi, running at greater or less distances from the city of Porto Alegre; they form more to the south the vast expanse of water termed the lake of Patos, whose embouchure has been inappropriately named Rio Grande. The coast lands of this province are flat, sprinkled here and there with sand banks and small thickets of wood, well calculated to afford places of concealment for an enemy.

This coast is divided into four distinct parts. The first called the praia das Torres, runs from northeast to southwest; the second called praia de Pernambuco, has the same direction; the third, the Estreito, has a direction from northeast to southwest to the mouth or strait of Rio Grande, and the fourth extends in southwest direction to Castillros. Off this coast there are sunken rocks at a distance of six or eight leagues from the shore.

The good quality of the lands to the west of the lakes, its temperate climate, and the facility of water communication renders this part of the province capable of an extensive commerce. In the least mountainous parts they are subject to high winds, which prevail during several successive days. In almost all of the several districts of this region the fruits of Europe grow, the fig and peach trees being most flourishing. Coffee trees and bananas are cultivated as objects of curiosity. In many of the districts wheat and other cereals grow side by side with rice and flax: woods for building are rare, but of superior quality. The mineral products are gold, silver, and, according to report, iron of superior quality in proportion of twenty pounds of metal to one hundred of ore, but these mines, which are near the surface, have

been little wrought, owing to want of coal; Armenian bole, sulphur, limestone, porcelain clays, which are not used, as well as other useful minerals. Among the quadrupeds are antas, an animal resembling a cow without horns, onças, wild boars, deer, cotis, hares and horses, mules, goats and sheep introduced from Europe. The principal occupation of the inhabitants is grazing, and preparing "jerked beef," which is exported to various parts of the empire, Mexico, Havana, and the United States. They raise large numbers of mules, which are more esteemed than the horses, as well as goats and sheep.

In this province the atmosphere is pure; the winter begins in May and continues till September. In this season winds from west and southwest are cold and humid; and, though the thermometer rarely sinks to zero (centigrade,) the inhabitants are very much incommoded by them. There are positions where, in the months of July and August, it freezes. At nights in the summer the heat is almost insupportable, which is contrary to what is usually the case in tropical countries.

The population of the province is estimated at 160,000. It is represented in the legislative assembly by three deputies and one senator; its provincial assembly consists of 28 members.

2. Santa Catharina—St. Catharine's—is a small maritime province lying between twenty-six and thirty degrees of south latitude; it is triangular in form and is estimated to contain 2,200 square leagues. It is separated from the province of Rio Grande do Sul by the river Mampituba, and from the province of St. Paul on the north by the river Sahi. According to the latest accounts published, the population is 67,218, of all colors, including 12,500 slaves, represented in the national legislature by one Senator and one Deputy. From the mildness of its climate, uniformity of the seasons and fertility of the soil, this province has been termed the terrestrial paradise of Brazil. The islands of São Francisco and Santa Catherina, which pertain to it, are the best cultivated. This province is well watered. Its forests abound in cedar, oak and other woods suitable for building, as well as in those adapted for cab-

inet work. A mineral fuel, lignite, has been found in abundance.

The island of Santa Catharina lies between 27° and 28° south latitude. The aboriginal inhabitants were named Carijos. It is about ten leagues in length and two in breadth; its surface is irregular and mountainous. Its eastern coast is without a harbor of any kind, but on the west the bay is extensive and well protected. It is penetrated by several small streams navigable by canoes to a considerable distance; and on the east there are three lakes. The island enjoys an almost perpetual spring. The soil is generally fertile, and produces ipecacuanha spontaneously. Flax, sugar cane and rice, and garden vegetables are successfully cultivated. Coffee, manioc, millet, wheat, and most of the fruit trees of Europe, as well as bananas, oranges, melons, &c., prosper. The population is stated to be 12,000; all, or nearly all of which are engaged in agricultural pursuits.

The island of São Francisco is six leagues long by three broad; its northern extremity is in 26°6' south latitude. In climate, fertility and products, it resembles Santa Catharina.

3. São-Paulo—St. Paul's—is an extensive and rich maritime province lying between 23° and 26° of south latitude. It has a coast of 110 leagues, from point Joatinza to the river Sahi; and extends westward to the province of Mato-Grosso, and the river Paraná an affluent of the Paraguai. The climate is mild and healthy, and its heat is less than usual in tropical districts. Frost is not unfrequent, though of short duration. Generally the Paulistas are white, large, well formed, healthy and robust; for the most part they are descendants of Portuguese and Carijos Indians, who resided in the littoral parts of the country. The Burgres Indians were at one time lords of the lands which lie between the rivers Tieté, Parapanéma and Paraná. As the first colonists in this country were bachelors, they married with the daughters of the Indians; the offspring of these alliances again intermarried, and thus with influx of colonists the white population augmented while the Indians decreased in proportion, and in the amalgamation, are now probably extinguished—not by

cruelty, but by affection and love. In 1829 this population consisted of,

Men, free,	105,741
Women, “	110,128
Men, slaves,	54,581
Women, “	36,131

306,581 souls.

In 1833, two years after the abdication of Dom Pedro I., it had increased to 320,000 and in 1843 to 360,000, on a surface of 12,000 square leagues, watered by numerous streams and rivers, which contribute to swell the waters of the Iguaçu and the Tieté, great tributaries of the Paraná, and also by the river Parahiba, which empties into the ocean. The forests abound in the various woods of construction, and in the wild animals pertinent to this section of South America. Cattle of the various kinds introduced originally from Europe, have multiplied to an almost incredible extent, except sheep, the flesh of which is not liked by the natives of the province. In former times wheat was extensively cultivated here, but after the Americans came to supply superfine flower, the market was lost, the rural industry was directed to the production of sugar, coffee, rice, millet, manioc, tobacco and beans. In the beginning of the year 1825, efforts were made in several different districts to acclimate the tea-plant of China; and the manufacture of tea now constitutes one of the profitable branches of trade.

St. Paul's has several good harbors, among which is Santos, accessible and safe for ships-of-the-line. It sends four senators and nine deputies to the national legislature.

St. Paul's, the capital of the province, is eighty-five leagues in a direction west south west from Rio de Janeiro, and about twelve leagues to the north of Santos. The population is set down at 22,000, of which about one fourth are slaves of different shades of color.

4. Rio de Janeiro lies between 21° and 24° south latitude. It has a surface of 6,200 square leagues, or 55,800 square miles and is generally mountainous, except behind Cape São-Thomé, where the land appears to be alluvial, and in the rainy season submerged. The river Cabapuauna separates

this province on the north from that of Espírito-Santo; the river Parahiba and its tributaries, the rivers Parahibuna and Preto, and the sierra of Mantiqueira, separate it from the province of Minas-Geraes, which is about 35 leagues westward from the sea. The whole province of Rio de Janeiro is well watered. Its mineral products are iron, sulphur, granite in abundance, gold in small quantity; and various clays, among which is the *petun-sé* or *kaolin*, of which the Chinese form the finest porcelain. The forests produce a great variety of woods, gums and balsams; ipecacuanha and jalap grow spontaneously. The ibirapitanga, or Brazil wood of this province, is inferior to that which grows in the north. More attention is paid in this than in any other province of Brazil to agriculture and gardening. Tropical fruits are abundant; and almost all the culinary vegetables of Europe are found in the markets.

According to an enumeration made in 1840, the province contains 430,000 inhabitants, of which 224,830 are slaves; adding the 170,000 inhabitants of the city of Rio, makes the population 600,000. It is represented by ten deputies and five senators. Whenever it is necessary to elect one, three candidates are named, from whom the emperor selects the nominee.

5. Espírito-Santo is a small maritime province extending between 18° and 21° south latitude. It contains 3,000 square leagues and a population of 24,000 souls of all colors. The country is very mountainous, and savage tribes, the *Puris* and *Botecudos*, the ancient *Aimores* and *Tupis* inhabit the Cordilleras. All the rivers of this province run from west to east, except the Guandú, which runs from south to north in the Cordillera, and empties into the Doce. The province produces sugar, rum, manioc, rice, millet, cotton, medicines, dye-woods and salted fish.

6. Bahia is a maritime province, inhabited at the time of its discovery in 1500, by the Tupinambas. It is separated from Serzippe on the north by the river Real; from Goyax in the west, by the San Francisco and a chain of sterile mountains; from Espírito-Santo on the south by the river Mucuri; the Atlantic forms its eastern boundary between 11° and 18° south latitude. The surface of his province, which embraces planes and

hills, is supposed to measure 14,000 square leagues, and is inhabited by 650,000 souls, or little more than five to each square mile. The chief agricultural products are sugar, cotton, tobacco and coffee, which are exported to Europe; and manioc, rice, beans and millet, which are consumed in the country. The province is well watered and abounds in valuable woods; gumselemi, copal, and dragon's blood are produced of superior quality, as well as jalap, ipecacuanha, saffron, and other medicines. The oranges are excellent, and tropical fruits are abundant. Seven senators and fourteen deputies represent the province in the national legislature.

7. Sergipe is a small province with a sea coast extending from 10° to 11° of south latitude. It is separated from Alagoas on the north by the river San Francisco, and on the west the same river separates it from Pernambuco. The coast is flat and sandy. Its products are similar to those of Bahia. In the year 1839 the population was 167,397, including 25,000 Indians. One senator and two deputies constitute the legislative representation.

8. The province of Alagoas, which derives its name from various lakes (*lagoas*) existing in it, which communicate with each other, and with several rivers emptying into the sea, lies between 8° and 10° south latitude. It is bounded on the north by the river Una, which separates it from Pernambuco; on the west by a mountain chain called the Dous-Irmãos, through which it is joined to the provinces of Pernambuco and Piauí. The river San Francisco separates it from Sergipe on the south; and the Atlantic ocean bounds it on the east. It contains 5,200 square leagues and a population short of 100,000 men.

The plains in the vicinity of the sea are low, sandy, and unadapted to cultivation; but in the interior the lands, which are high, are extremely fertile. The whole country abounds in water courses and rivers. Notwithstanding the abundance of water and the dense forests which occupy a great part of the province, the air is pure and the country healthy, except on the river San Francisco, where intermittent fevers prevail at certain seasons of the year. Architectural woods of several kinds are abundant; and the forests contain balsam copaiva, gum benjamin and copal

trees. They are inhabited by different tribes of nomadic Indians, who are not easily reconciled to civilized life. Calcareous and granitic rocks, clays of various colors, a little gold and amianthus are found. The chief products of agricultural industry are tobacco, cotton and sugar; oranges, mangoes and other tropical fruits are plentiful.

9. The province of Pernambuco lies between the seventh and the ninth degrees of south latitude, having the provinces of Bahai and Alagoas on the south; Parahiba and Ceará on the north, and Piauí and Goyaz on the west. The coast is lined with reefs and bars which very much interfere with access to the ports of this part of Brazil. This province contains about 7,200 square leagues, and about 320,000 inhabitants, including blacks, whites, Indians and mixed breeds. The country is freely intersected by rivers. The forests abound in valuable woods and trees, which yield balsams, gums and resins of many kinds. Cotton, of superior quality, and sugar are the chief agricultural products.

10. Parahiba has about 28 leagues of coast, and extends westward about 120 leagues to the river Crumatahú, which separates it from the province of Ceará. The extent of Parahiba, is estimated at 3,600 square leagues, and the population reached in 1838, only 55,124 souls. A large proportion of the soil is unfit for agriculture, owing to the droughts which prevail for six or eight months of the year, and the sandy nature of the soil. The climate is considered healthy, and the heat of the region is tempered by the sea-breeze. The high lands are productive, and the products of the forests are similar to those of the adjoining provinces. The exports are cotton, sugar and rum.

11. Rio-Grande do Norte has an extent of about 2,000 square leagues and a population of 50,000, including Indians and slaves. The forests abound in balsamic, resinous and gum-bearing trees, and afford the best Brazil wood of the country. The climate is intensely hot. This province is bounded on the South by the river Guajú; on the West by the river Appodi, and on the North and East by the ocean. Its exports are salt, sugar, cotton, tobacco and hides.

12. The province of Ceará has a sea-coast on the North of 110 leagues, between the

Appodi on the East, and the Iguaraçu on the West; its southern extremity is at the 8th degree of South latitude. On the South it touches the province of Pernambuco, and on the West it is separated from Piauí by mountain ridges. Its population is 160,000, spread over a surface estimated to contain 4,600 square leagues. The high lands are fertile, and the valleys sandy, here and there irrigated by streams of aluminous and brine waters. This province abounds in medicinal plants, fine timber, mines of gold, silver, iron, copper, lead, salt, coal, nitre and various clays.

13. The province of Piauí is bounded on the North by the ocean; on the East by the provinces of Ceará, Parahiba and Pernambuco; on the South by those of Bahia and Goyaz, and on the West by Maranhão. Its surface is stated to measure 7,600 square leagues, and its present population does not exceed 60,000, including several thousand Indians. Nitre is found in all parts of the province, the inhabitants of which are devoted to grazing and rearing cattle.

14. The vast province of Maranhão measures about 250 leagues from North to South, and about 120 from East to West, and contains only 200,000 inhabitants. Cotton, sugar, rice, gums, hides, &c., are the chief exports. Vanilla, ginger, jalap and ipecacuanha are indigenous. This province is bounded on the North by the ocean; on the West and South by the provinces of Pará and Goyaz, and on the East by the river Parahiba, which separates it from Piauí.

15. The province of Pará lies between 4° 30' North, 6° South latitude; it has English and French Guiana on the North; Maranhão on the East; the provinces of Goyaz and Mato-Grosso on the South, and on the West Peru and Columbia. The civilized population is stated at 139,000, and the number of uncivilized Indians is computed to be 100,000. Its extent of surface measures 89,000 square leagues! Vanilla, ginger, indigo, sarsaparilla, jalap, ipecacuanha, as well as cloves and nutmegs, (?) grow spontaneously. The chief exports of Pará are rice, urucú, a dye preferable to that of the Brazil wood, cocoa, sarsaparilla, spices, drugs, gumelastic, alspice, balsam copaiva, rum, cassia, and various kinds of lumber.

16. Mata-Grosso is the most western of the

provinces of Brazil. It extends from the 7th to the 24th degree of South latitude. A chain of mountains separates it from Pará on the North; on the West it is bounded by the republic of Peru, and the rivers Mamore, Jaurú and Paraguai; on the East by the river Araguaia and a long range of mountains, and on the South, from East to West, the Parauá separates it from San Paulo, the Iguareí from the State of Entre Rios, and the Chechuihi from that of Paraguay. The surface of this province, which is abundantly watered by lakes and rivers, is estimated at 60,000 square leagues. In it is the famous diamond district. Gold, iron, clays of different colors, salt, nitre, and various gums, are among its mineral productions. The vegetable world here is rich in timber; gumelastic, dragons-blood, gums, balsams, jalap, indigo and vanilla, grow abundantly and spontaneously.

The whole population of this vast province does not exceed 40,000 souls, one-half of which are civilized Indians.

17. Goyaz is between the eighth and twentieth degrees of South latitude. It is bounded on the North by the provinces of Pará, Maranhão and Piauí; on the East by those of Piauí, Bahia, and Minas-Geraes; on the South-west by the province of San Paulo, and on the West by that of Mato-Grosso. It contains 25,000 square leagues, and about 60,000 inhabitants. Its soil yields gold, iron, diamonds and other gems, rock-salt, granite, limestones and various clays. The plants are not less numerous or less valuable than in the neighboring provinces.

18. Minas-Geraes contains 15,000 square leagues and 730,000 inhabitants. It is the most numerously peopled province of Brazil. It lies between 13° and 23° South latitude. The rivers Parahiba, Parahibuna and Preto, separate it from Rio de Janeiro on the South; it joins Bahia and Espírito Santo Goyaz. Gold, silver, platina, copper, iron, lead, mercury, tin, as well as bitumen, amianthus, granite, limestone, diamonds, rubies, emeralds and other precious stones are among its mineral productions. It has the various trees and plants found in other provinces. It exports cattle, hogs, bacon, cotton cloth, tobacco, coffee and various furs, gems, drugs and dye woods, which go to Rio de Janeiro, Bahia and San Paulo.

This brief geographical sketch is sufficient to indicate to political economists that the vast territory of Brazil may be regarded at the present time as a land of promise to future generations. But its soil, its forests and water courses remain still almost entirely unknown; and if we depend upon the slow-moving inhabitants of Brazil, the world will remain in comparative ignorance of the natural resources and capabilities of that region for thousands of years. For the sake of the interests of humanity, the enterprize and intelligence of the United States, may be directed towards the exploration of a country which seems to be almost unknown to those who dwell in it and rule over it.

The country watered by the Amazon and its tributaries, is sufficient to support millions of people where we now find thousands.

The Peruvian Cordilleras or Andes, give rise to three great rivers; the Orinoco, the La Plata, and the Amazon.

The river Amazon arises on the plains of Boubon in Peru, from the lake Lawricocha, situated in latitude 10° 14' South, distant thirty-two leagues in a North-west direction from Lima. At its head waters it is known under the name of Tangurágu. It leaves the lake with a depth of sixty feet, and proportionate breadth. It runs a northwardly course 180 leagues, winding in various directions, receiving various small tributaries. In latitude 5° 30' South, it turns to the eastward, under the name of Marañon.

The river Huallaga takes its rise, under the name of Huánuco, from the lake Chiquiacoba, on the plains of Boubon, in latitude 10° 57' South, and takes a northward course, to the town of Leon de Huánuco, in latitude 10° 3' South. Near this point it runs to the eastward, doubles on itself and pursues a southwardly direction to 9° 55' South, and again turns to the North and enters the Marañon, in latitude 5° 4' South, with a breadth of about one-third of a mille and a depth of 34 feet. This river was navigated in its whole length by the Fray Manuel Sobreviela, in the year 1790. In the account of his voyage, published in the second volume of the *Mercurio Peruano*, this river is supposed to offer a means of communicating with Madrid from Lima in three months, and an itineracy is given as follows:—From Lima to

Huánuco, 60 leagues, 8 days; to Playa Grande, 30 leagues, 4 days; to Mayabamba 111 leagues, 7 days; to Yurimagñas, 63 leagues, 3 days; to the lake, 40 leagues, 1 day; to Tefe on the line dividing the territories of Spain and Portugal, 8 days, and hence to Pará 15 days, in all 46 days. This was by navigation in canoes, which allowed 45 days to cross the Atlantic.

The Apurimac arises in the Peruvian province of Tinta, latitude 16° South, and takes an eastward direction. In latitude 12° 6' South, it receives the river Jauja, which rises from the lake Chinchaycecha, 11° 3' South; also on the plains of Boubon. About latitude 10° 45', it is joined by the Beni, which is supposed to arise from the Cordilleras in the neighborhood of Cusco.

More than forty streams empty into the Apurimac before the Beni reaches it, and then it takes the name of Ucayali, which pursues a north-easterly direction and forms a junction with the Marañon in latitude 4° 45' South, near the village of Omaguas. From this point to the sea, the stream takes the name of Amazon.

The Ucayali was explored in the year 1790, by the Fray Narciso Girbal y Barcelo, and an account of his perigrinations was published the following year in the *Mercurio Peruano*, (volume 3.)

Thirty leagues beyond the confluence of the Ucayali and Marañon; the Napó, which arises in the vicinity of Quito, empties into the Amazon, latitude 4° 15' South. Fifteen leagues beyond the junction of the Napó, is the mouth of the Cassiquim, which runs a hundred leagues in a southwardly direction. Thus, streams which penetrate the country to the North and the South successively, pour their waters into the Amazon or Orillana, swelling its current until it falls into the ocean under the equator. This mighty river and its tributaries, form a water communication with not less than 100,000 square leagues of land, unsurpassed in fertility and variety of natural productions by any in the world.

These streams should be explored, and where found practicable, navigated by steam or caloric ships from the United States. We should be the first to profit by the mines and forests of the country watered by the Amazon, a country in every respect adapted to

reward the enterprize of the Southern States. It is not easy to estimate the vast commerce which will be borne over those waters in the next fifty years. Through them the cities of Cusco, Lima, and even Quito, may be brought in proximity to the Atlantic.

Brazil may be regarded, in a degree, as being placed in the centre of the civilized and commercial world. Its ports are within fifty days sail of the markets of Europe and the United States; thirty from the Cape of Good Hope; seventy to eighty from China and Java, New Zealand and Australia; forty to Chili and fifty to Peru. A Brazilian squadron cruising between cape St. Roque and the western coast of Africa, would, in a short time, be able to intercept the commerce of the world.

The above notes are chiefly derived from the *Corografia Paraense* of Ignacio Accioli de Cerqueira e Silva, (Bahia, 1833;) *Memorias Historicas, e Politicas da Provincia da Bahia* by the same author, (Bahia 1835;) *El Mercurio Peruano*, (Lima, 1791;) and the *Diccionario Geographico Historico e Descriptivo do Imperio do Brazil*, [by J. G. R. Millet de Saint-Adolphe; Dr. Gaetano Lopes de Moura, and J. P. Aillaud, Vice-Consul de Portugal em Caen, (Pariz, 1845.)

THE MAID O' BALCARRIE.

Could blew the wind an' fast fell the sleet,
As I sped o'er the hill to my Mary,
By love urged on so fast and so fleet,
To meet the fair maid o' Balcarrie.

Like the blush on the rose so lovely the hue
That spreads o'er the face o' my Mary,
As I met her and kissed her—sae lovely and true,
Is the fairest fair maid o' Balcarrie.

Her voice is like music in summer winds sighing,
Sae gentle and sweet is my ain bonnie Mary;
And aft might be heard the soft echo replying—
She's the fairest fair maid o' Balcarrie.

I made her my proffer by the light o' the moon,
And ca'd her my own bonnie Mary;
I saw by the blush on her cheek that she'd soon
Be the bonniest bride in Balcarrie.

THE CAPTIVE TROUBADOUR:

An Historical Sketch of the Olden Time.

BY M. J.

CHAPTER I.

All readers of history are familiar with the character of the troubles which embittered the latter days of England's second Henry, and brought him at length, in brokenness of heart, to the grave. He experienced to the full, with the outcast King Lear,—

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

His queen, the intriguing and beautiful Eleanor of Aquitaine, sought to be revenged upon him for his many neglects of her, by employing her utmost arts—which were of no mean quality—in fomenting discord between him and his fiery and ungovernable sons. Times and again had these most disloyal and unnatural children, urged on by their no less unnatural mother, raised the parricidal hand of war against their father; and as often had the latter, with too indulgent a clemency, and too ready a trust, pardoned their revolt and received them again into favor, when the failure of their enterprises placed them at his mercy.

The reader needs not to be reminded of the disgraceful league of Prince Henry, the eldest, with his father-in-law, Louis VII. of France, to obtain forcible possession of the sovereign power of England; nor of his many hollow reconciliations and treacherous treaties: nor of the headlong and restless ambition of Richard, over whom the romance of later days has shed so glorifying a halo; nor of the fierce turbulence of the young Geoffrey; nor the false-heartedness of the favorite John. It must be confessed, however, that these undutiful sons were not wholly without plea, in thus arraying themselves in open warfare against their father.

Eleanor was too thoroughly-bred a mischief-maker to render it prudent for Henry to permit her to go at large, especially after she had sought to abandon him and fly for protection to the court of her former husband,

the French monarch. He deemed it safest to place her under watch and ward, and thenceforward she was kept a close prisoner. This was very irritating to her loyal vassals of Aquitaine and Poictou, among whom she had been born and brought up; and they, in their turn, found little difficulty in inciting the wild, reckless spirits of her sons to a resistance which bore the appearance of championship for their mother's rights.

Among the boldest and most untiring of these instigators, was Sir Bertrand de Born—a Baron of Aquitaine, and one of that race of Troubadours whose lays of love and war were even more potent than their swords. Through the medium of the soft, Italian-like "*Langue d'Oc*," peculiar to the South of France, he aimed many a keen shaft of satire at the English King. All the chivalry of his poetic nature was stirred when he thought of Eleanor of Aquitaine—his own liege lady—pining in lonely captivity, far away from the sunny valleys of her childhood, in a land over which her own husband held sway.

The Troubadour had never rested in his endeavors to assist in breaking down the power of Henry, whom he only thought of as the harsh jailor of his Princess. He had been the soul of every confederacy, and was possessed of unbounded power over the young Prince Henry. But the energetic English King succeeded in thwarting every machination—in uprooting every conspiracy, and in quelling every rebellion of his reluctant French subject, notwithstanding that his own heart, which was naturally a tender one, was in the meanwhile slowly breaking.

But a hand against which it was in vain to contend, was now raised against the young Prince; and, in the very height of his most disloyal opposition, he was seized by mortal sickness, and died,—leaving his forgiving father as much overwhelmed with sorrow, as though the life he mourned, had never been disgraced by one act of disobedience. But the King's grief did not overcome his indignation against the abettors of his son's wrongdoing; and he had no sooner seen the latter committed to the tomb, than he pounced upon them in his fury, and put them to complete rout.

The revolt was effectually quelled; and,

among the many insurgents that were made prisoners, was the warrior-minstrel, Sir Bertrand de Born.

In a dungeon-like apartment, whose duskiness was relieved only by a faint ray of light that feebly found its way through a narrow loop-hole in the massive wall, sat the Captive Troubadour. As he leaned forward with a dejected air, supporting his head with both his hands, his companions of the battle-field and banquet hall and tournament, would scarcely have recognised in him, the gayest sharer in their jousts and revels. He started up after some time, with a vehement gesture, as if to stride the gloomy vaulted chamber, but was immediately jerked back by the chain about his wrist which was fastened to an iron ring in the wall. He had for an instant forgotten its restraint, and muttering, as he was thus reminded of it, a curse between his teeth, against the evil fortune which had brought him to his present condition, he threw himself moodily upon the low stone seat as before.

Just then the heavy door was unbarred and one of King Henry's Norman men-at-arms, who was acting as temporary warder of the conquered castle, entered, bearing a stone pitcher filled with water, and a loaf of coarse bread which he deposited at the prisoner's side.

"So thy jesses chafe thee, my falcon-heart," he said, curtly, as he observed Sir Bertrand indignantly regarding his chain: "Well, it may be a comfort to thee to know thou shalt not have to wear them over-long."

"Ha! how say'st thou so?" asked the prisoner, looking up with an eager expression of inquiry.

"Why, our master will take pains to make them needless; and thou'lt understand without any help from me, how that may easiest be done. I tell thee, Sir Knight, the King's anger is at its hottest, and nothing can cool it but blood—the blood of his enemies, I mean; and thy actions have well proved thee one of the staunchest of them."

"They have spoken but the truth"—responded Sir Bertrand, the sudden light that had for a moment overspread his countenance giving way again to gloom.

"By Saint Denis," returned the warder,

thou'lt rather plead that they belied thee, I wot, when thou art brought forth to confront the King, and receive sentence from his mouth. Thou wouldst be willing then—willing enough, I dare be sworn, to give up thy knightly name and thy clerkly qualities even, for a condition no better than mine, if thou might'st thereby purchase his grace."

"That would not I!" answered De Born, haughtily. "Better that my life be short, and be that of an honorable Knight, and a scholar, and a fair gentleman of Aquitaine, than that it be lengthened out to four-score such vulgar years as thine."

"I' faith, he is somewhat of a braggart, methinks, who boasts of his honor, while he wears a traitor's chain. No marvel it chafeth thee; for in my mind, the two agree not over-well together."

"Insolent caitiff!" exclaimed the troubadour, contemptuously: "I would like to try these links against thy villain's scull, did I not feel there would be dishonor in matching myself with such as thou."

"Troth," cried the soldier, "thou hast a bold tongue in thy head, considering how short a time it may have to wag. I thought your Troubadours were ever soft-spoken gentlemen; but methinks I might go elsewhere to learn courtesy."

Sir Bertrand flashed a scornful glance at the speaker, but deigned no further reply; and the latter seeing he had not taken any notice of the food that had been placed for him, proceeded to remind him of it.

"Thou hadst better eat and refresh thyself; for by this hour, I should think thou hadst come to thine appetite. To be sure, thou'lt not find in what I have brought, anything to remind thee of the wassail thou hast held with our young Princes in the days gone by. Dost thou know," he added, coming closely up to the prisoner, to compel his attention, "or if thou dost not, thou'lt learn it soon enough to thy sorrow, that the King blameth this very wassailing of thine, and the drunken feasting into which thou and such as thee wert so wont to tempt Prince Henry—God rest his soul!—as the cause of his sickness and death?"

"Hold thy peace, knave!" said Sir Bertrand, impatiently: "I have not been used to be called to account by such as thou art."

It will be time enough for me to answer whatever charge may be urged against me, when I am summoned before a fit judge."

"That may be sooner than thou wishest. The King rides hither this very night."

"Doth he so, indeed? That is the best word I have heard from thy churl's lips."

"Not so good if it puts such end to thy captivity as they say it will."

"And what kind of an end may that be?"

"Why thou might'st hit the truth without much danger of missing, I should think, and without having my hand to guide thine arrow. Thou'rt better read in the old chronicles than most men, I trow; and thou'lt remember—for even *I* have heard the story—how Beauclerc rewarded the troubadour who did for him, what thou hast done for his grandson: only, mayhap, thou'lt not be so fortunate as to escape so easily as he."

A perceptible shudder for an instant passed over the stalwart form of the Knight, as he recalled the incident to which such cruel reference had been made; but raising himself the next moment he said, proudly:

"Death at once were far, far kinder. I should rather, like De Barré, beat out mine own brains against these walls, than live on in darkness, to be pointed at as a monument of the mercy of the English King. But, away, away! if my time is to be short, torture me not farther with thy presence."

The rude soldier, with the insensibility peculiar to his class, had done his part towards rendering the situation of his prisoner as hopeless as he well knew how; so without further word, he unbarred the heavy door again and passed out, leaving the dark and dreary cell infinitely drearier for his visit.

CHAPTER II.

The last glimmer of light had faded away from the gloomy prison walls, for the sun had now set, and the softened rays strove in vain to pierce the narrow slit into which not even the broad glare of noontide could penetrate without being subdued to a twilight shadowiness. In like manner did Sir Bertrand feel, as he gazed into the deepening darkness, that the light of hope was withdrawing itself, and

leaving him to be enveloped in a less palpable, but intenser gloom.

He was not left long however, to brood over the intelligence which had been so recently conveyed to him, before he was startled from his most painful reverie by sounds without the castle gate which clearly enough betokened to him that an armed train awaited admission there. The swell of a trumpet came distinctly to his ear, and he heard almost instantly after, the ponderous fall of the drawbridge, succeeded by the ringing tramp of horsemen upon it, and the prancing of many hoofs on the flagged pavement of the courtyard.

He knew at once that it must be the arrival of the King; and his bold and confident heart, which would have scorned to quail upon the bloody battle-field and in the face of thousands of enemies, when he had a free arm for his defence and a tried weapon in his hand, had some misgivings now, as he thought upon himself, a hopeless prisoner under the same roof with the judge from whom, as his keeper had intimated, he had little to hope of clemency or favor. He reflected on the small reliance there was to be placed in the mediation of Prince Richard, who was now reconciled to his father, and might, if he were so disposed, use his influence in behalf of his old and sworn ally. But what of generosity or nobleness was to be expected from him who, while styling himself "Duke of Aquitaine," had turned his arms against the cause of the men of Aquitaine?

Scarce an hour had he been indulging in such troubled ruminations as these, when he again heard the winding of a horn; but more timidly blown, as if those who sought admission, were doubtful of gaining it. He turned his ear eagerly in the direction of the sound, and listened with subdued breath, in the fluttering hope that some attempt on the part of his friends was about to be made for his ransom. He fancied that they might have received intimation of the King's expected arrival, and have come in hot haste to grant such concessions, or to lay such treasure at his feet as would purchase his freedom.

There seemed to be long parley held with those who desired admittance; for a con-

siderable time elapsed before he heard the fall of the drawbridge; and from the indistinct clatter of the horses' feet, the retinue that entered did not appear to be a large one. Some time passed by, lengthened most wearily out to the captive, as he sat in the deep darkness, waiting in anxious suspense for some further development—when, with a throb of intensest expectancy, he saw beneath the door of his cell, the gleam of an approaching light, and heard footsteps upon the stone-paved corridor. His suspense was only momentary, for the bolts were soon withdrawn, and he saw standing in the doorway—not as he had fain hoped, the chivalric Richard, come with knightly generosity to tell him that he had plead their old friendship with his father, and had succeeded in effecting his forgiveness; nor yet any body of mediating companions,—but the same gruff halberdier who had left him, but an hour or two before.

Sir Bertrand's excited hopes sank heavily back upon his scarcely beating heart; and as he put up his fettered hand to shade his eyes from the glare of his torch, he did not notice the hooded female figure that followed his jailor into the cell. With a faint shriek of mingled joy and anguish, she darted forward and flung herself, with a passionate exclamation, upon the bosom of the astonished knight.

"*My Therese!*" he cried, clasping as well as his chains would allow, the almost swooning form to his heart,—"*my poor Therese!*"

It was all the tremulous lips could utter. Moments passed—they were not many, as men count time; but if reckoned by the spirit's admeasurement—if summed and weighed by the agony of love and devotion that was crowded into their brief space—they would have more than overbalanced many a heart's lifetime.

"How in the name of all the blessed saints camest *thou* hither?" Sir Bertrand asked, when his emotions had so far subsided as to permit him to speak. "Was my dove not afraid to trust herself in such an eagle's nest?"

The lady raised her head, and fastening her swimming eyes upon the Knight, with a look in which all her woman's soul was concentrated, she said brokenly—

"Love knoweth no fear: anything—everything could I dare for *thy* dear sake?"

"But how didst thou hope to gain admission into this stronghold, or to be suffered the privilege of seeing me? Who are thine attendants?"

"Only a score of our own retainers—"

"Ah! I see thou art true to the Roman blood in thy veins, my own brave-hearted wife!" interrupted De Born, with unspeakable tenderness, as he put back the disordered hair from the brow of the beautiful Italian, and pressed his lips against it: "And hadst thou no dread lest thou shouldst be thyself detained a prisoner?"

"Dread? *could* that be dreaded which might restore me to thee? Ah! my heart wears a heavier chain than this"—she continued, as she wound her fingers about his fettered wrist—"though my body were free as the winds to rove whither it will."

"But I did not fear it"—she went on to say after an interval of tearful silence: "My page Rupert—thou rememberest the boy—was for some time about the English court before he came into my service, and he told me that King Henry was never proof against the petition of a woman—"

"Nay, say not so—" interrupted Sir Bertrand—"while our own Lady of Aquitaine languisheth year after year in confinement: *her* distresses at least, move him not—"

"But I remembered," proceeded Therese, "I remembered how often he had forgiven the young Princes when they threw themselves upon his clemency; and I augured thence, that he could not be so stern-natured as his enemies represented him—"

"Hast thou had audience of him?" asked the Knight, turning his eyes with sudden and eager inquiry upon her. Therese's head sank till her white forehead sustained itself against Sir Bertrand's knee, and her frame shook, as shakes the frail forest flower under the sweep of the deluging tempest. The question was repeated in her ear; and looking up, she answered with all of heart-brokenness that the voice can take into its tone—

"Yes—yes: I have thrown myself at his feet, and prayed for thy precious life—"

"And what heed gave he to thy quest?"

These streaming tears bode but ill success, I fear."

With another convulsive effort, Therese raised the head that had again fallen to its former position, and with a startling, terrible calmness upon her ashy face, breathed forth, rather than spoke—

"He said—he said—thou hadst treasonably taken up arms against thy leige lord,—and hadst been the upholder of his sons in their rebellion,—and that every law of justice required thou shouldst suffer therefor. And oh! my Bertrand! he swore by the holy rood, that to-morrow—to-morrow—" she gasped, shudderingly—"thy life should pay the forfeit—"

In the overburdening excess of her anguish, Therese had sunk helplessly at her husband's feet. And the warder, who had been standing a silent spectator of the scene, stepped forward with an exclamation of rude pity, as if to raise her.

"Away!" cried the Knight, stretching his arm protectingly over her. "Retire beyond hearing, if thou hast any humanity in thy bosom, and let these moments, which may be our last together, be without an auditor."

The soldier, unable to resist the lofty air of command with which these words were uttered, did as he was bidden, and withdrew to another part of the cell. Sir Bertrand then raised the young, sorrow-stricken form, and placed her in the seat beside him."

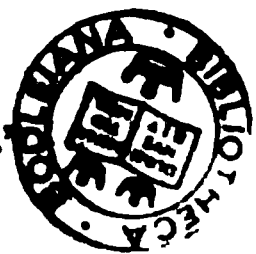
"Be comforted, *Carissima*"—he said in a voice which he strove to compel to steadiness. "I am not wholly without hope. Thou knowest the King's devotion to Prince Henry, and how his heart, they say, bleeds over his loss: and thou knowest too, how dearly the Prince loved me. Think'st thou this advantage will avail me nothing?"

"Nay—nay!" cried Therese, despairingly: "Trust no such vain hope. Did not these ears hear the vow pass his lips!"

"Ah, yes, I *should* remember,—"*rejoined* Sir Bertrand, after a sad and thoughtful pause—"I should remember that all eloquence of mine must prove powerless, indeed, upon the nature that could withstand such tears and such entreaties as thine, my Therese. But *if* I die, beloved!—*if* I *must* die—will it not soften the thought to thee, that it

wilt be in my country's cause, and for the protection and honor of our ducal house? I know thou dost not forget the saying of the old poet—

"*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"



"I only know," exclaimed Therese, passionately, "that all patriotism—everything, is merged in thee. Thou art more to me than King—country—home—friends: everything but God and Heaven!"

"Then, if thou wilt not lay thine aching head on that pillow," said De Born with a tone of undisguised hopelessness—"where shall I point thee for comfort!"

"Here—here alone!" sobbed Therese, lifting as she spoke, a golden *Agnus Dei* that hung suspended from her neck. "In *His* hour of strong agony, our Saviour turned to the Father: so let us turn to Him. Look, my beloved, to His Cross: hang thine every hope *there*; it is all *I* can do: and then, though man do his worst, we shall only be parted for a little while."

She pressed the symbol of her faith fervidly to her quivering lips, and then lifted it to those of her husband.

"Let us kneel together"—said he, assuming an attitude of devotion, and drawing her to his side. "Thou, Therese, wert ever my better angel: pray for me now, and on the wings of thy petition, my spirit will strive to rise."

"Nay—thou too, shalt pray: Heaven may not be won by mediation such as mine."

After their overcharged hearts had relieved themselves by this outpouring of their sorrow, they rose from their lowly posture, with a momentary feeling of calmness, as if the compassionate hand whose aid they sought, had been laid in soothing benediction upon each uplifted brow.

"Thou wilt wait!" said the Knight, questioningly, after they had sat sometime in perfect silence.

"Oh! no, no!" exclaimed Therese, with a newly awakened gush of agony: "I know my heart will break with the tidings, and I would fain die among friends. Part of my attendants shall remain, if the King will permit; and when they come and tell me all—then it will not be long until the holy sisters

of Saint Ursula lay me to rest in their quiet cloisters."

They were interrupted at this moment by the approach of the halberdier, who announced that the lady's time was up, and he could wait for her no longer.

"Oh! for the love of Heaven—" cried Therese, imploringly, as she knelt at his feet—"let me pass this last night with my husband?"

"Nay—nay—" he said, turning away his face, as though unwilling to trust the influence of the beautiful eyes streaming with tears, raised so supplicatingly towards him; "that is counter to my order. It hath been a great stretch of grace on our master's part to admit thee here at all. Abuse it not by asking too much."

"Oh! part us not yet!" she cried, locking her arms convulsively about Sir Bertrand. "Part us not yet!"

"What must be, must be," said the soldier. "'Tis a sorry business enough, good mistress, and the sooner ye make an end on't the better, for both of ye." And he laid his hand on her shoulder as if to enforce his words.

She uttered a low, piercing shriek that rung startlingly through the gloomy apartment; and the warder, without any further delay, wrested her from her husband's embrace, and bore her in a state of merciful insensibility away.

CHAPTER III.

The next morning at an early hour, the rusty key turned in the massive lock, and the door of Sir Bertrand de Born's cell was once more opened. An official of somewhat gentler bearing than the attendant of the preceding day entered, followed by several men-at-arms.

"Good morrow, Sir Knight," said he, advancing toward the prisoner—"good morrow to thee; though I wot, thou'lt think me no welcome visitor when thou knowest mine errand: it is to conduct thee into the presence of the king."

"Nay, thou art none the less welcome for that," said Sir Bertrand, rising from his seat, "anything is better than this suspense: only

unloose these vile shackles, and I am ready to follow thee forthwith."

By the direction of the official, one of the attendants immediately struck off his chains, and the prisoner stepped forward with an elastic energy that betokened how little power the desperate circumstances in which he found himself placed, had had to break, or even bend, his undaunted spirit for more than a moment. His very hand seemed to rejoice in its release from the fetters it had so indignantly worn, as with a graceful wave of it, he said—

"Lead on, good squires—I am panting for a breath of other air than this mouldy prison affords, and I pine to stand once more in the free light of day: *that* at least, will not be denied me."

The guard passed on: the Knight ascended the dark stairway closely behind them, and in a few minutes he was ushered by them into the great hall of the castle, where King Henry, surrounded by many of his Norman nobles, awaited him. The impulsive monarch, subject to sudden and generous emotions, and swayed with equal readiness, by passions of an opposite character, shot lightning glances of anger from his eyes as soon as they rested upon the prisoner; and his hand was thrust nervously under his short Norman mantle, as if in search of the hilt of his poignard, as he exclaimed in a boisterous tone:

"Ha! traitor! so thou hast come to answer for thy treacheries at last! How didst thou dare do so godless a thing as sow discord in the family of thy sovereign? How didst thou dare instigate my sons to rebellion, and embroil me and my subjects of these, my southern provinces, in civil conflict? Certes, so surely as there is justice in heaven, such offices shall not go unrewarded."

Sir Bertram had doffed his velvet cap and made a courteous salutation, as soon as he had entered the royal presence; and now stood below the dais on which the king sat, with his arms calmly folded upon his breast, and with a dignified gracefulness of mien that contrasted strangely with the bluff and uncouth manners of the sovereign. To cringe and sue humbly for his life, was something which the pride of a baron of Aquitaine could not brook; and life on such terms the bold

troubadour would have scorned to receive from any hands, much less from those of the monarch whom he considered himself justified in opposing.

"Hear me, Sire," he began, in a firm voice, as though he felt sure of being able to vindicate his honor, and cast away from himself the imputation of treason, "hear my vindication before thou dost wholly condemn me."

"*Thy vindication!*" exclaimed the King contemptuously, "thou canst find fine scholarly excuses, forsooth, for teaching the royal Princes of England to break the fifth commandment; and thou wouldst array thyself with most specious sophistries to prove that thou still maintainest thy fair honor, although thou hast broken thine oaths to thy sovereign, whose liegeman thou art sworn to be against all men;—and thou thinkest to explain away the traitorous ditties which thou hast put into the mouths of the strolling Provençal bards who sing in every castle hall from Languedoc to Calais. *Thy vindication*, indeed! I wot it would be a sorry enough one."

"I am not the traitor thou would'st brand me," said Sir Bertrand, proudly—"I have ever acted as my conscience bade me"—

"A most vilely kept conscience, by Saint Dunstan! Who was thy father-confessor, that he could have done his duty so illy by thee? No other, I ween, than Satan himself, that prince of traitors. Hear him, my lords," continued the King, turning to his nobles with a sardonic smile overspreading his features—"hear him plead conscientious reasons for his treason."

"My first duty as a vassal," said the Knight, with a still undaunted front, "was to my Princess, through whom alone, as all men know, the fealty of these southern provinces can be claimed by thee; and when, in my judgment, fidelity to a less binding oath became incompatible with fidelity to the one that bound me still more strongly, where would have been my knightly honor—where would have been my chivalry—where my patriotism, if I had preferred *thy* cause to Eleanor of Aquitaine!"

"Fool!" cried the irritated King—"how dar'st thou even in word divorce them? They are one and the same cause, and it is only such firebrands as thou, that would make them different. Thou art bold, indeed, to thrust

such an excuse in the very face of thy sovereign: I'll have no more of it."

"Then I may not defend myself?" asked Sir Bertrand, hesitating.

"If thou hast no better defence to offer than the specimen thou hast furnished, it would be as well for thee to hold thy tongue. Speak no more!" exclaimed the irascible monarch, as he saw the prisoner about to continue—"thy arguments are worse than useless."

"If thou wilt not hear me," said the troubadour, in a somewhat lowered voice, "for mine *own* sake, then listen to me, I pray, for *his* sake"—

"Aye, aye," broke in the king in a taunting tone, not in the least heeding the Knight; "I have heard that thou art wont to boast thyself possessed of such an overabundance of wit, that thou hadst never found use for more than one-half of it. I trow—an I am not grievously mistaken, that thou might'st summon thy whole force to thy aid to-day, and yet find it far too little to help thee out of thy troublesome plight."

"Ah! yes,"—and the prisoner's voice grew suddenly subdued and sad—"such, indeed *was* once my boast. Many straits have I been placed in during my past life, and never before have I found these same wits fail me;—but now"—

"'Tis a pity," interrupted the King with an affectation of sympathy—" 'tis a grave pity they should fly thee at a time when thou standest in sorer need of them than ever before. Certes, they have taken a lesson from their master, and learned to play traitor too!"

"Sire," replied De Born, extending his arms toward the monarch, and speaking with a voice tremulous through its emotion, and an air of irresistible pathos—"Sire, since the day when these arms received into their embrace the dying form of the valiant young Prince Henry,—since the hour this bosom supported his drooping head—and these hands closed his eyes forever,—since then, indeed, I am no longer myself. All wit—all wisdom and sense, have alike forsaken me: *they are buried with my heart in his grave!*"—and covering his face with his hands, the Knight sank down upon the dais, as if wholly overpowered by the mournful memories his words had summoned up.

The King, who had been seeking ever since the death of his son, to divert his acute grief by unceasing activity in prosecuting his designs of vengeance, was so overcome by this sudden and unlooked-for allusion, that he burst into tears, and fell back into the arms of his attendants.

It created no little alarm throughout the hall, to see a strong, athletic frame, such as the English's monarch's, felled by the violence of his rushing emotions, as by a blow from a battle-axe: but some of those present had seen him swoon repeatedly away only a few weeks before, when the tidings of his son's death had been brought to him. The lords and vassals crowded anxiously around, curious witnesses of such an exhibition of feeling as those stern, rude times rarely ever furnished. Restoratives were speedily provided; the King's senses began to return after a short interval, and leaning upon the arm of one of the barons, he resumed his seat.

But the wrathful expression had passed away from his countenance, leaving it pale and sad, and the glancing fire of his eye had become tempered to a strange softness. Under the spell of the masterly touch of the Troubadour, upon the tender and delicate chords of parental affection, had the evil spirit of vengeance been exorcised and banished wholly away.

"Where is the prisoner?" he asked, in tones no longer loud and passionate, but choked with his deeply stirred emotions;—"where is Sir Bertrand de Born? Bring him hither again:" for the barons and attendants had so filled the upper part of the hall as quite to conceal him from view.

"Sir Bertrand," said the King, when he was once more brought into his presence,—
"Sir Bertrand, I well know that my son loved thee more than any man on earth; and thou mayst truly say that in losing him, thou didst lose everything. I had intended no less than that thy blood should be the forfeit of thy many mal-practices towards me; but since he who was so dear to me, was also dear to thee, and died in thine arms,—I, for love of *him*, give thee back thy forfeited life, and thy liberty, and thy conquered castle. Take them,—and from henceforth learn to be a more loyal subject to Henry of England!"

CHAPTER IV.

Within one of the quiet chambers of the convent of Saint Ursula, lay the Lady Therese in a state of the utmost fatigue and exhaustion. Her hurried ride of several leagues on the preceding evening,—the anguish her interview with her husband had cost her,—the night of sleepless woe that followed,—and the dreary return on that morning, would have been enough of themselves to have overborne a less delicate frame. But super-added to these, was the harrowing suspense which seemed too much for her wrung heart to bear, and which she expected would be terminated in a few hours by still more terrible tidings.

"Hopeless grief is passionless,"—and as she lay with her eyes shut and her lips rigidly compressed, and her pale fingers clasped tightly over the crucifix on her bosom,—the two or three nuns who were hovering about her, whispered their fears to one another that she was indeed passing away. The words did not escape the sufferer, whose every sense had become only too painfully acute, and she opened her eyes and looked kindly upon them to allay their apprehensions;—then without speaking, closed them again. The sympathizing Sisters moved noiselessly around, sometimes giving low utterance to the consolations and prayers of the Church; sometimes arranging the cushions of her couch, or moistening her lips with wine, or seeking to revive her with aromatic odors.

Suddenly the stillness that reigned throughout the chamber was broken by the sound of the quick tramp of horsemen that came borne on the summer breeze through the open casement, succeeded by an unusual bustle about the convent gate. The Lady Therese's ear was the first to catch it, and she started up wildly,—her beautifully arched brows knotted through the intensity of her mental anguish, and her hands lifted aloft in an imploring attitude.

One of the nuns was about to leave the apartment with the evident view of learning the tidings, but she interposed beseechingly;—

"Go not yet, Sister Clotilde! I cannot—cannot bear the truth: leave me one brief moment more of doubt, that I may pray for

strength; and then—then—I will hear it and—die!"

She threw herself back upon the couch again, and drew her mantle over her head, as though she would thus shut out every intimation of the dreaded tidings. Just then there was a bounding footstep upon the stair—a hasty knock at the door, and in another moment, Sir Bertrand had rushed into the room and snatched his wife with a cry of joy to his bosom. He tore the covering from her face, but the overwhelming revulsion of feeling was too simultaneous and too violent for the long distracted heart to support,—and to his agonized gaze, life seemed in the struggle to have departed.

"Oh! wherefore!" he exclaimed, while a look of despair suddenly succeeded to that of delight—"wherefore was I spared to witness this! Of what avail is the King's clemency to me now!"

The nuns, astonished by the apparition in their midst of the Knight himself, when they had fully expected to hear of his death, and alarmed at the idea that the Lady Therese was really dead, at once came forward, and in a bewildered way busied themselves in endeavoring to restore her. Sister Clotilde was possessed of much of a leech's skill, and she soon calmed the agitated Sir Bertrand, by assuring him that the Lady Therese had only swooned. It was long, however, before she entirely recovered her consciousness; and when she did so, she lifted her eyes to her husband's face, as if to assure herself perfectly that she was not laboring under a strange delusion of her own over-wrought imagination; then falling upon her knees, the first words she uttered, were the "*Te Deum laudamus*,"—her Church's solemn hymn of thanksgiving,—in which all present joined with the most enthusiastic and religious fervor.

When she had quite recovered herself, and was sufficiently composed to listen, Sir Bertrand recounted the manner of his release, and finished by saying—"Thou seest, my Therese, as I foretold thee, that my wit did not fail me in my hour of need, though thou hadst but a poor opinion of its efficacy; for not only has the king restored me my liberty, but in his generosity he has added thereto my confiscated estate."

"Then," cried Therese, rapturously throwing her arms about her husband—"then may we indeed go back to that dear abode where we were so happy together before thy sword was drawn in this unhallowed quarrel?"

"Aye, to-morrow if thou wilt, *carissima*, if thy to-day's surprise hath not shorn thee of too much strength; and once more there, I promise thee to sit at thy feet, and pour out upon my lute such lays in praise of liberty as I never had sung, had I not known what it is to have been a Captive Troubadour."

MARGARET DE VALOIS.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

"Dix et huit ans je vous donne,
Belle et bonne;
Mais à votre sens rassis
Trente cinq ou trente six
J'en ordonne."—*Clement Marot.*

'Tis rare we find the woman now-a-days
Who stands so fair in history's sculptured range,
Where Poetry and Music charm the air
With such an inspiration, as didst thou,
Star-chambered lily of a blighted King.
Faithful, when all were faithless, was thy love—
Fraudless, when fraud was victory, was thy life—
Speechless, when words were treason to his fame—
Thoughtless, when thought upbraided word or deed;
Thy brother Francis, to Gaul's annals gav'st thou.
Like founts that bubble underneath the grass,
And fertilize the desert till it smiles,
Yielding an odour and a breath so sweet,
They're wafted swiftly to these distant days,
To make life fragrant with urbanity,—
Thy woman's bosom gushed—such grace
Tradition's noble visage wears for thee,
The robe of imitation is put on
Daily by modern worth:—thy virtue's garb
Adorns the humble and bedecks the proud,
'Till excellence is made to live anew,
In aspect fresh and fair, as when it grew
Tear-chastened by thy brother's slavery.
Affection makes life beautiful; it is
The dew that paves the withered waste of years
With verdure gentler than that lily's life*
Which hides in secret all its bloom and tears.

Bring pipes and lutes;
Unbind the captive joy; the slave of care,
Give boundaries as wide and large as those
Which make God's universe our common home:
Virgins and youths array, till music move
Form to its own expression,—pictured dance;—

* Lily of the Valley.

Let joy-bells ring from old Castile to Gaul
 'Till echo wake the lofty Pyrenees ;
 Francis by Margaret is released.
 The Sister-Queen alone her mission took ;
 Made gape the Prison's mouth to freedom's touch,
 And brought the captive to his vacant throne.
 Peace, Angel-like, her pilgrimage did share ;
 And reason, brighter than the morning star,
 Her sun of learning heralded to earth
 'Till it illumed all bounds with steady blaze.
 How bloodless was that famous victory,
 It did out-brave the lusty Tamerlane,
 When with the forces of the world array'd,
 The Orient lay low in night-watch crouched
 To catch the beating of his martial tread,
 How many have sunk and fallen since that time
 Forgotten e'en, as if they ne'er had been ;
 But thou, in grace and virtue beautiful,
 Hath robbed the winged hours of their flight
 And made us warmer friends with memory.
 Life writes its elegy of nothingness
 On many graves, but thou, sweet human pearl,
 Shall light the labyrinth of Time's vast sea,
 'Till the upbraiding waves upbraid no more
 The sullen and illimitable shore.

No method veiled thy mastery,
 Patient and saintly friend of the oppress'd ;
 From flames of torturous funeral piles
 She sheltered in her kingdom brave Perquin,
 Whose learned lore had gently touched her soul ;
 Protected Rousset from the ill of Rome—
 Curb'd the raving zealot's knife and arm,
 In ruthless profanation raised :—Thus
 Mild Melancthon drew her thoughts away
 By that assimilation which commands
 Recruiting reason to desert her ranks,
 And claim allegiance in a higher field.
 Queen of Navarre! the minstrel's glowing pen
 Relates in lines of light thy eulogy,
 Rich with the love tradition leaves to earth,
 Thou matchless Mother, Sister, gentle Queen,
 Thou more than friend—thou less than enemy,
 Even where rancor justified revenge.
 Daughter of her whose prudence reconciled
 Contending faction and preserved the State,—
 Louisa of Savoy, whose heart-illumined mind,
 Saw Montmorency's merit through her love,
 And would be made a Bourbon ; that refused
 Made hate's dark minister go seek revenge,
 And tear the laurel from the lofty brow
 Upon the altar, where before so oft
 The woman's passion worshipped. But thou—
 Benignantly thy stainless memory burn'd,
 Pure as the never-ceasing vestal fire
 The matchless Numa, in the Virgin's grot,
 Resplendently enkindled ; and it shines
 Across the common path of duty still.
 Lighting the throng'd air of Life to-day,
 And will, perchance, until the Night of Time
 Shall pitch its tent of darkness o'er the world.
 How few can tell what struggles, trials, toils,
 Had birth within that breast ? More anguishing
 Than hers, who at the lowly cottage fire,
 Sees haggard Want her children's faces blight,
 By the dim faggot's ruddy blaze : 'Tis thus
 The Providence of Nature sometimes shows
 A dumb intelligence to those it lifts
 Into existence ; adding a low voice
 Amidst the wilderness of human woes ;

And giving strength of soul enough to bear
 The burdens of the world—success—defeat.
 But she must die at last, for the last link
 Which bound her to the world, asunder broke.
 Her life declined as do the fading days
 Of autumn, sadly beautiful ; or like
 That weeping tree, "The Lady of the Woods,"
 Which droops its branches to the winter's blast ;
 She lowly bended to the storm of fate
 And raised her head no more.

It is a tale
 Of mystery and grief! In the twilight aisles—
 Still as the silence of the dead's repose—
 Of a Cathedral's nave, she met a nun
 Insane, but left to wander like her mind.
 Just as the Queen was passing with her train
 She cried convulsively, as if to scare
 Her flock of contemplations from their fold ;
 "I pity your misfortunes." Instantly
 The truth was naked to her spirit's gaze ;
 They feared to tell her, but her Francis's form
 Was cold, as the cold marble o'er his grave.
 Death had a double mandate, for he laid
 Brother and sister in one common tomb.

* Coleridge calls the Weeping Willow, "The Lady of the Woods."

SIEUR ROGER.

EPISODE OF THE MIDDLE AGE.

Is it even so? Then I defy you stars!
 Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper
 And hire post-horses: I will hence to-night.

Romeo and Juliet.

Speak not against your nature: best each keep
 His own—you yours—most now when I keep mine
 —At least fall by it, having too weakly stood.

Luria.

This is a sorry sight!

Macbeth.

I.

HOW THE SIEUR ROGER CLAIMED THE FULFILMENT OF
 HIS CONTRACT.

To the end that the woful sufferings which
 befel that true knight and fair sire, Messire
 Roger D'Espaign, may not be lost to mem-
 ory, I, Jehan Tenès, an unworthy chronicler,
 (though honored of many great princes,) have
 undertaken to write this true history.

In August—the fine month—of the year of
 our blessed Saviour, 1388, Monseigneur Je-
 han XXI., Sire de Boulogne, came out of his

chateau situate in the fair province of Agenois, and stretched himself leisurely on the long bench at the great entrance, which afforded him a pleasant resting place, all covered, as it was, with flowering vines. The sun was just about to set, and now shone brightly on the brown roof, the sentry towers flanking the chateau, and on the broad doorway, through which came the clatter of dishes and the savory odor of rich meats, to Messire's nostrils. Beyond this, the fair sun shone on the beautiful fields; and on the sources of the three small rivers running near; and on the distant towers of the ancient cities of that fine region of Southern France: and so died away slowly toward the marches of Bearne, where, at that time, Count Gaston of Foix, called for his beauty, Gaston Phœbus, feasted many brave chevaliers, below the Pyrenees.

Messire wrapping himself in his flowered dressing gown, was aware of a knight approaching the chateau from the east. The hoof-strokes were of a galloping horse; and ere long, a cavalier, richly appointed, of noble and graceful bearing, ascended the winding road, followed by his esquire, riding ten paces in the rear.

The knight dismounting, threw to his esquire the reins, and coming forward, saluted Messire with dignity.

"Welcome, Sieur Roger," said the Count de Boulogne, "welcome to my poor chateau. You seem to my eyes to have ridden far."

"From Carcassone, my Lord," replied the knight, in mild, clear tones.

"Ah! a weary way, Messire! You come to honor my poor home with a long stay?"

"For one night only, my good Lord."

"Longer—longer, fair Sire and brave Seigneur. But you are weary. Ho, there! Guillaume! Basil! Jehan! See that the Seigneur D'Espaign's apartment is at once prepared. See to it rascals! An ewer with fresh water, towels and my own mirror of Milàn."

"Thanks, my Lord," the knight said, with his grave, noble voice: and so, talking with his host, entered the chateau, and was marshalled to his apartment. The Seigneur de Boulogne, himself, would have removed his sword and dusty armour, offering a velvet robe and white chamois slippers. But Messire Roger stayed his hand.

"No gala dress for the poor knight, who comes on woful matters, Seigneur."

"On woful matters?"

"I come, fair Seigneur, to ask the fulfilment of our contract!"

"The contract!" murmured the Sieur Boulogne.

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II.

HOW MESSIRE ROGER OPENED HIS HEART TO THE SEIGNEUR DE BOULOGNE.

They took their seats at the broad board: the fat Sieur de Boulogne gazing askance at Messire Roger, and pouring out many words.

"Taste this Burgundy," he said, pressing on the knight a silver goblet, in which the bright vintage shone fairly; "'tis of the year 1350, stowed away by the late Count, my father—whose soul the Saints receive!"

"Thanks, my Lord," very gravely and gently replied Sieur Roger, "it is very excellent: but—"

"Then this hyppocras."

"I have once drunk of it: the flavoring is unmatched, methinks, for pleasantness—most grateful to me, a worn out traveller but—"

"Worn out Sieur Roger?"

"Wellnigh, my Lord and cousin."

"Cousin? 'tis well. I am very weary of my titles 'Seigneur,' and 'Messire,' and 'Compte.' You come from Carcassone?"

"Without drawing rein, fair Sire; and now—"

"What interests men there—the pope of Avignon, they say, has granted—"

Sieur Roger rose.

"Sire and Cousin," he said; and his voice trembled in its lower and gentler tones—"Sire Jehan, a report has come to me, that the Demoiselle Jeanne de Boulogne is about to espouse the great Duke of Berry—Jeanne, my betrothed! my own!—your daughter—"

The Lord Boulogne mused. The knight continued—

"To the poor Seneschal of Carcassone, my Lord," he said, gently; "this intelligence came at a moment when his heart was not sufficiently strong to bear it—as God wot such strength could never exist therein! That poor Seneschal is now before you, Messire and Cousin!"

The Lord Boulogne smiled uneasily.

"By my faith," he said, "suppose it true!"

"It is true!" cried the knight, turning pale.

"Why start so, Messire Roger?"

"It is true that Jeanne, my betrothed—my bride before high heaven—it is true that Jeanne is to espouse this Duke of Berry, brother of King Charles of France, the Sixth of the name!"

"'Tis a magnificent alliance, Sieur Roger!"

"Sieur Jehan," the knight exclaimed, rising, his pale face flushed now, and his eyes a fearful sight, "is it truly the Sire de Boulogne who speaks to me,—the Sieur de Boulogne who betrothed to me his daughter in former days, here at this chateau—my happy boyhood-days—who now breaks his true faith, consenting that his dear daughter shall espouse that bad and cruel Prince of Berry: thus ruining the heart and the fair hopes of a loyal knight—to wed that infamous prince!"

"Sieur Roger!"

"Yes; I will ever say it!" cried Sieur Roger, "most cruel and most infamous as my Seneschalship of Carcassone, has shown me—infamous beyond all expression of the tongue of man, cruel beyond the bloodiest bear of the great Pyrenees. And you, Sire Jehan, would consign Jeanne, my flower, my angel, all I cling to on this earth, to that dotard eld—she barely sixteen summers old!"

"Sixteen last Jean-Baptiste," the Lord Boulogne murmured.

"You would force her to espouse this prince, when she is betrothed—why am I forced to say it?—to a pure heart, an honest hand, a loyal soul, whom men call Roger Sire D'Espaign!—you would do this!"

"Sieur and cousin," muttered the Lord Boulogne, emptying with a nervous hand, his goblet, "you have said harsh words. The Duke of Berry is old, not cruel—but noble, and puissant, loving fine works of art—pictures and missals—and very high-raised in the land. But why say aught of this? the espousal I have nought to do with! The Count of Foix and Jeanne's mother have arranged all—all. True is it, your contract of betrothal is all signed. Say it is, cousin: can I stay that? No. Do not apply to me,

then—I am weak!" he groaned, "they say I am nobody, and I *am* nobody. They call me glutton, bibber of wines, idle, effeminate knight. Well, all is true though I *am* Jehan XXI. Sieur de Boulogne? You bend wondering eyes on me, Sieur Roger! You do not understand me! Is that so wonderful, when I do not understand myself? Sieur Roger, I love you well!" he wept: "go marry Jeanne! Would to God she were here upon my knee! Go, Roger!"

The Lord Boulogne's head fell upon his folded arms: the wine he had drunk incessantly while uttering these words, had overpowered him.

"Parchment and a pen," the knight said, calmly.

Parchment and pen were brought, and the Sieur Roger wrote:

"I, Jehan XXI., Sieur de Boulogne, mindful of faith and honor, do here and now declare that the Demoiselle Jeanne de Boulogne, is betrothed with my consent, to Messire Roger D'Espaign. Given at my chateau de Boulogne, this 14 August, 1388."

"Messire, your name here."

"Most willingly."

And the Lord Boulogne affixed, with trembling hand, his name.

"And now my horse!" said the knight, "Farewell my Lord and cousin. I go to Ortaise!"

"God speed you, Roger!"

III.

HOW MESSIRE ROGER WAS DEVOTED TO THE INFERNAL GODS, BY HIS HIGHNESS, THE DUKE OF BERRY.

In the great hall at Ortaise, in the province of Bearne, whereof was lord that puissant prince and fair Sire, Gaston Phœbus, Count of Foix and Bearne, a goodly company of brave knights and fair dames was assembled to greet and pay their duty to Mademoiselle Jeanne de Boulogne, of noble memory.

Count Gaston, clad in the dress of an emperor, so rich was it, with jewels and orders of knighthood, was honored with discourse by his mighty Highness Monseigneur, the Duke de Berry, uncle of the King of France, and one of the Regents of the kingdom.

"Many thanks, my Lord of Foix," his

Highness said, in the cracked voice of age, and exhausted powers, "we thank you for your kind wishes for the happiness of myself and bride: ha! ha!"

"Have you heard an owl screech," whispered the Bastot Mauléon to his brother-in-arms, Chalonnnet, "such a noise is this laugh of his Highness!"

"You do me honor, Monseigneur," Count Gaston answered, with his noble mien, "thus use my poor chateau."

"And to take your ward, eh?"

"Much honor," answered the noble Count, curling his haughty lip.

"Ah! you sneer my lord!" cried his Highness, shaking through his effete and bloated person, with sombre laughter,—"what's o'clock?"

"Seven of matins," answered Messire Gaston, shortly.

"By my faith, methought I felt the cravings of hunger: order supper!"

"At eight, your Highness!"

"What! you question us? Supper there!" the duke cried to a servitor.

The servitor stirred not.

"Do you hear, rascal?"

The servitor moved not.

"Count of Foix," his Highness cried, "you have but small breeding here! I spoke to your servitor and he moved not."

"No one is here accustomed to receive order save from myself," the Count said, calmly. "Excuse his rude bearing."

The duke laughed cunningly and with sombre irony.

"So be it, then. But my bride that is to be, where is she? My eyes are weak."

"Dotard!" muttered Messire Gaston. "She is there, Monseigneur!" he added aloud.

And there, indeed, sat that noble and puissant damsel, Jeanne de Boulogne, in all the pomp of her grand and wondrous beauty, brilliant with jewels and breaking with her angel eyes and smiling lips, the hearts of many noble knights and loyal youths, whom she had held in bondage now so long it seemed! Yet was she but sixteen—a mere child.

"Ha! ha! my pretty bride!" the old ogling duke cried, gaily: and with trembling lips he imprinted a rude kiss on her fair cheek. She tried not to shrink: but at the

contact of those satyr lips, she changed the fair roses in her cheeks for lilies.

"Your Highness is very good," she murmured.

The young men laid their hands upon their swords, frowning and flushing to the hair. The Count stood smiling grimly—uttering courteous words. The men of Bearne—brave knights, good and true—would there have devoted themselves, all, to perdition, but to have plunged their daggers into the body of that old leering Silenus, around whom their murmurs and frowns met and clashed like the great rumbling thunder and the levin!

The Demoiselle Jeanne seeing all this, smiled. But suddenly her face lost all color, and she shuddered. Standing there before her in the throng, with calm face and eyes, was the good knight, Sieur Roger. One hand pressed his heart: he came forward with the noble amenity born in his blood.

"Fair lady," he said, bowing lowly, "methinks the night is pleasant: let us wander for a moment in the old garden you have loved so long!"

And placing in his own her trembling arm, he led her calmly away with no one glance to the mighty Highness, who, trembling with passion, started forward too.

Count Gaston, with a smile, laid a hand upon his Highness' arm.

"What would you do, Monseigneur?" he coldly said.

"Punish that varlet with instant death for his most insolent deed!"

"Methinks your Highness would find him a good swordsman, if such honor," the Count tarried on that word, "you do design him. Be tranquil, my good lord: 'tis her cousin."

His Highness ground his teeth.

"If such be the fact, even let them go. Now, supper as soon as may be, and some hyppocras!"

"Your Highness shall be served."

IV.

HOW THE SIEUR ROGER TORE HIS HEART IN PIECES AND SCATTERED IT TO THE WIND.

They walked some moments very silently in the old garden: the demoiselle Jeanne's

arm trembled, the Knight thought. Was it from cold? He broke not the silence, seeming buried in deep thought.

"What would you Roger?" the noble demoiselle said at last, "have you come to reproach me—to be cruel? Oh, Roger, no! no! do not—"

He raised his noble head. A smile was on his lips.

"Not so, Jeanne—ever loved, ever true. Yes, my heart felt a great shock at what was told it: but know I not that *your* heart is mine—that you will never wed this man from France? Your faith has been tried—you have not swerved, methinks. It is now the Roger of old days who comes to you—the cousin and playmate of your childhood. Of your childhood, my own Jeanne? You are still a child, my own child who have ever loved me, will, in good time, give your life and happiness to me to keep. Ask me not if I doubted *you*—ah! no. As high heaven sees me, Jeanne, I have ever felt that *you* were true to the poor knight, who, on this earth, is known as Roger Sieur D'Espaign, though that poor knight had and now hath nought to offer you but an honest faith and a very loyal heart! You have played with him, Jeanne, often in the former days—he then was but a boy: is even now scarcely more. You gave him your heart—a wealth more grand than kingdoms!—he gave you all his own. He would have died for you—not in mere words, but truly: would have asked no other happiness—no greater blessing, than holding you to his true heart, to then have perished with you! You knew all this—could not but see it. Therefore that Roger D'Espaign,—though, oh, so weak and little,—finds nothing to fear, truly, in this great Highness. Nothing!"

The demoiselle Jeanne listened to these gentle tones, that noble and persuasive voice, with tears and sobs—so low, he heard them not. He bent down and saw her weeping.

"Tears, Jeanne!" said Messire Roger, in his noble and gentle voice: "my Jeanne has been afflicted?"

"Oh, Roger!"

She could say no more.

"Ah! voice of my boyhood!" he said, smiling: "how the old time comes back to me, at the very sound of it!"

"Roger, we must part!"

He let fall the arm he held, with a great start.

"Part! say you Jeanne?"

"Forever: I am betrothed—will, on tomorrow, be wed to his Highness of Berry. You turn pale, you, shudder! My God, my God! why have you ever loved me! Roger, we must part. I am but a child, you say—well, treat me as a child: treat me as faithless. We can never be the Jeanne and Roger of the past!"

Sieur Roger pressed his burning temples with his two quivering hands. A cold sweat bathed both his cheeks. Jeanne's heart was breaking, she clung to him, clasping both arms round him; clinging to his neck, she sobbed passionately on his bosom.

"Roger! dear Roger! Cousin Roger! I am not worthy of you! we love each other, but you love me most! I do not say I love you not: no! no! All that happy past time comes to me again, and I am sick with passionate, mortal regret. My memory is a mist that obscures, that kills: but I must have no memory. We were betrothed, having loved so many days, in the happy times you speak of. But that is gone!—the duke will be my husband. You might forbid the marriage, and the Pope would forbid it: but you will not—for—for—"

She stopped blushing and shuddering. He raised his head; that pale statue-face clung to her often afterwards, long years: then she continued—

"For—for—I must be duchess of Berry!"

The Sieur Roger slowly unlocked her arms—tenderly and gently. Then he took from his breast the parchment signed by the Sire de Boulogne, holding it before her in the sunset. She read it, weeping.

"It might have been, Jeanne," he said, gently. She covered her face. He slowly tore the scroll, and bowing down very lowly, kissed her hand.

She threw herself convulsively on his breast, sobbing and weeping. The Sieur Roger uttered no word in reply to her eloquent agony, but gently led her back to the chateau, where the merry guests received her.

The Sieur, with one long look, turned away—she following him with her eyes. He

went from Ortaise that evening into the dark night.

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V.

HOW SIEUR ROGER RELATED TO THE LORD BOULOGNE
HIS FINE STAG-HUNT.

"Sieur Jehan," said the majordomo of Boulogne chateau, "a guest is at your gate, who knocks very loudly."

"Go and admit him."

The majordomo left the hall. In a few minutes, he returned, ushering in with many bows, the Sieur Roger.

"Ah, Roger! my eyes welcome you! What issue to your business, dear and fair Sire?"

"A noble issue," cried the Knight, joyfully, "the hounds have been all day hunting. In the fir hills at last they tore down the stag—an antler such as in all my hunting, I have never seen. A cup of wine, good land-lord!"

The Lord Boulogne started from his seat, gazing on the Sire D'Espaign with astonished eyes.

"Ha! ha!" cried Sieur Roger, gaily, "why on my faith of gentleman, 'tis my worthy friend, the Count de Boulogne! Boulogne? Boulogne?" he murmured, passing his long, taper fingers across his brow and through his long, curling hair, "methinks I know that name."

"Roger! Roger!" cried the Sire de Boulogne, in affright, "what means this?"

"Ah, a noble work of art," said Sieur Roger, emptying a goblet of hypocras, and gazing pensively on a portrait hanging opposite his eyes upon the mouldings, "methinks I know that face!"

"Why it is Jeanne!"

"Jeanne? Jeanne?" muttered the Sieur, with the old gesture. "Did I not know a Jeanne once? She was passing fair—hair very long and golden, eyes blue—a fair demoiselle, on my faith of gentleman! A cup of wine, mine host. Is there a good companion lodging here to-night? Bid him come to me, and bring forth your richest vintage. The Sieur D'Espaign would empty a fair cup with him!"

"Roger! Roger! my dear boy, Roger—"

"What a day was that—how merrily rolled the joyous bugle noise along the hills. What echoes! The Bastot Mauléon discourses much of fair Bohemia and the wolf-hunting there, when following that fair Sire, the Captal de Buch, he journeyed thither. It could not be so grand as my fine stag hunt. Give me a horn, mine host. Ah! there is one upon your wall!"

And overturning a large carved chair, the Sieur Roger caught the horn from its place, and putting it to his lips, wound a joyous bugle blast, which made the hounds in their kennels under the chateau-eaves rise up and tug at their chains, and utter yearning howls. They had never heard that *mort* yet, but when some great stag was brought to bay and torn by them.

The Sire Boulogne ran to him and caught him in his arms.

"Roger! Roger!" he cried, "your brain is turned. In God's name, what is here? Has aught befallen you?"

"Yes—yes—'tis a fine thing, memory," said the Sieur Roger, gently, to himself—"God has mercifully vouchsafed memory to the humblest. Glory and thanks be to that omnipotent and loving God. He breathed upon me: and though I was but a poor knight, wellnigh landless, I knew the beautiful land I had left was mine—the bright land of the Past! 'Tis a grand beauteous world!" he said, pensively and gently, and then he seemed plunged in thought, reclining at full length in the broad chair which the lord Boulogne had raised.

At the same moment, a loud noise was heard at the hall door.

"Who is there!" cried the lord Boulogne. The old majordomo entered.

"It is Coissac, Messire D'Espaign's esquire, who wishes to enter," he said. "Now your lordship's orders are positive against it, and—"

"My master! Ah! Sieur Roger!" cried a weeping voice behind the majordomo.

"Admit him!" said the lord Boulogne, "Coissac, what ails the knight?"

"I know not, noble seigneur, but am sure Madame Jeanne knows. He has raved since we left the Bearne marches. In the sunset, riding slowly, he laughed so wildly that I shuddered through all my limbs!"

The lord Boulogne rose, pale and sorrowful—the fumes of his wine were dissipated.

“Fair Sire Roger,” he said, touching the Sieur D’Espaign, who listlessly played with his sword, “You have ridden a weary way, and a soft bed awaits you. Let us empty the sleeping cup.”

“Yes, I am weary—very weary,” sighed the Sieur Roger. “But I shall soon sleep.”

And so he was marshalled to his chamber. He slept little throughout the night—in the morning was struck down a woful man, with delirium and fever.

VI.

HOW THE SIEUR ROGER MET AGAIN WITH THE DEMOISELLE JEANNE.

’Twas a most golden eve when the proud cavalcade, at the head whereof rode his Highness, Monseigneur the Duke de Berry, and the young Duchess, approached Boulogne chateau. She rode “on a white palfrey”* with much gold and very many jewels on her caparison and robes; and Monseigneur looked the royal prince he was.

The Lord Boulogne came forth and courteously, but far more gravely than his wont, received the fair company, among whom were Messire La Riviere, Guy de Tremouille, the Bastot Mauléon, and other renowned chevaliers and fair sires. And so with merry music were they ushered to the great banquetting hall, where in expectation of their coming a grand feast, to which many brave gentlemen of Agenois were bidden, awaited them. They banquetted in noble state, emptying many fair goblets, and with merry words.

Thereafter many games were enacted by the varlets in the court, whereat the noble ladies laughed very heartily, showering down *largesse* to the knaves: and so in time were all marshalled to repose. The Lord Boulogne bore the light before his Highness the Duke to his couch, and so returned to his own chamber.

On the stairway his daughter met him.

“My lord and father!” cried the peerless Jeanne, “you have all this evening looked

on me with a frowning brow. Wherein has your poor daughter offended you?”

The Sire Boulogne bent down his head and wept; but uttered no word.

“Has my marriage offended my lord and father?” she asked, tearfully.

“Jeanne, ’tis the ruin of a noble heart!”

She turned pale.

“A noble soul,” he said, “is shipwrecked by your act. Hence these fond tears. ’Fore high heaven miserable and weak am I indeed; but not so low am I sunk, but that the sorrows of that great heart, that fair chevalier the Sieur D’Espaign, can bring tears to my weak eyes!”

“Father what ails him?”

“He lies in mortal sickness.”

“Where!” she cried, pale and cold.

“In yonder chamber—wo is me!”

“Father I must see him!”

“You! his fate—his curse!”

She buried her face in her hands.

“Father!” she cried, “lead me to him: do not, do not curse me!”

“Jeanne, my own Jeanne, I curse thee? To my heart! We are all weak together—driven by destiny!”

And he clasped in his arms with doting love that slender and peerless form. They sought the sick man. He was stretched upon his couch by the window—where-through floated the soft breath of flowers—very pale and wan, with dreamy eyes.

“Roger!” she cried; “Roger! ah, my heart breaks! Speak to me!”

“In a far land—yes, in a far land,” the Sieur D’Espaign lowly murmured, “all was in a far land!”

She fell upon her knees.

“In a far bright land,” the sick chevalier murmured, “where the sun shines ever through the long happy year! Say you she loved him not? ’Tis false!”

“Roger! Roger!” she cried, pressing his thin hand to her cold lips.

“Roger, ’tis Jeanne—Jeanne, your cousin!” cried the Lord Boulogne, tearing his gray hair. “Rouse! rouse! my child!”

“Jeanne? Who spoke of Jeanne? I who stand here am Roger Sieur D’Espaign! Lives there a man who dares speak aught against that so peerless dame?”

* Froisart, Vol. IV, p. 43.

Jeanne buried her face in the silken coverlid and groaned.

"Roger!" cried the Lord Boulogne, "rouse up! Jeanne comes to see you in your sickness."

His eyes fell upon the golden hair, shaken with sobs.

"Away!" he shouted, starting up, "'tis the fiend who met me in the dell, and clutched my soul, and scorched me with the hot burning fever! To horse! Let us meet rather all the battles of Mahound!"

The Lord Boulogne caught him in his arms and easily composed him.

"Go, Jeanne," he said, "your presence aggravates the malady, since now he dreams himself in Palestine again. Go, daughter, and offer prayers for him;—soon his reason and strength will come to him again."

"Mary Mother, hear my prayers—blessed Saviour, grant my prayers," she murmured, weeping and sobbing and going with a last look of agony fixed on the pale, wan face.

"In a far land," he murmured gently, with a soft tender smile; "yes, in a far, bright land!"

VII.

HOW THE DEMOISELLE JEANNE AND THE SIEUR D'ESPAIGN
WENT AWAY FROM CHATEAU DE BOULOGNE.

Till the next evening the noble duke tarried at the chateau of his father-in-law engaged in many entertaining pastimes—of which being now a second child, he was very fond. In such pastimes, Madame the Duchesses took no part, alleging violent pains in the temples and the heart.

When evening came, the noble knights prepared to accompany his Highness to the neighboring abbey of Clairvault, where they were to lie that night—the prior being cousin to her Highness.

The merry music sounded: hoofs clattered on the courtyard: fair leave-taking was gone through: and with many condescending words his Highness Monseigneur the Duke passed forth from Boulogne castle. Very merry was his lordship, since a fair banquet and rich wines had fed for the time the burnt-out fires of his shaking body, and his little red eyes were full of childish delight.

"Have you seen a weasel bloated with fresh eggs?" whispered the Bastot Mauléon to his brother Chalonnnet, who shook with laughter, "here he is on this courser, called of men His Royal Highness!"

Madame the Duchess with red eyes, received her father's parting kiss, and whispering some tremulous words, rode forth. Behind, the long line of glittering men-at-arms with upright spears caught upon their armor and tall lance-heads the red sunlight and threw it back! The music sounded—and then died away. The chateau was again still.

The Lord Boulogne sought the sick chamber of Sire Roger. On the stairway the leech, clad in his black serge robe, met him with subdued looks.

"The knight?" asked the Lord Boulogne.

The leech shook his head: they entered. The Sieur Roger greeted them with a smile: his eyes were no longer dreamy and wandering, but clear and fixed.

"I have slept long, methinks, my lord and cousin," he said, faintly; "has the day then so nearly passed?"

"It is near sunset, fair Sire Roger."

"Cousin I am weak," he said, with a gentle smile—his eyes wandering again.

"Soon you will be strong again."

"Strong? Said you not my arm was strong?" he murmured. "Ah! ah! ah!"

"Roger! Roger! you are wandering again, My God will it ever be so?"

"Not long, my lord," the leech said, sadly.

"What mean you, Sir leech?"

"Listen."

"Yes! yes! yes! very bright," the fair Sire murmured; "the bright, far waters—how our prowls cut through them! Holy Land! Holy Land! there in the mist!"

"He speaks of Palestine—Oh! he is going—I tell you, Sir leech, dying! Look at those eyes, so long the mirror of true knight-hood!—Roger! Roger!" cried the Lord Boulogne, throwing himself upon his knees.

"Now we draw near," the beau Sire lowly said; "the palm trees wave their long plumes to the blue sea—the scimeters! the scimeters! over the hill beyond the valley!"

"Roger, my child! speak to the old man—speak to me, my boy!"

The dying man seemed not to hear the words: his eyes were wandering to other scenes; and he was conscious of no one now near him.

"Dear Pilgrim, I have heard of this wild sound, the ringing clash of cymbals!" he muttered. "How wild! Music—ah, how the soul leaps up to it. Listen! the air is full of it!"

At the same moment the trumpeters of his Royal Highness sent forth their mirthful notes—the cavalcade about to disappear, winding down the hill like a crimson stream, lit by the red, golden sunset-light.

The good knight raised himself on one hand and gazed upon it, listening—with round, fiery eyes. The strain came floating to him.

"What a land!" he cried, "and how it sounds! Comrade! is the blood in your veins so cool? 'Tis Holy Land. We have come far! the infidel is there before you—how the scimitars glitter—ah! they come! Jesu, for love of thee this arm—this heart—Jesu!"

The knight fell back: he was dead. That so long loved and honored mirror of true knighthood, known through France and Italy to Holy Land as Roger Tancred Sieur D'Espaign, had passed! May his poor body rest in peace where now it lies upon that grassy hill above the plains of Agenois—his soul has long since been washed clean of mortal stain. Glory and joy be his.

The Lord Boulogne rent his hair.

"Then farewell thou good and true knight Roger!" he cried "thou hast left behind thee none like thee:—so pure was thy knightly honor, so grand thy soul. Farewell thou good knight—God receive thee to himself—Jesu! ah, take him to thyself!"

L. I. L.

January, 1853.

FLORA MACDONALD.—The grave of Flora Macdonald, the Celtic heroine of Forty-five, is in the churchyard of Kilmuir, in Skye, in an enclosed but roofless spot appropriated to the interment of the Kingsburgh family. Several years since a grandson of Flora Macdonald sent from England a marble slab to mark the spot, but it was broken ere it reached Skye, and there is now no trace of it. A small sum would suffice to erect some substantial and appropriate memorial.—*Inverness Courier*.

TO MISS NANNIE.

"I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done,
than be one of the twenty, to follow mine own teaching."
Merch. of Venice.

"Do as I tell you, and not as I do."

Old Saying.

You say "a moral sign-post," I
Point out the road towards the sky,
And then, with glance so very sly,
You archly ask me, Lady, why
I hesitate myself to go
In the direction which I show.

To answer is an easy task,
If you allow me but to ask
One little question, sweet, of you.—
'Tis this, should sign-posts travel too,
What would bewildered pilgrims do—
Celestial pilgrims such as you?

JNO. R. BARCASTLE,
of Blanktown,
Dash County,
Va.

A Railroad from Jericho to Jazes.

The following dexterous piece of satire is taken from a little volume* recently published at Montreal, the object of which was to poke fun at the administration of Colonial affairs in Canada. The book abounds in such hits, though, in our ignorance of Canadian politics, we know not how far they may be "well bestowed." Some of our readers may, perhaps, detect a resemblance in the internal improvement policy of Cacona to that pursued in their own State—of course, we shall not point it out ourselves.—[*Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.*]

I had just got through this singular episode, when Pinkerton came to announce that the Council was sitting. There was a stranger, he said, who had something to propose, about which Mr. Shanks and Mr. Bullyman could not agree.

I accordingly hurried in, and found the stranger in question, who was introduced by Mr. Shanks as Mr. Sleeper, the great railroad contractor. He was a tall person, with a remarkably shrewd expression of counte-

* HOW I CAME TO BE GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND OF CAONA; With a particular account of my administration of the affairs of that Island: respectfully dedicated to my fellow labourers in the Colonial Vineyard, by the HON. FRANCIS TRISTLETON, late Governor of the Island of Caona. Montreal: H. Ramsay.

nance, and reminded one of the "detectives" of London.

"We are going right into railroads, your Excellency," said Mr. Shanks, rubbing his hands briskly. "My friend, Sleeper, is prepared to run a line from Antioch to Jericho. A splendid opportunity for the commerce of the country!"

"From Antioch to Jericho! But isn't there the canal?"

"Certainly there is," said Bullyman; "the canal doesn't pay a copper: what's the use then of building a railroad? It's all gammon!"

"My dear Mr. Attorney General," said Mr. Sleeper, with a most amiable smile, and speaking in the softest tone, "I'm afraid you are sadly behind the spirit of this gigantic age, otherwise you could not fail to be aware that the only way to make the canal pay is to build the railroad."

"Well, I'm sure I don't see how that can be," observed Mr. Bullyman, sulkily.

"Perhaps not, perhaps not," continued Mr. Sleeper, with a graceful wave of the hand, "but I do, I do. I have studied the matter, my dear Mr. Attorney General, and my experience satisfies me of the fact. For instance, there was the Potsdam and Pendulum turnpike road, which never paid a farthing till they built the Thunderdrum railroad close along side of it. What was the result? The turnpike trustees got so enraged that they immediately took to driving coaches all day long—lived literally on stages, and at the end of the year paid a splendid dividend to each other. How many families are there upon the line of the Canal?"

"Eight," said Mr. Bullyman, "besides old Fetch-and-carry, the blind fiddler, who only travels with his dog."

"Quite sufficient to pay a handsome profit," said Mr. Sleeper. "Those families at present do not come to Jericho more than once a week probably?"

"Not that," said Mr. Bullyman. "Dodds told me the other day he had only been in once for three years, and then it was on an extraordinary occasion, such as pelting a Governor."

"No matter, no matter," observed Mr. Sleeper, with another eloquent sweep of the hand. "We'll manage Dodds—we'll make

him come. Build your railroad, and you will find that the incarnate demon of travel will seize upon every one of those families. It is a law of railroads. Give six members to each family—six multiplied by eight makes forty-eight. [I believe this is correct, Mr. Bullyman?—Let each soul take three trips a day—and they can't prevent themselves from taking less, if they try, and what is the amount of your profits? Enormous, sir, positively enormous. I declare, your Excellency, my imagination grows heated with the prospect."

"Bah!" said Mr. Bullyman, contemptuously: "And what's to become of the canal? If all the travel goes by the railroad, where's the canal, I'd like to know?"

"Not *all* the travel," said Mr. Sleeper, sweetly: "I did not say *all* the travel, Mr. Attorney General; you will observe that I did not include the violinist in my calculation, nor his faithful dog. But besides that, there is the luggage. All railroad experience goes to show that freight is aquatic, and naturally takes to the water. Of course all the passengers will go by the railroad, but Mr. Attorney General, it is just as sure as that that glorious luminary (pointing in a direction where Mr. Sol. certainly did not happen to be) will rise from its bed of roses tomorrow, *that their trunks will go by the canal*. In short, I do not hesitate to repeat that a more splendid investment for all parties than the Antioch and Jericho Railroad, was never offered to public competition."

"And at what do you estimate the cost, Mr. Sleeper," I enquired, not at all taken with the glowing picture.

"Cost! your Excellency! Pardon me, but that is a word not to be found in the railroad vocabulary. The greater the cost, the greater the profit. All railroad experience goes to show that the more you pay out, the more you get in. If I lend your Excellency twopence, your Excellency only expects twopence in return; but if I give you £100,000, of course I expect to get a large amount of interest back with my money."

"Yes, but expectations are not always answered, and men sometimes sow where they do not reap, Mr. Sleeper."

"Quite a fallacy, I assure your Excellency, as far as railroads are concerned."

"Well," said Bullyman, "the matter will have to be talked of in full Council. Buster isn't here, and the understanding is, that no money is to be voted without the whole council are present. I can't make out how making a railroad is to cause the canal to pay, and I suspect it will cost a plaguy lot of money anyhow, and money is a scarce article with Colonists."

As my views this time entirely coincided with those of the Attorney General, Mr. Sleeper took his departure, and the Council soon after broke up.

The subject was, however brought up a few days afterwards in full Council by Mr. Bullyman himself, who, to my surprise, told me that, on thinking over the matter, he had come to the conclusion that the railroad wasn't such a bad idea after all. "What I objected to," said that gentleman, "was stopping at Antioch, but now we've arranged to make it a **GRAND TRUNK LINE**, to run right through the Island—in at one end, you know, and slap out at the other. It will develop the resources of the country—stir up the manufacturing interest, and put life into the oyster beds. If it's well managed—and Sleeper's the man to poke it along—it's sure to succeed, and will have an effect. Here's the plan," and he produced a large chart, on which the line of the proposed railroad was laid out, something after the following fashion:—



On proceeding to inspect this plan, a warm discussion ensued between the members of the Ministry, as to the advisability of the particular line selected, each gentleman, it appearing, having some peculiar interest to advocate, which it was considered was not sufficiently represented in Mr. Bullyman's scheme.

"That'll never do," observed Mr. Buster, opening the engagement, "You ain't going to give Boggem the go-by in that manner, are you? What's Boggem done, that it's to be cut out of the map of the world? Boggem's an important place, ain't it? Is it necessary that a certain Honorable Member should rise in his seat to move for a Parliamentary return of its annual consumption of

bricks? Then there's the soap factory and Biddle's pickling establishment—is there any particular reason why these great interests should be smothered? The fact is, Bullyman, if the railroad goes to Jazes, it goes to Boggem, by Gosh! It's only fifteen miles out of the direct line, and what's fifteen miles when you travel by steam?"

"But there's difficulties," said Mr. Shanks: "a rock-cutting, or something of that kind, which Mr. Sleeper can explain."

"Well, suppose there is," rejoined Mr. Buster, "you'll want rock to make your bridges of. There ain't such a splendid lot of rock any where as you meet with in Boggem: It's so hard that Sleeper's conscience is a fool to it."

"You have mentioned Boggem," said Mr. Fester, who had been peering diligently over the map, "but where is the Town of high aspirations and glorious products—where is Squash Village?"

"Now, what is the good of going to Squash Village?" exclaimed Mr. Bullyman—"why, they don't raise nothing but pumpkins!"

"Pumpkins!" emphasised Mr. Fester, in his most sepulchral tone—"Pumpkins! and yet Freedom's voice has sounded in those valleys! I know not, Honorable Gentlemen, what figs the tree of liberty produces, nor on what fruit the elder Brutus fed; but this I do know, that if to be a pumpkin be a reproach in these degenerate days, then I glory, eye glory in standing here to represent that noble plant. The Honorable Gentlemen will understand me when I say—I am a pumpkin!"

"Well now what's the good of blowing out at such a rate," said Mr. Bullyman, after his worthy colleague had delivered himself of this extraordinary speech—"who the devil cares whether you are a pumpkin or a cauliflower, or both! As to the railroad, which is the only question before the Council, if it's thought best it should go to Squash Village, why let it go. It ain't the most direct line, that's certain, but, lord, I'd sooner take it to the moon, than be pelted with pumpkins by old Gloomy there."

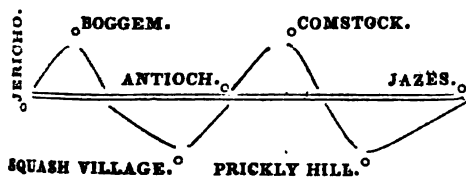
"Comstock," observed the Rev. Mr. Potts Pepper, in a more than usually dignified manner,—"might, I think, have met with more consideration from a Sucker Minis-

try. They are a religious people, and import a large number of axe-handles at each general election. As a means of diffusing tracts, a railroad would be very important to them. They are moreover engaged in the manufacture of a peculiar, and I may say, highly fragrant description of whiskey, which has met with the approbation of two of the elders and several members of my congregation. There may, of course," said Mr. Potts Pepper, gravely, "be objections—serious objections—to the manufacture of intoxicating drinks of a coarse and common character, but this whiskey, I can assure my honorable colleagues, (that is such as have not tasted it,) is good, remarkably good. On these grounds I must insist on the railroad going to Comstock."

"Well, said Mr. Bullyman, "that's a strong argument, and though it's infernally out of the way, I suppose it will have to go to Comstock. Is that all, then :—Is the Main Trunk Line wanted anywhere else?"

"Pricklyhill," suggested Mr. Foker. "If you're going to Jazes, you must go to Pricklyhill. It's only a little to the left, and opens the best potato ground in the country."

"Well, I suppose it does," said Mr. Bullyman, meditatively, "though it's an awful twist to be sure. Look here, what a tipsy kind of a Main Trunk we've made of it," and he traced with his pen on the map the line of the Railroad as altered by the council, of which the following, as nearly as I can recollect, is an accurate copy :—



"Well it's rather crooked, to be sure," said Mr. Fester, after a short pause, during which he and his friends had been engaged in looking at Mr. Bullyman's drawing—"but what is this but another evidence of the force of popular opinions? Why does the railroad travel in these singular curves? Is it not a proof of the moral influence of Boggem, and Comstock, and Squash Village? It's despotism makes straight railroads, but wherever

liberty reigns and public opinion prevails, they will be as crooked as the Main Trunk Line from Jericho to Jazes."

"Well, I believe you are right," observed Mr. Bullyman. "It's Liberty does it all. It's a splendid article, liberty, ain't it Governor?"

"Very, Mr. Bullyman."

"So cheap too."

"How! Cheap!"

"Why, it don't cost anything—like breeches and gaiters!"

"Oh, no!"

"Well, that's what I mean."

And with this philosophic reflection, Mr. Bullyman, and with Mr. Bullyman the Council, took his and their departure.

Extract from a Journal.

August 19th, 1851.

We went from Oxford by railway to Banbury, famous in the recollections of my childhood, for Banbury Cross and Banbury Buns. I think the Cross must be fabulous, or at all events, non-existent. Of the reality of the buns and their deliciousness, I have had oral proof, and I have, I believe, already made honorable mention of them in my journal. At Banbury I took coach for Stratford on A-von, (a long always.) How often have I read of the coaching of England, the fine horses, the quick time, the guard and his horn, and the proud and pursy coachman driving in white gloves, the admiration of all beholders, and the tyrant of the coach-yard! Gone, all gone, with chivalry and Epic Poetry! Our coach was a smart edition of a hack, well known in my little village at home, by the name of the "Red-Bird," with a dicky subjoined. Our horses were nothing to boast of, and our guard was a little fellow that discharged the functions of a 'buss conductor. But our coachman was a right specimen of the old breed. He had driven the road as regular coachman for twenty years, when coaching was one of the national glories, and of course he was a great fat fellow. Could a man drink ale for twenty years

and be otherwise? He was quite as consequential and patronising as the state of things would admit—but it was impossible to be a hero at the top of such an establishment. Nevertheless, he made very good time, and if the poor brutes suffered, it was not his affair perhaps, certainly it was not mine: and, therefore, I did not allow their blowing to disturb me any more than I could help. Poor as the coach was, compared with what it is described to have been in former years, it was a very pleasant mode of travelling. The roads are perfect, and the scenery was lovely beyond the painter's or the poet's vision. We crossed Edge Hill, where the first battle was fought between the Royal and the Parliamentary forces. This is a range of hills that commands the country for a great distance, and the view was rapturous; but I will not attempt any description with my poor pen, for I know how unimpressive to me have been descriptions by great masters, of the very scenes which now beheld, feast every sense with fulness of beauty. In the course of my ride, this day and the next, I saw in Warwick county some of the fairest portions of England, and saw them under the most favorable circumstances. The weather was of itself a luxury, so temperate and balmy, and the harvest season allowed me to see at once, the grain, waving yellow in some fields, and standing in thick shocks in others. In some fields the grass was just mowed, and from others it had been removed, while the pasture lands were in deepest green, and the cattle and sheep grazing over them, or else reposing on the sward, were as clean as if they had been prepared for inspection. I rode for miles along the stately avenues I had so often read about, with green hedges and green-turf beside the road-way, and quiet green lanes leading off every here and there. As I approached some of the residences of the nobles, I saw the families riding out. The state of liveried coachman and footmen seemed not amiss in London, but it looked a little preposterous here in the depth of the country. Gentlemen with their sons poised on their high-bred and well appointed horses, and one young lady I saw riding alone, save that a groom followed at about forty yards distance. A lady and gentleman were driving out in a pony-chaise,

and presently, in a vehicle of the same sort, two ladies driving themselves. A little farther on, upon a green bank, was pitched the blanket tent or screen of a party of Gypsies, and finally, as we approached the termination of our ride, in the middle of a beautiful meadow, that fronted a handsome residence, we saw two gaily painted targets erected, and a showy company practising archery—this being part of an entertainment given by the host to his friends. I considered it very fortunate that I had been able, in the course of this beautiful ride, to verify so many of the things that I had so often read of, as peculiarly English. I have not attempted to describe what I saw, and still less will I pretend to say what I felt. It was like a sweet dream, only more exciting, and I was exhausted in mind, though unwearied in body, when we reached *Stratford on Avon*.

Stratford on Avon! How from boyhood's earliest days, has magic dwelt for me in those words. Shakespeare always seemed something mythic—the Apollo of the North, and Stratford on Avon hardly more real than the fabled Parnassus. Yet here I am! I looked myself for Stratford on Avon, just as I would have done at home for Fincastle or Staunton. I saw the name as I rode along, painted on the sign-boards, which seemed to be unconscious of being any thing more than ordinary indexes, and here I am positively and really at the White Horse Inn, in Stratford on Avon. I have walked through the streets, and it is a quiet, dull, old fashioned village. The houses are low and built of bad brick, with the second stories, in many of them, in the old style, jutting over the first. Except Oxford, full of noble buildings, this was the first place at which I had tarried since I left London, and therefore it had a more humble look to me than it would have had but for the inevitable, though unfair contrast, with what I had just seen. But I had travelled here, not to see palaces, towers, bridges, and monuments, but to see what not London nor any city, however old or proud, or rich, could show, nor any other spot on earth.

Oftentimes it has happened to me to be obliged to call upon an untoward imagination to realise the glories of scenes by which I was surrounded, but it was not so in the town that holds the birth-place and the grave

of Shakespeare. The *Genius loci* was ever by my side, and while it can hardly heighten my delight in reading his works, it will ever be as a satisfied yearning, that my pilgrim feet have visited this shrine. Every thing is cumulative here in recalling the memory of the Bard. For myself, I slept in the *Washington Irving* chamber, as the hostess designated it when she directed the porter to take up my luggage, and Boots, to make me feel quite sure, pointed to the name of my great compatriot, written with his own hand, on the wall. As an Anglo-Saxon, I was proud to speak the language that Shakespeare used, and as an American, I was proud to be recognised as a fellow-countryman of one whose genius has connected his name imperishably with the associations of Stratford on Avon, and the memorials of Westminster Abbey. In this chamber my dreams might well have been of the witches of Macbeth, or of the Midsummer's Night Fairies; but whether they were or not, certainly my first waking thoughts in the morning were about the great master. And then, just opposite my window, was a house where were advertised genuine Shakespeare relics. Then, as I stepped out of my chamber into the passage, my eye fell upon a good cast, whose intellectual, and half sad, but benevolent face, with the light moustache, and peaked chin, could not be mistaken. At my solitary breakfast, I entertained myself by looking at prints, illustrative of scenes from his plays. When I stepped out into the streets, the shop-windows were full of Shakespeare things. The house in which he was born stands at the head of the street, and turning down a little to the left you come to the Town Hall adorned by his statue and portrait. Thence a little farther on, is the spot where he died, and at the end of the street, fronted by a large, well-filled, grassy grave yard, approached through an avenue of trees, and washed by the Avon, that flows in slow and reverential silence by its walls, stands Trinity Church, in front of whose chancel repose the remains of William Shakespeare and Ann Hathaway. The stone on which are the inscriptions, is covered with a carpet of matting, and as the Sexton slowly rolled it back, I felt a reverence almost amounting to awe. How startling it was, to read with my

own eyes on the stone, the quaint epitaph so familiar to my ear:—

" Good friend for Jesus' sake forbear,
To digg the dust enclosed heare :
Blesste be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And curst be he ty moves my bones."

The bust of Shakespeare is in a niche in the Northern wall of the chancel. It is supposed to be the only authentic likeness of the Poet. Intellect is there, and benevolence, but we look in vain for any lines about the sedate mouth, to show that flashing wit that lay loose and sparkling upon the surface of his mind. The face, however, is just one of those which, while you cannot make out with certainty what its characteristics are, gives you the idea that the possessor is capable of any thing. I am sure that if I had been told that it was the bust either of Bacon or of Newton, I would have thought the cast of features suitable for either. One monument in the Church surprised me—that of John Combe, so well known by the doggerel rhymes attributed to Shakespeare—but who would ever have thought of finding the Devil's John a Combe at full length in stone in Trinity Church? By the way, the sexton said that one of our distinguished American poets told him that by the mother's side, he himself was a direct descendant from John Combe. In the church, chained to a table, is a copy of the Bible, printed 1611. This belongs to the first edition of King James' translation, and is in a beautiful style of printing. Trinity Church is a fine old structure, and worth a visit, even if the dust of Shakespeare was not there.

The house in which the poet was born is a very obscure building—it was at one time a butcher's shop, and the window for exposing meat is still there. The birth-room is shown up stairs. Every thing about the house is in the humblest style, and imagination must furnish the glories to deck these low rafters, coarse walls, and narrow stairways; but the multitude of names occupying absolutely every available line of space, show that the world consider this humble roof as covering a relic which is to be approached with all reverence this side idolatry. The house in which Shakespeare lived, has been pulled down, and the present owner has erected a modern dwelling upon

the site. It is known that after he had gained fame and fortune, Shakespeare returned and died in his native town. This showed the susceptibility of his nature to the common love of home. Except for a tie of this sort, one with fine poetic sensibility would have found but little attractive in this common place town. But to him, it was the scene of the sports of childhood and the love of youth, and he whose imagination could draw pictures that ravished others with delight, doubtless could add for his own illusion, imaginary beauties to a spot that his heart was clinging to. I was disappointed in the appearance here of the Avon. It is a dark-coloured, slow-moving stream, without the picturesque beauty, which we always fancy belongs to it. However, some distance above Stratford, it becomes limpid and more romantic, and we saw several fishermen, with their rods, strolling along its banks, and at one spot the scene was presented of at least a hundred gleaners, women, lads, and children, going forth to gather up something from the reaped fields. As we were riding on the top of the coach, soon after leaving Stratford, a gentleman pointed out to us Charlecote House, where, according to tradition, Shakespeare was tried for shooting a deer, and he marked a clump of trees, *said to be* the identical spot where the young unlicensed forester stood when the quarry fell by his arrow. This property is still in the Lucy family. How sturdily England's old feudal tenures resist innovation! As the coach stopped for a few moments at a little town, there came out a most respectable looking farmer, who upon being addressed by my companion on the coach, took off his hat in the most deferential manner, and continued to hold it in his hand during the long conversation. The gentleman on the coach, who was going to an archery meeting, was a landed proprietor in the neighbourhood, and, I supposed, a nobleman.

How resplendent are the glories, literary, martial, and historic, that adorn old England's brow, and how surpassingly beautiful are her green vales and swelling hills. But give me my own broad, rich, free and new land, where there are no entailed estates, and no gleaners, no noblemen, and no cap-in-hand farmers.

S. L. C.

To the Duchess of Sutherland and Ladies of England.

We exclude other matter designed for the present number of the *Messenger*, in order that we may lay before our readers the following admirable letter of Mrs. Julia Gardner Tyler, to the Duchess of Sutherland, which we take from a late number of the *Richmond Enquirer*. This letter deserves the widest possible circulation, and as far as we can effect this result by sending it into foreign lands under the cover of a magazine, it shall have it. The moral weight of Mrs. Tyler's communication is greatly enhanced by the fact that she is herself a Northern lady, who came to the Southern home which she adorns, as the bride of an eminent Southern Statesman, an ex-President of the United States. Her view of the institution of slavery is not therefore effected by early prejudices, while her social position, it must be admitted, is as high as that of the proud mistress of Stafford House or any other titled lady of Great Britain.

[*Ed. Sou. Lit. Messenger.*]

Your address to your sisters, the women of the United States, on the subject of domestic slavery, as it exists among us, which has appeared in our public journals, should be acknowledged by some one of the vast number of those to whom it is addressed, without awaiting the publication of the more formal communication. There are some of the concerns of life in which conventionalities are properly to be disregarded, and this is one of them. A reply to your address must necessarily be the work of some one individual among us, or must go altogether unperformed. Woman, in the United States, with but few exceptions, confines herself within that sphere for which the God who created her seems to have designed her. Her circle is, literally and emphatically, that of her family; and such she is content that it shall be. Within that circle her influence is felt over the relations of life, as wife, mother, mistress—and as she discharges the duty of one or all of these relations, so is she respected or otherwise. To cast a doubt upon her fidelity in any one of them, is to excite against her the odium of the community, and, in a great measure, to dethrone her from her high position. She knows nothing of political conventions, or conventions of any other sort than such as are held under suitable pastors of the Church, and are wholly directed to the advancement of the Christian religion. Such is emphatically the case with

the women of the Southern States. Do you wish to see them, you must visit their homes. Do you desire to ascertain the nature of their employments, you must enter their family circles, and, believe me, good sisters of England, you would find in their Christian deportment, and perfect amiability of manners, enough, at once, to inspire you with the most exalted respect and esteem. You might find no splendid vestments of dress, no glittering diamonds, no aristocratic displays. No, the vestments they wear are those of meekness and charity, their diamonds are gems of the heart, and their splendor the neatness and order and contentment which everywhere greets the eye; and that neatness, that order, and that contentment is in nothing more observable than in the well-clothed and happy domestics who welcome your arrival, and heap upon you every comfort during your sojourn under the roofs of their masters. You will see then how utterly impossible it would be to expect the women of the United States to assemble in convention, either in person or by proxy, in order to frame an answer to your address. Nay, I must, moreover, in all frankness, declare to you, that the women of the South, especially, have not received your address in the kindest spirit. They regard it as entirely incompatible with all confidence in, or consideration for them, to invoke the interposition of the women of what are called the free States, in a matter with which they have no more to do than have yourselves, and whose interference in the question can produce no other effect than to excite disturbance and agitation and ill-will, and possibly, in the end, a total annihilation of kind feeling between geographical sections. It is the province of the women of the Southern States to preside over the domestic economy of the estates and plantations of their husbands—it is emphatically their province to visit the sick, and attend to the comfort of all the laborers upon such estates; and it is felt to be but a poor compliment to the women of the South, to suppose it necessary to introduce other superintendence than their own over the condition of their dependants and servants. They see, too, or fancy they see, in the fact that the address which you have made them, was handed to you already prepared for signature, by

the editors of the newspaper press of England, and that, according to the admission of the Duchess of Sutherland in her opening address to your Convention, your Convention, itself, is but the offspring of the same political newspaper press—I say, they see enough in all this to excite not their sympathies, but their apprehensions. They also see, or fancy that they see, in your movement, the fingers of your greatest statesmen. *The Countess of Derby, the Viscountess Palmerston, the Countess of Carlisle, Lady John Russell*, not to mention others of distinction and notoriety, would scarcely be complimented by a supposition that they had signed or openly approved such an address without the concurrence of their husbands. The women of the Southern States are, for the most part, well educated; indeed they yield not in this respect to any females on earth, and they have peculiar opportunities of acquiring knowledge in regard to the public concerns of the world. Politics is almost universally the theme of conversation among the men, in all their coteries and social gatherings, and the women would be stupid indeed, if they did not gather much information from this abundant source. Hence they are not ignorant of the rapid growth of their beloved country, or of the promises of its early future. Their mothers knew this land when it contained but three millions of inhabitants, and numbered but thirteen States. Their children know it now, as the great confederated republic, whose population already equals 26,000,000, and whose dominions are washed by the waters of two oceans. Believe me, that its magnitude now, and importance in the future, is as fully known to the women of the United States, as it is to your husbands, and editors, and statesmen. Our census tables show a duplication of our population in every cycle of twenty-three years; so that by the time the infant, now in the cradle, shall have attained the age of manhood, that population will have increased to 50,000,000; and by the time that same infant attains to middle age, it will have swollen into 100,000,000. We need go no farther in the estimate, in order to unveil that immense future which lies before us—a future, unrivalled in point of power, by any thing the world has heretofore seen—a future, which already fixes upon it the intense and stead-

fast gaze of the statesmen of other countries—a future, which unfolds a new destiny, a happier and brighter one, I trust, for the human family—a future, to be regarded with rapture by the lover of man, and which may cause privilege to shiver and tremble with fear in all its fibres and arteries. I allude not to any power of the sword. No, I allude to a power more resistless, and more certain in its results—the power of example—the example of a free, prosperous and great people, among whom all artificial distinctions of society are unknown; where preferment is equally open to all, and man's capacity for self-government is recognized and conclusively established. The women of the United States foresee all this, and they also thoroughly comprehend the fact, that all confederacies have heretofore, in the history of the world, been broken up and destroyed by the machinations of foreign governments; and if such has been the fate of other confederacies, how much more vigilant ought we to be to guard against the fatal results which have attended on others, and to look with suspicion, come from what quarter it may, on all interference in our domestic concerns! If the Achaian and other leagues could not withstand the machinations of the powers of their day, how truly sensitive ought we to be on a point which proved so fatal to them; and if the foreign States, by whom such confederacies were surrounded, felt it to be due to their own safety to destroy them by their machinations, have we not reason to suppose that a ten-fold interest is found in our case, in view of the rapid growth of the United States, and in the early development of that future which will clothe this country with all the elements of control in the affairs of the world? Governments and countries which are now looked upon as stars of the first magnitude, will ere long, if the United States roll on in their present orbit, be secondary and tertiary in the political hemisphere.—This is quite as thoroughly known by us as by you, women of England, and therefore you should not be in the slightest degree surprised at the suspicion with which your address is regarded by all the thinking women, not only of the South, but of the whole Union. We know that there is but one subject on which there is a possibility of wreck-

ing the bark of this Union—a possibility, however, which, I trust, is very remote—and to that very subject you have given your attention; and not only so, but have subscribed an address, not prepared by yourselves, as the emanation of your own susceptible hearts, but the admitted production of the newspaper press of England, which effects a mawkish sensibility on a subject with which it has nothing properly to do—and all for ends which every reflecting person cannot fail to understand.

Nor is this suspicion in any degree removed by the fact on which you predicate your address, viz: the fact that your country inflicted on her then colonies the "curse" of slavery in opposition to their frequent and solemn protests. In the historical fact you are certainly correct. The colony of Virginia, and, I believe, most of the other colonies, were constant and earnest in their remonstrances; and one of the causes set forth in the Declaration of Independence, as prepared and written by a son of Virginia, was a continuance of the slave trade by the mother country, in despite of all remonstrances on the part of the colonies. Thus, then, England not only permitted but encouraged the slave trade, for a period of a century and a half, as a means of swelling her coffers; and the infamous traffic could only be expelled from this country by the force and power of the sword. Your Kings and Queens, sustained by your Parliament and people, entered into treaties, and formed contracts, for the purpose of reaping a rich harvest of profit from the trade—and the voice of the slave-dealer on the shores of Africa was perfect music in their ears, because it was the music of gold told into the treasury, and all merry England danced with joy at the pleasant sound. You have been well informed, doubtless, of the treaties made by your Queen Anne, of "blessed memory," and the crown of Spain, which stipulated a monopoly of the trade in close partnership between those royal personages, to the exclusion of all the world beside. Yes, you are altogether correct in ascribing whatever there is of immorality or crime, in the present condition of the Southern States, to your own England. The colonies remonstrated, and remonstrated in vain, until, driven to desperation by her persever-

they severed the bonds that bound them and, and established their independence and abolished the slave trade by their force—the power of the sword. The slave market in which England had enjoyed a monopoly, was thus lost to her; and at that moment she began to discover that there was something rather immoral in the

Before, the slave ship was a stately vessel laden with treasure. The groans of the happy victims could not be heard above the voices of the ocean. Soon after, a faint wail could be heard, borne on the winds from the American coast; and now, the Parliament resounds with the clanking of the chains and the cries of the victims. Such is the influence of the American Revolution and such the power of the sword in that ever-glorious struggle. I do not tell you, women of England, that your address, prepared not by yourselves, but by others, comes, therefore, laden with suspicions, when you appear as the groundwork of your interference with our domestic institutions, to the people of the former criminality of England. England, with a continuance of a monopoly of the trade over our broad acres on the present day, have clothed herself in blood and ashes, as she now has done? Was her humanity and her Christian sympathy for the long period of 150 years? Her ancestors on this side of the Atlantic were educated, through their remonstrances, at the feet of her Parliament House, and at the feet of her Royal Palaces; and yet, for a long period, she had no ears to hear, and no eyes to understand. No sympathy, and no philanthropy, such as now exists, found their way into the stately palace. How has happened this? It would be well for you to

Doubtless some of your distinguished friends can give you plausible explanations—at least such as will content politicians on this side of the water. The editors of the newspaper press can come again to your aid—it will be an easy task to convince the people of the present generation that they are more moral and more Christian, than the nobles and gentry who have gone before them—that the most reverend Bishops and Prelates are more orthodox than all their predecessors—that your Kings and Queens, your

nobles and gentry, are influenced by a higher spirit of Christianity than all who have preceded them—that your statesmen of the present day, are superior, in moral excellence, to those illustrious men, who shaped the destinies of England in past times, and left to history undying names? It will be a very, very difficult matter to furnish us with satisfactory reasons for this great and sudden conversion of a whole people, after losing the American market, on the subject of the slave-trade—and we, women of the United States, must ever receive with suspicion, all interference in our domestic affairs on the part of the noble ladies of England, or any portion of her inhabitants. Such interference implies either a want of proper and becoming conduct on our part, in the management of our negroes, or it seeks to enlist the sympathies of the world against us. Your own address, (I have the charity to suppose that it was written in ignorance of the fact, as it is,) represents the Southern States as denying to their slaves all religious instruction—a calumny more false was never uttered. So far from it, no Sabbath goes by that the places of worship are not numerously attended by the black population—edifying discourses are delivered to them, and often by colored pastors, and large numbers of them are in communion with the churches. And yet your tears are made to flow freely over the sad and melancholy privations of the children of Africa, to whom the bread of life is represented as denied. Your assertion could only have been derived from some dealer in, and retailer of, fiction. It is known how readily woman's heart responds to either real or imaginary distress; and when woman joins in the concerns of the busy world, how readily her sympathies become excited by an artificial, as well as a real picture of human suffering. This sympathy, which makes her the gem of creation, rather disqualifies her as a legislator, and subjects her to be made the instrument of the designing. One fact is incontrovertible, and I recommend it to the consideration of the Duchess of Sutherland and her compeers of high and low degree: that England, when she had the power to prevent the introduction of negroes into the United States, most obstinately refused to do it; but now that she is deprived of her authority, either

to advise or dictate, she sighs and sheds tears, and complains over the injustice and the wrong. The crocodile, good sisters of England, is said to cry most piteously, but woe to the unhappy traveller who is beguiled by its tears!

I have thus attempted to deal candidly with you in disclosing some of the grounds of the suspicions, which, in the estimation of many, attach to your proceedings. I will go farther, and inform you that it is better for both you and us, that we abstain in future, from all possible interference with each other, in the domestic concerns of our respective countries. In the first place, such interference comes with ill grace from either of us, and can be received with no favor. In morals, we believe ourselves quite your equals, and, therefore, it sounds harshly in our ears to be admonished by you of our sins, real or imaginary. There is a proud heart in the American breast, which rebels against all assumption on the part of others, although they may wear ducal coronets, or be considered the stars of fashion in foreign courts. Manage your own affairs as best you may, and leave us to manage ours as we may think proper. Each of us will find abundant employment in the performance of our respective duties. If you wish a suggestion as to the suitable occupation of your idle hours, I will point you to the true field for your philanthropy; the unsupplied wants of your own people of England. In view of your palaces, there is misery and suffering enough to excite your most active sympathies. I remember to have seen lately, that there were in the city of London alone, 100,000 persons who rose in the morning without knowing where or how they were to obtain their 'daily bread:' and I remember, also, somewhere to have seen, that the Eleemosynary establishment of England, costs annually £10,000,000 sterling—a sum greater than that expended by this frugal and economical government of ours, with its army and navy, and civil and diplomatic list. Surely, surely, here is a field large enough for the exercise of the most generous sympathy, the most unbounded charity. Go, my good Duchess of Sutherland, on an embassy of mercy to the poor, the stricken, the hungry and the naked of your own land—cast in their laps the superflux of your enormous

wealth; a single jewel from your hair, a single gem from your dress would relieve many a poor female of England, who is now cold, and shivering, and destitute. Enter the abode of desolation and want, and cause squalid wretchedness to put on one smile of comfort, perhaps the first one which has lighted up its face for a life-time. Leave it to the women of the South to alleviate the sufferings of their dependants, while you take care of your own. The negro of the South lives sumptuously in comparison with the 100,000 of the white population of London. He is clothed warmly in winter, and has his meat twice daily, without stint of bread. Have your working men, women and children, as well clothed and as well fed, and then go to the serfs of Russia and the negroes of America. No, I recant the advice. To the serfs of Russia you will not go. That is an European affair—the affair of a high and imperial monarch, and of a rich and powerful aristocracy. The poor serf may toil and labor, and stretch his heart strings until they crack in agony, and yet the noble ladies of England will express no sympathy for him, and present no address to their sisters of Russia upon the subject of serfdom. You will, in no event, disturb yourselves with the past, present or future condition of the serf. The newspaper press would admonish you of the danger of interfering in that quarter, and the Emperor Nicholas will go unquestioned as to the manner and extent of his royal sway. But, I return to your subject—the State of slavery in our Southern States—and I tell you that you are mistaken in supposing that the Southern heart is different from your own in its sympathies and emotions. Believe me, that the human heart is quite as susceptible with us, as with you. Moralists, and dealers in fiction, may artfully overdraw and give false coloring, as they are licensed to do; but be not deceived into the belief that the heart of man or woman, on this side of the Atlantic, is either more obdurate or cruel, than on yours. There is no reason, then, why you should leave your fellow subjects in misery at home, in order to take your seat by the side of the black man on the plantations of America. Even if you are horror-stricken at the highly colored picture of human distress, incident to the separation of husband and wife, and pa-

rents, and children under our system of negro slavery—a thing, by the way, of rare occurrence among us, and then attended by peculiar circumstances—you have no occasion to leave your own land for a similar, and still harsher, and more unjust exercise of authority. Go, and arrest the proceedings of your admiralty! Throw your charities between poor Jack and the press-gang! He has fought the battles of England all over the seas. He was at the Nile. He bled and conquered at Trafalgar. He caught your gallant Nelson in his arms as he was falling on the bloody deck; received his last breath, and consigned his remains to the bosom of St. Paul's Cathedral. He has made England what she is, great and powerful. Shall he not, after all this, be permitted to enjoy the sunshine of home, with his wife and little ones, for a single day? He has perilled his life for England—he has returned from a five years' absence in distant seas—his wife and children look with rapture upon his weather-beaten countenance—he holds the loved ones in his embrace; but the press-gang comes, and his fitful dream of happiness is over. If he resists, there are fetters for his limbs! If he talks of England's proudly boasted common law, there is no law for him. Magna Charta is a farce, and the Petition of Right a mockery, as far as he is concerned. Go, sisters of England, to your Queen, your Prime Minister, your Parliament and your Courts, and ask their interference to arrest this moral and political iniquity, and you will be told, "Woman should have no concern with politics—back to your drawing-rooms and nurseries."

For another subject quite as fruitful of sympathy, I need only refer you to the condition of Ireland, with its population but recently starving for food, which was freely supplied from our granaries, and at this moment craving mercy from avaricious landlords, who, to extend the area of grazing lands, are levelling their humble cottages to the ground, and sending them forth to die upon the public highways. Women of England! go thither with your tender charities. There, on the roadside, sinks an attenuated and exhausted mother, still straining her perishing child to her breast, while the unhappy husband and father, himself foodless and rai-

mentless, sheds drops of agony over the heart-rending scene. Spare from the well-fed negroes of these States, one drop of your superabounding sympathy, to pour into that bitter cup which is overrunning with sorrow and with tears. Poor, suffering, down-trodden Ireland! land of poetry and song, of noble feeling and generous emotions—birth-place of the warrior, the statesman, the orator—there is no room for you in the sympathizing hearts of the women of England. Let the Celtic race be driven, by starvation, from the land of their fathers, and its exodus would be regarded not with sorrow, but with joy and gladness by the secret heart of England. "Religious toleration" is but an unmeaning phrase with the people of Great Britain—it extends not beyond the lips. A difference in creed has been the death-blow to Ireland.

I reason not with you on the subject of our domestic institutions. Such as they are, they are ours. "We fear the Greeks though bearing presents." Never was adage more applicable—although professing friendship and sympathy, we cannot consent that England shall mix herself up with our concerns. We prefer to work out our own destiny. When she might have done so, she gave not relief. We asked her for bread, and she gave us a stone. The African, under her policy and by her laws, became property. That property has descended from father to son, and constitutes a large part of Southern wealth. We desire no intrusion of advice as to our individual property rights, at home or abroad. We meddle not with your laws of primogeniture and entail, although they are obnoxious to all our notions of justice, and are in violation of the laws of nature. Would the noble ladies of England feel no resentment, if we should address them upon those subjects? And yet is there a certainty that our voice would not be heard by the toiling and landless millions, in favor of a system which we consider more wise, more just, and more consistent with the holy word of God? We, however, preach no crusades against aristocratic establishments. It is enough that we do not allow them to exist among ourselves. We are content to leave England in the enjoyment of her peculiar institutions; and we insist upon the right to

regulate ours without her aid. I pray you to bear in mind, that the golden rule of life is for each to attend to his own business, and let his neighbor's alone! This means peace, love, friendship. The opposite means hatred, ill-will, contention—it destroys the peace of neighborhoods, and is the fruitful cause of discord among nations. I must also say to you frankly, that we regard England as an indifferent adviser on the subject of negro slavery. Her statesmanship, if it be judged by her course of policy in regard to the West India Islands, would give her no exalted position, unless, indeed, fanaticism be a good adviser, and ruin and desolation, evidences of a wise and sound policy. No, we prefer to follow our own conception of what it is proper for us to do. Our eyes are turned across the ocean; not in the direction of England, but to Africa. The footprints of our policy are seen in the colonies there established, already become independent States—in the voluntary emancipation of slaves by our citizens as preparatory for emigration to Africa—a course of emancipation which from 1790 to 1850, has increased our table in Virginia, of free negroes, in the ratio of 301 per cent, while the white population has only increased 102½ per cent, and the slaves but 64½ per cent. These interesting statistics, I extract from a memorial recently presented to the Legislature of Virginia, asking additional aid to further the colonization of freed negroes in Liberia. Thus we seek to retribute the wrongs done by England to Africa, by returning civilization for barbarism—Christianity for idolatry. We desire no such boon as England bestowed on her Islands—no blight so abiding, no mildew so destructive—no ultimate war between the races, bloody, desolating, and finally annihilating. Steam is conquering distance, and Africa will be brought nearer and nearer to our shores with each revolving year—and the results of a policy, at once wise and discreet, commencing with slaveholding Virginia, and extensively adopted by the people of the United States, will claim, sooner or later, the admiration of mankind.

America might love England if England would permit her. A common descent, a common language, mutual interests, and to a great extent a common heritage of freedom,

should draw the two nations together. The disposition of the Southern mind (I speak what I do know) is to cultivate the closest friendship with England. Nearly all of the Southern people are the descendants of the first settlers. They have kindred blood, almost unmixed by emigration, flowing in their veins. Their interests lead them to cherish the principles of free trade. Their cotton, their rice, and other productions of the soil, find extensive markets in Great Britain. They would have them still more free—still more widely open. For myself, when I have visited England, it has been with emotions of reverence growing out of the recollections of the historic page. Westminster Abbey, with its undying memorials—the noble monuments of the past scattered over the face of the country—the very ruins spoke of an ancestry alike dear to the American and Englishman. My intermixture of Scotch blood, derived from a leader of two Scottish clans, who lost life, castle, and estate in the wars of King Charlie, with the pure Anglo-Saxon, in no degree abated my ardor and enthusiasm, when I looked upon these memories of the mighty past, in which so many of us here claim a common interest with you. But, if England will sever these ties; if, instead of cultivating good feeling with us, she chooses rather to subject us to taunt, to ridicule, to insult in its grossest form; and, above all, improperly to interfere in our domestic affairs;—if she scatters her nobility among us, first to share our hospitality and then to abuse us;—if, what is still worse, she sends her emissaries, in the persons of members of Parliament, to stir up our people to mutiny and revolt;—if, what is quite as objectionable, her public press shall incite her women, and the more illustrious for birth the worse it makes the matter, to address us homilies on justice, humanity, and philanthropy, as if we had not, like themselves, the advantage of civilization, and the lights of Christianity; with all the desire to cultivate relations of undying amity, the men of the United States, deriving their spirit from their mothers and their wives, may be forced into the adoption of a very different feeling with regard to Great Britain.

JULIA GARDINER TYLER.
SHERWOOD FOREST, VIRGINIA, JAN. 24, 1853.

Notices of New Works.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF HENRY ALFORD, *Vicar of Wymeswold, Leicestershire*. Boston: Ticknor, Reed and Fields. 1853.

VOICES FROM THE MOUNTAINS AND FROM THE CROWD. By CHARLES MACKAY. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Mr. Fields is *par excellence* the publisher of poets. Under the quiet Quaker garb of his beautiful Editions, we have made the acquaintance of Longfellow and Tennyson, Taylor and Stoddard, Holmes and Saxe, and found delicate sentiment, sensuous imagery and irresistible fun to consort equally well with brown muslin and white linen. In the same decorous habiliments, two new verse makers are now introduced to our notice, either of whom is the representative of a distinct phase of poetic character.

Mr. Alford is a clergyman of the Church of England, and his verses are pervaded with the devotional spirit that befits his calling. He has a very musical expression, and his writings show the hand of the meditative student, but he lacks both the *vis siveida* and the imaginative atmosphere of the true poet. His muse seems a very modest, subdued sort of body, who never moves but in an ambling pace along sequestered and silent paths, and certainly never bounds over the purple hills, nor reaches the glowing summit of the mountain. In the preface to the present edition of his poems, Mr. Alford discourses sensibly and pleasantly on poetry and art, and says some handsome things of American bards, from whom he predicts "the rise of a genuine new school of English poetry." To let our readers see how gracefully and touchingly he can verify, we give place to a pretty little poem, called

LADY MARY.

Thou wert fair, Lady Mary,
As the lily in the sun:
And fairer yet thou mightest be,
Thy youth was but begun:
Thine eye was soft and glancing,
Of the deep bright blue;
And on the heart thy gentle words
Fell lighter than the dew.

They found thee, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Even as thou hadst been praying,
At thine hour of rest:
The cold pale moon was shining
On thy cold pale cheek,
And the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

They carved thee, Lady Mary,
All of pure white stone,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
In the chancel all alone:
And I saw thee when the winter morn
Shone on thy marble cheek.
When the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

But thou kneelest, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Among the perfect spirits,
In the land of rest:
Thou art even as they took thee
At thine hour of prayer,
Save the glory that is on thee
From the Sun that shineth there.

We shall see thee, Lady Mary,
On that shore unknown,
A pure and happy angel,
In the presence of the throne;
We shall see thee when the light divine
Plays freshly on thy cheek,
And the resurrection morning
Hath just begun to break.

Mr. Mackay is better known to American readers than Mr. Alford, by reason of several pieces of rhyme that have gone the rounds of the newspapers under his signature—such for instance as "There's a good time coming, boys!" and "Grub, little moles, grub under ground, there's sunshine in the sky." Mr. Mackay has great tact in the management of verse and jingles in a lively way enough, but as a poet we think him sadly wanting in imagination. In the frequent employment of the refrain and the popular nature of his sentiments, he seems to imitate Beranger; the difference between the two is simply that Beranger's *chansons* burn with the impassioned fervor, and flash with the unmistakable ray of divinity, while Mr. Mackay's songs are cold and lustreless and prosaic. They are good stump speeches, arranged in long and short metre—nothing more. Again, we think Mr. Mackay sometimes strives after the Tennysonian in fancy, but with even less success. *The Nine Bathers* has certainly the look of having been suggested by *The Dream of Fair Women*, but the two productions are as little alike as the pebble and the pearl. The delicacy and refinement of the original, are beyond the reach of the copyist.

Some of Mr. Mackay's versified discourses are very effective. We give one, which has won upon us quite singularly. It is called

CLEON AND I.

Cleon hath a million acres,
Ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace,
In a cottage I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,
Not a penny I;
Yet the poorer of the twain is
Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
But the landscape I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth
Money cannot buy.
Cleon harbors sloth and dullness,
Freshening vigor I;
He in velvet, I in fustian,
Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur,
Free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a dozen doctors,
Need of none have I:
Health-surrounded, care-environed,

Cleon fears to die;
Death may come, he'll find me ready,
Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in Nature,
In a daisy I;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing
In the sea and sky;
Nature sings to me forever,
Earnest listener I;
State for state, with all attendants,
Who would change?—Not I.

THE MORAL AND HISTORICAL WORKS OF LORD BACON, including his Essays, Apophthegms, Wisdom of the Ancients, New Atlantis and Life of Henry the Seventh. With an Introductory Dissertation, and Notes, by *Joseph Devey, M. A.* London, Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden. 1852. New York: Bangs, Bros. & Co. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

The essays of Lord Bacon, in our judgment, embody more of wisdom and sound philosophy than can be found in any other uninspired volume, and if the Sage of Verulam had written nothing else—if the *Novum Organon* and the Advancement of Learning had never been given to the world—his name would be enshrined among the gods of intellect. Certainly there is no book in the English library more suggestive, or from which the student can derive more real knowledge. It is a rich *placard* in which the sterling ore lies packed away, and where one can dig and dig again. The Apophthegms are scarcely less remarkable than the essays, and the History of Henry the Seventh is a quaint and condensed narrative, as valuable for its political reflections, as interesting for its style.

Altogether, the present volume of Bohn's Standard Library, resembles one of those rare essences of the East, in which the perfumes of a thousand flowers have been compacted into a few drops.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. A PASTORAL COMEDY. By ALLAN RAMSAY. *With a Life of the Author, &c.* New York: William Gowans. 1852. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

This little volume is beautifully printed, and contains a spirited portrait of the old Scotch wigmaker, and poet. It was the glory of Allan Ramsay, in worthy companionship with Burns, to have invested Scotland, its barren hills, its rude dialect and its unlettered peasantry, with a poetic interest that neither the satire of Churchill nor the oracular scorn of Dr. Johnson could, in any degree, lessen or efface. Of the Gentle Shepherd, we need of course say nothing. The best critics, from Tennant to Leigh Hunt, have united in assigning it a high place in pastoral literature, and it will therefore always be sought for. The student of Scottish poetry certainly could not wish to have it in a fairer edition than that now before us.

SPEECHES OF THE LEGISLATIVE INDEPENDENCE OF IRELAND. *With Introductory Notes.* By THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER. Redfield, 110 and 112 Nassau Street, New York. 1853. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

The flowing rhetoric of this Irish orator is familiar to

all who read the newspapers of the country, wherein have been published so many of his speeches for the last six years. The eloquent invocation of the God of Battles and impassioned tribute to the Sword, in his Speech at Dublin, July 1846, were admired from one end of the Union to the other, and if the volumes now before us contained nothing else than this, it would be eagerly bought up in all parts of the United States. Mr. Redfield has done well to issue it, in so acceptable a style.

EL INGENIOSO HIDALGO DON QUIJOTE DE LA MANCHA. *Nueva Edicion, Corregida y Anotada Por Don Eugenio De Ochoa.* Nueva-York: Por D. Appleton y Compañia. 1853. [From Nash & Woodhouse. 139 Main Street.

A handsome edition of the unrivalled work of Cervantes in the Original Spanish, which will commend itself to the attention of all scholars. It is rendered the more valuable by the notes and emendations of the Editor, Don Eugenio de Ochoa, who seems to have performed his labor with care and judgment.

A FUNERAL ORATION, on the Character, Life, and Public Services of HENRY CLAY. Delivered in Cincinnati, Nov. 2, 1852, at the request of the Clay Monumental Association of Ohio. By *Charles Anderson.* Cincinnati. Ben Franklin Office Print. 1852.

A DISCOURSE on the Life and Character of DANIEL WEBSTER. By *H. A. Boardman, D. D.* Philadelphia. Joseph M. Wilson. 228 Chestnut Street. 1852.

Mr. Anderson, the author of the address first named above, is an eminent member of the Cincinnati Bar and enjoys an enviable reputation for scholarship. His review of the life and genius of Mr. Clay is written with force and elegance and in a spirit of entire appreciation.

The Rev. Dr. Boardman's Discourse on Webster is marked with the same profound insight into human character, and the same rhetorical excellence, that have been so much commended in his previous published pulpit compositions. It was issued in the beautiful pamphlet form which now challenges our imprimatur, at the suggestion of some of the most eminent citizens of Philadelphia, who have thereby rendered an essential service to the public.

A FUNERAL DISCOURSE on the Death of ROBERT CRAIG, Esq., of Roanoke, late a Member of the Virginia House of Delegates. Preached, by request of his family, in the First Presbyterian Church, Richmond, Va., Jan. 9, 1853. By *Rev. T. V. Moore.* Richmond: Macfarland & Fergusson, Printers. 1853.

Mr. Moore is one of the first pulpit orators in this country, and the present discourse is one in which his best powers are effectively displayed. Such men are of inestimable value to the cause of public morality and true religion, and were there more such in the ranks of the Church in America, it would be better for us as a nation before God. The members of the Legislature of Virginia have done well in giving this discourse to the public.

THE NORTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.

LXIX. RICHMOND, MARCH, 1853. NO. 3.

NOTES ON THE HORNS OF TOBY.

Φωναντα συνετοισιν' ες
δε το παν ερμηνεύς
παύει.

Pindar.

PREFACE.

These days of confessions—when opium
the person of Thomas De Quincey,
ty women in the person of Miss Par-
d their legitimate exponent—why
t we, *Toby*, stand forward preëmi-
e representative and incarnation of
e and respectable portion of humani-
tugly men? Why shall not said Toby
e reminiscences of his infancy and
ad the sober ponderings of his graver
nd echo and the club say, “Why
?” And yet it requires considera-
ness for us to give a complete narra-
what things have happened unto us;
e language of a hero of old,

“δρινα, δρινα, πεπονθαμεν
γυναικες ωλεσαν με.”

do we find it in our heart to rend
ic bosom with the record of our

age unredressed and insults unavenged;”

ugh we are certain that some por-
our confessions when made public,
ain the ear of millions in shudder-
pathy,” yet we shrink not from the
, merely pausing to remark that we
e quotation or digression, and shall
rate that we can do without these
ble expletives, we proceed to close
ace with our title—viz:

MISSIONS OF AN UGLY MAN;

Being an Inquiry

THE CAUSES AND EFFECTS OF UGLINESS;
With Divers Reflections Thereupon:

: Account of the Present Condition and Pros-
UGLY MEN in this Country, (the whole
from quotation and digression,) with some Con-
addressed to our fellow-sufferers.

CHAPTER I.

When we wrote the title above, we had
not considered how extremely short would
be our chapter on the causes of ugliness—
“*res est notissima—causa latet*”—we can only
say, that while it is an established fact,
founded on what the most rigorous disciple
of Locke would consider the best evidence,
viz: *sensation* and *perception*; yet, the why
and the wherefore are as yet hidden from
our ken. But, while this portion of our sub-
ject must be summarily dismissed, the next
topic, viz—the effects of ugliness, expands
itself before our vision with infinite ampli-
tude, and we can approach it only by piece-
meal as it were, remembering that “History,
(and consequently biography,) is Philosophy
teaching by example.” Now we know no
man’s life so well as we do our own; and we
shall commence by giving a brief sketch of
our reminiscences—a sort of *resumé* of the
various “moving accidents by flood and
field” that have befallen us during our peri-
patoundings and periscopountings in this
life.

CHAPTER II.

No roar of cannon ushered in the dawn of
the sixteenth October, 18—. No “trum-
peter spoke to the cannoneer without”—no
“cannon to the heavens”—no national con-
vulsion testified to the increase in the citi-
zens of the Federal Government: unher-
alded, though not perhaps unexpected, we
crept into this phase of existence called life,
in a small cabin of the Old Dominion—“a
youth to fortune and to luck unknown.” And
we cannot discover that Nature evinced any
sympathy with our advent. No earthquakes
shook the ground; no comets blazed in the
heavens—we were the sole “portent dire”
that appeared on that day: and the only hint
of our forthcoming, that was furnished by
science, literature or art, is to be found
in the almanac for the year, where, in

the meteorological column opposite Oct. 16, may be seen the announcement—"ugly weather." This was before the days of Davy Richardson, and the art of divination, like that of painting on glass, was still extant.

Of our early days we know but little—our fame having not yet quite sufficiently expanded, to render it important to fish up the pristine efforts of our genius. We ourself remember only one incident of our incipient literary career—and this grew out of a certain mental idiosyncrasy—a philosophic skepticism as to form in letters—whereby we were not unfrequently led to ignore the important distinction between *b* and *d*, to the great obscuration and mystification of those passages in the writings of celebrated authors to which our earlier elocutionary labors were devoted. We can scarcely think without laughing of the blunder we made—the superior limit of elocutional transgression—which finally set us right about *b* and *d*. Those were happy days: when we think thereon, we remember the words of Cona—"The thoughts of former years glide over my soul like swift shooting meteors over Ardrven's gloomy vale." How clearly comes up the image of the room in which we children used to sport in the dim firelight on winter evenings: the abominable exercises in mental arithmetic, according to the system of Pestalozzi, whom at that time we considered a scourge to the rising generation—as indeed he proved to some of us—putting cause for effect as we have the right to do: and then the long walks and talks we had in the fields: the bliss unspeakable of sheep-shearing time: the glory of hogtails—the ineffable satisfaction of trapping hares in gums, and all manner of gins.

"Soft as rays of sunlight stealing,
On the dying day;
Sweet as chimes of low bells pealing
When ere fades a war—
Sad as winds at night that moan,
Through the death o'er mountains lone,
Come the thoughts of days now gone,
On manhood's memory,
As the sunbeams from the Heaven
Hide at eve their light—
As the bells when noon the even
Toll not on the night—
As the night winds cease to sigh
When the rain falls from the sky,
Pass the thoughts of days that glide by
From age's memory."

Memories of Childhood! so sweet and so solemn—this is not the time, nor this the place to bring you from your quiet rest.

A discerning public will pardon us for making an "*hiatus*" of some two *lustra*, when we inform them that during that period we were in no way remarkable. We encountered the usual number of "lickings" at school; we wept the usual amount of "briny tears" over the third declension: with the aid and countenance of our short-tailed cur, we treed as many cats as any boy of our times: we ascended "*quantum suff.*" of "the fruit trees of North America," and we "fit" a vast number of hornets' nests:—(Speaking of fruit trees and hornets' nests, we may remark, "*par parenthèse*," and with all modesty, that we were a perfect* London in regard to the one; while we were a Demetrius Poliorcetes as touching the other.) Historic impartiality compels us also to state that we were "some" after cats. Those "deeds of high emprise" are, however, unrecorded, and we shall not allude to them more,

"lest all
Should say that we are proud."

The time when an ugly man begins to shine "*αὐτὸς ἐξ᾽ ἑωῆς*," and "*in propria persona*," is when he arrives at that age when he would fain make himself agreeable to the other sex: especially when there is some "bright particular star" of a girl in whose eyes he desires to find favor: and of such stars we have had a whole galaxy—yea, an hemisphere, which we propose to catalogue according to the most approved systems of modern astronomy; giving their right ascension and always their declination—with the exact time of transit across our meridian—determined generally by from two to three observations, with a sidereal clock having a *mercurial* pendulum and a *dead beat escapement*, equal to any ever made by Hardy, Molyneux or Frodsham. We do not propose immediately to commence this undertaking, which we foresee would be of vast aid and com-

* Really we must beg pardon of Mr. J. T. Headley for using his word so often: for we consider that by employing it in such expressions as "a perfect carpet of corpses," he has invented a new mode of conveying the idea of a number of unfortunate deceased—and that he has a patent to his attention to which we have no copy-right.

fort to many ingenuous youth—not to say anything of its opening to the man of science an entirely new department of siderial astronomy. But we contemplate waiting for the new edition of the Washington Catalogue, and the first volume of the American Nautical Almanac. We also foresee that it will be a work of some labor—and we here only allude to it with the view of giving a specimen and soliciting subscriptions: any suggestions also with regard to form and manner of publication, from any “gentleman of scientific attainments,” will be thankfully received and acknowledged. The following is our contemplated arrangement:

We were offering some remarks on the determination of the *epoch*, as we shall call it, of an ugly man; and omitting any further digression, we will go right in “*medias res*,” as we *did* go when we were a youth of some sixteen summers. We had but lately indued the *toga virilis*, being hitherto what a Roman would call, “*prætextatus*,” that is, we wore roundabouts and went barefoot in the summer. As we say, we had just passed from the chrysalis state; and our feelings, as we viewed ourself, in our new guise, may be better imagined than described. It is, however, the part of the philosopher to illustrate his subject by analogies drawn from every day phenomena: this has hitherto been done on the principle of resemblance: we shall strike out a new track, however,—a sort of paradoxical analogy by antithesis—and we hope to be understood perfectly, when we say that our feelings might have been likened to those of a tadpole, who newly divested of tail, and endowed with lungs and legs, for the first time hops,

“τετραποδος βασει θηρος ορεστικου
επιμενος——.”

and hears himself croak.

CHAPTER III.

“Mon Dieu qu’il ont terrible,
Ses regards m’ont fait peur, mais une peur horrible,
Et jamais je ne vis un plus hideux Chretien.”
Molière, L’Ecole des Femmes. II. 3.

Our first exploit in the female line, was when we were departing from the paternal roof to seek our fortune among Greek verbs and the intricacies of mathematics. Let it be remembered, that hitherto we were somewhat in the category of that “rose in the desert,” whereof poets rhyme and females sing—or of those “gems of purest ray serene,” which, we are given to understand, are hidden “in the dark unfathomable caves of ocean.” Howbeit, we had not as yet risen sufficiently above the public horizon for it to be determined “what manner of man” we were. “In short,” our apocalypse was as that of a comet or other meteor.

We are a man of few words—and we state that we fell deeply, “madly” in love, with a young lady, whom for convenience of reference, and “to fix the ideas” we shall call

damself *A*. "What a fall was there, my countrymen." It was a violent and acute attack—but not of the chronic order; else were we not living to tell the tale. The personal appearance of damself *A* may be briefly summed up as follows—good features, (except nose,) dark eyes, brown hair curling around a neck which was decidedly "swan-like," a graceful carriage, and a voice which we at that time considered an improved order of the music of the spheres. We are ashamed to confess how derelict we were to our flame. We "never told our love, but let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, prey on our damask (?) cheek,"—that's it exactly—"pe-reant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt." We presented our fair with a piece of music, whereon was represented in all the glory of lithography, an equestrian female, apparently contemplating a large body of very small troops, who seemed to be in that position which answers to the command "eyes left." The amazon hereinbefore mentioned, was of an antique and venerable conformation, and, taking her altogether, she seemed, (if we may be allowed to borrow a phrase from one of the military and civil bulwarks of Hanover,) to be "parading on horseback by seniority of rank." That piece of music cost us twenty-five cents in current funds; and we conveyed it to its destination with trembling secresy; but although we afterwards heard of its gracious acceptance, we didn't press our suit any farther; and we have always been puzzled whether to refer our comparative coolness to the effects of Time and remorseless Fate, which hurried us away from the scenes of our early love and blunted our sensibilities in the "*hortus siccus*" of defunct languages, or more feasibly to the depletive agency of that twenty-five cents: It relieved us wonderfully.

So we went to College; and on our way thither, it was necessary to spend some months in a small village, which we shall call *X*; and here we had hardly gotten rid of our former attachment, when we suddenly became a "victim" again. Now this last time we *did* really fall in love: we have never since felt as we did then—and we don't expect to "nother."

"'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream."

Whether it was the romantic influence of the time of life, ("sweet sixteen,") or of the season of the year, (*viz*: summer,) or the superior charms of damself *B*., we don't know; perhaps it was all three combined: at any rate, we "put our foot in it" that time. The enchantress who "stole my heart away" was fair as the morning; eyes "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," such as we have only once seen either before or since, and whose sweet, glad expression yet haunts our memory; aslender form, the ideal of graceful action; the most winsome smile, and a laugh unlike all other laughs—so much so, that when we accidentally hear a stray note somewhat approaching its perfection, we are straightway transported to the time when we heard its thrilling music. We lived for two months or more in an existence which has made us ever since believe in the rose-colored visions of poets. But we "loved her in vain;" for though she didn't exactly "leave us to weep," yet it amounted to pretty much the same thing—we got no satisfaction, other than a small bunch of flowers, tied with a strand of that "*coma flava*," the halo of our dreams. Then, for the first time, we experienced what it was "to love and not be loved again." Truly, it lasted but a short time; otherwise we could'n't have "managed to survive it:" as it was, it required some months to restore us to our wonted elasticity of spirits, and bring us to that pitch of prowess at the table for which we are widely distinguished—a prowess equal to that which the students of our early ballad literature will remember to have been a striking feature in the accomplishments of the justly celebrated Jack Sprat and his amiable consort. And so we finished with damself *B*; but the malady in this case had been so violent, that for a long time afterwards we felt lingering twinges of it.

"J'étais aigré fâché désespéré contre elle
Et cependant jamais j'e ne la vis si belle
Jamais ses yeux aux miens n'ont paru si perçants
Jamais je n'eus pour eux des désirs si pressants."

Mol. L'Ecole des Femmes IV. 1.

Now we can conscientiously place all of the preceding misfortunes to the account of our ugliness; for in other respects we were quite equal to some of our compeers who were vastly more successful.

CHAPTER IV.

"The days when we were students, John,
A long time ago."

We were at College for some time; but the ardor with which we prosecuted our studies prohibited us from mingling much in the society of ladies, and so we escaped free from the attractions of the neighboring fair. Had we not already expressed and stuck to our determination not to digress, we should here give some of the reminiscences of our College career; for it is remarkable that no sort of literature has more charms for the general reader, than that descriptive of College life.

We could tell of the many good things thought, said and done by our fellows: we could write a volume about our amusements at different seasons—those suppers on turkeys, coffee, "flannel" cakes, &c., which nothing can ever obliterate from our memory—the cigars that followed, the catches we used to sing and the tales that we used to tell. Who that heard can ever forget the minstrelsy of *Joe Cash*—now moving with measured and stately step amid the epic glories of the "NOBLE SKEW BALL"—now reminding us of the ballads of old, full of romance and pathos, as he sung of "Lord Lovell" and the "Ladye Nancie"—anon rousing his hearers to admiration of that paladin, *Johnson*, who

"' Sit' from seven o'clock in the morning,
'Till the sun went down at night."

Who can forget these and the thousand other lays of beauty and chivalry that we were wont to hear when the toil of day was done. And then the oratory: *GEORGE VINES* and *CAPT. MARSHALL*—where shall we hope to find your equals! where, amid all that recorded eloquence can boast, shall we find such acute and discriminating logic—such profound and subtle investigation—such wonderful splendour of delivery! The one, dark and mysterious, dealing in gigantic trope and stupendous simile—and exhibiting withal such truth of feeling as he denounced some political measure, that it would harrow up the soul. The other, quick, sharp and practical, always endeavoring to turn his oppo-

nent's sublimity into ridicule—skirmishing, harassing on all sides and sometimes bearing off the palm—we say sometimes, for not unfrequently when the vote was taken among the bystanders on the merits of the debate, while the captain had many friends and clients, yet his antagonist had quite as many to subscribe to the doctrine—"In VINO veritas." And then we encouraged the athletic sports once fashionable in "merrie England;" we snowballed—we played leap frog—we had tournaments—we danced in the road around rows of candles, the dust very soon hiding the "figurants" from the public gaze,—and the lurid glare of the candles, with the curt vestments of the performers, giving the rites a striking resemblance to some infernal incantation of witches: we laugh now, as we remember the capers of one "cutty sark," who in the ardor of the waltz, caught a passing Professor by the waist and turned him around several times before he discovered his mistake. Also we played "knucks;" in the serene summer evenings we carried out our chairs into the road before our doors, and with a candle to light our pipes, we set ourselves down to preside at the game afore-said—to give counsel in matters of doubt—to canvass the proceedings—to encourage the timid—to behold with unnmixed delight the administration of justice which always closed the game.

We could dwell on the habitudes of our associates, noble fellows that they were,—C—, and L—, and T—, and V—, and M—, and a host of others. We could describe that glorious *confrérie* that whilom did congregate under the colonnade of the "LONG BLOCK" E. R.—of all those friends who dwelt together with the harmony of brethren. Some we have not since seen—and one, alas! we shall never more see in this world; but even here, we may be permitted to speak of his manifold virtues, his nobility of character, his warmth of heart, his splendid talents—all combining to make one of the noblest of mankind, whose life—one constant exhibition of all that is sublime or beautiful in human nature—has proved too short for his friends and his native land. Friend of those days, regretted and unforgotten, whose last moments were cheered by no sympathizing presence—whose last sighs were breathed on

a foreign shore—time has not dimmed the brightness of your memory, nor shall obliterate it, from the hearts of any who knew you; certainly not from those of the association who enjoyed so long the pleasure and the profit of your intercourse.

* * * *

When we left College we engaged in active life, on account of "*res augustae domi*," and we became an instructor of youth. We were unanimously elected Principal of a small academy situated near the little village of Y—. In the immediate vicinity of our dwelling was another—"pertingent and contiguous"—"where did inhabit damsels twain," whom we shall call *C'* and *C''* for good reasons. Of course we very soon found them out; and we shall describe them in the order in which we have mentioned them—that being the order in which we "*took*" them, to borrow a college phrase.

C' was "*svelte*" and "*spirituelle*," doated on literature, (though not on literary men,) whether German, French, or English; she was devotedly fond of astronomy—viz: that descriptive astronomy, whereby young ladies name stars so prettily for their admirers: and here we may be allowed to observe that this is a sufficient, and the only practical use to which a young lady ever does put her astronomical knowledge. However, to return to *C'*—she was something of the *bas bleu* order; and although not very highly educated, she had fine original powers of mind and a remarkable taste—in literature; she was rather below the medium size, had dark eyes and hair and a Grecian face. Now we were thrown very much in her company during the first winter of our sojourn in the village of Y—, and gradually, admiration for her multiform excellence was developed into a passion "*des plus fortes*." We did not know it at first, but suddenly a rival appeared in the field—"supervened," as the doctors say—and competition, which gives life to trade, does the same for love—it brings it out, as sage tea does the measles.

"La femme est en effet le potage de l'homme
Et quand un homme voit d'autres hommes parfois
Qui veulent dans sa soupe aller tremper leurs doigts,
Il en montre aussitôt une colère extrême."

We were, however, wise, and refrained

from any open rupture with our rival, who, we soon saw, was destined to succeed. But we did not see it, fool that we were, until we had made a sort of "*experimentum crucis*;" in other words, had offered her our hand, our heart, and our fortune; the latter item being thrown in by way of rhetorical adjunct and to round the period; for as Mr. Toots says, "*It was of no consequence*." Now, whether our inamorata hated us for our delay—for that does have a powerful influence sometimes—or for our ugliness, or for our "*res augustae*" already alluded to, or finally whether she "did not love us less, but him more," all these are questions which we have never been able to solve to our satisfaction: but so 'twas, she very gently informed us that she was engaged, and requested us to "keep the secret," which we promised religiously to do, seeing it had cost us so much to get it. We shall not soon forget that occasion: it was signalized by an incident which, as Mr. Angelo Cyrus Bantam, M. C., says, was, "to say the least of it, remarkable." In fact, it is unprecedented. It was night, and we had on a bran new suit of "*deiks*." We propounded our questions about 9 P. M., on the 19th day of November, 1834, New Style. Soon we were the happy possessor of the secret already mentioned; and we retired to muse thereon and "chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies"—

"And oft, soothed sadly, by some dirgeful wind,
Think of the sad ills we had—*left behind*."
S. T. Coleridge—or somebody.

Pending these considerations, when we had set us down "a pensive hour to spend," "*nobis venit in mentem*"—that is, being interpreted, we "'lowed" a cigar wouldn't "go bad." (In those days—halcyon days—"long vanished," which "ne'er come again," we smoked cigars—we did.) As we were saying, we smoked a cigar, and then—took another, which we also smoked by way of treating our vexation homeopathically, and cutting or burning in two, as it were, the Gordian *knot* that plagued us. We say when we had smoked two cigars, and were thinking of going to bed, with the view of being "bound in slumber's golden chain," for it was the "wee short hour ayant the twal"; in fact, when we were actually taking off

our deiks, we were conscious of a singular sensation in the interior

"οσα δε πελαδος εμολε γαστερα"
λεχη δε φιλια μονοπεικλος
λεγων.

(Variation on Euripides.)

We were getting dreadfully sick: something must be done, or we should "shuffle off this mortal coil" very speedily. While, with our crippled faculties we endeavored to think and then act, for Sallust has truly said, "opus est consulto, et quum consultum fuerit mature facto;" while, we say, we were thinking what to do, the question resolved itself—"εξ απροσδεχτου;" as the Greeks fell upon the Persians, so did we part with our supper. It was "love's labor lost," eating that supper;—straight up, and tumultuously, as it were, "ab imo pectore," came every thing:—we didn't "think it was in us"—(and it wasn't in us long.) O what a terminus to a love scra. e—perfectly unique.

"It stands alone
Like Adam's recollection of the fall."

That night we went "to rest but not to sleep." We were as empty as the vaults of the Union Bank. However, no thorn is without some rose, so we "calmed us to rest." We awoke in the morning a "wiser and a hungrier man:" we fell to on the breakfast—we certainly did eat what was set before us that morning, and we rose from the table cured. (We do most earnestly and affectionately urge all young persons, who may be in the category mentioned above, to imbibe a slight dose of ipecachuana. The connection between the heart and the stomach has long been known to physicians—the latter generally affecting the former. In our case, which we are proud to record for the sake of science, it was the former that stirred up the latter. The case is established, and the diagnosis made out: the patient suddenly recovered.)

CHAPTER V.

Συδων ειδικας τον γοπον των γυναικων
και τας απειλας; Χαη. ου μα δε ουδεφροντιδα—
Aristoph.

In the preceding chapter, we have fully set forth how we were cured of our penchant

for C'. We attended at her wedding, which took place one bright sunny evening in the parish church of Y——, and we stood hard by while, according to the formula of the Episcopal persuasion, she took upon herself the vows of matrimony. We had some queer feelings at first, but before it was over, we got used to it, and were ready to sing an "io pæan," an epithalamium or any other jubilant anthem, in anticipation of the refreshments and entertainments that we surmised would follow the ceremony; but we were doomed to a disappointment even more severe than our preceding—for it had no remedy. The happy couple straightway departed on a "grand tour," and before they came back, we ourself were gone glimmering—for a season. When we returned, after our vacation, it was not to envy the felicity of \sqrt{C} but to discover and remark sundry excellencies of feature and disposition in C'', all of which had hitherto escaped our notice. Let not the reader exclaim against our inconsistency. There is no use or satisfaction in preserving an "undying affection" for another man's wife; and for our part, as soon as a girl marries, she is to us as a *he-then* and a publican—moreover, we were the "victim of circumstances" as much as Mr. Pickwick was, for we are of a loving nature, and we were forced very much into the society of C''—she went into winter quarters at home—and was the only approachable female in all that country; for the roads are in winter blocked up with snow or mud, which latter played the mischief with boots and straps—and we, in common with all the beaux of the time, wore straps—so we were confined to a very small circle of perambulation, and could go no farther than the mansion of C''. We were always of a philosophic turn of mind; and we took very kindly to studying the "*differentia*" of C'', while she lent herself as a subject, with all the grace imaginable; perhaps she wished to while away the winter. We made out from our observations about as favorable a chart of character, &c., as any one would wish to see: and, in the ardor of the study, we were not long in imperceptibly, as it were, falling again into the snares of Cupid. Some description of C'' may not be deemed totally irrelevant, or incompatible with the plan of our confessions:

C" was, when we knew her, a young lady of medium size and stature—rather verging on the "*embon point*" order—she had a fair complexion, light hair and blue eyes—"un *petit nez retroussé*," and the most perfectly lovely mouth and teeth we have ever yet beheld.* *χρῶμα ὡς Περσέως* she certainly had, and her teeth were like two strings of pearls: she had not a graceful carriage, but abundance of conversational powers, good sense, and a perfect innocence of anything like romance. As we said, we were "going the pace" before we knew it; and we had rivals too, to the number of three, simultaneously; but we didn't fear any of them: in fact, it turned out that none of us had any just cause to fear or envy any other—inasmuch as we all got "lifted" *seriatim*—but we anticipate.

We were for some time very cautious. The remarkable bad luck which had hitherto attended our efforts, had cast its shadow completely over our sanguine disposition; but our passion was too strong to be contravened by any fear of consequences, and we finally resolved to try the "imminent deadly breach." And here we considered the advantages and disadvantages of the "oral" and the "written" systems of examination: we first decided for the "written," and in pursuance thereof, we prepared several epistles, of which we remember only enough to convince us; that they must have been unequalled as specimens of pathetic and impassioned appeal, of vivid and burning eloquence: but we always wrote them at night, after returning from a visit to our *chère amie*—and the next day, when we examined them, free from the influence of the "oestrum" under which they were inspired, we incontinently thrust them into the fire—being ashamed "to see ourself reflected there" a most egregious fool—so we dismissed the written, and after many endeavors "*voce faucibus hærente*," we at last managed to mutter something about "eternal affection," and other traditions appropriate to the circumstances. "She looked down to blush," but she didn't "look up to sigh"—hesitated, and finally told us that we were "barking up the wrong tree"—whereat we were dreadfully put out, and took leave

of her in a most solemn and impressive manner—not expecting to see her again for some months; but we were invited* to a dinner party, just before we left, and very unexpectedly beheld *her* there. When opportunity occurred, we pressed our suit again, with all the ardor of youth—frustra—for we got no more encouragement than before; and in a few days, we left the village of Y—in a crazy buggy, propelled by a perfect *Rosinante* of a horse—with but little hope of having our future shared by C".

Months rolled by—the moon waxed and waned in the firmament—we spent our vacation and returned to find her gone on a long visit of six months. But all things have an end—most of them two—so did this visit; and when she returned, we were about diverging in pursuit of other game, when she adroitly managed to recall us—soon were we again at her feet—this last time, at a small "tea fight" at her own house—we again tried our luck, and with decided encouragement: although now in the "sere and yellow leaf," we vividly remember the sensations experienced then, when we were nearer than we ever had been—have been or expect to be, to being engaged. For several days we were lapt in Elysium—the fields never before assumed so holiday an appearance—never before did the flowers smell so sweet—never before did we discern such freshness in the circumambient air. We were in danger of being satisfied completely with our present—with no thought for the future—when we thought, just by way of closing matters, that we would make some inquiries with a view to fixing the day; when, horror of horrors, she informed us that "it never could be." She told us that she knew we would call her a coquette—(we said no we wouldn't)—that she had the highest regard and esteem for us, and should always take the deepest interest in our welfare, &c., &c.: in short, all that humbuggery wherewith the damsels of this day are wont to repay—"true love." We assured her that she needn't hurt herself trying to cultivate friendship for us, that we didn't "vally it" one straw; that we should try to forget her, and knew we should succeed, &c. Straight home we went, smoked

* "A lip like bland persuasion's
A lip that Kissing seeks."

Anacreon.

* "Come to think of it," we were *not* invited, but went "*anyhow*."

cigars and studied the calculus of variations like a dog—(we recommend this to such as can't take ipecac by reason of constitutional antipathy)—we went at it "*rostrum et unguitibus*"—"tooth and toe nail," and by dint of the difficulty of the subject—a large amount of wounded vanity, and the presence and practice of cigars*—we soon emancipated ourselves from the trammels of C".

No more shall we endure love's pleasing pain
Nor 'round our heart's leg tie his galling chain.

Tradesman Ap: S. T. C.

When we left that country, which we did not long after, she manifested considerable emotion as parting with us, and the next day after we parted, sent us a small Bible, (market value about \$1.25,) with a note in her own handwriting, affirming and ratifying the friendship which she had so liberally offered us. So ended our adventure. When we look back at it from this point of time, we cannot help seeing that we made a most unmitigated ass of ourselves. We had our light hidden under a bushel for some three years: we made all manner of frames for needlework, and sticks for netting purposes: we wrote names and letters; we repaired pumps; we inspected wells: in short, we became a nigger for the time. In return, we received the small Bible herein-before-mentioned, an indifferent picture, (which now adorns our chimney, and which we then considered to evince decided marks of genius,) a small book on Etiquette and two kicks; all of which, except the latter, we are willing to exhibit to the curious.

Singular as it may appear—although we have ourselves never been engaged to any body, our style of address must put the fair sex very much in the notion of matrimony—or, the fact that we have approved of the article, must be something like the brand of a tobacco or flour inspection. For our dearies have always married incontinently the very first chance they get *after* we leave. C" was no exception: after finishing the class to which we belonged—(the four above mentioned)—whom she disposed of in very short order,

*"Charm that alike can soothing pleasure bring,
To sage or savage, mendicant or king,
Quick at thy word, amid the soul's misrule,
Content resumes its sway, and rage grows cool."

she, "in the course of one revolving moon," fell in with a young gentleman whom she "kept company with" for about two months: at the end of that time, she was betrothed, and in a very short time afterwards she went to a neighbouring city, where she met with her "*sposo*" either on purpose or by accident, and they were married *nem. con.* When we saw her last, she was a matronly dame, whose eyes were as blue as ever, but whose voice had lost its sweetness for us.

It has now been some eighteen years since the events above detailed, took place. The peculiarity of our nature, of which we have spoken in confidence, has not yet been changed though we have had so many doses of what a physician would call "alterative medicine;" and although we have not run into any of the excesses of which we were guilty during our earlier years, we have not been entirely free from the influence of the sex. The events of more recent date, however, which have signalized our life, are not yet become matter of history, and our muse draws a decent veil over the record of the last year, especially. At some future time, we may furnish a supplement (of "*lettres inédites*") to these, our memoirs, which shall give a full and circumstantial account of what happened to us during the years of—

CHAPTER VI.

"There's nae luck about the house."

Old Song.

Assuredly, we have so far lost sight of our subject. In fact, it is so vast that we can, in one essay, do justice to only a small part of it. We had intended, fully to come up to the promise of our preface—to give a theory of ugliness—to classify and describe its myriad examples, dividing and arranging them in orders, &c. We intended, then, to consider the state of ugliness in this commonwealth and the remedies, or rather, the alleviations, to be applied by special legislative enactment. We desired also, to conclude with a circular message, addressed to those of our cotemporaries who are interested in this subject, (and their name is legion,) somewhat after the fashion of the agricultural circulars of questions propounded and promul-

gated by the patent office, with the view of determining, as far as may be, the statistics of homeliness. In this circular, we proposed to discuss various schemes for the mitigation of the evils, under which our fraternity has long labored. The establishment of a grand-central-humane-society—for-the-relief-of-distressed-gentlemen-of-homely-features—was included in our plan, as well as another society, which should confer degrees on those deserving them, and which should provide by annual subscription, a fund designed to furnish emoluments to the distinguished—(we ourself intended to run for a fellowship.)

All these plans, however, we must dismiss for the present. At some future time when we may be free from the consideration of our own individual misfortunes, we may take up this subject again; at present, our own case completely engrosses our attention. We are persuaded that we have had our share of the mittens going about in society: we have made our portion of hanking-reels and other implements of domestic economy: we have fulfilled our part of menial offices: we are an abolitionist, root and branch. Full oft have we set ourself up as a "ballistic pendulum," to measure the momentum of female pedals. We should like to know if this cannot be stopped—if there is no feasible remedy. We actually fear that we carry about the infection of bad luck. We have remarked that those connected with our place of abode are successively "lifted." But a few short weeks since, the steward of the premises, a man whose name would seem to challenge the confidence of the fair sex, and guaranty him against elevation—was "hoisted"—not to mention other examples

Κλαῖω τοῦ' οἰκου τοῦδε συμφορὰν στενωπ.

What shall we do? We shall wrap ourselves in our *robe de chambre* and sit down to doze in our arm chair, laughing at our sorrows, and adopting the words of a philosopher in such matters, reflect

"Mais, comme c'est le sort qui nous donne une femme,
Je dis que l'on doit faire ainsi qu' au jeu de dés,
Où, s'il ne vous vient pas ce que vous demandez,
Il faut jouer d'adresse, et, d'une âme réduite,
Corriger le hasard par la bonne conduite.
C'est-à-dire, dormir et manger toujours bien—
Et se persuader que tout cela n'est rien."

THE DREAM OF NATIONS.

I rest within the proud ancestral halls
Of ancient Albion—the Island Queen—
And watch the sunlight as its soft ray falls,
In clustr'd radiance o'er each lovely scene;
And memory goes back to other days—
The glorious days of knightly chivalry,
Until before mine eyes the war-flags blaze,
The morion and the corselet glitter free,
And half I join in war's wild rivalry.

The Norman William,—he of old renown,
With all his knightly train of noble peers,
Left sunny France to battle for a crown,
And scorn'd the light-arm'd Britons' hostile spears.
How joyed he in the battle's deaf'ning roar!—
It was the music of his martial soul—
And lived and died "the Norman Conqueror,"
Who knew not fear, and might not brook control,
Victor of Hastings' well-contested field;
A darker day o'er England never rose,
When borne to earth was many a crest and shield,
And valiant Harold rested 'mid his foes,
And slept a lasting sleep,—death's dark repose.

Thou matchless Richard! green the laurels twine
Their wreath around thy proud and princely brow,
E'en 'neath the burning suns of Palestine.
No leaf might wither on the glorious bough.
Open and fearless in thought, word and deed,
Disdaining in deceit to hold a part,
Thy kingly sceptre was thy worthy meed,
Brother and monarch of the lion-heart.

And years passed on, and the Black Edward sprung
From the long line of royal ancestry;
Idol of England, many a bard hath sung
Of thy bold bearing and thy courage free—
Poitiers and Cressy tell thy victory.
In the first flushing of the conqueror's power,
Gentle thy bearing to a captive king;
All spotless was thy fame in that proud hour,
And generous were the nobles of thy ring.

And she, the cold and stately Maiden Queen,
Ambition's votary, who could clear her brow,
Gazing with treacherous smiles, brightly serene,
Upon the courtiers that around her bow—
Who cast the woman and her heart aside,
And with a hate too black for human ken,
Murdered Earl Bothwell's young and lovely bride,
And held high empire o'er the pride of men.

I've stood alone on Caledonia's heath—
Land of the glorious Wallace, high in fame,—
Where Robert Bruce and Douglas frat drew breath;
Winning with swords an everlasting name.
Then, Scotland, with thy purple-thistle crowned,
High was thy might, and high thy monarch's pride.
And he in council as in war renowned,
Was thy defence and guardian true and tried.
The bleeding-heart proof of the Douglas' faith,
Full many a minstrel's lyre shall often tell
Of love and truth invincible in death,
When, circled by the foe, Earl Douglas fell.

Oh! Scotland's Mary—thou, the young, the gay—
Almost too bright and beautiful for earth;

Born to command, endowed with regal sway,
How often hast thou mourned thine hour of birth:
Courtied, caressed, and smiled upon by all—
Alike by warrior, statesman, prince and peer,
How little dreamed they of the prison wall
In the bright dawning of thy short career!
Yet sometimes that white brow the wing of care
Shadowed a moment, and the smile was gone;
Perchance 'twas presage of the dark despair,
And bitter fate that was to be thine own.

Wild legended Scotland, with each storied hill,
The Clyde and Liddle, and Loch Lomond's wave—
Well may the burning tears thy sad eyes fill
For one who slumbers in an honored grave;
Let thy tears fall for thine own glorious son—
Be hushed the harp, and stilled each strain of glee—
The cloud hath shadowed, and the race is run,
Of him whose fancy-dream gave "Waverley."

The soft green valleys of chivalrous France,
Her vine-clad hills and her gay laughing streams,
Have been before me in thine hour, Romance,
Pictured in all the golden light of dreams.
There Charlemagne held court with all his peers,
Thence bold ambitious Philip led his train,
The pride and flower of Gallic cavaliers,
To dye with crimson tides Assyria's plains.

There rose Napoleon,—the sternly proud,
He who ascended Fame's imperial car;
The blaze of cities should have been his shroud,
Dread scourge of Nations, and the soul of War;
Then had he fallen, as a king might fall,
Not in the captive cell's despair and gloom;
But while the trumpets waken Victory's call,
And he had won a sceptre and a tomb.

High Alpine Switzerland, I've heard the storm
As it broke o'er thy crags with giant might,
And where thy summer's skies shone bright and warm,
I've gathered flowers upon each rocky height;
While far above shone pyramids of snow,
In rainbow beauty, with a golden flush,
A diadem upon the mountain's brow,
Changing to rosy light in sunset's blush.

Boldly and wildly sweep thy hunters by;
Sweet is the music of thy sheep-fold's bell;
And on the roll of fame is blazoned high
Thy patriot's name—the name of William Tell.
Gone now is Gessler's power, and glad repose
Once more may nestle round the cottage hearth.
The crimson life stream now no longer flows,
Of hearts which bled to free their land of birth.

I've wandered through the fragrant orange bowers,
And dusky foliage of thy olives, Spain.
And I have gazed on Venice and her towers,
And I have stood by many a Roman fane—
Mourning their fallen greatness till mine eyes
Were blinded by a gush of sad, warm tears,
Yet there are left to Italy the skies
And purple sunset of her prouder years.

And now, mine own green land, to thee I turn,
And touch with trembling hand my country's lyre.
Proud, beautiful, within thy breast doth burn
The everlasting light of Freedom's fire.
In every clime, beneath each changing sky,

Thy eagle-flag, meet emblem of the brave,
With its broad star and stripe, triumphantly
Floats o'er thy martial sons on land and wave.
Thy Washington, the brave, the kind, the good,
The saviour of his country loved and free,
Sleeps gently by Potomac's sounding flood,
Where the dark cedar boughs droop heavily.
And Lafayette*—loved and adopted one,
Though ocean rolls between him and the West,
In earth, once warmed beneath thy glowing sun,
His manly form is pillowed to its rest.

M. Lx. W. H.

Notes and Commentaries on a Voyage to China.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Vitality of Live Stock; Influence of Weather on the sensations—Observance of the Sabbath; Petrels and Puffins; Housing Guns; Tristan da Cunha; Splicing the Main Brace; Reality and poetry of sea-life contrasted; Porpoise steaks; Fourth of July Dinner; Value of Science to sea-faring people; Time; Unhoused the guns; Use of the tropic lines; Island of Pulo Klapa; Sea-life; A water spout; Anchor in Mew Bay; Flying Foxes.

May 31st. Latitude 25°33' South; longitude 39°16' West: temperature of air 76°F. Nearly calm all day.

I have sailed from Rio de Janeiro seven times. The live-stock taken on board there, according to my observation, is less hardy than that procured at almost any other port. Chickens, turkeys, ducks, pigs are all feeble; they seem to possess less tenacity of life than the same kinds of animals of our own country, and many die very soon after being brought on board.

Thursday, June 1st. Latitude 26°14' South; longitude 38°31' West: atmosphere 76°F. A pleasant breeze from the northward and eastward; sea smooth; rate of sailing five or six knots.

June 2nd. Latitude 27°31' South; longitude 36°45' West: air 75°F. Hopes are entertained of a short passage to Java Head.

* Lafayette, the beloved of America, was interred in earth carried from her shores to France for that purpose.

Atmosphere delightful. Cape pigeons or petrels are flying about the stern.

June 3rd. Lat. $28^{\circ}20'$ South; long. $34^{\circ}28'$ West: air 68°F . The coolness of the atmosphere cannot be rightly appreciated in the present instance by the height of the thermometer. All seem to feel that it is quite cold; men wear their pea-jackets and all have spontaneously assumed woollen clothing. Last night the wind veered rapidly to the southward, and there was a shower of rain. In this hemisphere it is now winter, and the south wind has the character of the northern blasts in our half of the globe. It might be inferred from the general sense of cold manifested that the air is also dry and that evaporation is proportionably rapid; this seems to be the most rational mode of accounting for the impression made by a temperature of 68°F . on robust seamen. I have no hygrometric notes or observations recorded.

The following is an extract from a newspaper: "When Commodore Stringham was at Rio de Janeiro in command of our squadron, some months ago, a great parade in behalf of the Emperor occurred on Sunday. The Brazilian ships and men-of-war fired a grand salute, but the American ships were silent. The next day when Commodore Stringham sent an explanatory note to the proper minister of the court, saying that the Sabbath was observed in his country, and he hoped it would be a sufficient reason for not having fired on that day; but to manifest the kind and respectful feelings which he and his countrymen entertained towards Brazil, he would have the happiness to salute on Monday. To this note a friendly reply was received. The salute was fired, and the affair ended in perfect harmony."

It is probable that, however uncourteous the silence of the American ships may have appeared to the Brazilians on the occasion, the conduct of Com. Stringham did not lessen him or his countrymen in their estimation. Those who desire the respect of others should always be careful to respect themselves: and in no other one thing perhaps than in the observance of the Sabbath, would we be more respected by Roman Catholics in foreign countries. Religion might be supposed to set lightly on men when they readily disregard its formalities simply to

comply with military or social customs of a foreign nation. But on the other hand it might be urged that as an agent of the government the conduct of Com. S. was not faultless: he was wrong to regulate, according to his religious views, the acts of the government which he thus represented. Had the government been present, (if we may suggest an impossibility for the sake of an illustration,) it would have joined in the rejoicings of the day? The government of the United States observes no Sabbath as a government; the political Constitution or organic law of the country forbids it. Its mails run; its ships sail; and, in time of war, its warriors do not refrain from doing battle on the Sabbath. For this reason it was a gross mistake to say he could not exchange or give a complimentary salute, because the Christian citizens of the United States refrain from all unnecessary labor on Sunday. He was not the representative solely of his Christian fellow citizens; but of all, Jews and Gentiles, who support the government which he was bound to represent as an officer, and not as a private citizen.

June 4th, Sunday. Lat. $27^{\circ}38'$ South; long. $31^{\circ}57'$ West: air 68°F . We have been driven forty-two miles to the northward by an unfavorable wind, which is so boisterous that the accustomed prayers have been dispensed with.

June 6th. Yesterday the weather became pleasant. Lat. $31^{\circ}20'$ S.; long. $29^{\circ}11'$ W.: air 69°F : Wind N. W. and, our course being S. E., studding sails are set on both sides; we are "rolling down to Saint Helena" over a smooth sea.

June 7th. Lat. $32^{\circ}24'$ S.; long. $26^{\circ}45'$ W.; air 71°F . Pleasant weather. We have had for two or three days past, Cape pigeons, (*Procellaria*,) and "whale birds," (*Puffinus obscurus*,) about the ship. The plumage of the latter is brownish black; in other respects, size and form, the puffins resemble the petrels or Cape pigeons. It is remarkable, that a thousand miles distant from land those birds surround us; yesterday they had disappeared, but to day they are numerous, sailing upon extended wings through the air, and ever and anon skimming the surface with their tips.

June 8th. Lat. $33^{\circ}38'$ S.; long. $23^{\circ}35'$ W.;

air 67°F. Fresh gale of wind; heavy sea. It was deemed prudent to "house the guns," one of the means resorted to in olden times, (when the tenacity of wood and iron in naval structures was probably much less than it has come to be in the present advanced state of the ship-wright's art,) to lessen the strain occasioned by the weight of the guns on a ship's deck while contending against a perilous force of wind and waves. The guns are "run in," that is, withdrawn from the port-holes; their breeches let down, and muzzles elevated, to the top of the ports, which are closed with port bucklers and caulked up as tightly as possible. These black "bull dogs of war" look like so many disconsolate curs, sitting on their haunches, looking beseechingly upwards as if to deprecate a threatened punishment. The hind or "after trucks" of the gun carriages are removed; the black train tackles, short and tight, on the deck, heighten the resemblance to subdued curs with broken legs and prostrate tails. The effect of this arrangement is to lessen the violence of the rolling motions of the ship, because the weight of the guns is brought nearer the centre, and operates on a shorter lever.

Sea-birds are numerous around the stern; amongst them are several albatross.

June 9th. Lat 34°28' S.; long. 20°37' W.; air 66°F. Heavy gales of wind with rain.

June 10th. No observation. Lat. 34°28' S.; long. 19°12' W.: air 62°F. Rainy and disagreeable. A vessel in sight steering the same course as ourselves.

June 11th. Lat. 36°17' S.; long. 16°50' W., by dead reckoning. No observation. Air 61°F. Squally and rainy all day. In the afternoon caught an albatross, (*Diomedea weddicki*, Lath.,) with hook and line.

June 12th. Lat 35°53' S.; long. 13°39' W.: air 57°F. Pleasant. An albatross was shot from the ship's deck; it measured nine feet nine inches across the expanded wings. For the gastronomically curious albatross brains were served at dinner, and pronounced to be a dish worthy the attention of kings.

June 13th. Lat. 36°52' S.; long.; 12°11' W.: air 61°F. Morning very pleasant. At sunrise the snow-capped peak of Tristan da Cunha was seen from the deck, but by 10 o'clock A. M. was shut from view by the

mist. This island, which is ten miles in diameter, rises more than 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. One of our seamen tells me, about four years since he passed three months on this lone rock, having been accidentally left there by a whale ship to which he was attached. The island has upon it patches of very good soil, which produces potatoes, onions, &c., and hogs, goats and poultry thrive. The population consisted of nine families. While Napoleon was imprisoned at St. Helena, the English government maintained a regiment of soldiers on Tristan da Cunha, and when it was removed, an old sergeant, by permission, remained on the island. He imported a wife from the Cape of Good Hope, and set up an Eden for himself. He is now known as Governor Glass, but whether a relative of the distinguished Mrs. Glass who wrote on cookery is not stated traditionally or in history. Be this as it may, Governor Glass is regarded as a romantic hero. His island is visited by whale ships and English traders outward bound to India, to procure water, vegetables, &c.

June 15th. Lat 38°18' S.; long. 3°54' W.: air 53°F. Disagreeably cold. Our progress is fair, having advanced more than four and a half degrees of longitude in the past twenty four hours.

June 16th. Lat. 38°48' S.; long. 0°41' E.: air 58°F. Here we are in eastern climes, though it is difficult to distinguish between the western climate of yesterday and the eastern climate of to-day.

June 17th. No observation. Wind fair: rainy. The commander prescribed for the men at 5 o'clock, P. M. an extra allowance of grog because he thought it would do them good. This is called "splicing the main brace."

18th. Lat. 40°11' S.; long. 10°12' E.: air 56°F. Rainy, cold, disagreeable. It is blowing a smart gale; the ship is scudding under topsails at the rate of eleven knots the hour.

19th. Lat. 40°01' S.; long. 14°59' E.: air 61°F. The ship has sailed 245 miles in the past twenty-four hours, under two single reefed topsails and foresail. We have cape weather, but comparatively mild. The rolling of the ship renders writing difficult.

21st. Lat 39°48' S.; long. 21°04' E.: air

61°F. Morning pleasant; wind gradually freshened, and by 8 o'clock P. M., we were necessarily reduced to close reefed topsails. The ward-room is deluged; my state room is swashed and every thing wet. As usual in such times, there were crashes of crockery, and bursts of merriment at each catastrophe, which, with the whistling of the wind and surges of the sea, made a noise equal to that of a grand opera, but without the harmony and melody of music.

22nd Lat. 38°37' S.; long. 41°18' E.: air 57°F. No observations. Rainy; last night there was sharp lightning to the southward of us. *Midnight.* A gale of wind from the south west; all are uncomfortable on board from wet and cold, but the ship is dancing grandly along on her way. The gun deck of a frigate in a storm, just at the relieving of the first watch, presents a spectacle of interest. There is here and there a lantern shedding a dim light through the gloom, but enough to permit an observer to see the legs of men slowly descending from hammocks swinging above the guns, to the deck over which water is rushing from one side to the other, back and forth, in obedience to the rolling of the ship. Those are the legs of those unhappy fellows who have been roused from a four hours' nap at midnight, to remain on deck, exposed to the gale until four o'clock in the morning. Who can wonder that their movements manifest reluctance, or that they bear the cries of the boatswain's mates, hurrying them from their snug nests and slumbers—"Hurry up there, all the starboard watch, ahoy!" is repeated more than once, and in five minutes after the bell has struck eight, you hear an officer mustering the watch on deck, each man answering as his name is called, "here, sir!" not in gentle tone, but shouting at the top of his voice, to be heard above the noise of wind and sea. Next we have the men of the first watch, hurrying to the hammocks left warm by those who relieved them. Then a listener may hear denunciatory expletives, muttered between the teeth, of the hardships of a seaman's life; or congratulations that the first watch is over, and, perhaps, there are indications in the sky that they will find the weather better when called to the morning watch. The minds of those retiring are

awake, and the impressions from exposure are fresh upon them; but happily for the poor fellows, they speedily lose all remembrance of their sufferings in deep slumber, and often under circumstances which would effectually banish sleep from the lids of inexperienced landmen.

Returning along the gundeck from the bows about this time, picking my way over train tackles and rushing streams of water, and watchful of the motions of the ship, I observed one poor fellow standing close in to the ship's side, ankle deep in water, wringing his blanket which had fallen to the deck, possibly through heedlessness of him who had just left the hammock. He was in flannel shirt and drawers, but without stockings, and in the very faint light of my hand lantern, his circumstances seemed to me unenviable, to say the least. What his good old grandmother would have felt to see him going to bed with wet feet, under a wet blanket; she would have sentenced him to "his death of cold," for taking such lodgings. He was growling certainly in low tones; but all I distinctly heard was "the beggar what wrote 'A life on the ocean wave,' never saw blue water in his life"—and so thought I.

"When the driving rain of the hurricane
Puts the light of the light-house out,
And the growling thunder-sound is going
On the whirlwinds' battle rout;
Ha! ha! do you think that the valiant shrink?
No! no! we are bold and brave!
For we love to fight in the wild midnight,
With storm on the mountain wave."

A few guns further along the deck, stood a sailor in his drawers only, wringing the cold water out of his flannel shirt to go to bed in. He too, was mentally quarrelling with some nautical song composer. "I wish the beggar what wrote 'the sea, the sea!' was here now—d—— his soul."

It is a fearful night to be sure; but we have plenty of sea room, a strong ship under us and God in his mercy watches over us.

In such times as these, the sluggish and dilatory under the new order of discipline find punishment by confinement for negligence or other censurable acts rather grateful than otherwise, because it is surely less painful than hard labor in exposure to the driving rain and chilling blasts on deck. Such men rejoice in an opportunity to be confined

below on these occasions, and thus those of spirit and energetic character, have imposed upon them increased toil, proportionate to the number who may be withdrawn from the watch to expiate faults.

26th.—Air 49° F. Rain alternating with hail: sea very heavy; scudding under close reef-topsails ten miles the hour. Two of the ports were driven in by the force of the sea.

27th.—Lat. 37° 26' S.; long. 47° 23' East; air 54° F. Weather has moderated, but the sea is very rough and the ship very uncomfortable. The boatswain harpooned a porpoise to-day under the bows. It was a female about six feet in length; the brain weighed 2lb. 13½ oz. We had steaks at dinner, which in flavor was that of neither fish, flesh nor fowl, but a compound of all three, and tough enough to fatigue the strongest jaws. Female porpoise, if this individual is an average sample of the genus, is not as palatable as some other mammals, and furnishes a very bad substitute for fresh butcher's meat of any kind.

30th.—Lat. 37° 24' S.; long. 54° 45' E.; air 60° F. Cool and clear; wind light but fair. A sail in sight astern.

July 1st.—Lat. 37° 29' S.; long. 58° 40' E.: air 56° F. Wind fresh; uncomfortably cold. Three ships in sight, steering the same course we are. We shortened sail, and when within the range of distinct vision, the two nearest displayed Dutch colors; the third is supposed to be also a Dutch ship, and all are bound to Batavia to exchange Schnaps for Java coffee.

2nd.—Lat. 37° 25' S.; long. 62° 23' E.; air 53° F. Clear, cold and nearly calm; in the afternoon the wind increased our speed to nine knots.

3rd.—Lat 37° 59' S.; long. 67° 03' E.; air 57°. Daylight brought with it a heavy gale, which rendered it necessary to house the top-gallant masts, that is, to reduce the length of the masts. The main topsail was split, and we are now scudding, that is, running before the wind eleven knots, under a double reefed foresail and close reefed fore-topsail. The seas rise as high as the cross-jack-yard, or seemingly more than forty feet. The water on the wardroom floor is two inches deep in spite of swabbing and bailing: over-shoes are very useful in this nautical draw-

ing room. How the cooks managed to produce dinner is a mystery, for dishes, chairs, and every article of furniture seemed to be endowed with a power of spontaneous motion. About ten o'clock, P. M., the wind abated, but the sea is still high. The cabin is all afloat; indeed, there is not a dry spot in the ship. The surface of the tossing ocean is a sheet of white foam as far as eye can reach. All the ports are closed and the gun deck is almost impenetrably dark. Add to this the roar of the wind through the rigging and spars, and the noise of the rushing sound of the sea, and one may imagine that landsmen do not find themselves here comfortably situated. A gentleman passenger on his first voyage, says he has changed his opinion of the pleasures of a sea-life.

July 4th.—Lat. 37° 36' S.; long. 71° 01' E.; air 50° F. Very cold; the wind has abated and the sea has subsided very much. This anniversary was observed by an extra allowance of grog to the crew, and by a dinner in the ward-room, although we found it no easy task to keep the dishes on the table: the *carte* was striking under the circumstances, thanks to the useful application of chemical philosophy, and to the cultivators of abstract science, for they have taught the mode of preserving almost all meats and vegetables, without an unpalatable addition of salt; and thus far, have provided the means of ameliorating the condition of those who dwell at times upon the seas.

5th.—Lat. 37° 49' S.; long 75° 31' E.; air 53° F. Cold; heavy sea; scudding; and, as usual, there is not a dry foot of deck in the ship. Water was splashing over our feet while we sat at the dinner-table, to which our chairs were lashed fast. *Ten o'clock, P. M.* The ship rolls so extensively, that it is difficult to write. We are in the longitude of the islands of Amsterdam and St. Paul's.

7th.—Lat. 34° 57' S.; long. 83° 35' E.; air 58° F. Damp and cool. Sun shines, and the ward-room is once more dry, but the ship rolls heavily still, before the wind. A whale spouted close along side the ship.

10th.—Lat 29° 46' S.; long. 94° 01' E.; air 63° F. Time is a very remarkable circumstance. If we consider it attentively, it is only a relative and not a positive condition, for time varies four minutes for every degree

of longitude. A hundred and seventy degrees of longitude separate us from Philadelphia, and could we at this instant compare our watches, we should find them differ eleven hours and twenty minutes, and yet both are correct where they now are. We are in the winter solstice and have short days; with you it is summer and long days. We are, however, eleven hours and twenty minutes nearer sunrise, or this much earlier than you. At this instant here, ten o'clock at night of July 10th, you have progressed only as far as twenty minutes before eleven o'clock of *last* night, the 9th. While the sun is setting with us, he is rising with you on the day before; when the sun set with you on the ninth, he arose with us on the tenth: this being the case, we are no longer, in the true sense of the word, contemporaries. Yet, in a few days more, when we shall have passed the 105th degree of east longitude from Greenwich, you will be nearer to sunrise than we are, and, suddenly we shall find ourselves a day behind you in our reckoning of time. The sun travels, apparently, 180 degrees in twelve hours; but we have been 97 days in getting thus far towards the end of our voyage.

July 11th.—Lat. $27^{\circ} 55'$ S.; long. $96^{\circ} 19'$ E.; air 56° F. It has been nearly calm all day; we therefore hope to be overtaken soon by the southeast trade wind, which prevails in this region. The temperature is agreeable; the violent surging and rolling and pitching of the past month, have subsided into a gentle, heaving motion of the Indian ocean. The guns have been *unhoused* and placed in their accustomed position; and the decks have been very thoroughly holystoned; their appearance is much improved, and consequently every thing is more comfortable. Every body is disposed to enjoy the sunshine on deck. At sunset, owing to a peculiar reflection from the clouds, there was a stripe of apple-green sky which was very striking.

12th.—Lat. $25^{\circ} 56'$ S.; long. $96^{\circ} 43'$ E.; air 67° F. Cloudy; wind very light from the eastward.

14th.—Lat. $23^{\circ} 07'$ S.; long. $98^{\circ} 13'$ E.; air 73° F. Pleasantly warm and clear. Wind from the northward and westward, to the surprise of some on board. Crossed the tropic of Capricorn about eight o'clock this morning. A gentleman asked why this tropic, as

well as that of Cancer were placed in lat. $23^{\circ} 28'$, instead of twenty three and a half degrees exactly? He seemed surprised when told that these lines simply mark the limits within which the sun sheds perpendicular rays upon the earth. Yesterday saw the last pig on board placed upon the table.

16th.—Lat. $19^{\circ} 53'$ S.; long. $101^{\circ} 12'$ E.; air 72° F. Pleasantly warm; wind light. The last of the eggs prepared in Norfolk, by dipping in boiling water four months ago, were consumed to-day.

17th.—Lat. $17^{\circ} 29'$ S.; long. $102^{\circ} 44'$ E.; air 76° . Warm, clear; southeast trade wind is at last upon us.

18th.—51st day from Rio. Lat. $14^{\circ} 17'$ S.; long. $104^{\circ} 29'$ E.; air 78° F. A current of 25 miles N. W. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., has helped us on our way. We have tropic birds around the ship; petrels and albatross have left us.

19th.—Lat. $10^{\circ} 38'$ S.; long. $105^{\circ} 30'$ E.; air 82° ; water 80° F. Our reckoning at noon to-day, placed us within five miles of Christmas island, according to the authority of two charts, and it is said to be visible at a distance of twelve leagues, but we cannot discern it. Here is a predicament. It is conjectured that our chronometers are in error to the eastward, and therefore we ran to the west fifty miles, at the rate of ten knots an hour. At five P. M., no land being visible, it was determined the error of the chronometers is not to the westward, and the ship was steered north northeast. Tropic birds and flying fish abundant to-day. Who knows precisely where we are now, on the waste of waters, hunting for Christmas island?

July 20th.—53d day. Lat. $7^{\circ} 50'$ S.; long. $105^{\circ} 44'$ E.; air 83° F; water 82° F. Rate ten knots. About half past three o'clock, P. M., the low island, named Pulo Klapa, about ten miles south of "Java's palmy isle," was descried, and soon afterwards Palambang point, about twenty five miles distant; consequently the ship is about thirty miles from Java Head, at the entrance of the the straits of Sunda.

Pulo Klapa is about five miles long, three broad, and quite level; it is covered with trees, but the foliage does not present the vividly bright green of the tropics, now is the winter season. A line of heavy breakers brought the island in strong relief; a huge

erald set in glittering pearls, if you please to way to a little fancy, may convey a notion of the sight. At sunset, six o'clock, P. being too late to attempt to enter the straits, we shortened sail and stood to the northward at the rate of about five knots; our design is to "luff off and on" for days, before we attempt to enter our port, taking care not to fall backward.

I cannot well communicate a better idea of the monotony, the stupid dulness of life at Java, than by the record already given above, of the passage from Rio de Janeiro to Java. There has been nothing of importance to me, although I have been somewhat watchful of events. We have experienced the same bad weather on a winter passage; it has been far from agreeable, but in spite of long continued wet and cold, we have no persons on board seriously indisposed. I have no doubt that many men have not had dry clothes upon them for a week at a time, without any effect being immediately manifest; yet, in this sort of exposure to alternations of heat and cold, in conjunction with imperfectly nutritious food, such as is afforded by the strong-salted meats and the unleavened bread of the navy ration, which tends to induce premature old age, so common amongst seafaring people. Longevity does not pertain to men who are imperfectly nourished, speaking in a physiological sense, men who are not supplied with an adequate quantity of the materials and elementary compounds which enter into the composition of their bodies, while the functions of their various organs are relaxed by the sedative influences of deficient and irregular sleep, and the vicissitudes of heat and moisture.

11th.—54th day. Lat. $7^{\circ} 05'$ S.; long. $105^{\circ} 15'$ E.; air 84° ; water 83° F. The temperature of the climate may be inferred from the temperature of the ocean, which is above the ordinary summer heat of the United States. At noon, we were nineteen miles from the entrance of the straits of Sunda. A Dutch ship, supposed to be the same we saw two or three weeks since, is in sight. It moved slowly along the land, which is low and green to the water's edge. It is bordered by a line of heavy surf, and though palm trees are visible, the appearance is not picturesque. About three o'clock, P.

M., a light breeze sprang up. Directly astern, in the midst of a heavy shower of rain, an immense water spout was seen. It presented a great column, seemingly two thousand feet high, descending from the edge of a cloud to the surface of the sea; it was of a dark color with a faintly whitish central line. At the end of fifteen minutes it disappeared, fading as it were into the shower.

About sunset, we passed Friar's Rock, off the first point of Java; and at seven o'clock anchored in twenty fathoms water, near Mew Island, in Mew Bay, on the shore of which falls a cascade of fresh water, at which it is proposed to replenish our tanks. The commander prescribed an extra allowance of grog for the crew, immediately after the sails were furled—a sort of libation of thankfulness for our safe arrival.

Saturday, 22nd.—It rained heavily all night; this morning it is calm, and at noon the temperature was 87° F. A boat was sent to examine the bay, and after an absence of three hours, returned. The officer reported that the whale ship *Stephania*, ten months out from New Bedford, was at anchor, taking on board wood and water; the latter being obtainable from two sources. There is no fruit or fresh food of any kind to be had. The sportsmen in the boat saw wild peacocks, but obtained no game of any kind.

About three o'clock, P. M., a light breeze sprang up, and the ship was moved to the anchorage, between Pulo Pocham (Mew Island) and Java, which is almost perfectly landlocked, that is, sheltered from wind by high land, being open only to the northward and eastward. The surface of the water is quite smooth; the vessel is once more quietly floating in equilibrium. The *Stephania* lies near to us.

We are about three hundred yards from Mew Island, and at this distance, the undergrowth or jungle appears to be impenetrable. The whalers of the *Stephania* reported that at night "catamounts" were heard in the woods; and that not long since, a man belonging to a whale ship which had stopped here to refresh, was killed by a tiger. One of our young gentlemen, a lad of fourteen, went on shore anxiously hoping to see a drove of elephants drinking at the waterfall, but returned disappointed, for he saw only an

impassable thicket, "dense as a hedge." After sunset, flocks or swarms of "flying-foxes," a kind of bat of very large size, flew high over the ship, and by those who had not seen the animal before, were supposed to be buzzards. These mammals with membranous wings, pertain to the genus *Pteropus*, of which at least thirty-eight species are described in works on natural history. Some of them expand wings which measure five feet across. All these animals are frugivorous, and are very destructive to fruit gardens in the countries where they exist. Some of them are edible; but the flesh, though white and tender, is not delicate. The various stories of Vampyres and other species of the bat tribe, being carnivorous, and preying upon other animals, are fabulous.

LINES,

To a Withering Rose which I nursed in my Chamber.

Alas! thou art fading, my beautiful flower!
To honor no more either garden or bower,
Though Spring with its glories may come and restore
All its beauteous gifts to the glad earth once more;
Though morn fresh and balmy may gather and shed
Cool dews on thy gentle and languishing head;
Though evening's soft breeze may still kiss thee and sigh,
As in low fitful murmurs it passes thee by:
Not morn's dewy fragrance nor evening's pale light,
Can give back thy freshness or save thee from blight;
Yet I love thee the more, for in moments of sadness,
Sweet Rose, thou hast waken'd my spirit to gladness;
And now I will press thy frail stem to my heart,
And there let thy beauty and fragrance depart.
—Ah, well I remember, pale, perishing flower!
The morn when I pluck'd thee from Flora's gay bower;
Thy leaves were all laden with zephyrs and dew,
While the sun o'er thy beauty a radiance threw;
And sure from the deference shewn thee, I ween,
Thou wert of that bower the pride and the queen.
By thy side the young hyacinths modestly grew,
At thy feet were the violets, glistening with dew,
All around the young flowers peep'd forth to the light,
While the birds gaily carolled their song of delight.
How changed now the scene, surly winter has come,
And invaded with boldness my own little room;
Even thou, the sweet gem that I've cherish'd so much,
Art yielding thy bloom to his cold, freezing touch.
What lesson, ah, what would'st thou teach me, my flower,
By the pale, yellow hue that spreads o'er thee this hour?
Must I learn from thy gentle and lovely decay,
That the bright things of earth are all passing away?
Then long shall I bless thee, that thou dost impart
So faithful a truth to my thoughtless young heart.

C. Q. M. JORDAN.

Lynchburg, Virginia.

RURAL LIFE AND LITERATURE.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

The life of town and country bear to each other a relation which is seldom appreciated; like the two magnetic poles of our external being, each is desirable for the adequate enjoyment and use of the other; they act and react, and respectively afford the elements of contemplation and activity, of solitude and society, of nature and man—all of which are requisite to complete and significant human development. In the city we experience that attrition of mind which invigorates the thinking faculties and observe that comprehensive spectacle of human life which liberalizes the sympathies; in the country we become more conscious of ourselves; our idiosyncrasies assert themselves; and the "still, small voices" of nature and the soul, so often rendered inaudible in the bustle of towns, once more speak and are heard. There is pleasure and there is detriment in each of these phases of life exclusively considered: imprisoned by the "sweet security of streets," we are apt to grow cosmopolitan, to lose individual aims, to diffuse thought and feeling too widely for efficient results, to chatter away all divine afflatus—in a word, to become desultory creatures; and absolutely confined to a rural locality, there is danger of narrowness of mind, of petty cares, of becoming egotists or gossips. Duly interchanged and wisely alternated, these two modes of being, on the contrary, generate only benefits and are both physiologically and psychologically the true regime for human nature. Hence we find the wisest and the most pleasure-seeking men accord in the praise of rural life; Boccaccio leads his festive company to the grounds of a villa to hear the Decameron, and Montaigne wrote his speculations, gleaned in towns, in retirement. Nearly all the Italian and English poets who have most eloquently celebrated rural life, passed their best years in cities, and doubtless owe the glow and truth of their descriptions to the inspiration of contrast. Every healthy mind feels that it is good at times to exchange the sound of street-cries even for the song of the katydid and cricket—the rumble of omni

ses for the rustle of foliage, and the oppressive atmosphere of theatres and salons the breeze of the hills. Facility of intercourse has rendered these transitions almost instantaneous, and for this reason more pressive and cheering;—so that a walk in metropolitan thoroughfare and a day in the woods have now a startling juxtaposition: we suddenly have the varied tints of silk and gaily patterned fabrics, the gleam of cutlery, the figures in engravings, the wax work at the cabinet-maker's, the dust and all the shows of shop windows escaped our senses, before we are to be stooping in the hushed twilight of a wood, over a purple aster, a liverwort blossom, or a fern, or watching the dead leaf fall slowly down, and the late golden haze wave in the lonely field.

Even in winter such a contrast is refreshing. The snow and evergreens, the scintillating ice-plain, the bars of glowing light on the gray horizon, the dun-colored pastures and the shivering trees of which the oak alone retains its remnant of foliage; the calm and repose of nature broken only by the tinkling sound of an icicle as it drops on the glistening snow-crust; the kind of boundless patience that seems to brood over a landscape made cheerful to the eye by the sunshine and crystal that invest it;—all this appeals to the weary, sated, or aspiring heart, with a deep, though voiceless eloquence unsurpassed by that which emanates from the luxuriant verdure of summer. Perhaps the effect is increased by the exhilarating air of a clear winter day. In the midst of the quietude an electrical principle is active; the nerves are braced, the blood stirred, and the senses quickened as they never are during the warm season; the imagination, too, vividly pictures the latent vitality wrapped up in the vast shroud around. We feel that nature is not dead but sleepeth; and it is with a solemn delight that we keep vigil over this mysterious trance. The effects, too, of light, of aerial perspective and of form are more distinctly realized in the country, at such a time, than under the most favorable circumstances when heat prevails and vegetation is exuberant.

Unconsciously to trace the phenomena of the seasons, as their advent and decline is witnessed in flowers, from the bursting of the

yellow crocus through the garden mould to the waving of the gaudy dahlia in the autumn breeze; the most superficial of rural employments—pruning vines, gathering mushrooms, feeding chickens, or hunting for eggs—by the simplicity of taste and the inartificial aptitudes—to say nothing of the healthfulness of the occupation, form a grateful contrast to town-life. But when we think of the thoughts resting here and of interests like these becoming the essential objects, it is easy to understand why such rusty and narrow minds are sometimes encountered amid rustic amenities.

The ability to concentrate the sympathies, to multiply and enlarge objects of interest through reflection and fancy;—in a word, the consciousness of individual resources either of taste or affection seems the indispensable requisite for country life. Miss Mitford's sketches are devoted to the familiar and universal phases of this existence—not to its possible and imaginative results; and yet by virtue of a warm charity of soul and an observant and genial mind, she gives them a beautiful significance. Such personages as the vicar, the doctor, the respectable old maid, the nurse, the beau, the half-witted urchin, the jack-at-all-trades, the lady of the manor, the landlord and the rustic belle exist in all villages; but they are so many effigies or dramatis personæ, according as they are viewed with selfish indifference or kindly insight. The local features have the same identity modified but slightly by custom and atmosphere; the blacksmith's shop, the inn, the church, the substantial farm-house and the gentleman's seat, the school, the main street and the variety store, or something analogous to them, under other names, may be seen in all provincial settlements; and they are either mere tenements devoid of suggestiveness or picturesque objects in the landscape associated with humanity. Gray, Shenstone and Irving delineating such objects in the light of a sympathetic imagination evolve from them a world of moral interest, as the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, *The Schoolmistress* and *Bracebridge Hall* evidence. It is the same with the occupations of rural life; apart from their economical and utilitarian aspect, a kind of cheerful inspiration, pro-

claiming the relation of labor to health and the felicity of the law by which nature yields her treasures to man's industry, lurks in the spectacle. A darker phase, indeed, is sometimes visible; but it is attributable to bad government, ignorance and superstition, and not an inevitable condition. Crabbe has portrayed this aspect of rural life in all its horror; while Miss Mitford has given us the reverse of the picture arranged in all the charms of a sunny temper and gentle wisdom. There is truth in both; and they concur in teaching the lesson which we claim for rural existence—that it embraces for the thoughtful and benevolent sources of interest both tragic, picturesque and graceful, of which the careless never dream.

The very absence of a large and promiscuous society like that which surrounds us in cities, is favorable to a distinct appreciation of the few characters with which we are thus brought into intimate contact. Balzac's scenes of provincial life, so long neglected, analyze and nomenclature specimens of humanity that owe their peculiarities to this very isolation. Upon the back ground of a monotonous and limited destiny their traits have a relief which commands attention. How individual and pathetic are many of these portraits; and how utterly would their features have been lost in the whirl of metropolitan life? It is well that we can, at times, retire from the crowd and realize our fellow-creatures thus amid the calm and solitude of nature. The outline and the light and shade of character, are then distinctly revealed. Chateaubriand and Lamartine have given, in their memoirs, many striking representatives of the social and political character that belonged to France at the time of the first revolution; and their vividness of delineation is owing to the routine, the leisure, the free discussion and characteristic life of the country. We see them, as it were, against the sky; and hear them speak alone; whereas the forms and voices of those of the old regime who never left Paris, are often blended with those of their contemporaries. Even when no historical interest attaches to persons thus elaborately known and described, as preliminary studies of character, the little neighbourhood of the country is an excellent school. The French writers give us

the philosophy, and the English the sentiment of such researches. Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* is a generalized picture of the kind from a romantic point of view. Miss Mitford set the example in prose literature of a faithful and unaffected limner of the actual, every-day scenes of rural life as exhibited in a pleasant rather than in a profoundly characteristic manner; and therefore she transports us into the very quiet, sameness, comfort and simplicity of the sphere itself. Somewhat tame to a lover of the excitements of the town are such descriptions; but it is a healthful placidity to fevered senses and a restless soul. Sir Roger de Coverley owed his popularity, in no small measure, to the benign serenity of the country gentleman.

Town and country life are more interfused in America than in any other land. Strictly understood we have no peasantry. The citizen's family rusticate in the summer in a suburban cottage, or at a watering-place; and the country gentleman's daughters are usually educated at a metropolitan seminary. The facilities of intercourse occasion an incessant tide of travel between town and country, and the traits of both are found to mingle in the larger villages, so that it is often difficult, in the most secluded of them, to escape from city associations. Between the backwoodsman and the denizen of streets there is scarcely a medium. It is only when we plunge into the woods or climb the lonely hill-side that we realize the presence of nature. In manners, topics of conversation, dress and appearance, no line of demarcation strong enough to be characteristic divides the rustic from the citizen. It is, therefore, only away from society, that we have an exclusive sense of rural life. This, among other reasons, accounts for the absence here of those decided aptitudes on the one hand for the country, as in England, and, on the other, for the capital, as in France. A diffusive and migratory existence, without absolute character, except what it borrows from the individual, is one of the marked traits of our republic. A kind of mania for a "place" seizes, indeed, upon many of our commercial men at about the meridian of life; and they sink large investments in very original architectural experiments and ground decor-

tions; but rarely does this tendency lead to any permanent change of habit even in the second generation, or induce the rural taste and contentment which is so graceful a distinction in Great Britain and which is so justly reproduced in "Our Village." Something anomalous appears to belong to the position of the American gentleman,—in town too much absorbed in trade for the repose essential to dignity and true enjoyment; and in the country, inexpert in rural occupations or enslaved to artificial tastes and inappropriate ambition. There is, accordingly, a comparative dearth of the rural sentiment; and the genuine country gentleman is rarely seen, and most nearly approached on the agricultural estates of Kentucky, or among the planters of the South.

Thomson has memorably indicated the "various language" of nature as uttered by the seasons; and this brings more or less pleasure to the dweller amid her works, according to his endowment of observation and sensibility. In addition to this vague and general enjoyment derived from her successive phenomena which address the senses, there is a more latent communion which poets of reflective genius have eloquently celebrated. At the head of these philosophic interpreters, who may be said to reveal the country under a new and most impressive light, is Wordsworth. Those who partake of his contemplative spirit and seek a kindred relation with the universe, find in rural sights, sounds and influences, the highest teachings and the most holy delights. A more available interest, because less dependent on rare endowment, is that of the scientific. Hugh Miller, White, in his book on *Selborne*, Darwin in his *Botanic Garden*, and recently in this country, Miss Cooper in her *Rural Hours*, have shown, how much of this kind of knowledge, a limited scene, when carefully studied, may develope. But, doubtless, the most common sense of rural pleasure is of the domestic character so aptly unfolded by Miss Mitford, which it only requires an intelligent and sympathetic mind to realize. In view of these different yet genuine associations of country-life, which form the staple of our most cherished literature, it is curious to contrast the idyls and pastorals once so much in vogue. Although

intended to describe the primeval state, they are usually the most artificial of writings. Shepherds and tillers of the earth talk as no human being ever talked before or since; and the affectations of a court, fine and stiff as its brocade costumes, are transferred to a region where flocks, woods and rivulets constitute the scenery. The Arcadian department of literature to one familiar with modern English poetry, is the least tolerable of all obsolete inventions. A healthful taste shrinks from that profanation of nature, which seeks to combine her lovely scenes with theatrical machinery and the mannerism of courtiers. Such compositions give us the material images without the fresh air, the comfort without the exhilarating labor, the placidity without the animating vicissitude of rural life; and, therefore, violate not only truth to natural fact, but the actual sympathies of humanity. And yet there are redeeming features and passages of singular beauty in such of these compositions as are the offspring of genius, which, notwithstanding, they have invariably cramped and distorted. We usually obtain our first glimpse into the literature of rural life in our juvenile acquaintance with Virgil; and few schoolboys fail to imbibe from the melodious *Bucolics*, a most pleasing idea of rustic toil. There are passages of beautiful diction and just sentiment in Sidney's *Arcadia*, but it is too monotonous and strained for modern taste. The classic tone and imagery no longer ally themselves efficiently with descriptions of nature. Too many writers of genius have looked at her with their own eyes, and described with true emotion and earnest simplicity, what they saw and felt. It is verbal felicity rather than great descriptive talent that renders the *Pastor Fido* and *Arminia* renowned. In *Ossian*, Gesner's *Death of Abel*, Beckford's travels, and other works not recognised either as Arcadian or pastoral, there are fragments of the most effective limning from nature; giving us the sensation as well as the scene, and the sentiment not less than the form. And thus gradually the expression of the moral sentiment became more free and glowing. Isaac Walton linked it with sport and devotion; Byron clothed it with the intensity of human passion, and Burns brought it home, by tones of native pathos, to the souls of peasants. In our coun-

try, Street has given it Flemish, and Bryant philosophic utterance. Of this species of literature in general, may be said what an able critic has declared of Drayton's pastorals, that may "exhibit the most fantastic views of nature, and yet sparkle with beautiful imagery." Sannazaro is one of the most interesting of pastoral writers. His *Arcadia* unites descriptive prose with amatory lays; in his mind love and country life seemed indissolubly associated; and although the same want of naturalness and the same prescriptive style give a tame uniformity to the work; yet, when we keep in mind that the author was born towards the end of the fourteenth century, regard the finish and elegance of his diction, and remember the nobleness of his character, a peculiar interest attaches to Sannazaro's *Arcadia*. By scholars, he is chiefly esteemed for his Latin poems. The Academic education he received, while it gave him practice in correct and refined diction, did not quite overlay the native zest and spontaneity of the man. According to the manners of the time, he adopted a classical name under which he wrote; and his verses were inspired by an early and faithful attachment. This curious blending of the scholar, the lover and the novelist, exhibited in his *Arcadia*, is a veritable glimpse of the age; and we have more patience with the artificial mode of expression in him, because of a certain loyal sincerity and noble grace. One of the few localities at Naples, endeared by literary renown, is the tomb of Sannazaro, who died in 1533, and was buried in the church of Santa Maria del Porto, which he had built near his villa. Beckford, charmed with his beautiful marine idyl, wished to scatter coral on his sepulchre. The immediate predecessor of Bembo, he was among the first to encourage the refinement of the Italian language. He was the intimate and loyal companion of Ferdinand and his sons, Alfonso and Federico; followed them through all their reverses; remained with the former in France after his abdication; and when in 1496, the latter ascended the throne of his ancestors, he bestowed upon the faithful poet the charming villa of Mergellina, with a pension of six hundred ducats. In his latter years, the destruction of this beautiful retreat, ordered by the Prince of Orange, greatly

troubled him. In the *Arcadia*, he loves to describe 'country life, and a learned critic says:

"Le sue descrizione sono vivissime, e ciascuno se ne può chiarire col legger quelle del delizioso monte Partenio, della festa di Pale, e delle giovanili bellezza della pastorella Amarantha."

A characteristic passage of the *Arcadia* reveals the extent and intensity of his love:

"Quantunque nel letticiullo della mia cameretta molte cose mi proponessi di dirle, nientedimeno, quando in sua presenza era, impallidiva, tremava, e dimentava mutato: Dunque per ultimo rimedio di piu non stare vita deliberai . . . e veramente . . . avrei finiti i miei tristi giorni, se la dolente anima, da no so che viltà soprappresa, non forse divenuto trinita di quel che piu desiderava. Tal che rivolto il fiero proponimento in piu regolato consiglio, presi per partito di abbandonare Napoli e le paterne case, credendo forse di lasciare amore e i pensieri insieme con quelle."

The family of Sannazaro was carried from Spain to Naples by political vicissitudes; and, according to the best authorities, the poet is regarded as the originator of the modern prose pastoral. It is, however, more in connection with the development of language, than from any true insight into rural life, that he and his successors claim our attention.

"The interest of the Gentle Shepherd," says Campbell, "stands quite apart from the general pastoral poetry of England—(delineating manners more than passions,) and the mind must be at home both in the language and manners, to appreciate the skill and comic archness with which he has heightened the display of rustic character, without giving it vulgarity, and refined the view of peasant life by situations of sweetness and tenderness, without departing in the least degree from its simplicity. The G. S. stands quite apart from the general pastoral poetry of modern Europe. It has no satyrs, fauns, nor featureless simpletons, nor drowsy and still landscapes of nature, but distinct characters and amusing incidents. The principal shepherd never speaks out of consistency with the habits of a peasant; but he moves in that sphere with such a manly spirit, with so much cheerful sensibility to its hum-

e joys with maxims of life so rational and dependent, and with an ascendancy over his fellow-swains so well maintained by his force of character, that if we could suppose circumstances changed, he would be a Tell. Like Tasso's and Ariosto's epics, it is engraved in the memory. Many of the Verses have become and are the proverbs—delight and place of peasantry."

The pastoral vein in a classic mould, before its graces were dimmed in the more glowing and natural atmosphere of the modern poets, received a characteristic illustration from Milton. In his *Arcades* we trace its spirit:

For know by lot from Jove I am the Power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower
To nurse the saplings tall; and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove;
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds and blasting vaporous chill:
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with cankered venom bites.

Some passages of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* are of the same nature:

While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorne in the dale.

* * * * *

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied:
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.

* * * * *

And when the sun begins to sling
His flaming beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pines or monumental oak
Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.

* * * * *

Compare even this and other felicitous specimens of the pastoral muse, with the glowing, minute, suggestive or sublime descriptions of nature or hymns to her glory, by Thomson, Cowper, Wordsworth, Byron, Burns, Crabbe and other English poets of the

last and present century; or with Milton's own descriptions of Nature in *Paradise Lost*, how tame appear the stereotyped phrases, the indiscriminate and generalized pictures and the constantly recurring mythological personages. "Arcadian life," says De Quincey, "is at the best, a feeble conception, and rests upon the false principle of crowding together all the luscious sweets of rural life undignified by the danger which attends pastoral life in our climate, and unrelieved by shades, either moral or physical. The Arcadia of Pope's age was the spurious Arcadia of the opera and theatre, and what is more, of the French opera." If from these pedantic and artificial rural descriptions, we turn to Miss Mitford's unexaggerated yet affectionate delineations, their truth and loving spirit will be found to enshrine far more poetry as well as fact. They open glimpses of a real world, and justly reveal a kind of life which actually exists: and it is a striking evidence of the rural sentiment in the Saxon race. But "Our Village," though so destitute of brilliant and original literary merit, drew to the abode of the fair author, hosts of her gifted countrymen, made her name famous and beloved, and disarmed the fiercest critics. She interpreted the country as Lamb did the town, in a thoroughly sympathetic manner. The quiet, domestic, innocent and fresh, yet, gossiping, uneventful and monotonous existence of a rural district informs her pages; their simplicity is the best evidence that they are authentic.

To see the horizon and to feel a pervading stillness, broken only by rural sounds, is to one familiar chiefly with cities an experience that goes deeper than the superficial imagine; and the associations that link the country with reminiscences of childhood and poetic faith, are almost universal. It is on this account that its imagery is so effective in art, and that one characteristic of a rural district so eloquently suggests the whole. The scarlet poppy glowing in a field of grain, the blue blossom of the flag, or goats browsing near a tuft of acanthus, convey, at once, the idea of Southern Europe; a palm tree of the East, a maple leaf, crimsoned by the frost, of America; and a hedge of England; it is the same with the notes of birds, the shape of mountains and the phases of the sky; for nature's

language, though various, is consistent; the odor of new mown hay, or of the sweet-briar, the feel of a mullein leaf, the vapour wreath on a hillside, the flight of a crow; the fallen pine cone, the blooming of a pond lily, the cry of a whippoorwill, the gnarled olive and thorny aloe, the scented broom and the downy thistle—every object, sound and perfume to which may be applied the term natural—has a character of universality, a suggestiveness which appeals to the imagination and the heart,—a quality that calls out the disinterested and the sympathetic in character; and it is herein that the occult charm of rural scenes exists. The life, however, that is passed amid them, has its prosaic realities, and these Miss Mitford has not striven to conceal.

More precious than ever before are the amenities, considered as an occasional source of renovation, of rural life, for they are the most available means of conservative enjoyment in this age of intense activity and incessant excitement. It is consoling to look upon the everlasting hills when such a spirit of change is abroad in the world; it is refreshing to wander by the illimitable sea or through the solemn aisles of the forest and contrast their calm and fixed aspect with the revolutionary fever of society. To watch the phases of the sky, or float on the crystal bosom of a sequestered lake, to exercise, in a word, the meditative and sympathetic faculty with reference to nature, is more needful to the mental health now than in the less eventful past. To "babble of green fields" is the prophetic retrospect which attends death; Eden, by a natural propriety, environs the primitive man; and what Theocritus sings of Sicilian vales to the scholar, is but the ancient recognition of an eternal instinct, asserting itself less formally in Zimmerman and Cowper, and more or less consciously in the habits of society. Rusticating is an art which fashion absurdly perverts; but the farm house, the pedestrian tour and explorations to the frontiers of civilization have among us, constantly increasing votaries.

A complete analysis of the rural sentiment would include a broad range of feeling—from the practical instinct of the farmer, whose results are manifest at agricultural fairs, to the ideal view of rustic life, exhibited in

Dorothea or the Excursion. The two sides of the picture of country life are best realized by comparing the feelings with which we first gaze upon a beautiful and secluded hamlet and those with which we quit the scene after becoming familiar with it as a residence. The former view was the picturesque, the latter the actual; in the first case we looked upon it objectively, in the second it had become identified with experience. The material tendency of rural life is doubtless owing to the mind being, as it were, driven to physical well-being is its prime resource, in the absence of the society, the events, the art, the moving life-panorama and the varied moral excitements of a city; but this liability to lose in comfort both aspiration and sensibility, and sink in routine all intellectual activity, may, as we have seen, be resisted through poetical, scientific or humanitarian sympathies. The country may become a field of knowledge and benevolence. Bards and naturalists, if patiently consulted in the library indispensable to a country home, will put the moralist on the track of progressive enjoyment; and how even the humblest fellow-creatures may evoke kindness and suggest studies of character, the example of "Our Village" will genially teach.

A British sailor, having committed some petty offence, was sentenced to receive a flogging. The captain of the ship had an antipathy to *cats*, which was notorious in the service. Taking advantage of this, *Jack* addressed him the following petition, the wit of which, (as the story goes,) was permitted to atone for the impertinence, and procured his pardon—

"By your honor's command
A culprit I stand
An example to all the ship's crew—
I'm pinion'd and stripp'd,
And condemned to be whipp'd,
And, if I am flogged, 'tis my due.

"A cat, I am told,
In abhorrence you hold—
Your honor's aversion is mine;
If a cat with *one* tail
Makes your stout heart to quail,
Oh! save me from one that has *nine*!"

[An ancient Joe Miller from an English Magazine.]

LILLY LEIGH.

BY M—— H——.

—

"Oh! many a hopeless love, like this, may be,—
 For love will live, that never looks to win;
 Gens rashly lost in Passion's stormy sea,
 Not to be lifted forth when once cast in!"

Mrs. Norton.

—

"Letters, sir!"

The merchant withdrew his eyes from his ledger, as they were laid upon the desk. There was a large package,—some stamped with foreign postmarks—some bulky with "money enclosed"—inscribed in every variety of business handwriting: and from among the broad yellow and brown envelopes, peeped out one much smaller, of pure white, and directed in a lady's delicate characters. He took it up.

"It seems familiar; yet I cannot say that I know the hand—what name?" He turned the sheet—"Lilly Leigh!"

As if the waves of time had reversed their motion, came rolling in upon him a spring tide of memories;—panoramas of youth's own colouring;—mountains, green to their very tops;—forests full of sequestered nooks, and purling rills, and untraceable labyrinths;—orchards blushing with peach blossoms;—wide-reaching meadows of odorous clover;—and a white village embosomed in trees, passed before him, moving to music unheard, of late, except in dreams;—music of glancing feet and flute-like laughter, and the heart's utterances of affection. "Lilly Leigh!" In those days, the pretty alliteration was often upon his tongue; it had a tripping melody that made him repeat it again and again, while she was yet a stranger; and after his ear had become accustomed to the sound, he loved to conjure up, by its repetition, the vision of those arch or earnest eyes, that to a mere acquaintance said so little, to a friend, so much; or the fascination of the smile that circled her mouth like a golden ripple upon waters. Joyous sprite though she was, there were now and then flashes of poetic gems, and glimpses of thought-mines that betrayed the secrets

of her inner world. They were kindred minds—therefore, friends. But why this letter? He read. The first line banished the colour from his cheek—concern changed fast to surprise—to deep, deep grief—to remorse—and more than one large tear blurred the page, ere it was concluded.

"They have told me that I must die; it may be to-day—it may not be for weeks—but that my time upon earth is very, very short. They broke it to me carefully, lest dread of Death should hasten his approach. They did not know that to me he has long been in sight; not as he appears generally to the young—a speck upon the horizon, terrorless in his remoteness and uncertainty; but, sleeping or waking, for three years, he has never left my side. I have not courted his presence; of that sin I am guiltless, although sorely tempted. I did not bare my bosom to the stroke, but I do not recoil from his iron clutch. I lament over my wasted life and mis-directed energies; yet I do not pray to live. Heaven is opening above me,—earth crumbling under my feet;—strange that my half-released soul so clings to its earthly loves! It will not let them go. I would not be forgotten—I cannot bear to think that my memory will decay with my body. I would have it kept fresh as the sods that will close over my form,—not watered with tears, but with the dews of peaceful remembrance, and brightened by Hope's sunlight. To one, my spirit turns with irrepressible longings—I would once more look upon *your* face!

"Do you remember one summer afternoon that we spent together in the beech-wood? The spot is before me now—the interlacing boughs—the shaded pool, dark, unless one stood directly above it, and then, far into its depths might be seen shining pebbles and snow-white sands;—the fringe tree bowing to kiss its image on the glassy surface;—the moss-grown bench of stone!—have you forgotten these? The only sound save the ripple of the stream, was your voice as you read a mournful story of temptation, of persecution for truth's sake—'The Forest Sanctuary.' I leaned against the scarred stem of the old beech. Tears now and then stole down my cheeks, but I was happy; I dreamed as I had no right to dream—that this, our sanctuary, was ours alone. I thought how

welcome would suffering and exile be, with love to console and guide. Passing lovely was the woven tissue, and like the beaded gossamer at morning, a single touch destroyed it forever. You put by the book and spoke. Still I listened unawakened. You told of trials that had visited even your young heart, and Fancy sprang forward to the anticipation of the precious privilege of comforting that heart, in every distress, the Future had in store. Then came the history of a sister—your twin-spirit—‘young, loving and beloved’—who had faded with the spring flowers, and was laid to rest amid the summer’s bloom—above whose head the magnolia’s petals were not more stainless than her soul, nor more fragrant than her opening heart. I wept because your voice grew unsteady and sunk beneath the burden of emotion, and you thanked me for my sympathy. I had ‘gone farther into the holiest recesses of your heart,’ you said, ‘than any one else had penetrated, since Emily died—would I take her place? As a sister you loved me—I must return a brother’s love.’ I could have shrieked as the words tore through my brain, but I sat, shocked and paralyzed. Blackness curtained me on every side;—I saw no more the sun nor the distant bright fields, or the glossy foliage above—all of light and beauty was gone! My eyes were drawn to the pool—so still and deep—and I thought of the Dead Sea that had swallowed up my dream-land. Its salt waves dashed up to my lips; but I beat them back! a wild longing crept over me;—the sands and pebbles were the only bright things left;—one could sleep so sweetly with the waters for a winding-sheet;—sleep! and never awake to misery! Once I had nearly made the plunge, but Nature trembled upon the brink, and you arose, with a jesting inquiry as to the water-spirits I seemed to seek. A jest! Back—back returned my strength and pride—the child had passed in that one moment into the woman! ‘Lilly!’ you said, ‘you do not scorn my proposal?’ ‘No;’ I answered, distinctly; ‘I am proud of it.’ ‘You will call me ‘Horace’—not ‘Mr. Moreley,’ now, Lilly?’ And I smiled as I repeated ‘Horace—brother!’

“The rest of our party returned from their woodland ramble, and night only checked the revel that followed,—and I led the dance and

song. Man may mourn for love unrequited, and find commiseration; woman must bury hers in secret, and plant gaudy flowers and burn flaming torches about its tomb. Men pity, with a pity more humbling than contempt; and her own sex, in their relentless ostracism of one who has given unsought, that which the most abject idolatry should hardly win, are steeled against her. There is, at heart, a stern satisfaction in contemplating the due measure of punishment heaped upon the traitress. I was aware of all this; I may have felt something of it myself in happier days, and I guarded my secret as hundreds of others have done;—for suffering has made me wiser and more tender. I have seen the gladness go out from young eyes, and restless anguish take its place;—have heard, between peals of mirth, the sigh, like the discord of a broken harp-string;—have watched the sinking of body and mind that baffled human skill; and I *knew* that an aching heart answered mine, pang for pang. Oh! deride not this most sacred of sorrows! Like the fountain of Undine, the removal of the stone that conceals it, brings swift death to the unhappy possessor.

“You sought your city-home in the autumn; it was not until mid-winter, that the slight cold, brought on by exposure upon some gala night, assumed a type that awoke the solicitude of my friends. To allay their fears, I nursed my physical ailment; I had no hope myself; the wish to live, that potent auxiliary to the physician’s art, was wanting; Nature could not be restored without it.

“The rest is soon told. I am here, in my chamber, on this balmy afternoon, supported by pillows, instead of roving in the free air and glorious sunshine, or coursing through the country upon my noble gray. These attenuated fingers will never grasp his rein again! I shall sit no more by the shaded spring!

* * * * *

“You will not despise me for having written this; in so doing, I am guided by no blind impulse. Earthly frailties and prejudices will soon be to me as though they had never existed, and the love, for which I do not blush before him, in whose presence I hope

to dwell forever, does not shame me. It may have been weakness at first—it is not sin now. Something tells me that you should know it—perchance in the day of trial it will recur to you, bringing reassurance and comfort;—it may teach you that there is affection unswayed by interested motives, that ‘devotion unto death’ is no unmeaning phrase. And when one, fairer and dearer, shall walk lovingly on with you,—cherish her for my sake! I shall not be far away; the happiness, which in life I would have sacrificed all to promote, can never be forgotten. She will hold it in her hands—may she be worthy of the trust—and love you as I have done!

“It is hard to *write* ‘Farewell!’ if I could see you for but one hour! It may not be—*His* will be done! We shall meet again—if not here, hereafter!

LILLY LEIGH.”

She did not hint a reproach, but he felt like a murderer. He recollected how unreservedly he had abandoned himself to the luxury of that long vacation from town and business—how, when he found her society the most choice recreation the country could offer, he had sought it constantly, not attempting to disguise the pleasure it gave him;—he had even assured her that he was free from all preengagement, and smiled as he marked the deepening rose on her face, at this uncalled-for avowal; he had left untried no art of pleasing; and she an artless girl—almost a child,—ignorant of ‘flirtations’ and ‘conquests,’—and dreaming only of love! Every word pierced him to the soul. The whole world were valueless in comparison with this true heart, but the knowledge of its possession had come too late!

—
“Mother, I should like to lie on the couch by the window.”

“But, my love, the evening air—”

“It cannot hurt me now.”

The mother turned away her head, but she offered no further objection, and the change was made.

The sick girl lay looking out into the pur-

plish grey twilight of a June evening. A few stars twinkled through the thin wreaths of vapor, raised by the heat of the sun from the teeming earth; the breeze had died away at sunset, and the catalpas, with their broad leaves pencilled darkly against the faintly illuminated west, looked almost awful in their perfect repose; but from the ground went up a hymn, as from a thousand fairy trumpeters, piping their pæans of praise and thankfulness. Each blade of grass had its insect-musician, and the wailing note of the whip-poor-will, softened by distance, mingled not unharmoniously in the concert. It was an hour such as makes the soul in love with life and this lovely earth, an hour for thoughts of love and joy and hope. What were the meditations of her, upon whom Death had set his visible seal—doomed in the morn of existence to forsake this world of warmth and beauty, for the damps and shades of the grave? There was no apprehension in the pale, sweet face; no despondency in her tone when she at last spoke.

“I am very happy to-night, mother.”

“And why, my darling?”

“Everything is so beautiful, and within there is such peace! The veil is growing thinner and thinner; there are tones in the air that I never heard in the evening song before; my time is drawing near. Perhaps I shall not see another sunset—those angel voices will call me away. Mother, oh! mother! say that you are willing to let me go.”

There was no response in words, only a choking sob, and a passionate straining of the fragile form to her bosom.

“It will not be for long—think of the rapture of our meeting after a few days of separation, and the bliss of our eternal communion! There will be no tears—no partings—no wounded spirits there.”

“My child!—my child! pray that I may submit.”

“I have prayed—you *will* be supported,” said the girl, with a look of sublime confidence. “He has given his promise, ‘I will not leave you comfortless.’ You will have many blessings left. I, of all your flock, have occasioned you most anxiety. Do you forgive me, dear mother?”

“Why speak of forgiveness, my own one?”

You have always been dutiful and affectionate."

"Still, I have brought bitter sorrow upon you. I review with shame and contrition, my self-indulgence—my recklessness of life—my ungrateful rebellion at my lot. These are things belonging to the Past;—you will forget them; or if you remember, believe that it was not without a struggle, that I yielded to feelings too strong for me to subdue. It is a sad story, mother—I will not grieve you further by telling it; you might think hardly of another for his agency in producing my unhappiness; and I alone am to blame."

The poor mother neither comprehended nor wondered; grief mastered curiosity; her child was dying—this thought swallowed up every other. Voices sounded in the adjoining room—agitated questions and low replies. The invalid started, unaided, from her pillow.

"Father! I thank thee!" she exclaimed, as she sank back.

A sister stole in to announce the arrival—a single glance told her that it was a needless precaution. She simply asked—

"May he come in?"

A gesture assented.

"Horace!"

"Lilly!"

For a long time these were the only words of greeting.

They watched her through all that night; each felt that it was her last. There was unutterable sorrow in that chamber. The hoary-headed father stood at the foot of the bed, erect and dignified still, in figure, but with big tears making yet deeper the furrows of his time-worn countenance; the mother and sisters stifling, as far as possible, their emotions, hung around her, jealously watchful of an opportunity to render the kind offices she would soon need no more. On none did the terrible conviction of her near departure, seem to fall with such crushing weight, as upon the whilome brilliant worldling. He bathed the wasted hands with tears, and covered the cold brow with burning kisses. He prayed—if that could be called prayer, which reproached rather than supplicated—a frenzied pleading for life—*her* life—if purchased by an age of torment to himself!

In vain! in vain! the death-dews arose thickly to her forehead, as fast as they were wiped away. She was going!—sensible to the last;—too weak at times to speak; but telling, by her heavenly smile and uplifted eye, of 'peace!'

At dawn, they opened the window to give her air; it was the agony of the passing breath.

"Horace, raise me!"

He laid her head against his breast;—her lips moved;—he bowed to catch their sound:—"This is sweet."

An attempt to join the hands in prayer—an unearthly beam from the closing orbs—the rising sun shot through the casement upon a group of mourners! * * *

Months rolled by. The conjectures as to Moreley's clouded countenance and sable weeper, ceased to agitate the minds of his business acquaintances and the tongues of his female friends. The dejection wore away by degrees; the weeper grew rusty; was removed and not replaced; the billows of worldly passion and interest swelled higher and higher around the one green island of his heart, until they engulfed it—not sparing even her flower-bound grave. He was a man again! with a man's glorious prerogatives! to make a mock at feeling and affection, and borrow their language to deceive a trusting dupe; to scout at romance, and battle in his own omnipotence with realities; to heap together wealth, and write his name proudly among the earthly great; all this he did and gained. And Lilly sleeps in the obscure church-yard; the green hillock that covers her, overrun with violets and the blue-eyed "forget-me-not"—although untended now by him; and at her head are engraved words—placed there by his orders, during the first transports of a sorrow for which he despises himself now;—words, which in view of his dust-dry heart, read like a fulfilled prophecy—

"BLESSED ARE THE EARLY DEAD!"

SONG.

BELLA GRAY.

I've wandered far in other lands
 Sin last I saw thy bonnie face,
 But ne'er has seen in a' that time
 The form to match wi' thine in grace.

Tho' aft I've been where beauty dwelt,
 An' caused a' other hearts than mine
 To feel the power o' beauty's rays
 An' fondly worship at their shrine,

I ne'er has met wi' ane sae fair,
 Sae sweet, sae gentle and sae kind,
 An' aye my thoughts are clustered on
 The gentle girl I left behind.

An' tho' I've parted far frae thee
 I fondly hope there'll be a day,
 When I'll return to leave nae mair
 The land where dwells my Bella Gray.

Scenes Beyond the Western Border.

BY A CAPTAIN OF U. S. DRAGOONS.

(Continued from Sept. No., 1852.)

A night-watch in the mountains, and a dialogue thereon—War among the elements—A singular disease, and fortunately no physician—Progress of the march—Cub, a tragedy in three acts—Indians—Black Mail—Petrified trees—Return to Camp near Fort Laramie—Great Fire and escape—First march Southward—Evening meditation.

—The Desert truly is here—Moral and Natural Wastes.—Gray stunted trees in wintry mourning—draped with moss. Chill winds wail,—wild beasts howl,—and my heart echoes, 'Far—lone—forgot.'

But those rosy hours will be reflected on the gloom of all years. As, after a day of sombre clouds and wintry winds, suddenly the sun lights up the dreary horizon with lovely brilliancy,—so comes a smile out of the cloudy Past, like a gleam of heavenly light.

Did I dream?—Had I slumbered at my post?—I *did* dream.

And why not tell my dream?—Life is little better; nay, it is little different. We wan-

der at n ost in the dark—stumbling on temptations,—walking on the thorns of passions; or in an awful, but obscure light, refracted by the cloudy medium of philosophy.

Sleep on, my friend! Though I would question you if I could, in this dark hour, if sympathy may pass the mysterious boundary of dream-land;—if that deathlike seeming calm were of careless oblivion,—or of the soul profoundly disturbed.

Wondrous contrasts, at times, have dreams to the actual life around.—Alone with Death, in bloody guise, and tossed on ocean in its hour of storm and darkness,—with the roar of breakers in my ear,—I have fallen asleep and dreamed of happy summer scenes.—Blest Dreamland!

My watch is lonely and fearfully silent;—every where a voiceless desert, and mountains like prison-walls; and thus—

"I live and die unheard
 With a most voiceless thought."

But now, "the morn is up again,"—and we have marched many miles fasting, and have been attracted through a turbid river by the sight of grass, and have stopped for breakfast under some cotton woods,—and in their shade I am scribbling with a pencil—

F.—"Yes, and fine work you are making of it! The day should commence with the morning, and the brighter the better; not with the nightmare of a sleeper, who should have watched."

C.—"Perhaps a nervous fit—from your strong coffee?"

F.—"And what was there remarkable in my natural calmness?"

C.—"It was never so! There was a brooding desolation around that could penetrate a sleeping soul!—There is a re-action of extraordinary excitement,—such as ours of yesterday—that has a power over *me* which renders a profound silence awful—of all else, *fearful! Silence!* Then, every sentient of my soul has ears, in which air-spirits supernaturally whisper distracting, *so-norous* thoughts:—in darkness, with long unrest, it verges madness. This morning was one of those rare occasions, when we cannot be sure whether we have slept or not. It may result from our profession, that the mind

has these fits of morbid activity, as if to revenge itself for seasons of neglect."

F.—"Now, listen to the song of that bird; it will soothe your nerves."

C.—"Nerves! It is medicine to the *mind*!—it comes like a message of love!"

F.—"Nay, *there*, we have agreed to disagree?"

C.—"Thou pitiable exempt from love's misery, thou believest in beauty?"

F.—"Yes, thou unintelligible lover of antithesis, (not to say plagiarism.)"

C.—"Is anything as beautiful so unbounded faith?"

F.—"Listen! that's 'to horse.'"

C.—"Answer me then!"

F.—"Pshaw!—Of course it's beautiful; or rather sublime."

C.—"It is the *very* attribute of human love!"

July 8th.—Those who lack faith that the above was dreamed, spoken and scribbled, as described, lack, too, experience of the human mind, and prairie or desert influences and feelings.

After remounting, yesterday, we threaded the labyrinth before us by aid of the river and old paths of the buffaloes,—those famous guides to travellers and engineers.—One would say there had been war there, among what our fathers called the elements. Earth, when nearly defeated by water, as a last effort *detached* at a defile, a little mountain—of red and warlike rock—to throw itself in the "*heavy current* of the fight;" the shock must have been great; but River soon recovering, then very coolly had *recourse* to the manœuvre of turning the enemy; and by the ground he had thus so weakened.

As we wound our difficult way—leading for the most part our horses—through this grand outlet to the confused mountain valleys behind, some grizzly bears were seen climbing the rocks of the mountain-side, and stopping frequently to give us a savage gaze:—and that was all we could well do in return.

At last we emerged on a great barren prairie slope, where the mountains,—to keep up the figure—rallied from their confusion and retreated in regular masses toward the east.

Some of the elements, however, made us pay for this invasion of their battle ground:

the Colonel and quite a number of others had been seized with excruciating pains in back, limbs, head, and the bones generally, accompanied by fever: and a party was left with one man, totally helpless to prepare a litter.

A few miles brought us to the old trail at the regular ford; our route from Independence Rock was a little shorter than the road.

We remain to-day in camp; fortunately, perhaps, there is little or no medicine,—nor a physician. Nature, with only rest for a nurse, will do well; she will not be thwarted by pretenders, whose only sure means of relief is the strange faith which they inspire!*

This afternoon Mr. W., whom we met at Independence Rock, and who is now on his way to California, visited our camp: he has picked up a small party at Fort Laramie; and wild looking creatures they are—white and red. This man has abandoned civilization,—married a squaw or squaws, and prefers to pass his life wandering in these deserts; carrying on, perhaps, an almost nominal business of hunting, trapping and trading—but quite sufficient to the wants of a chief of savages. He is a man of much natural ability, and apparently of prowess and ready resource.

The party left with the sick man arrived at sundown; he was brought in a litter made of two poles suspended over saddles at the sides of two horses, one placed before the other: it is almost incredible that a man could be thus carried, however painfully, over those rocks; in fact, the men had frequently to take the place of the horses.

July 9th.—To-day,—the sick having been much benefitted by rest,—we found a shallow ford and crossed the river. We suffered much from heat, which the white sand greatly increased. Some large emigrant companies were met: one had six or seven hundred cattle; they left the road insupportably dusty. We abandoned it—preferring to encounter the sage bushes. At Deer Creek we found

* I have reason *now* to believe that this disease was the *dengue*: and as a singularly apposite commentary on the text, I have heard a physician of high standing say, that he did not know what would cure it;—he had *tried* everything!

r pleasant c'd camp ground converted into very cattle-pen; and so, after our long march, had to find a weary way, a mile or so up the creek, seeking more virgin ground. In crossing the Platte this morning, theizzly bear cub came on the scene in his usual act.

It will be remembered by the patient and tentative future reader of this dry and methodical narrative, that its first appearance on any stage, was in "high" tragedy—that the first act embraced an unusual amount of sanguinary incident—that an innocent brother, (a sister,) being ruthlessly slain, and the afflicted lady-mother left (unceremoniously) full of towering and demonstrative rage,—the imprisoned hero himself sank overwhelmed.—or in a well-acted counterfeit of death, and was borne off, remember, on a "real" horse.) That in the next act, (and three acts shall do for the tragedy of my bear,—originally they had but *one*,—but that was at the sacrifice of a *goat*,) he came to life in a manner that might very well have been criticised as an overdone piece of stage-effect,—but that in fact, the spectators were much *moved*, and gave full credit to the dangerous passion of his howl.

To-day, then,—for I scorn anachronism—was performed the final act. The stage (wagon) was on "real water." Enraged at his wrongs, his losses, and his galling chain, the "robustious beast" acted in a ridiculous and unbearable manner; aye, "tore his passion to tatters, to very rags,"—*splinters*; the stage (wagon) could not hold him: and finally in despair, he "imitated humanity so abominably," as to throw himself headlong, and so drown—or *hang* himself: (the *author* cannot decide which—even after a *post mortem* examination;—and so leaves the decision of this important point to the commentators.)

My tragedy is all true,—and if not quite serious, has, as is proper, its moral;—but rather, as I have alluded to the primitive tragedy, let that "future reader" here imagine the entry of Chorus, and their song to Freedom! That dumb beasts prefer death to slavery! Liberty lost, *they* can die without the excitement of the world's applause, or hopes of a grateful posterity! (It is not possible, I think, that the cub could have known that I would immortalize him.)

July 10th.—We took our old trail in preference to the road: the weather excessively hot. At a short noon halt, we saw a mile off five Indians wading the river: they shook a blanket—the sign of friendship; as it was not immediately returned they ran off; they felt guilty, perhaps, of levying black mail upon the emigrants. 'Tis strange they are so moderate. In this country all parties who feel weak, become unusually circumspect on discovering the vicinity of others:—man being an animal of prey, if without strength for attack or defence, the necessity for concealment is felt.

After coming nineteen miles, we turned into a great horse shoe bend of the river; where fortunately we have good grass, and also some fine, large, shade trees.

On the sandy shore we find here numerous petrifications of the thick bark of trees, and also some fine cornelians.

We have had all the formalities of a thunder-shower, but with a mere sprinkle; and now, after the gale, under a tree, with dark clouds before the sun, it is hot: ten or twelve days ago water froze in our tents!

July 11th.—Last night we were three miles from a Sioux camp of 73 lodgers: a half breed came to us; he stated they were going to the mountains for lodge poles.

We found also near our camp petrified logs and stumps of trees, which of course are near their original position.

The heat, of which I complained, was followed by great gusts and showers; but this morning the sun rose gorgeously, and it was soon as warm as ever. We crossed the river a mile below, and thus avoided the iron bluff over which we were forced to march the 19th of June.

The river, when we went up, was nearly clear; now, although lower, it is muddy.

We had a parting glimpse of the Red Battes this morning; and the blue peak of Laramie rose gradually to view. Since visiting the Rocky Mountains, it seems more lofty and important than before; we are not so high, and then our expectations were fancy-wrought; it does not compare, however, with the snow peaks.

We killed a buffalo this afternoon; and although scarcely a half-dozen have been seen from the column of march since we

struck the Platte, we have nearly subsisted on game; but one beef has been slaughtered since our departure from Fort Laramie. We had to cross the river to find grass for a camp: the sickness still prevails: it must be attributed to frequent wading for fuel, the hot suns, and the cold nights: the men were generally allowed to leave their cloaks at Laramie.

Camp near Fort Laramie, July 13th.—We slept at Horse Shoe creek last night. To-day we made our dreaded march of above 30 miles without grass. We found Captain E. seven miles up the Laramie river. From the bluff, or table land above his camp, we saw that it was nearly surrounded by fire: my first act, was to set every body at an effort to stop it; but it did not avail. We must march to-morrow; the wagons were sent late to the Fort for some baggage.

The poor soldier who lost his arm, suffered a second amputation: he is, however, now doing well.

Our Arapaho squaw and the children we find are fat and flourishing: the young ones are unusually handsome and intelligent, and are favorites. She will go with us south to her parent nation.

July 14th.—The wagons are late in returning. Meanwhile the fire progresses toward our little river bend and camp; and it is raging among the ancient cotton woods—some standing; some dead and leaning; many pitched and piled at the sport of time, the winds, and drifting overflow: black billows of smoke roll forth—now tossed overhead in threatening, cinder-scattering clouds; now rising in palpable columns to the sky;—then a fierce gust, as a whirlwind, as is its wont in this region of lofty, irregular hills, makes all roar again; while the eager flames dart impatiently on, or overtop all the ruin.

It has crossed the stream! A company has rushed from the dreadful circle, tearing away their equipage in desperate haste;—all preparations are hurried on; wagons scarce loaded go lumbering forth: some saddle—some mount in haste:—and now the flame has reached the dry grass of the central camp. The trumpets blare, and we gallop forth to leap the girdling flame, and pass the blackened but fiery space beyond.

I look back in admiration:—but now, over

the moving mass of horsemen, artillery and baggage, I see the flaming wreck involve some noble old trees, which, cheery in their solitude, had so long made their smiling presence felt amid the grey wilderness around: but greedy flames do their work, whilst the lurid smoke hangs like a pall over their high green heads.

Quoth Fitzpatrick: "Another such expedition, and there will be no wood left in the country."

Six miles are passed: we have come up the Laramie, over high hill and valley; we are in a fresh green meadow; the bright stream seems to pause in welcome;—the horses graze earnestly at their luxuriant repast: quietly goes on preparation for one long march southward; the winds cease; the sun goes down with brilliancy amid the clouds, which now too have found repose. The clear river mirrors all; the green banks—the varied camp—the bright sky.

What on the troublous earth compares with the summer sunset!

It is the welcome signal to the weary world to cease from toil, and seek the happiness of rest and refreshment: as if in honor of the occasion the heavens are illumined with a grandeur and beauty to which the greatest monarch's proudest exhibition is a dim mockery.

Slowly the glowing honors fade; the gorgeous red yields to more modest beauty;—now, growing fancy sees airy structures, in which the presence of angel messengers, resting, has shed a beauty not of earth; the hues are more delicate and lovely and heavenly to the last!—they calmly ascend, while reluctant Night draws his curtain of gray.

What heart so earthy, but is calmed and softened to meditation! So perfect loveliness slowly ascending to the parent skies, seems to draw with it our souls Heavenward.

Slowly, solemnly, *surely* come the shades and darkness of night. Night! that type of death!—but death, as thus, mercifully preceded by the beautiful promise of a happiness beyond.

RINALDO IN THE ENCHANTED WOOD.

[Ger. Lib. I. Cant. XVIII. S. XI.]

I.

Before the dawn rose purpling o'er the skies
 In his resplendent armour he was cased,
 O'er which was thrown a robe of various dyes,
 New, and with bright embroideries richly graced,
 So forth he went with hopes of high emprise.
 And, as with pensive step and slow he paced,
 By unfrequented paths he took his way,
 That he might with his soul commune and pray.

II.

For, who would elevate his power of will
 To labour arduous or endeavor proud,
 Not all unmixed with peril, he must still
 The tumult of distracting thoughts that crowd
 Adverse athwart the mind, and ever chill
 Enthusiasm with confusion loud.
 In solitude he must confirm the nerves
 Of calm resolve that never fails or swerves.

III.

Searching the chambers of his inmost soul,
 Testing the endurance and capacity
 Of every part, and, with austere control,
 Curbing the attempt of vain audacity,
 And when he hath considered well the whole,
 Resolved his purpose with tenacity,
 Then humbly bow and ask in prayer for aid
 Directive in that which he hath essayed.

IV.

It was as yet the season when the night
 Yieldeth not altogether to the morn,
 The orient shows some roseate streaks of light,
 And some few stars the brow of heaven adorn.
 When with observant eye unto the height
 Which of the Mount of Olives long hath borne
 The sacred name, contemplative he strayed
 To see those beauties pure in heaven arrayed.

V.

Thus to himself he thought: "O what fair beams—
 What splendours are in yon grand temple seen!
 The mighty car of day refulgent gleams;
 The starry orbs by night group round their queen
 The moon, whose rays, in soft and chastened streams,
 The milder face of heaven inargentine
 With borrowed light: but man to this is blind
 And holds on baser flames intent his mind."

VI.

Thus thinking, to the highest cliff ascent
 He made: and his soul rose to a higher sphere,
 While to the east he turned and lowly bent,
 Pouring his orison with reverent tear.
 "On my first sins and early life mis-spent
 Look not, Father and Lord! with eye severe,
 Send down thy pitying grace in gentle dew
 And the old Adam purge thou and renew."

VII.

So prayed he; and upon his sight arose
 Aurora now, with dazzling golden glare—
 Helmet and breast-plate, in that light which glows
 On all around, a fiery lustre wear.
 And on his temples bringing sweet repose
 Of mind, fresh breathed the peaceful morning air:
 And on his brow a cooling moisture fell
 Which might all wild and feverish dreams dispel.

VIII.

The sprinkling which the vapours of that sky
 O'er all his harness equally diffuse,
 Like shining dust appears unto the eye
 And somewhat alters of its native hues.
 So oft, a withered flower when day is nigh,
 Refreshed by night, its wonted tint induces:
 So the lithe snake adorned with his new spoils,
 The old cast off, through the damp herbage coils.

IX.

The diamond splendours which with sparkles bright
 Adorn his robe, himself sees and admires;
 Then towards the wood descending from the height,
 Goes with bold heart that to great deeds aspires.
 Now he hath reached the spot where strange affright
 With awful fears more timid souls inspires.
 He finds no cause for dread in those dark glades
 But deems them only cool, inviting shades.

X.

All light of sun is gone—the very breeze
 Is changed and bears an unfamiliar scent,
 Yet grateful: the columnar trunks of trees
 Rise grim and dusk: above an arch is bent,
 Formed of brown leafage, like o'erhanging seas
 In grot sub-oceanic, which is blent
 And ribbed with grotesque boughs gnarled, serpentine,
 Like coral beds where mazy circles twine.

XI.

He passes on, and meanwhile hears a sound
 To whose entrancing power his ear he lends
 As of a streamlet rushing o'er rough ground,
 Or leaves stirred by the wind—which far extends.
 The nightingale's lament mourns sad around,
 And the melodious swan an answer sends,
 Organs and lutes and voices joined in rhyme
 Form but a single harmony sublime.

XII.

Rinaldo, (as had happened to the rest,)
 At first to hear some dreadful thunder thought:
 With song of Nymph and Syren thus being blest,
 And melody by birds and waters wrought,
 Did then his onward step awhile arrest,
 And hesitating, in his soul he sought
 Counsel; seeing no obstacle appear
 To his way save a quiet stream and clear.

XIII.

The beautiful and far meandering tide,
 With odours and fair prospect to the gaze,
 Is bountifully stored on either side :
 It circles the whole wood within its maze.
 And to divide the grove, a branch supplied
 From its broad bosom, through the interior strays.
 By each to each a just return is made,
 The wave supplying moisture, the wood shade.

XIV.

While there he sought some way to cross, behold
 Up there arose a marvellous bridge before
 The warrior's eyes—a bridge of solid gold
 On a strong arch, bearing a level floor.
 He passed : at once a wreck the structure rolled
 Soon as his foot had touched the other shore.
 Borne down the stream the ruin swiftly goes,
 Down the changed stream which now a torrent flows.

XV.

He turned him, looking on the swollen rush
 Of waters, gathering as when snows melt
 Into the floods, and saw them headlong gush ;
 Not long, however, in suspense he dwelt,
 But onward through each tangled vine and bush
 To force his way a strong desire he felt :
 And deeper in those solitudes so wild and rude
 He urged to seek their darkest solitude.

XVI.

At every step impressed upon the ground
 Lilies spring up, and clustering roses grow.
 Or rills and founts with joyous bubbling sound,
 Or streamlets from the earth begin to flow.
 The ancient wood above and all around
 Appears renewed to make a welcome show,
 The very bark a softer hue assumes,
 And every plant displays its freshest blooms.

XVII.

Dewy with manna every leaf appears,
 And drops of honey from the trees exude ;
 Again those pleasant notes Rinaldo hears,
 And the wild harmony is now renewed,
 And songs as strange as if from other spheres
 Resound he knows not whence throughout the wood ;
 He sees not where the human choir may be,
 Nor the instruments that aid the minstrelsy.

XVIII.

While gazing round, and thought as yet denied
 Its faith to what as truth by sense was shown,
 Rinaldo there a myrtle tree descried,
 Which stood apart separate and alone,
 Where two paths met in a space clear and wide.
 Its branches crowned with green on high were thrown,
 Raising its foliage far above the head,
 More than the cypress or the palm trees spread.

XIX.

Of all the mystic grove this seemed to be
 The regal seat, and while the hero there,
 Bold, yet uncertain stood, and doubtfully,
 Ready for aught that fortune should prepare,
 He soon discerned a greater novelty,
 Than all the rest by far more passing rare—
 A tree appeared which strangely reft apart,
 Released a nymph from its tough oaken heart.

XX.

The portent was repeated, and there broke
 A hundred wood nymphs from a hundred trees,
 Such as on canvass from the painter's stroke
 Grow into life his finest reveries
 Of Grecian ages, such as forth evoke
 The old Arcadian legends—such were these,
 Save that for quivers and for bows the choirs,
 That thronged those forest aisles, bore lutes and lyres.

XXI.

With carolled song and winding sylvan dance,
 Music with motion mixed, the fairy train
 Hither and thither glide, recede, advance,
 On the soft velvet turf that robed the plain :
 And as their ever restless footsteps glance,
 At once they form a widely circling chain,
 Wherein the wondering hero they enclose,
 With the broad spreading myrtle that there grows.

XXII.

And now, listening their song, Rinaldo heard,
 As they moved circlingly with measured grace :
 "Thou comest, mortal, to the rest preferred,
 Most welcome to this sweet enchanted place ;
 For thee the air with melody is stirred—
 For thee our songs—for thee the dance we trace :
 Thine only it has been to reach this scene,
 Led hitherward by our enamoured queen.

XXIII.

"Pining and sick in thought she waits for thee ;
 Her soul all tortured with the pangs of love,
 She cherishes each mournful phantasy ;
 Her musings with their sombre hues are wove.
 A still retreat she sought and found, where she
 Might grieve all undisturbed, in this dark grove,
 Which at thy coming through its glooms rejoices
 And echoes gladly with responsive voices."

XXIV.

Such was the song, which, ended, forth their stole
 From the heart of the myrtle a soft tone
 Of sweetness unsurpassed, that tranced the soul
 Of him who listened to the sound, unknown
 To earthly instrument, save what doth roll
 From the Æolian harp whereon are blown
 The gales of early autumn, when the moon
 Awakes the breezes that produce the tune.

XXV.

As the sound rises in arpeggios swelling,
The bark of the enchanted myrtle parts,
And thus reveals another sylvan dwelling,
From whose recess another form there starts.
Tis not the form mis-shapen, mirth-compelling,
Glenus wears, nor Pan who freezes hearts
With sudden fright, nor that of some rough faun
That now emerges on the verdant lawn.

XXVI.

Out from the myrtle is released a rare
And radiant image of celestial race;
Or such appears the vision false as fair,
That moves a model of angelic grace,
That shines among the nymphs assembled there
Eminent, the goddess of the place.
That form—that countenance—that majesty—
Rinaldo sees—remembers—yes, 'tis she.

XXVII.

Alas 'tis the enchantress, once so madly
Loved, who governs in this weird abode.
Gazed on him both joyously and sadly—
A thousand feelings in her deep glance glowed.
He had hailed this meeting, O, how gladly!
Half he yielded to the tide that flowed
In his miniscence. But away, away
Dangerous thoughts of yore, he scorns your sway.

XXVIII.

"Do I see thee? Hast thou come once more?
Hast thou returned?" she said.
"That thou wilt love? Shall we restore
The times we passed ere thou unfaithful fled,
Left me on my ocean-island shore?
Comest thou within this forest dread?
Seekst thou consolation—hope—to bless
Joy a heart long used to dark distress?"

XXIX.

"What? alas! thou turnest thee aside,
Thou display'st thy arms prepared for war.
Before, O my Rinaldo! dost thou hide
The countenance which beamed my guiding star?
Thou my love and am I not thy bride?
Thou at once my hopes so cherished mar?
Thou my enemy? Alas, if so,
Not smooth the pathway for a foe.

XXX.

"I not raise the golden bridge for thee,
If thou dost come with thy heart filled with hate:
I not bid the fountains fresh and free
Gushing up thy presence here to celebrate;
Many coloured flowers rise joyously
Ever pressed thy footstep—nor create
The limpid fountains whose harmonious fall
Led to the ear, music's full power recall.

XXXI.

"From thy pathway did my spirits clear
Thorn or bramble—nor did I provide
Any indications of enchantment near,
Through the journey should be still thy guide.

Throw off thy helm if love conducts thee here—
Uncover thy broad brow, nor longer hide
Those eyes which to my eyes with glances fond,
Would in our happiest hours of joy respond.

XXXII.

"For thee all priceless pleasures I intend—
For thee I shall exert my highest powers;
Ah, my Rinaldo, if thou comest a friend
Our days shall pass among eternal flowers:
Come, lip to lip together let us bend—
Bosom to bosom press and pass the hours
In heavenly raptures, while the moments fly
For us henceforth all unregarded by."

XXXIII.

Pallid her features were, and breathing sighs,
Full of a gentle grief and tender woe;
She turned upon him with her streaming eyes
And sobs, which broke her plaint's continuous flow,
Till even by sympathy and by surprise
A heart of rock might then some pity know:
But the knight, conscious of his peril there,
Drew, and his keen blade flashed on the dim air.

XXXIV.

He nears the myrtle: she with close embrace
Clasps its dear trunk. "Ah! never shall I bear,"
Loudly she shrieks, "such outrage and disgrace—
That mortal this my sacred tree shall dare
With impious hand to havoc and deface.
Put up thy sword, for in my veins I swear
It shall be sheathed, before its cruel blade
My cherished myrtle's side shall thus invade."

XXXV.

Reckless of her petition, now to lift
His sword the hero hastes: But what a change!
As in a dream whose air-drawn figures shift,
She then assumes a transmutation strange,
And dire deformities appearing swift,
Her beauties with their horrors all derange:
Abroad with rage, while giant-like she grows,
A hundred arms she like Briareus throws.

XXXVI.

Fifty terrific swords the spectre wields;
With threatening aspect and with horrid clang
Presents the brazen gleam of fifty shields,
From whose broad disks loud martial echoes rang.
Each nymph is now a Cyclops, and the fields
Of air with all the Stygian legions hang:
But with redoubled haste his stroke he aims,
And the hacked tree in human tones exclaims.

XXXVII.

The clouded sky above, the ground below
With thunder launches lightning, rolls and quakes;
The gusty winds begin with force to blow,
And a fierce tempest in the zenith breaks.
The knight doth not for this one stroke forego,
Nor pause, nor fearful hesitation makes.
The myrtle falls: the enchantment ends:—then fly
The demons and serenely clears the sky.

JOHN KEMBLE.

The following estimate of the genius and character of John Kemble was written by the late John Hamilton Reynolds, (the brother-in-law of Hood, a man of rare talent, who died Nov. 15, 1852, in the Isle of Wight)—and was first published in the London Magazine for April, 1823. It is an eloquent and highly poetical composition which, we are sure, our readers will greatly enjoy. An interesting account of Reynolds, compiled from various English journals, appeared in the Literary World for January 1.—[*Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.*

[—He was advanced in life, tall, and of a form that might once have been commanding, but it was a little bowed down by time—perhaps by care. He had a noble Roman style of countenance; a head that would have pleased a painter; and though some slight furrows on his brow showed that wasting thought had been busy there, yet his eyes still beamed with the fire of a poetic soul. There was something in his whole appearance that indicated a being of a different order from the bustling race around him.—*Sketch Book.*]

JOHN KEMBLE is dead!—Alas! Actors have a double mortality and die twice!—First their mental faculties droop and become impaired, and they die from the stage, which is their public life; and then after a few years of inglorious silence and sloth, they catch the common trick of age, and die into dust! The first death is the most severe; for that is the death of grandeur, power, bright popularity,—fame! The poetry of life then expires, and nothing is left but the mere lees of prose! One night—the night of retirement—makes terrible change and holds a frightful division: on one side we see the pomp of pageant, the measured march, the robe, the gemmed crown, the lighted eye, the crowd, the brilliancy, the shout, the triumphs of well-feigned passion, the beauty of breathed poetry! On the other side all is dark! Life's candles are burnt out—aye, and in one night! We see the by-gone actor, bent from his pride of place, creeping about in his impoverished state—feeble, dejected, commonly attired, solitary, lost! The past remains to him a pang-like dream! Stripped at once of all his greatness, he wanders about like one walking in his sleep—seeing others usurp his throne in the public heart, or, not daring to abide the misery of

such an usurpation, straying solitarily to some distant spot—some foreign shore—there to hear no storm of applause, no deafening shouts of a multitude, but to see quiet sunsets, hear the evening wind die along the waters, and watch the “untumultuous fringe of silver foam,” woven momentarily and monotonously at his feet. He is Lear turned out by his pelican children from pomp to poverty! We will answer for it that John Kemble did *not*, as some one has said, quail his health in the south of France—not health of the heart—which is the only health worth possessing and cherishing!—that he did *not* find the air that blew over the vine-covered hills of France wholesomer than that of a crowded house; nor the lengthened murmur of the Mediterranean shores more soothing to the soul than the deep thunders of the pit. He was a grand, meditative, melancholy man, and as the airs and waters of evening toned him down to dreaming thought, he was the one, if ever such one were, to escape into a bright vision of the past—fleet on swift thoughts from the land of France, and be (in the words of his own Penruddock) “in London once again!”

Since the 23d of June, 1817, John Kemble has been no longer John Kemble to us—and to himself! That one sad night closed a long account between us, in which we found ourselves debtors for many, many hours of brave delight. He retired to the land of Burgundy and tri-colored flowers, there to waste away his brief days; and we rushed like persons in despair, to drink intoxicating draughts of fermented Kean, and to drop remembrance in a brimming bowl of Macready! Now, however, that we have heard of the final death of our great favorite, all our recollections of him start into life, and urge us to speak of him, for the last time, with affection and respect; to recall some of the thoughts which attended him during his brief career; to record as clearly as we may, the triumphs of an actor, who, above all others, embodied to the life the wild, heroic, matchless characters of Shakspeare. I never met Mr. Kemble but once off the stage, and that was during his last visit to England. His face was as finely cut in its features as ever! and that clear outline reminded us of what we had gazed at in brighter scenes;

sat in a large arm chair, bent down, dispirited and lethargic. He spoke no word, but he sighed heavily; and after drowsing thus for a time he went away, and we never saw him again!

We have alluded to the last sight we had of John Kemble: "of this no more!" Let us call to mind the life and beauty of his right dramatic existence, and take this sad but fit opportunity of giving a sketch of this noble tragedian in his best days. If we thought we could, in the lovers of the drama yet unborn, awaken an interest for his excellencies, we should indeed rejoice, but we shall be satisfied ourselves in the mere loose sketch which we shall be able, in this paper, to give of our love and gratitude.

Of the youthful days of Mr. Kemble we know little; for he has not turned dramatic Rousseau, as that mad wag Mathews has done, and given a history of his floggings and his fame. The private life too, we conceive, of a public man, should always be warily told; for who but the veriest fool would crave to have little failings, detracting peculiarities, helpless faults, recorded minutely, and with the malice of a biographer, against the children of genius? History is hard enough with the hate of the pen; and it would be well if the reader could, in his researches after the dead in literature, find some such check as the epitaph-hunter occasionally stumbles upon in a country churchyard:

Reader, pass on, nor idly spend your time
In bad biography, and bitter rhyme:
For what I am—this cumbrous clay insures;
And what I was,—is no affair of yours!—

Most Popes have their Bowlese: most Savages have their Johnsons! We do not, however, by these objections to the anatomizing propensity of biography, mean to infer that Mr. Kemble had any peculiar fault or vice which requires oblivion; for his private habits and character might well dare the malice even of friendship: we only mean to protest against that busy and impertinent inquiry which is occasionally made into the darker corners of a man's private life, when, by some power or skill, he has created an interest for himself as a public character. The few facts we know, explain erring or imper-

fect reports, or refer to Mr. Kemble's first passion for the stage, and to his earliest connection with it; and may safely be told without violation of that propriety which we so much wish to see sacredly maintained.

Mr. Kemble was educated at a Roman Catholic school at Sedgeley, in Staffordshire. His father was the manager of a country company; and wishing, perhaps from experience, to save his children from that pursuit, "which makes calamity of so long life," he sent John Kemble to a foreign university to qualify for one of the learned professions. John, however, became celebrated for his recitations from Shakspeare, and returned to England to betake himself to the stage. Not fifty fathers could have kept such a mind from its darling object.

He first appeared at Wolverhampton, in the *Farce of Love*, and made a tolerable impression on the tradesmen there. But the neighborhood of the coal mines is no very favorable spot for the flights of youthful genius; and the passion for the drama does not rage over-violently in a hammering inlaid country-town, where the love of fame is superseded by the love of factories. Mr. Kemble, however, had previously, when only ten years old, played with his little sister (since grown, like Jack the Giant Killer's bean, into Mrs. Siddons) in the tragedy of King Charles the First!

He next performed the blazing part of Bajazet, at Wolverhampton, and shook his iron chain to the great pleasure of the audience. This play must be always popular with the iron trade; and on the evenings upon which it is played, the founders, no doubt, invariably agree with Mr. Moore, that—

Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night—that oh! 'twere pain
To break its links so soon!

Mr. Kemble played in this, his time, many parts—and in many indifferent villages. But at length he joined that incomparable old man Tate Wilkinson, at York; and delighted the crabbed, aged, good manager with his powers; and this was, perhaps, the surest warranty of their value. Here Mr. Kemble gave recitations from the poets and prose writers of England, and netted some reputa-

tion and profit; though not much of the latter; for the grinding of odes makes but ill bread. The preaching of the Bard—the Passions—the Progress of Music, behind a green baize table—is about as idle an attempt, as cutting the tongue of an eagle with a sixpence to make him sing.

From York Mr. Kemble, went to Edinburgh with Old Tate, who had taken the theatre there. This was not *ratting* over to any new manager, which the Patentee, with his vermin antipathies, would have abhorred. In Edinburgh, Mr. Kemble delivered a lecture, of his own construction, “on Sacred and Profane Oratory;” and gained much credit in the north, which is rather extraordinary, when it is remembered how mighty the Scotch are in lectures of all descriptions. A great effect was produced, we have no doubt, by Mr. Kemble’s mode of delivering his composition; for his style of declamation was always popular in the north.

In 1782, he proceeded to Dublin, and appeared in Hamlet. To perform this divine part was, in that time, considered a courageous and an honorable effort; and laurels reaped in Denmark were greenest of leaf. The time is changed: for it appears by a play bill, very lately put forth by the *Committee of the Western Philanthropic Institution for relieving the Poor*, that Mr. C. Kemble being prevented, by his domestic calamity, from playing in Don John, Mr. Macready had kindly and generously, in their moment of distress, *condescended to perform the character of Hamlet*. Condescended!—condescended to play Hamlet!!—“Well! what comes next, Mr. Merriman!”

Mr. Kemble, who, by enacting Hamlet, did not conceive he was “relieving the poor,” dared nobly, and sent his fame bravely abroad. On the 30th of September, in the next year, he appeared as the Danish Prince on the boards of Drury-lane, and at once established himself with the town. For a year or two he performed but few characters, as Mr. Smith was then the hero of the stage; but in 1788, Mr. Kemble was left in full possession of the tragic throne; and he reigned in old Drury some years. He married, and became manager, which falls to the lot of but few lords of the creation!

There is one story pretty generally circu-

lated (for ill-nature is a more active reporter than any employed by the newspapers,) and pretty widely believed, which we are anxious to contradict, because it is, of our own knowledge, wholly and maliciously false. At the time that Mr. Kemble married the lady who now survives him—it was asserted that he wedded suddenly at the instigation of a nobleman high in rank, whose daughter had become ardently enamoured of him. It was said that the young lady’s attachment could only be checked by its being thus rendered a hopeless one; and that, to insure Mr. Kemble’s compliance with the nobleman’s wishes, he was promised by his lordship the sum of £4000, as a marriage portion, which it was asserted (to darken the report,) when the wedding was once solemnized, was never paid. The names of the parties have been mentioned—the peer has been fixed upon—the lady has been singled out; but we can positively say that there is not one syllable of truth in all that has been uttered. No offer of the kind was ever made to Mr. Kemble. He was, in fact, attached to the lady he married when he was very young, and it is believed, that he made her an offer some time before she married Mr. Brereton, her first husband, and was then unsuccessful; but on the death of that gentleman, he renewed his addresses, and was accepted. It was a marriage of real affection,—and those who knew Mr. Kemble’s mind, would readily acquit him of being capable of an act so base, so indelicate, as that which black-tongued rumour would attribute to him.

Mr. Kemble continued to preside over Drury-lane for upwards of twelve years, during which period, he accomplished many vast improvements in the style of getting up plays, particularly in the costume! In 1802, he travelled—visited and observed the theatres at Paris and Madrid, and formed a friendship with Talma, the great French tragedian, which lasted throughout Mr. Kemble’s life.

In 1803, having purchased a share in Covent-garden, (which Mr. C. Kemble now holds,) he appeared on the boards of the theatre in his then celebrated performance of Hamlet, and was rapturously received. He revived several of Shakspeare’s plays between that year and 1808, and made C

vent-garden classic ground; when, one short morning, the house was consumed by fire. By this fatal event Mr. Kemble was an enormous loser. But the Duke of Northumberland indulged on this occasion in an act of liberality and kindness, nearly unprecedented in the history of peers, which much lessened the manager's loss.

The circumstances attending this munificent conduct of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, of whose supposed parsimony the world was so fond of whispering, have never been made public; but as they redound so much to the good feeling of Mr. Kemble, and assert so splendidly the Duke's liberality and excellence of heart, we shall correctly detail the facts, upon the genuineness of which we pledge ourselves. When at the York theatre, Mr. Kemble was in need of a few soldiers to enrich certain processions, and he therefore applied to an officer of a regiment stationed in the city, for permission to engage some of the men. The officer rudely refused, declaring that his men had better things to learn than the duties of a theatre. Mr. Kemble, repulsed, but not vanquished, renewed his application to the then Earl Percy, who had higher authority; and his lordship immediately granted the permission required; and, indeed, directed that the men should assist Mr. Kemble in any way he could make them serviceable. Several years passed:—York days were over;—and Mr. Kemble had become the proud favorite of London—when on one occasion, Dr. Raine, the head master of the Charter House, called upon him, and stated that he was commissioned to request, on the behalf of a nobleman, Mr. Kemble's assistance in the education of his son. Mr. Kemble said that he was compelled, from want of time, and on other accounts, to refuse all such requests—and, much as he regretted it, he was compelled to refuse the application of his friend. Dr. Raine observed, as he was leaving the room, that he lamented the refusal, as the Duke of Northumberland would be greatly disappointed. On hearing the name of the nobleman, Mr. Kemble desired the doctor to stay: and immediately said, "The Duke has a right to command me;" at the same time recounting the anecdote we have just stated of His Grace, when he was Earl

Percy. Mr. Kemble consented at once to the Duke's request, and attended the present Duke for some time, giving him lessons on elocution. But no apparent satisfactory return for his superintendence seemed to be made, or even to be contemplated by the noble family. Time went on. The day of kindness came. On the very morning upon which the theatre was burned down, His Grace wrote to Mr. Kemble, and proffered him the loan of £10,000 upon his personal security, if it would be a convenience to him. *It was a convenience.* Mr. Kemble accepted the offer with readiness and gratitude—and paid the interest for the time to the steward. On the day, however, upon which the first stone of the new Covent-garden Theatre was laid, the Duke wrote again to Mr. Kemble, and observed, that no doubt *that* day was one of the proudest of Mr. Kemble's life—and that His grace was anxious, as far as possible, to make it the happiest. He inclosed the cancelled bond!—at another time, finely declaring that Mr. Kemble had taught him how to make a return! Was not this nobility?—Ought not such a man to have his memory righted?—Did the name of Percy ever adorn a more princely deed?—One grand, unaffected, quiet act of this nature speaks more for the man than a thousand subscriptions to public charities, whereby a person pays only for advertising his own generosity.

The ruins of the old theatre did not long moulder:—a new theatre was erected as by the hand of magic, but the foundation stone was first laid by the hand of the Prince Regent; who, as Grand Master Freemason, patted the stone with a silver trowel. All our readers know the beautiful appearance of the building; but all may not remember its first rich and chaste interior. It was opened on the 18th September, 1809, with *Macbeth*; but the Proprietors having imprudently increased the store of private boxes, and inflicted an additional sixpence upon the pit admission price, and a further shilling upon the boxes, the English public danced a rigadon upon the new benches for sixty nights, and behaved with all the well-known brutality of the Bulls. Not a word was heard from the rise to the set of the curtain. The audiences were, nearly to a man, infuriated; each

hat was lettered O. P.—the cry was still O. P.—The dance was O. P.—Each managerial heart beat to the truth of Sir Vicary Gibb's Latin pleasantry, "*effodiuntur opes irritamenta malorum.*" John Kemble appealed to the pit in black; the pit turned a deaf ear,—certainly the only one it could have to turn! Manliness seemed to give way to dastardly hate. Mr. C. Kemble was hooted for, being a brother—Mrs. C. Kemble was yelled at—nay, pelted at with oranges—for being the wife of the brother of a Kemble. Mrs. Siddons was of the Kemble blood; and that was enough. The fight was long, but not doubtful. Dutch Sam was called in, with a large bunch of Jew boxes, but he was *dropped* at the foot of the check-taker; and did no good. At length the compromise was made; the shilling on the boxes was suffered to remain, the private boxes were diminished, and the pit sixpence fell to the ground. The house did not for a long time recover its fortunes or its freshness; and Mr. Kemble could not easily forget his manifold and infamous indignities.

Mr. Kemble quitted Covent-garden in 1812, for a short period, and re-appeared in 1814 in *Coriolanus*; a laurel crown was thrown on the stage, and the audience rose to receive him. In 1817 he took leave of the Scottish audience in *Macbeth*, and spoke a farewell address in verse, written by Sir Walter Scott. Poetical farewells are not free from suspicion. He returned and played his best parts in London, up to the 23d of June, 1817, when, on that night, he took his entire leave of the stage in *Coriolanus*. As we are now brought to the last hour of Mr. Kemble's professional life, we must pause to recall a few of those characters in the representation of which he so eminently excelled.

The Hamlet of John Kemble was, in the vigor of his life, his first, best, and favorite character. In the few latter years, time had furrowed that handsome forehead and face deeper than grief even had worn the countenance of Hamlet. The pensiveness of the character permitted his languor to overcome him; and he played it, not with the mildness of melancholy and meditation, but with somewhat of the tameness and drowsiness of age. There never was that heyday in his blood that could afford to tame. He was a severe

and pensive man in his youth—at least in his theatrical youth. We *have*, however, seen him in Hamlet to the very heart! We *have* yearned for the last flourish of the tippling king's trumpets,—for the passing of Mr. Murray and Mrs. Powell,—for the entrance of Mr. Claremont and Mr. Claremont's other self in Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. We have yearned for all these; because then, after a pause, came Hamlet!—There he was! The sweet, the graceful, the gentlemanly Hamlet. The scholar's eye shone in him with learned beauty! The soldier's spirit decorated his person! His mourning dress was in unison with the fine severe sorrow of his face; and wisdom and youth seemed holding gracious parley in his countenance. You could not take your eye from the dark intensity of his: you could not look on any meaner form, while his matchless person stood in princely perfection before you. The very blue riband that suspended the picture of his father around his neck, had a courtly grace in its disposal. There he stood! and when he spoke that wise music with which Shakspeare has tuned Prince Hamlet's heart, his voice fell in its fine cadences like an echo upon the ear—and you were taken by its tones back with Hamlet to his early days, and over all his griefs, until you stood, like him, isolated in the Danish revel court. The beauty of his performance of Hamlet was its retrospective air—its intensity and abstraction. His youth seemed delivered over to sorrow, and memory was, indeed, with him the warder of the brain. Later actors have played the part with more energy,—walked more in the sun,—dashed more at effects,—piqued themselves more on the jerk of a foil;—but Kemble's sensible, lonely Hamlet has not been surpassed. Hamlet seems to us to be a character that should be played as if in moonlight. He is a sort of link between the ethereal and the corporeal. He stands between the two Fathers, and relieves the too violent transition from the living king, that bruises the heavens with his roaring cups, to the armed spirit that silently walks the forest by the glow-worm's light, and melts away when it "'gins to pale its ineffectual fire?" As far as Prince Hamlet *could* be played, John Kemble played it,—and now that he is gone, we will take care

how we enter the theatre to see it mammocked by any meaner hand.

Mr. Kemble's delineation of Cato was truly magnificent. The hopes of Rome seemed fixed upon him. The fate of Rome seemed to have retired to his tower-like person, as to a fortress, and thence to look down upon the petty struggles of traitors and assassins. He stood in the gorgeous foldings of his robes, proudly pre-eminent. The stoicism of the Roman wrestled with the feelings of the father, when his son was killed; and the contest was terrifically displayed. That line in the Critic, which has always seemed the highest burlesque, was realized and sublimed in him: "The father relents, but the governor is fixed." If Mr. Kemble had only stood with his grand person in Cato, he would have satisfied the audience, and have told all that Addison intended throughout five long cast-iron acts.

There are those amongst his admirers who eulogized him much in Brutus; nay, preferred him in that character. We thought the Roman part of Brutus was admirably portrayed; but the generous fears—the manly candor—the tenderness of heart, which rise up through all the Roman stoicism, rather wanted truth and vividness. The whole character was made too meditative, too unmoved. And yet the relation of Portia's death renders such objections extremely hazardous. In this part he dared much for the sake of correct costume; and we are quite sure that if any other performer had been as utterly Roman in his dress as Mr. Kemble was, he would have endangered the severity of the tragedy.

Coriolanus was a Roman of quite another nature; and we rather think Mr. Kemble was more universally liked in this part than in any other. The contempt of inferiors suited the haughty tone of his voice; and the fierce impetuosity of the great fighting young Roman was admirably seconded by the muscular beauty of person in the actor. When he came on in the first scene, the crowd of mob-Romans fell back as though they had run against a wild bull, and he dashed in amongst them in scarlet pride, and looked, even in the eyes of the audience, sufficient "to beat forty of them." Poor Simmons used to peer about for Kemble's wounds like a flimsy connoisseur examining a statue of some mighty Ro-

man. The latter asking to be consul,—his quarrel with the tribunes,—his appearance under the statue of Mars in the hall of Aufidius, and his taunt of the Volscian just before his death, were specimens of earnest and noble acting that ought never to be lost out of the cabinets of our memories.

In Macbeth this great performer was grandly effective; particularly in the murder scene. Perhaps he fell off in the very concluding scenes; but at the banquet, he was kingly indeed! The thought of the witches always seemed to be upon him, weighing him down with supernatural fear. In Richard the Third, he was something too collected, too weighty with the consideration of crime, too slow of apprehension. In this part Mr. Kean has certainly surpassed all others, and we never saw quick intellects so splendidly displayed as in this brilliant little man. In King John, although the character is in itself tedious, Mr. Kemble was greatly elaborate and successful. His scenes with Hubert, and his death, were as powerful as genius could make them. His death chilled the heart, as the touch of marble chills the hand; and it almost seemed that a monument was struggling with Fate! The voice had a horror, a hollowness, supernatural; and it still sounds through our memories, big with death!

In characters of vehemence and passion, such as Hotspur, Pierre, Octavian, he so contrived to husband his powers, as to give the most astounding effects in the most prominent scenes in which those characters appeared. And in the melancholy pride and rooted sentiments of such parts as Wolsey, Zanga, the Stranger, and Penruddock, he had no equal. In the latter character, indeed, with apparently the slightest materials, he worked up a part of the most thrilling interest. He showed love, not in its dancing youth and revel of the blood, but in its suffering, its patience, its silent wasting intensity. Mr. Kemble dressed the part in the humblest modern dress, and still he looked some superior creature. Philosophy seemed determined to hold her own. The draperied room was shamed by his severe presence. His boots and hose bore a charmed life! Love hung its banner out in his countenance, and it had all the interest of some worn record of a long-past contest and victory.

We have seen Mr. Kemble in Lord Townley, in Biron, Sir Giles Overreach, and various other characters; but we preferred him in the parts upon which we have principally remarked. Although he was filled with the spirit of Massinger in Overreach, and bore the Ancient Drama sternly up, *Sir Giles* is highly poetical, and cannot be realized by a natural actor. His very vices relish of the schools.

Having thus briefly noticed those characters which Mr. Kemble so completely triumphed in representing, we shall proceed to give a short account of his retirement from Covent-Garden Theatre on the 23d of June, 1817, and of the dinner given to him by those admirers who were anxious to testify, by some attention, their value of his classical and exquisite personification of most of the higher characters in the English drama. And we shall then conclude this paper with the circumstances with which we are acquainted respecting his death.

When it became publicly known that Mr. Kemble was to retire on the night of the 23d June, every box in the house was secured, and the orchestra was fitted up for the accommodation of those lovers of the drama who longed to see their great actor once more! All the leading members of the profession were present. Kemble played *Coriolanus* with the abandonment of self-care, with a boundless energy, a loose of strength, as though he felt that he should never play again; and that he needed to husband his powers no longer!—The audience were borne along with him until they approached the *Rapids* of the last act—and then they seemed at once conscious of their approaching fate, and shrank from the *Fall*! The curtain dropped amidst wild shouts of “No farewell! No farewell!” But true to himself, the proud actor came forward, evidently “oppressed with grief—oppressed with care!” He struggled long for silence—and then, alas! he struggled long before he could break it! At length, he stammered out in honest, earnest truth—“I have now appeared before you for the last time; this night closes my professional life!”—The burst of “No, no!” was tremendous:—but Mr. Kemble had “rallied life’s whole energy to die,”—and he stood his ground, continuing his farewell ad-

dress, when the storm abated, in the following words. He was of course continually interrupted by his own feelings, and by the ardent cheers, and loud affectionate greetings of the audience.

“I am so much agitated that I cannot express with any tolerable propriety what I wish to say. I feared, indeed, that I should not be able to take my leave of you with sufficient fortitude,—composure, I mean,—and had intended to withdraw myself from before you in silence;—but I suffered myself to be persuaded that if it were only from old custom, some little parting word would be expected from me on this occasion. Ladies and Gentlemen, I entreat you to believe, that, whatever abilities I have possessed,—either as an actor, in the performance of the characters allotted to me,—or as a manager, in endeavoring at a union of propriety and splendour in the representation of our best plays, and particularly of those of the divine Shakespeare;—I entreat you to believe that all my labours, all my studies, whatever they have been, have been made delightful to me, by the approbation with which you have been pleased constantly to reward them.

“I beg you, Ladies and Gentleman, to accept my thanks for the great kindness you have invariably shown me, from the first night I became a candidate for public favour, down to this painful moment of my parting with you! I must take my leave at once. Ladies and Gentlemen, I must respectfully bid you a long, and an unwilling farewell!”

On his retirement, a multitude seemed agonized! No one knew what to utter—where to look!—a laurel crown and a scroll were handed from the pit to the stage. But he, for whom it was intended, was gone! The manager was called for, and Mr. Fawcett appeared:—he took the wreath, and, declaring the pride he had in being commissioned to present it, withdrew. The people left the theatre, as though they had witnessed a death!

Behind the scenes Mr. Kemble had more kindness to encounter. The actors and actresses waited to greet him with respect and anxious love! They crowded around him, and several of them entreated some memorial of him. Mathews obtained his sandals!

Some gentlemen had, previously to this

etirement, contemplated the arrangement of a public dinner to be given to Mr. Kemble, and the idea was soon carried into effect. A public meeting for the purpose was held, and a committee immediately appointed.

A subscription was at the same time opened for a piece of plate to be presented to Mr. Kemble on the occasion. Mr. Kemble was invited, and the 27th of June was fixed upon as the day. Men of letters seemed to vie with each other in offering to pay him honor. A design for a medal was furnished by Mr. Flaxman—Mr. Flaxman's medal was struck for the committee. Mr. Holland, the author of several clever inscriptions, contributed a very elegant inscription for the vase; and Mr. Campbell wrote an ode which was committed to Mr. Young to recite, and to Mr. T. Cooke to compose. Mr. Holland took the chair at the dinner. The room was thronged with noblemen and gentlemen of literary talent and taste, and the evening was altogether one of remarkable interest.

After the dinner, and after the usual toasts, Mr. Holland, in a neat speech, gave the toast to Mr. Kemble, and produced the design for the vase (the vase itself not being ready in time) and read the inscription, which was as follows:

To

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE,

On his retirement from the stage,
Which, for thirty-four years, he has been

The ornament and pride;

Which to his learning, taste, and genius,
Indebted for its present state of refinement;

Which, under his auspices,

And aided by his unrivalled labours
Most worthily devoted to the support of the

Legitimate Drama.

And more particularly to the

GLORY OF SHAKESPEARE)

Has attained to a degree of Splendour and Propriety
Before unknown;

Which, from his high character, has acquired

Increase of

Honor and Dignity;

THIS VASE,

By a numerous assembly of his admirers,

In testimony of their

Gratitude, Respect, and Affection,

Was presented,

Through the hands of their President,

MARY RICHARD VASSAL, LORD HOLLAND,

XXVII June, MDCCCXVII.

"Thy Due Than More Than All Can Pay."

Mr. Holland having read the inscription

and closed his speech, Mr. Young rose immediately, and recited Mr. Campbell's Ode with considerable feeling and energy. There are too many stanzas, perhaps in this ode—and the measure is by no means a dignified one—but the following passages are attractive:—

* * * * *

His was the spell o'er hearts
That only Acting lends,
The youngest of the sister arts,
Where all their beauty blends.
For Poetry can ill express
Full many a tone of thought sublime;
And Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but one partial glance from Time.
But by the mighty Actor brought,
Illusion's wedded triumphs come,
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Sculpture to be dumb!

* * * * *

And there was many an hour
Of blended kindred flame;
When Siddons's auxiliar power
And sister magic came:
Together at the Muse's side
Her tragic paragons had grown;
They were the children of her pride,
The columns of her throne.
An undivided favor ran,
From heart to heart, in their applause,
Save for the gallantry of man,
In loveliest woman's cause.

* * * * *

Fair as some classic dome,
Robust and richly graced,
Your Kemble's spirit was the home
Of Genius and of Taste.
Taste, like the silent gnomon's power,
That, when supernal light is given,
Can dial inspiration's hour,
And tell its height in heaven.
At once ennobled and correct,
His mind surveyed the tragic page,
And what the actor could effect,
The scholar could presage.

Mr. Kemble, of course much affected by such heaped up honours, replied with difficulty; his speech, however, was earnest and true—and in public speaking this is no poor character. Much toast-drinking and complimenting, and speechifying, followed—and Mr. Talma, Mr. West, Mr. Young, and Mr. Mathews, principally supported the debate. Mr. Kemble retired—and this was the last time the public could ever look upon their bright and classic favorite. Such a day was

a proud one to the profession, of which Mr. Kemble was the ornament. It proved to the members of it, that cultivation of mind, and regulation of conduct, could and would secure respect and love from the highest and the most enlightened in the nation.

CON ELGIN.

BY SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY.

Con Elgin was a horseman bold,
A chief of high degree,
And he hath gone with twenty men
A-sailing on the sea ;
Now woe the hour and woe the strand
When Elgin with his men shall land,
Wherever that may be.

Con Elgin sought the stormy isle
Across the foaming flood,
And he hath marched with all his men
Into the Druid wood,
Where dark beneath the ancient oaks
The Christian temple stood.

Con Elgin slew the old Culdee—
The priest with silver hair ;
He slew him at the altar stone
In sacerdotal gear ;—
He slew the half-baptized babe,
And its mother, young and fair.

He seized the sacramental cup
The blessed wine to drain,
He mixed it with the Christian's blood
And quaffed it yet again ;
Then while his eyes in fury roll,
His beard he cleaves in the bowk,—
But there is on his blackened soul
An everlasting stain.

Con Elgin lies in troubled sleep
Beneath a Druid oak ;—
Was it the whisper of the wind,
Or a voice to him that spoke ?
"Oh hard of heart and fierce of hand,
I sign thee with a sign—
Where'er thou goest, on land or flood,
O'er icy plain—though dusky wood,
Shall loneliness be thine!"

Uprose the bloody horseman then,
And loudly laughed he ;
"I bear the spell and wear the sign,
Thou old and weird Culdee!"

Now by the shades of Odin's hall,
That such an ill should me befall
That such a curse should be!"

And loudly laughed his followers
As round about they stood,—
But a sudden thrill and a whisper ran
Through the ancient Druid wood ;
And trembled all the Valkyrmén
As round about they stood.

And now they are upon the sea,
And far and fast they go ;
For lo! the storm is on their track—
The waves are white—the clouds are bl.
And the icy breezes blow.
Oh, that the storm would wear away,
And the winds would cease to blow!

Yet darker grows the fearful night,
And loud the tempest's shriek ;
They cannot see each other's forms,
Or hear each other speak :
But though the waves the wilder grow,
And though the winds the fiercer blow,
With stately mast and steady prow
The vessel onward rides ;—
They know that some unearthly hand
The broken rudder guides.

A sudden lull—and in the south
There dawns a misty day ;
There is no cloud, there is no breeze,
But far away o'er frozen seas
The Borealis' play ;
A ghastly light, like that which lies
Within the dying's glazing eyes.

There is no life in all the scene,
There is no breath—no sound ;
But slowly o'er the glassy deep
The icy bars in silence creep,
And clasp the ship around,—
Till mast and sail, and deck alike
In icy chains are bound,

Gloom on the vast, unbroken sky,
And stillness on the air,
And loneliness upon the sea,
And silence everywhere ;
And in Con Elgin's hardened heart
A stern and cold despair.

He shrank to see the famished crew,
So gaunt were they and grim ;
He gazed, where sea and sky between,
In lurid haze was ever seen
The sun's unsetting rim ;
But evermore those stony eyes
Glared fixedly on him.

He spake to them—he called to them—
Then came a silence dread ;—
For lo, upon the northern skies
Strange gleams of lurid light arise,

And gather overhead;
They gleam upon the frozen ship,
And on the frozen dead.

The faces of the dead were they,
So rigid, wan and blue;
Oh, 'twas a fearful thing to stand
Amid that lifeless crew—
And thrice Con Elgin drew his blade,
And thrice his iron hand was stayed:—
Ah, well the grasp he knew!

He paces on the icy deck,
He chants a mystic rhyme;
He cursed the long and weary day,
Yet ended all too soon,
As the lurid disk of the blood-red sun
Sinks suddenly at noon.

The ghastly dead—the ghastly dead—
They chill him with their eyes;
The silent ship—the lonely sea—
The far and boundless skies!
Oh, that some little breeze would stir,
Some little cloud arise!

And then uprose a little cloud—
Uprose a little breeze,—
And came a low and slumberous sound,
Like moaning waves that break around
The stormy Hebrides:
The ice is rent—the ship is free,
And on the open seas!

He saw the land upon his lea,
He strove the shore to gain—
And wild and fierce his efforts grew,
But strength and skill were vain:
Still onward ploughed the fated ship
Unto the outer main.

A sail, a sail! What ho! what ho!
He shouted from the mast;
And back there came a cheering cry
Upon the rushing blast:—
Their very life-blood chilled with dread—
They saw the living and the dead
As swift they hurried past!

And long upon those Northern seas
At silent dead of night,
A cry would echo on the blast,
And a phantom ship go hurrying past—
A strange and fearful sight!
And well the trembling sailors knew
Con Elgin and his ghastly crew.

Richmond.

Letters from a Young Lady in Europe to her Friend in America.

May 18th, 1852.

DEAR M.: According to promise, I take up my pen, at the first opportunity which presents itself, to give you some items from my journal. Of the passage across, I shall say nothing, as sea-voyages are all alike, varied by no greater excitement than the occasional passing of a ship, or some equally trivial circumstance. We reached Liverpool at 9 P. M., yesterday, but determined, for various reasons, not to land until the morning. The gas lights along the docks had a brilliant effect as we approached the city. The arrival of the ferry boats to take off the passengers caused great confusion, and as I had some hope of seeing W. aboard, late as it was, I could not retire until the last one had left us. We then took to our berths once more, but not to sleep, for it was one of the most miserable nights I have ever spent. Such was the noise and confusion, such the thumping and dragging of boxes about the dock that it was impossible to close the eyes, much more so to sleep. At 7 A. M., we were aroused by the announcement, that the boat which was to convey us ashore had arrived. It was not until safely ensconced in this last that I could appreciate the beauty and majesty of the noble ship we were leaving, and a feeling of regret took possession of me at parting with her. This reminded me that I must soon separate, too, from my *compagnons du voyage*; so that my drive to the hotel partook more of the emotions of sadness than pleasure.

Soon after my arrival, my friends, whom I had been expecting, came for me, and I found myself in a short time comfortably seated at an English breakfast table. The day has been rather a dull one, for being Sunday, we could not go out, and my head has not yet recovered from the rolling of the ship.

19th. Started off at an early hour with W., who has at length made his appearance, to visit out friends at the Waterloo. When about half way, we were overtaken by a shower of rain and hail, and my feet were so thoroughly soaked, that it required an

hour to dry them. This was my first experience of English weather. As soon as it cleared off we sallied forth to make some purchases. The principal stores are far handsomer than any I have seen at home with the exception of Stewart's.

At 12 my English friends called for us, and carried us sight-seeing. We went first to the town hall, where all the public balls, dinners, &c., are given. It contains a fine suite of rooms with lofty ceilings, ornamented with arabesque carvings. The lower story is beautifully paved with colored tiles. The handsomest object, however, is the grand staircase, the banisters of which are richly gilded, and the whole lighted up by an elegant dome at the top. From the windows of this building, we had a view of the Exchange with its crowded court, in the centre of which stands an allegorical group of statuary, representing Lord Nelson breaking the chains of despotism, but so blackened by the smoke of years that it is difficult to distinguish the subject.

From this place we visited some of the finest stores, and saw many beautiful specimens of cameos, statuary, terra cotta, and papier maché. This last is extensively manufactured in England and some of the articles are exceedingly rich. After we had examined these at our leisure, we were all sufficiently fatigued to declare in favor of a lunch, and repaired accordingly to a confectioner's for that purpose. When again refreshed, we proceeded to the cemetery, which is quite a curious place, being situated at the bottom of a deep quarry. It presents a pretty appearance, planted with trees and flowers, and seems well adapted to the purpose. We drove next to the Institution, where we saw a good museum of natural history, containing quite a collection of beasts and birds. Thence we crossed over to the picture gallery where there are some fine paintings by the first masters; among them Rubens, Salvator Rosa, Van Dyck, &c. Having seen everything here we drove to the new Concert Hall—quite a handsome building and admirably arranged for music. The hall itself is capable of containing—I have forgotten how many thousands, and it is surrounded on three sides by curtained boxes, where the occupants may be retired, or not,

as they please. Being now fairly exhausted, we returned home to dine. After dinner we had a long twilight which lasted until 9 o'clock; quite a novelty to me, and one which I enjoyed very much. We had company to tea and concluded the day with music and singing. I cannot say from to-day's experience, though it has been pleasantly spent, and my friends have been most kind, that I should like Liverpool as a residence. It strikes me as being remarkably quiet and dull for a place of such commercial importance. Excepting the docks, there does not appear to be much to interest any one there.

20th. Parted from Liverpool and our kind friends to-day 11½ A. M., and were soon whizzing away towards London. The country around Liverpool is quite pleasing. Extensive green pastures, surrounded by neatly clipped hawthorne hedges, with here and there a little brook shining like a silver snake among the grass; beautiful little villas displaying great taste, which constantly meet the eye along the road, altogether present a charming picture of rural repose, disturbed only by innumerable cows and sheep, which serve to relieve the monotony without detracting from the scene. We passed swiftly by several large, smoky manufacturing towns, the appearance of which did not invite particular notice, and darted through a number of dark tunnels when the great city of London, with its myriads of houses, greeted our eyes about 7 P. M. As the Exhibition had just commenced, and the city is thronged with visitors, we had some difficulty in obtaining lodgings. After being refused admission at several hotels, we at length gained access to a very inferior one in Covent Garden, but we were glad to get rest any where. My first inquiry was for a glass of water, which excited a smile upon the waiter's face quite puzzling to me until I attempted to drink the water, when the joke became intelligible, for it was the vilest stuff a poor tired mortal was ever doomed to swallow, and they tell me there is no better in London. We are quite near the Strand and have already taken a walk there: but I am too tired to write more to night.

21st. Repaired to the Exhibition at 7 o'clock this morning, and remained there until 9 this evening; for as it is quite a long

distance from our hotel, we determined not to return to dinner. Never was such a varied and magnificent collection of articles exposed to the wondering eye of humanity before. To enumerate even the tenth part of what we saw would be impossible, so I shall not attempt it. The Indian and Russian departments were gorgeously rich; and such splendid diamonds and other gems glittered in every direction, that I was fairly dazzled by their lustre. There was, in fact, the tale of Aladdin's Wonderful Palace realized, for the writer must have conjured up some such scene as this, I think. One of the first objects which attracted us was the Koh-i-Noor, but it seems to me its size is its chief merit. I always think a large diamond bears too strong a resemblance to crystal; and when it ceases to be rare it loses its value. Another remarkable one contained a little blade concealed within it, which by means of a spring darted forth wherever the jewel was touched, thereby inflicting a severe wound upon those who suffered curiosity to overcome prudence.

The machinery interested me most; we spent several hours in the portion of the building allotted to it, watching the fabrication of lace, brocades, damasks, silks, linen and cotton stuffs in endless variety, and I believe I could have spent the day there very pleasantly. Large newspapers were printed by steam at the rate of five to the minute. The specimens of china, sculpture, papier maché, &c., were elegant beyond description. One of the most conspicuous, as well as one of the most beautiful objects here, was "Powers' "Greek Slave," which is too well known and appreciated to need any description. The furniture exhibited, for richness of coloring and carving, cannot be surpassed. A most exquisite specimen of his last is a swinging cradle intended for Victoria's youngest child. When we had traversed the ground floor, we found body, as well as mind, too much fatigued to bear more at present; so after procuring some coffee and other refreshments, we returned to the great fountain in the centre where seats were to be had, but these were all occupied, and we were obliged to await our turn. While standing there, I could not help being amused at the variety of people and

costumes constantly passing before my eyes. There a group of Chinese; here, two Turks, strolling along, at the languid pace peculiar to their habits; occasionally a Greek in the rich costume of his country; now a party of Frenchmen chattering in their native tongue; and directly after perhaps a German with eyes and ears on the *qui vive*, to take in all that is passing, while his face wears that look of deep reflection which characterises a thinking people. Add to these, incessant exclamations and ejaculations from the English in every direction, with occasionally a difference of accent, proclaiming an American, and you may form some idea of the animated scene.

But we had to relinquish our study of human nature, in order to renew our survey. The galleries yet remained to be visited, and after some time spent in searching for the staircase, we ascended to a collection, if possible, more splendid than that we had left below. All that the art of man could furnish, seemed to have been lavished, in endless profusion, upon this vision of enchantment. In the midst of so much splendor, it was mortifying to see how little the United States had contributed to increase the hoard; but there is this to be said in extenuation, that what they did send, belonged rather to the useful, than the ornamental branches of art, and some allowances must be made too for the distance. In spite of these considerations, I must acknowledge I was somewhat piqued at the sneers and sarcasms of some of our trans-atlantic brethren, at the emptiness of our department, and hope we shall be able, at some future time, to show them that we are not so destitute of resources as they imagine.

We had had quite enough of the exhibition for one day, and turned our weary footsteps homeward. It was provoking that we were just a few moments too late to see the Queen this morning at the exhibition. Her Majesty keeps early hours for royalty. A cup of tea refreshed us so much, that we concluded to enjoy the remaining twilight and set out for another walk. We strolled along the Strand, then through White Hall to the Horse Guards and crossed St. James' Park to the gates of Buckingham Palace. This is rather an imposing building, but not

handsome enough in my opinion for the Queen of England. It is like most of the public buildings here, built of sandstone, and covers quite an extent of ground. The entrance from the Park, an arch of white marble, is very fine,—of the front of the Palace we could not judge, as it opens upon the private grounds. We returned home through Piccadilly, Haymarket, Charing Cross, &c. The names of these places are all so familiar, that I can scarcely believe I have seen them for the first time. I do not think much of the London stores. The bazaars look prettily at night, with their long perspectives of light. The most amusing objects, to me, in the streets, are the carriages of the nobility, with their gaudily dressed coachmen and footmen. When I first saw these creatures, with their bright liveries, powdered wigs, and cocked hats, I could only liken them to monkeys, dressed up for exhibition. The bouquets which it is usual for them to carry in their button holes, contribute to their foppish appearance.

Another novelty is the singular appearance of the charity children. The boys of the Blue Coat school walk the streets with bareheads and long blue coats reaching to their feet, while the charity girls wear the funniest little caps and present the most old fashioned appearance imaginable. The object seems to be, to make them look as old as possible. The English women, though generally pretty, dress in such bad taste, that their beauty shows to no advantage.

W—. tells me I have walked 13 miles to day, and I am quite fatigued enough to believe it.

22nd.—This being our last day in London for the present, we were out at an early hour, in order to make the most of it. Our first performance was the delivery of an introductory letter, which procured for us an invitation to dinner and a ticket for the Zoological Gardens. The first we were obliged to decline, but proceeded with the latter, in search of the said gardens, which we had been told were in the immediate neighborhood. Our search was vain, however; for after walking about a mile, they were still invisible, and it reminded me of the old nursery story of the needle in the hay-stack. We soon had the additional mortification to

discover that we had lost our way, and the further we went, the more confused we became. It so happened, that all the omnibuses we met were going in a contrary direction, and no cab was to be seen anywhere. In this hopeless state of affairs, we retraced our steps, and on inquiry of a dirty, snub-nosed boy, sweeping a door step, received the comfortable assurance that we had left the object of our search two miles behind us. We retraced our steps and walked onward, onward, eagerly looking down the interminable street for a friendly omnibus, which, however, did not make its appearance until I was ready to drop with fatigue. It never occurred to us until we were fairly seated, that we had not looked to see where we were to be carried; it was sufficient for our wishes that the vehicle was going in the same direction with ourselves. They at length deposited us safely in Regent St., where we took a cab for Westminster Abbey.

My expectations of this noble edifice were too highly raised not to be disappointed, and something of this feeling came over me as the venerable pile rose before us. The original design has been spoiled, by the addition of the Cloisters and Chapter House, but the ornamental stone work, though worn and blackened by time, retains much of its former richness. We entered by what is called the Poet's Corner, and found ourselves instantly surrounded by the monuments of the immortal bards from whom this spot derives its name. Among these I observed the names of Garrick, Addison, Handel, Goldsmith, Thomson, Shakespeare, Southey, Dryden, Cowley, Chaucer, Gray, Spenser, Milton and a host of others. Leaving these worthies, we proceeded to perambulate the body of the building, including the nave and transepts. In the nave is a large modern monument to the memory of William Pitt, in his Chancellor's robes. In the north transept is another to the memory of William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham, and near this last are the remains of Pitt, Fox, Channing, Grattan and Wilberforce. Under the direction of a guide, we now visited the chapels, for which a fee is demanded. That of Henry VII. is the largest, and his tomb is very handsome. Around the nave of this chapel are some curious stalls, occupied by the knights of the Bath.

the south aisle of Henry VIIIth's chapel, and emblazoned with their armorial bearings, repose the mortal remains of the unfortunate Marie Stuart. I was quite amused at hearing an English woman ask if she was the queen who was beheaded. It seemed so strange that any one should be ignorant of so sad history. The verger repressed a smile, as he gave a sketch of her story in a few words. On the right is the tomb of Elizabeth. I could not prevent a slight shudder as I gazed at the reclining figure of the proud queen, who had sacrificed the beautiful Marie to her evil passions. A slab in the floor, near the door, marks the burial-place of the poet Addison. We next entered the chapel of Edward the Confessor, in which stands the coronation chair, brought by Edward I. from Scone, an old worm-eaten affair, scarcely fit to grace an American kitchen, but of inestimable value on account of its age. Under the seat is the Scottish Anointing Stone."

The monument which impressed me most of all, was that of Lady Nightingale, in one of the side chapels, on the right, I believe. It represents Lady N., dying in the arms of her husband, who is shrinking back from the figure of death, approaching them from the vault beneath. The design is very fine, and (as far as we can judge) the workmanship good. Opposite is an absurd design of a woman carried by angels to a vacant seat next her husband in the clouds, who stretch out his arms to receive her. In the south aisle, are several monuments which interest me, but it would be tedious to mention them all. Here we observed a slab inscribed to the memory of Major André, "who fell a victim to his zeal, &c., &c." The interior of the Abbey is still fine, but much worn, though the stone-work is in good preservation everywhere. The ceiling of Henry VIIIth's chapel is perfectly exquisite, and the effect is greatly enhanced by the reflection of the stained glass window.

The new House of Lords opposite, though so chaste in design, will, I fear, in its richness of beauty, eclipse its venerable rival.

The whole building, it is said, covers six acres of ground, and the Victoria tower rich in carving, tracery, mouldings, &c. This building, as well as St. Paul's, I

must leave for my next visit, for we were too wearied to do them justice to day. On our way home, we strolled into one of the bazaars to purchase some trifles, and this concluded our last evening here at present.

23rd.—As we had only two days for London, on our way to Germany, it would have been more politic to devote the whole time to the Exhibition, but the fact is, we were so satiated the first day, that, brilliant and attractive as it is, we had no desire to revisit the Crystal Palace yesterday, and the chance of seeing Westminster Abbey was too tempting to be resisted. When I return to this great metropolis you shall have a detailed account of all its sights and wonders.

At 9½ A. M., we were once more seated in the cars *en route* for Dover. The country is not so interesting as between Liverpool and London, though we had some fine specimens of park scenery. What can be prettier than an English park, with its smooth green lawns, its bright clusters of evergreens, neat wire fences, and last, though not least, herds of deer frisking and gambolling about in happy innocence? Nature is made subservient to Art, but not sufficiently so to mar success, as is often the case. The number of stations along this road is perfectly incredible, but I soon ceased to observe these, as well as every thing else, in the enjoyment of a nap.

Reached Dover at 1½ P. M., and after ordering dinner, strolled upon the beach until it was ready. The harbor is somewhat in the form of a crescent and reminded me of the Bay of Naples in miniature, with a background of chalky cliffs, instead of the green hills of the latter. The Shakespeare cliff rises perpendicularly aloft—

"From the dread summit of this chalky bourn :
Look up a height,—the shrill gorged lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard."

We met a number of invalid ladies taking the air in sedan chairs, of which there are a great many here.

After dinner we ascended, by means of a winding staircase, surrounding a tunnel, 200 feet high to the barracks. Here we had a fine view of the town beneath and its pretty harbor. To the south, the coast of France appeared like a dark streak upon the horizon. It was a lovely evening, and every thing ap-

peared to great advantage in the soft light of the setting sun. From the barracks we crossed over to Dover Castle, on another cliff, but after a fatiguing ascent were refused admittance, because we had no permit. However, the outside of the building is well worth a survey, and as it was the first castle I had ever seen, I gazed at it with much satisfaction. It is very old and some of the turrets are completely covered with moss and ivy. I climbed as near as I could, for it is surrounded by a deep ditch, and brought away a piece of the latter as a memento. While engaged in breaking it off, the sentinel upon the rampart ceased his walk, and regarded me with as menacing an aspect as if I were committing some great depredation. After lolling for some time upon the green turf, enjoying the balmy atmosphere, we returned to the hotel.

24th.—Left Dover last night, at 10 P. M., in a row-boat for the steamer. It was as dark as pitch, and I do not know how the men managed to see in what direction to row. When we reached the side of the steamer, we found every soul aboard in the land of Nod, and it was not until after repeated hallos that we could obtain an answer. At last, a solitary man made his appearance at the gang-way, and took hold of my hands, while those below made a stirrup for my feet, and I was thus unceremoniously hoisted aboard. Passed a most wretched night; the boat uncomfortable in the extreme, the wind high, the water rough, and every body sick, excepting myself. Reached Ostend at 6 o'clock this morning, and breakfasted at the Custom House. Passed directly thence to the Station, so saw little of Ostend. The people here presented a totally different appearance to what we had been accustomed, and their language was a strange mixture of French and Flemish. Our guide was a perfect Polyglott, and a most amusing as well as useful personage. I cannot describe my sensations at being thus thrown, for the first time, among people whom I could not understand. A feeling of despair took possession of me at first, but I soon aroused myself and determined henceforward, to adopt for the time being the customs of whatever country in which I found myself, and hope I shall have the courage to carry out my resolution, as I

am convinced it will greatly add to my enjoyment.

We went from Ostend to Bruges, but as we did not leave the cars at the latter place, I can say nothing of it. From Bruges we proceeded to Ghent, an old fashioned looking place, as well as we could see from the Station; but we did not stop long enough to observe much. Thence we passed quickly on to Mechlin, from which place we took rather a retrograde direction to Antwerp. Passed some fine beds of tulips on the way, but, on the whole, the country is flat and uninteresting. Arrived at Antwerp at 1½ P. M., so that we accomplished the whole distance between Ostend and this place, in less than seven hours. Drove to the St. Antoine, where we are delightfully lodged, and dined, for the first time, at *table d'hôte*, since leaving the steamer. Three English people sat opposite us. The rest were foreigners. Antwerp has a very old look, but is extremely neat. What first impressed me, were the high roofed houses, and the singular caps of the women. The lower classes never wear bonnets, but instead of these, the old women wear lace and embroidered muslin caps, with long flaps, (somewhat resembling the ears of a hound,) and the girls sport French caps, trimmed with gay ribbons. After dinner we crossed the Place Verte to the Cathedral, which has a magnificent steeple 460 feet high, elaborately worked. The church is a fine specimen of Gothic, but is chiefly remarkable for some of Rubens' finest paintings. Three of these, viz. "The Ascension of the Virgin," the "Elevation of the Cross," and the "Descent from the Cross," are in his first manner. I was particularly pleased with the last. There are also many good pictures by other artists. The Mausoleum of Ambrose Capello, by Verbruggen, is a beautiful piece of sculpture. The altar was profusely covered with artificial flowers, which, though beautifully made, seemed to me out of place, and in bad taste. From the Cathedral, we visited two other churches, the names of which we could not learn, decorated with paintings also. In one of them the twelve Apostles, life size, hung around the walls. What I particularly admired, was a fine painting of the Ascension, I think by Van Dyck. But as in most of his representations of the

he is said to have failed in the head
Saviour, and that portion of the pic-
ture does not please me. We returned to the
cathedral in time for vespers, and were per-
fected with the music.

—Attended service at the English
this morning. The building was small
with a minister and music only tolerable ;
served to remind me of home. After
as we returned through the Place,
heard a band playing the "Prophet."
The square was thronged with people, and I
had opportunity of observing the cos-
tume and the great variety of caps. The
ladies dress like the French and Eng-
lish, the working people are distinguish-
ed by their long cloaks, with hoods, gay caps
and wooden shoes, which last make a prodig-
ious clatter as they walk. It was the first
I had ever seen the Sabbath devoted to
amusement, and it made me feel, *more* than
the difference of manners and language could
convey, that I was indeed in a strange

country. A gentleman next me addressed
me in German, but finding I was an Ameri-
can, he continued his conversation in my native

He recommended me to attend a
concert which was to be given that even-
ing, but I could not understand my reasons for
going. The people here never seem to be
convinced of the necessity of learning
foreign languages. They speak Flem-
ish, French, and English, and I am
in the case in most of the best hotels
on the continent. Where would you find an
English waiter speaking four languages?
In the evening we visited several churches,
and attended vespers in the cathedral. Here
are some pleasant acquaintances in an
English family, who dined at table with us
but unfortunately they leave this evening.
Behind the altar in the cathedral, is a
picture, in imitation of a bas-relief, which
is so well executed, that it is impossible,
without touching it, to detect the difference.
There is a peculiar charm about this building
at night, when the music echoes through
the vaulted aisles, and the last rays of the
sun, shining through the colored glass
windows, soften the architectural projections
and shed on them a brightness not their own.
I remained here until the church was almost
empty, as if bound by a spell, and at length

took a reluctant leave to return at the same
hour to-morrow.

Near the entrance of the Cathedral, is a
pump surrounded by some pretty iron work,
executed by Quentin Matseys, the black-
smith painter, whose talent for painting did
not discover itself until he became enamored
of an artist's daughter. In the middle of the
Place Verte. stands a colossal statue of
Rubens.

Whenever we go out we are beset by guides
and flower girls, and the former are some-
times quite impertinent. The fare at the
St. Antoine is excellent, and the house is
neatly kept. The furniture is the most beau-
tifully clean I have ever seen. They pos-
sess some art for polishing which makes old
furniture look perfectly new. I tried to ac-
quire it, but could not understand the direc-
tions. The building surrounds a court orna-
mented by trees in tubs. Around the walls,
there are over a dozen bird-cages, and as
our windows open upon the court, we have
the full benefit of their singing. We sat en-
joying it for some time after our return home
this evening, and bade a melancholy adieu
to our new acquaintances as they drove out
of the court-yard.

I have seen a number of the black man-
tles to-day for which Antwerp is noted.
They are made of rich heavy silk, extending
to the feet, and look as if they could never
wear out. The women make their dresses
prettily, and have remarkably slender waists.

26th.—Took a *valet de place* and were out
all the morning seeing the lions of the city.
First we visited the churches, and saw many
fine paintings. Indeed Antwerp is justly
celebrated for its collection of Flemish works.
The church of St. Antin contains some pic-
tures by Rubens and Van Dyck, and a gaudy
altar piece by Jordaens, whose style does
not please me at all. His paintings are too
coarse, and too bright for my taste. There
is also some pretty carved work by Verbrug-
gen here. The church of St. Andrew is
quite aristocratic, containing a pulpit super-
bly carved, and some gorgeous banners sus-
pended around. Some of these are of crim-
son velvet, embroidered with gold, and crest-
ed with jewels. The carving of the pulpit
represents the Saviour calling the fishermen
from their nets, and is beautifully executed.

There are few paintings, but the arrangement of the interior is tasteful.

At the Museum we passed an hour very agreeably. As it was the first large collection I had seen I thought it very fine, and the works of Rubens, Van Dyck, Van Bré and some others quite delighted me.

Antwerp produced five painters of note, Rubens, Van Dyck, Teniers, Snyders and Jordaens, each of whom has a style peculiarly his own. I thought the coloring of Rubens very fresh and beautiful, but his figures all appear exaggerated, and for this reason I liked them better at a distance. I cannot tell in what the excellence of Van Dyck consists, he is beyond my comprehension, but his portraits please me most. Teniers excels in scenes of peasant life; some of his representations of boors drinking are inimitable. Snyders devoted himself principally to animals, and painted to the life. Jordaens, as I said before, is too coarse and flaunting for my liking, and yet I think he must have studied Rubens, for I can trace some resemblance to this great master. The painting which first acquired for Quentin Matseys the reputation of an artist is exhibited at the Museum. It is a well known story, but you may not have heard it. He was enamored of the daughter of Flors, a painter of some celebrity, who refused to listen to his suit, declaring that his daughter should never marry any one but an artist equal to himself. No wise discomfited, Matseys set to work to acquire the divine art, and after some months of intense application, entering the studio of Flors one day, he saw this very picture of the "Fallen Angels:" a bright idea seized him: he took possession of the painter's palette and painted a large bee on the thigh of one of the angels, which was so delicately done, that Flors on his return, mistaking it for a real bee, gave a delighted consent to his proposals.

There were a number of disciples of the art copying from Rubens, and I have no doubt they all think him unsurpassed. From the Museum we drove round the docks and quays, erected by Napoleon, but they have been much injured, and appeared insignificant after those of Liverpool.

This afternoon we ascended the steeple of the Cathedral, and had a fine view of the

city with its environs. We were repaid for the labor of mounting 622 steps, by the panorama which was thus unfolded to us. The course of the Scheldt might be traced to its mouth on one side, beneath lay the town, around us a pleasing country, and in the distance the sea. To form an idea of the position and limitations of a city, it is indispensably necessary, to mount to some height from which the whole may be taken in at a glance; while wandering amid its precincts, it is impossible to acquire any just notion of locality or distance. The houses with their peaked roofs had a quaint and picturesque effect from the gallery of the spire, and together with the singular costumes of the women presented a picture as novel as it was pleasing. I can understand now the charm these old fashioned paintings always possessed for me. We descended to the Church just in time for vespers, after which we walked through the Place de Meir, the fashionable portion of the city, containing many fine dwellings. Most of the windows to these houses have looking-glasses on each side to reflect the passers-by. Here we were so beset by flower girls, that I was obliged to take a bunch of heart's-ease from one of them to get rid of them, for it served as a weapon of defence against the others.

After tea, took a long promenade around the quays; a pretty place, planted with trees, and a great resort for all classes of the population. It was a lively scene, and afforded us a good opportunity of admiring the female beauty of the city.

27th. Arose an hour earlier than was necessary this morning, which made us rather crusty and crabbed for the rest of the day. Left Antwerp very reluctantly at 9 A. M. We had been nicely quartered there, and contracted an attachment for the Cathedral with its beautiful spire, which made us unwilling to part with it. While awaiting the hour of departure, I was politely accosted by the chambermaid, in French, who offered to show me the apartments reserved for royalty and the nobility. Some of these were furnished in a style which one would hardly expect to find in a hotel, and displayed much taste in the decorations. If a hotel fitted up on such a scale of magnificence does not succeed, what an amount of capital must be lost

Reached Mechlin in an hour after leaving Antwerp, and had to wait some time for the train. This is the centre point of several tracks, and the uninitiated must be careful that they do not get into the wrong train. In appearance, Mechlin is not unlike Antwerp and Ghent. Much of the lace called Mechlin lace, is manufactured at Antwerp. It is really provoking that we have seen none of these factories. Louvain and Tirlemont were the only places of any importance between Mechlin and Liege, the scene of *Quentin Durward*. This city is beautifully situated at the bottom of a deep ravine, to which we descended by means of an inclined plane. The scenery all along the valley of the Vesdre, is extremely pretty; stupendous rocks, intercepted by rich green valleys, dotted throughout with beautiful villas. Verviers is a nice looking manufacturing town, containing a number of cloth factories, from which the troops are clothed. I was attracted at the station by some large, gay looking flowers, resembling roses on a grand scale, but in reality I believe a species of peony. They were the richest and brightest I have ever seen. I have witnessed a novel sight to me, to-day, women working in the field. This is a common custom here.

Arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle at 5½, P. M. Owing to some mistake, we were lodged at one of the meanest hotels in the place, so that we were not improved in temper, or much in the mood for enjoyment. After tea, we strolled out to see something of the city, but found the streets and people so dirty, that we returned home thoroughly disgusted. This feeling was increased by the morning, for the bed clothes were so redolent of sulphur, that I was afraid to go to sleep for fear of dreaming that I was confined in the lower regions of the earth. Everything here is strongly impregnated with it: tea and coffee utterly unpalatable. The principal fountain, that of *Elisa*, is quite the lion of the place. It is surrounded by a Doric colonnade, and has two flights of marble steps leading down to it. Connected with it is a fine café, where I suppose, the invalids resort to counteract the disagreeable taste of the nauseous draught. The water is smoking hot, and yet the people quaff it in large quantities. I am sure nothing could tempt me to taste it, for I have

had quite enough of the smell of sulphur, to suffice me for a life-time. The Cathedral is very inferior to that of Antwerp. The paintings are second rate, and the only object of interest is the chapel, built by Charlemagne, containing his empty tomb in the centre of the floor, a commentary on the folly of surrounding the dead with splendor which they are incapable of appreciating. The chapel is circular, surrounded by a double row of marble and porphyry columns, which gives it a very handsome appearance. There is also much rich carving. As we were entering, we encountered a procession of priests, chanting and bearing banners, followed by a large concourse of people. There is a marked difference between the appearance of the latter here and at Antwerp; they have not the neat, dressy look of the Flemish, but are, on the contrary, very dirty. From the Cathedral, we walked to the modern quarter of the city, where there are many fine new houses. The streets here are cleaner and better paved, also. Beyond this, the suburbs are very pretty, with fine avenues of chesnut trees and Lombardy poplars, which last, though somewhat stiff, make a good border for a road, and serve occasionally to break the monotony of a landscape. The famous aqueduct is quite a grand work. It was the first time I had ever seen a double row of arches, one surmounting the other, and the effect was fine. One morning sufficed us for Aix, and we left there at 3 o'clock, after partaking of a very good dinner at the *table d'hôte*. Beautiful specimens of the Spa ware are to be obtained here.

Passed several old castles between Aix and Cologne. Near the latter place our road carried us through a tunnel a mile in length. Saw a number of iron foundries as we passed along. The first impressions of Cologne are rather favorable than otherwise. We reached here at 6 o'clock, and put up at the *Hotel Hollande*, which overlooks the Rhine. After taking coffee, for we have given up tea for the present, we strolled out to take a bird's eye view of the Cathedral; but were too late for vespers. It is decidedly the greatest object of interest I have yet seen, and when finished, will, no doubt, be the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in the world. The façade is rich beyond conception, and yet many of the ornaments are still wanting. It

is to be deplored that the old part of the work was constructed of such crumbling material, that it is already much worn. The stone they are using now is said to be of a more durable nature. The choir, and chapels around it, are the only portions yet entirely finished. The towers are to be 500 feet in height. One has attained half that height, but the other is merely commenced. An 100,000 thalers are annually contributed to its erection, and they contemplate finishing it in twenty years. This noble structure is alone worthy a voyage across the Atlantic, and I am sure no one could be disappointed in it.

29th. The first object which greeted my eyes, as I opened my window this morning, was the far-famed Rhine with a bridge of boats directly in front of our hotel. As it was the first bridge of the kind that I had ever seen, I was curious to see how it worked. My curiosity was soon gratified, for in a few minutes a beautiful little steamer came gliding swiftly down the stream, and by means of a windlass, the bridge was speedily opened for her passage. The aperture was scarcely closed, when another boat made its appearance from the opposite side, and this continued all day. The weather was beautifully clear, and everything favored my first impressions of the Rhine, and yet I did not go into ecstasies about it. Was it perversity, or what was it that rendered me so indifferent to the charms of this majestic river? The fact is, its praise has been so often sung, that the subject has become trite, and the mind eagerly seizes upon every novelty to the exclusion of more familiar themes. I believe Cologne is situated at one of the least interesting portions of the river, and probably, when we sail past its castellated heights, we shall be more willing to acknowledge its merits.

This is the day of the Ascension of the Virgin, always a great festival in Roman Catholic countries, and the city is all in commotion. We went to several of the churches and found them all crowded, celebrating the day. In each church were numbers of boys and girls who seemed to play a conspicuous part in the ceremony. The girls were all in bridal attire, with white dresses, veils and wreaths of white upon the head, while every

boy was decorated with a white bouquet upon the right breast of his coat. Each girl carried also a beautiful bouquet of white flowers. In every place, after the service, processions were formed of these boys and girls, preceded by priests, flower-girls, banners, and the usual paraphernalia on such occasions. These processions traversed the streets for some time, and wherever they passed the ground was thickly strewn with flowers, presenting the appearance of a rich carpet. In the public squares, at the principal corners, and all conspicuous places, scaffolds were erected, covered with handsome carpeting, surmounted by little canopies under which were placed figures of the Virgin and Child. Flags were flying in every direction, music playing, and every house afforded tokens of the general jubilee. At the church of St. Ursula, we had the pleasure of beholding the skulls and bones of 11,000 virgins arranged around the walls. The skulls are preserved in glass cases, and afford a ghastly spectacle of the effects of superstition. As there is a natural proneness in the human mind, to be interested in whatever seizes most powerfully upon the imagination, I suppose this must account for the increased number of votaries we saw kneeling here, for the church was crowded to excess. All day the little brides paraded the streets in pairs, and some of them looked prettily in their pure white dresses and veils. After dinner, the processions were again formed for vespers, and thus ended the ceremonies of the day, but not the excitement, for this was kept up until a late hour. In the evening we attended a Hungarian concert. The Hungarians were fifteen in number and appeared in full costume. One of them played on bells and produced some sweet music. The performance on the whole was very good, and I should have enjoyed it very much had I not been entirely suffocated with tobacco smoke. I have not yet got accustomed to the German custom of smoking in the presence of ladies, though I am subjected to it every day in the cars. I think they might at least abolish it in a theatre.

30th. We were to have left this dirty city this morning, but in arising, found we had overslept the time, and must remain until

the afternoon. It is a strange anomaly, that this city should be noted for its sweet perfume and its filth. In my opinion the former scarcely compensates for the latter. As we anticipated universally dirty streets from yesterday's proceedings, we spent the morning quietly at home, enjoying the view of the Rhine from my window, and watching the bustle and excitement of landing and taking in passengers by the brisk little steamers.

At 4 o'clock we left for Düsseldorf, and arrived there in an hour and a half. It is a pretty little town, and from its quietude and the number of promenades, must be a pleasant residence. Our hotel fronts a fine street planted with a fine row of trees, which extends from one end of the town to the other, as far as the eye can reach. As the twilight lasts until 9 o'clock, we found ourselves in a short time sauntering along this same street on an exploring expedition. It soon brought us to a fine garden also planted, with a fine avenue up the centre and tastefully laid out in gravel walks, flower-plats, shrubberies, &c., interspersed with ponds of water for water-fowl. The palace is situated at the extremity of the avenue and is rather a pretty building. It seemed like a place formed for pleasurable emotions, and to judge from the number of courtships, or flirtations, going on there, I imagine the inhabitants appreciate its advantages. After wandering about in this romantic spot for some time, we turned to take a look at the town. There was not much to be seen there, however. In one of the squares stands a colossal equestrian statue of the Elector John William, one of the former patrons of the place.

31st. Through some mistake, we were detained again to-day, and will in consequence be subjected to the disagreeable necessity of travelling all night. However it afforded us an opportunity of seeing the museum, which after some difficulty we succeeded in finding. Düsseldorf is the best school of modern painting in Germany, and derives its chief importance from this fact. It takes its name from the river Dussel by which it is watered on the south. It is quite an important trading town, and though the Rhine is not navigable here for steamers, much merchandize is brought here by boats from Amsterdam. The museum contains several pretty paint-

ings. I was particularly pleased with a "Hagar in the Wilderness." The collection is small, but those that were there were fresh looking and pretty. We took an unwilling leave of this neat, quiet little town, at 11½ P. M.

June 1st. Passed as comfortable a night as might be expected in the cars, and sped along all day with lightning-like speed in the express train for Berlin. Did not stop long enough in any place to see it. Reached Hanover at daylight, so were spared the inconvenience of stopping there, for the king does not allow the train to pass through at night. The most important place we passed after leaving Hanover was Brunswick, but I saw nothing of it, though I am told it is a quaint looking place. Hurried through Magdeburg and Brandenburg at the same speed, and reached Berlin at 3 P. M., where I shall bring my long epistle to a close for the present, ere your patience is quite exhausted. In my next you shall have my impressions of German life, and what further befalls

Yours, &c., ———

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

In olden times a castle was standing high and free,
Far tower'd it o'er the country unto the deep blue sea;
And round of fragrant gardens a blooming wreath was laid,
Where jets of sparkling fountains in rainbow-lustre played.

There reigned a haughty monarch for lands and conquests known,
He sat so pale and gloomy upon his lofty throne:
For what he thinks is terror and what he looks is wrath,
And what he speaks is torture and what he writes is death.

One wandered to this castle a noble Minstrel-pair,
The one in golden ringlets, the other grey of hair:
Holding his harp, this old man, a gallant steed did ride,
Gayly his young companion was walking by his side.

Then said the aged harper: be ready now, my son,
Our deepest songs remember, pour forth the richest tone;
Take joy and grief together, and all our powers prove—
To-day we make the trial, the king's cold heart to move.

The Minstrels both are standing the royal hall within,
And on the throne are seated the Monarch and his Queen:
The King—in ghastly splendor—as bloody northlight
gleams,
The Queen—so mild and quiet—like the full-moon's sil-
very beams.

Then struck his chords the harper—he struck them won-
drous clear,
That richer, ever richer, their sound flowed to the ear.
Then raised the youth his voice—so heavenly sweet and
strong,
The old man's bass between—like a wail and ghostly
song.

They sing of love and spring-time—of blissful, golden
days,
Of rights of men and freedom—of faith and holiness:
They sing of all that's sweetest, for human breasts to
share;
They sing of all that's highest, for human hearts to dare.

The crowd of courtiers round them forget their jokes to
band,
The Monarch's hardened soldiers in reverent silence
stand;
The Queen dissolved in bliss and wo—her eye in pity
flows,
The rose from off her heaving breast she to the Minstrels
throws.

"Ye have seduced my people—my wife ye now engage!"
The King exclaims in fury, trembling with maddened
rage;
He throws his sword, and gleaming it pierces the youth's
side:
Then ceased the golden music, and gushed life's crimson
tide.

The listening crowds are scattered, as by a whirlwind's
blast:
Upon his master's bosom the youth has breathed his
last.
He wraps him in his mantle, and on his horse does bind
Upright his lifeless figure—then leaves the coast behind.

The lofty gate he passeth; then halts the aged bard:
Upon his harp he seizes—his priceless honored harp—
And 'gainst a marble pillar the golden treasure breaks;
Then shouts he, that his wail of wrath the hollow echo
wakes.

"Wo to this lordly castle! Never may festive song,
Nor minstrelsy and music echo its halls along:
Here let the slave be tenant—here sighs and groans re-
sound,
Till the avenging angel shall raze it to the ground!"

"Wo to these fragrant gardens in this sweet light of
May!
Behold these livid features where life has flown away!
May ye thereat be withered, may every spring be dry;
May ye in future ages in waste and ruin lie!"

"Wo to thee, murderous tyrant! curse of the minstrel-
name,
In vain be all thy strivings for wreaths of bloody fame!
Thy name, be it forgotten, buried in endless death—
Dissolved in empty vapor, like as a dying breath!"

The old man ceased his prayer, and heaven has heard his
cry;
The lofty walls are prostrate, the halls in ruin lie.
To tell of former splendour, yet stands one column tall—
E'en this is rent already, and in one night may fall.

Instead of fragrant gardens, a barren heath around,
Without a tree to shade it or spring to lave the ground.
The monarch's name is written neither in tale nor verse;
Forsaken and forgotten! such is the Minstrel's Curse!

C. M.

PRINCE GEORGE Co., VA.,
January, 1853.

Editor's Table.

A charge of plagiarism has recently been brought by a correspondent of the London Spectator, against the late Edgar A. Poe, whose exquisite poem "To One in Paradise" is alleged to have been stolen from Tennyson. The writer says, "I have had in my possession for some years, a manuscript poem, which I believe, on good authority, to be the composition of the present Laureate, and which certainly bears a remarkable resemblance to the American poem." Here it is, as he gives it.

I.

Thou wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed around about with flowers:
And the flowers they all were mine.

II.

But the dream it could not last,
And the star of life did rise
Only to be overcast.
A voice from out the Future cries,
"Onward!" while o'er the Past
My spirit hovering lies.

III.

Like the murmur of the solemn seas
To sands on the seashore,
A voice is whispering unto me,
"Thy day is past;" and never more
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar.

IV.

And all mine hours are trances,
And all my nights are dreams

Of where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In the maze of flashing dances,
By the slow Italian streams.

Poe's verses, which doubtless many of our readers can repeat from memory, are as follows—

Thou wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers:
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast!
A voice from out the Future cries,
'On! On!' but o'er the Past
(Dim Gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast.

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of life is o'er!
'No more—no more—no more—'
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore.)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar.

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what etherial dances,
By what eternal streams.

There can be no doubt whatever that these poems are the same. The resemblance is close to be explicable on any other supposition than that of a common original. But what evidence have we in support of the allegation that Poe's version was the copy? The writer, whose initials only are given—

"B. D."—tells us that he has had in his possession for years this manuscript poem, which he believes to be Tennyson's. He does not state that Tennyson has ever laid claim to it, or admitted the authorship of it to any one.

But he believes upon 'good authority' that Tennyson wrote it. Now where the authority can be obtained, none other would be 'good.' The Laureate is on the Continent—at least, he is quietly domesticated at Kenham, but a few miles from London, and could be consulted at any hour of the day.

Why did not "G. B. D." take the trouble to learn the facts of the case, before he brought his charge of plagiarism against the poet?

For ourselves, we give no sort of credit to the charge. If, indeed, it were true, why was not the poem included by Mr. Tennyson in the published collections of his writings?

In either version, it is worth some dozen of the 'airy, fairy Lilians,' which grace (or disgrace) the Laureate's volumes, and the Laureate has judgment enough to know this.

* * * * *

We had written so far with regard to "G. B. D." when the Literary World came to us with a letter from Tennyson himself (taken from a later number of the Spectator,) in which he disavows the authorship of the verses attributed to him, and adds that they bear internal evidence of being only the first draught of the Poe version. We do not withdraw our 'item' in consequence of the Laureate's letter, because we think our readers will derive a certain interest from comparing the rough original of a poet's conception with the finished form in which he gives it to the world, and because the poem itself is striking and brilliant enough to be reproduced with pleasure to every lover of the beautiful.

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The New York Daily Times has just commenced the publication of a series of Letters on the "Productions, Industry and Resources of the Slave States," which, we are told by the editor, are from the pen of "an intelligent gentleman," who is now travelling in the South for the purpose of informing himself as to the "character and condition" of the people. No doubt our tourist set out on his travels, as Dr. Johnson went to the Hebrides, with the expectation of seeing a wild race of beings, and, perhaps, with the friendly purpose of inquiring how far they might be capable of being tamed. We know that very many good people in the Northern States conscientiously believe their Southern brethren to be quite as uncivilized as the "salvages" that Capt. Smith encountered on "the banks of the Patowomeck," and certainly it is greatly the habit of Northern writers to ridicule Southern poverty, seeming to derive therefrom much the same delight that Churchill found in satirizing Scotland—

Where webs were spread of more than common size,
And half-starved spiders prey'd on half-starved flies.

But whatever may have been our tourist's notions concerning the Southern people, we commend his determination of visiting them, and we may say here that this is exactly what we wish all well-disposed and well-behaved Northern people, who desire to know something of the South, would do. Let them take this step; let more of the better class of Northern gentlemen make the tour of the Southern States, and there can be no doubt

we shall only think the better of each other. As long as Northern opinion of us is gathered from the pages of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and the lips of such snivelling divines as her reverend brother—as long as the primers of the District Schools of Massachusetts present opposite the word “planter” the pleasing little wood-cut of a man lashing a negro to death,—as long as the editorials of Greeley and the Evening Post concerning the South are received for truth; it will be idle to expect that any just estimate of the Southern character can prevail “beyond the Tweed.” On the other hand, it will not seem surprising that the majority of the Southern people should entertain no very kindly feelings towards New England, when it is remembered that, with few exceptions, the only specimens they see of her inhabitants are the annual swarm of half-educated teachers and peripatetic venders of wooden clocks, which she sends to seek a living between the Potomac and the Rio Grande. For one real scholar that comes to us from her colleges, (and it is remarkable that all of them are graduates of Harvard University,) we have a score who cannot speak their own language correctly; and as for the clocks scattered about the South in a condition of refractory dumbness, we would not undertake to compute their arithmetic, had we the abilities, in that line, of Joe Hume himself.

Let us not be misunderstood on this point. We have not been such careless observers of our countrymen as not to have discovered and respected the better traits of the Northern character. The South owes much to the industry and public virtues of Northern men who have fixed their residence beneath her genial skies. We must admit, too, that among the class of pedagogues and professors who have left their Northern homes to teach the young Southern idea how to shoot, we have met with gentlemen of fine scholarship and rare social worth. All that we contend for is, that the greater number of the Northern *emigrés* are not such persons as are calculated to inspire their Southern neighbours with an overflowing love for New England.

It is on this account that we are gratified whenever an “intelligent gentleman” comes out of that shining and blessed region to illumine, for a brief season, the ‘provinces’ with his presence. We care not what may have been his prejudices. If he is disposed to believe the evidence of his senses and to form his opinions in accordance therewith, we bid him welcome. Being a “gentleman” he will not, of course, ‘run off’ any of our negroes, and coming well commended to Southern hospitality, we venture to say he will have no reason to complain of it.

The correspondent of the New York Times has already published two letters of his series. One of them is from our own city. The temper of it is excellent, and we could not quarrel with him if we would. It was doubtless written in that blissful frame of mind inspired by a good dinner at the American, and a glass of our friend Smith's best Amontillado. But upon a few unimportant matters contained in it, we must say a word. “The streets of Richmond,” says he, “are unpaved, and but few of them are provided with sidewalks other than of gravel.” In reference to this statement, it may be said that all the *business streets* of the city are admirably paved, from side-walk to side-walk, and that there is not a single street which is not provided with a *trottoir* of dry and serviceable brick. Our tourist must keep his eyes open. The American Hotel, he tells us, is an excellent house, (and this we cordially endorse,) but then “the proprietor had served an apprenticeship at the North.” Let us say something anent this. As a general rule, Northern hotels are vastly better than Southern ones. In the larger cities, we think, the balance of *comfort* is on our side, owing to the absence of that throng of guests which, in New York or Boston, secures to each established house a run of custom, whether the proprietors are civil or surly. But taking the public houses in the aggregate throughout the country, the Northern ones are decidedly the more cleanly and comfortable. The reason for this is a very simple one. At a Southern Court House or in a Southern village, no gentleman need ever stop at the tavern as a matter of necessity. He may be an utter stranger, but he will not lack, on that account, a cordial invitation to some gentleman's mansion in the neighbourhood, which, if he has ever tried the Court House tavern, he will not be backward to accept. In New England, a traveller without letters might whistle about the cool streets of one of their lovely little country towns a whole season, without seeing the interior of a private dwelling. Hence the taverns are excellent in the one region and execrable in the other. But to return to our tourist. “I went to the Theatre one night,” he goes on to inform us, “while those delightful pets, the ‘Bateman children’ were performing. Long before the curtain rose every seat was occupied. I have rarely seen a better looking assembly, or one in which there was so large a proportion of fine, *tall*, spirited men, and beautiful, cultivated looking women. The men, however, were greatly deficient in robustness, and the women in stateliness and grace, so that they had by no means an aristocratic or *high-bred* air.” Our fair city friends

this with tears in their eyes. The 'gentleman' from the North does not seem high-bred—have not air, as the poor old Viscountess Caswell was fond of saying. Now, our North may say what he pleases about *men*, but let him deal gingerly with the sex—it is *leze majesté* to say anything against the ladies, and we cannot permit. Let us then declare that if he saw the society of Richmond from no other 'standard of observation' than the Theatre, he is qualified to pass judgment upon it at all. It is rare when the dress-circle of the Theatre presents any brilliant display of beauty and loveliness of Richmond. Now, our Little Pedlington is thrown into an excited state of excitement by some incident as the appearance of Macready in the theatre or the starry phenomenon of Jenny Lind and if Le Grand Smith should come to-morrow as the *avant-courier* of the town would be astir, and at her concert, a stranger would have an opportunity for making up an opinion of the loveliness of the women of Virginia. No such opportunity is afforded. We are of opinion that had our tourist been in the house closely upon almost any of the engagements of the Batemans, he would have seen ladies quite as 'statelily' and 'aristocratically,' if not as 'aristocratic,' as those *mademoiselles* who sit, of opera nights, in *lorgnettes* with barrels as large as pumpkins, upon the front benches at Nibbly. Certainly had he seen the cosy little room of the Athenæum during the lectures of Prof. Rogers, he could not truthfully said anything in disparagement of the 'stateliness' and 'grace' of the women of Richmond.

We have been betrayed into these criticisms by the correspondent of the Times, and some of our readers may seem frivolous in showing that the best tempered and well-meaning of Northern writers say silly things of us. We shall look out for the rest of this traveller's sketches with interest to see how he will like the Americans and Georgians and the rest of the Southern people, *usque ad Gangem*—down to Mississippi.

Dismissing the subject for the present, we are permitted to express our surprise and ignorance of the Editor of the Times, manifested in his editorial remarks introduced in these letters. He says—

"I do not know where to look for an accurate, comprehensive statement of facts, concerning the social, educational, religious and general condition of the Southern States."

We beg to inform him. *De Bow's Industrial Resources of the Southern and Western States*, a noble work in three large octavo volumes, compiled by a thoughtful and industrious scholar, was published to supply these very facts for which the editor of the Times does not know where to look. We commend it to his attention.

Washington City has seldom exhibited in its social circles so shining a display of literary notability as within a few weeks past. With Mr. Everett in the Department of State and Mr. Kennedy in that of the Navy, the last hours of the outgoing administration have been brightened with quite an intellectual sunshine. The presence of Mr. Irving and Thackeray, too, has imparted to the balls and assemblies an interest not usual to such festivities. The lectures of the latter gentleman, alternating with *soirées dansantes* and 'æsthetic teas' have made the nights really ambrosial. Thackeray is to reach Richmond about the 1st of March, and goes hence to the South, where his genial wit and soul-subduing pathos will be highly enjoyed with the other 'delicacies of the season.' Hayne, 'my boy,' as Pendennis would say, we commend him to thy deserving.

The following little song is one of Tennyson's most graceful and musical productions. Indeed it may be said to *sing itself*: Mr. Vincent Wallace, who has arranged it to music, could add nothing to its melody. Like many other of Tennyson's smaller pieces, it has been leading a precarious life in the corners of newspapers:—we think the readers of the Messenger will thank us for rescuing it from the quickly perishing columns of the daily press. It is styled

CRADLE SONG.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea;
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the drooping moon and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my pretty one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon,
Rest, rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon,
Sleep my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep.

Everybody who has read the Pickwick Papers (and who has not?) must remember the funny story of Sam Weller concerning the jailer of the Fleet who, having long permitted a prisoner to spend his evenings without the walls, threatened once if he didn't come in earlier to lock him out altogether. A similar 'yarn' is told of a most worthy old gentleman, whom we will call the Major, once placed in charge of the Penitentiary of the District of Columbia. The appointment was made by the President, and the Major, not a little elated by his new dignity, invited some friends to witness his investiture, which he proposed to signalize by a speech to the inmates of the establishment. They accordingly accompanied the Major to the Penitentiary, in the inner court of which these individuals of secluded habits were drawn up in line. The Major stepped out, and, with a graceful flourish of the hand, commenced his address. "Gentlemen!—hem—No," said he "you're not gentlemen—Fellow-citizens! hem—No I'll swear you're not fellow-citizens—Convicts! I have just been appointed by the President of these United States, Warden of this Penitentiary. Now I wish to say to you that it is my design to have everything conducted here in the most orderly manner, and I would like you distinctly to understand that the first rascal of you that makes a fuss *shall be kicked out of the establishment—he sha'nt stay here at all!*"

Looking over some English catalogues of rare and curious books, sent to us the other day by that excellent and intelligent bibliophile, John Penington of Philadelphia, our eye fell upon the following curious item. It asserts a fact of which we were not before informed—

STERNE'S Sentimental Journey through France and Italy, 2 vols. 12mo. FIRST EDITION, calf, 15s. 1768.

"In this copy there is a very curious MS. note noticing the author's death, 18th March, 1768, and that he was buried at Marybone, but afterwards his corpse was taken up by persons employed by the surgeons, and being sent to Cambridge was known to the Professor of Anatomy as it lay in the Theatre ready for dissection. The writer then says the Rev. Mr. Green of Fering told him that being at Cambridge a little time after, he saw the skeleton, and had this anecdote, which was in the public papers, confirmed to him by the Professor. Alas, poor Yorick!"

If this be true, in what cruel conflict does it not come with the inscription upon Sterne's tomb—*Ah! molliter ossa requiescant!*

The Hon. Robert M. Charlton of the Senate of the United States, has recently delivered before the "Young Men's Christian Association" of Washington City, a Lecture on the "Rule of Life," which abounds in striking thoughts and poetic imagery. One little passage on "one little word" we quote for the benefit of the fraternity of bachelors among whom we have many readers:

"One little word! How it changes our destiny—how it controls our feelings. Madame De Stael said, that she could never hear the word "no more," without being melted into tears. A shorter, simpler word than that has made many a stouter heart writhe in agony. Oh, ye incredulous bachelors—oh, ye men who crawl through life amid the darkness and desolation of your "single blessedness," whose day is without a sun, and whose night without a moon, what is it that has brought you to your wretched estate? what is it that has wrapped your hearts in the drapery of misery, and left you outcasts upon the beautiful earth? Ah, there was a day, (perhaps it was a night,) when you knelt at the feet of some imperious beauty, and commencing with a plaintive strain, as soft as the moaning of Spring's blandest zephyr, told her of your love, and bent to hear her whispered answer. The liquid lips of beauty have moved. They utter a single word. If it had been "yes," your life would have been a perpetual sunshine—every beautiful glowing tint of love's blue sky would have been yours—every year of your existence would have been marked by diamond mile posts, each one brighter than the last—angel eyes, clothed in human drapery, would have glanced upon you—thy footsteps pattering upon the floor would have found their echoes in your heart—prattling, lisping voices would have warbled for you earth's sweetest music—and when you passed away, and the soft tears of affection had fallen upon the green turf that covered you, the fragrant little "forget-me-nots," called up by those tears, would have blossomed upon your grave, and men would have written for your epitaph, "here lies all that remains of a devoted husband and an affectionate father!" But, alas! it was not "yes," that lady said; it was a smaller word—it was "no!" and here you are this day, and what are you? Don't tell me that you are happier—that it has saved you from a load of misery—that it has kept you from the lashings of a shrewish tongue—that it has given to you the comfort of a quiet home—that it has preserved you from the misery of a broken heart. If it has done all this, it proves my theory, for all this has been accomplished, by one of the smallest words in the English language. But has it effected this for you? When you lie down to rest to-night, ask your own heart that question, and it will give, in a sadder and more plaintive tone, the same answer that the lady gave you—"No!"

Our friend, Mrs. Stowe, has been lately of infinite service to the theatres of Paris. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' dramatized after a peculiarly French fashion, and made attractive by plentiful blue-fire and young ladies in scanty muslin, is the last strong card at all the chief places of amusement in the French.

polis. From the accounts we have of presentations, we should judge the Playwrights have been pretty free with tory. The authoress would probably should she visit the *Gaiété*, her whole inery turned *Topsy-turvy*. George and escape to Canada by going down the

The 'property man' has made this of gauze to meander through that land-teboard, as he had an unquestionable to do. although the arrangement of na-is somewhat different. Uncle Tom is killed by Legree, but gets off with a baso, and the audience, by way of compensation for being thus defrauded of the pleascitement of the murder, are treated a bloody duel with rifles, between Leand George Shelby, which winds up the cal affair. "They order these things r in France."

There is a rather pointed epigram from a spondent who seems to have 'suffered' dull sermonizing—

a long and prosy exhortation "To heed not the of time and sense."

Your text and you agreed right prime,
Dear Phil, in every mood and tense;
For while you paid no heed to time,
You meddled not with things of sense.

An amusing little passage occurred a few since at the police court of our city, een our worthy Mayor and a country leman, who had found himself, the even-revious, in a condition of 'gentlemanly' riation and in the watch-house. He red in a middle name, the initial of which "Q," and on being asked what that letood for, replied 'Q-riosity.' After some ination the Mayor leniently said the of-er should be discharged if he would ise to amend and give up the bottle.," said he, "I can never think of deng that friend to whom I am indebted for rivilege of making your Honor's acquaint-."

We welcome to our sanctum the "Pen and il," a handsome weekly journal of Cincati, edited by W. Wallace Warden, Esq. cover is adorned with an engraved title ficant of the aims of the work itself. speare sits on one side and Rubens on ther; while upon a scroll above them scribed the names of Milton, Dryden, and others. One omission is unparble in a Cincinnati enterprise. Why d the name of *Bacon* not appear? y he should be appreciated in what some as called the *American Ham-burg*.

Notices of New Works.

THE WAR OF ORMUZD AND AHRIMAN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By HENRY WINTER DAVIS. Baltimore: James S. Waters.

If we were disposed to rap the critical serule over the knuckles of a gentleman whom we have long known and admired as an accomplished scholar, we do not think we could be furnished with a more provoking cause to do so, than is seen in the bizarre title of this volume. To all such as happen to be ignorant of Ormuzd and Ahriman, we may say that they are the impersonations of good and evil in the Persian mythology, and that their strange names have been adopted by Mr. Davis to symbolize the struggle between liberty and despotism in the Nineteenth Century; to a consideration of which his essay is devoted. The title strikes us as in bad taste and especially ill-suited to an historical treatise, wherein fanciful conceits find no legitimate resting place.

Turning to the volume itself, we find it to consist of an eloquent and powerfully drawn story of the annals of Europe from the Congress of Vienna to the assumption of the Imperial dignity by Louis Napoleon. Passing from a nervous exposition of the acts and motives of the 'Holy Alliance,' we are carried into the dominions of the parties individually, and made to see the operation of the causes which led successively to the outbreaks in France, Poland, Germany and Hungary. Mr. Davis shows, we think, the highest qualifications for a historian, and no narrative with which we are acquainted combines and condenses facts into a more orderly arrangement or succinct form. The *purpose* of the present volume seems to be the inculcation of the doctrine of American intervention in European affairs as the only means of counteracting the spread of despotic power in the colossal growth of the Russian Empire. Though we cannot agree with Mr. Davis in all his conclusions, we must say he bears the reader along with him irresistibly upon the surge of a rapid and brilliant eloquence. The concluding passage will perhaps exhibit the energy of his style as well as any other that we can quote. It has reference to the part America is to play (according to Mr. Davis) in European politics—

"God does not mark the future on the face of the heavens or of the earth. The sun will not be veiled in blackness nor will the moon be turned to blood that we may be warned of the coming desolation. The day of our death is in no wise different from the day of our birth. The heavens do not frown when the earth is stained with crime, nor are they illumined with unusual splendor when liberty and virtue are triumphant. The flood rushed over an astonished world, invading the nuptial couch and the festive board. The amphitheatre resounded with the gladiator's groan and the wild beast's yell, while the Lord of Peace lay meekly in the manger. The great convulsion of modern times broke—like the trump of the final day—on the ear of the thoughtless revellers: and the earthquake which lately covered Europe with ruins, came unheralded save by the preternatural calm. One moment the waters were as glass—the next all foam and fury, kings' hearts failing them for fear, and the fountains of the great deep broken up to overwhelm them.

"No man can say what a day may bring forth. —No

man is a safe counsellor in the affairs of this Republic, who is willing to trust its fate to the treacherousness and shifting chances of the morrow. Let us be as they who watch for the morning.

"Whenever the trumpet shall sound for that judgment day, I look to see the stars and stripes of the Republic—the tri-color of the west—streaming in matchless splendor over the banners of freedom. Her youthful maturity has waxed strong by the blessings of freedom, till now her power surpasses that of France when she followed Napoleon to Moscow. Her children bless with grateful voices the God of their fathers who gave them liberty to enjoy, to protect, to transmit, and to spread. They hail the day which summons them to the field, and cheerfully recognize the duty they owe to the world they have roused. By their example has Europe been waked out of sleep; at their voice have her sons grasped the sword and died the death of the free; on them has God conferred the precious guardianship of the sacred fire; and on them, as on the priests of a holy religion, rests the high duty of its propagation. They have lured man from the quiet and safe repose in patriarchal despotism to the knowledge of his high destiny, and inspired him with the resolution to enjoy its precious fruits. On them rests the great privilege of succoring their offspring in the day of its need; of adding the power of arms to the resistless power of their example; of proving that the magnanimous spirit of liberty is equal to its pacific blessings; of maintaining in the face of fiercest despots, the rights of mankind. Rather let the pillars of the Republic shake to their foundations, and her lofty battlements be overwhelmed, bearing with them the last hope of Liberty on earth, than that she should falter in the terrible hour, or swerve from the bloodiest path she may be called to tread. Let her sun set—if it so please God—not the pale shadow of its early splendor, dimly shining through a long and languid twilight, accompanied to its rest by the requiem of the night-birds that succeed to its realm—not thus be thy fall, O my country!—but rather let her sun shining in meridian splendor, blazing at the zenith in its high calling, suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye—when the world may no more be free—plunge in midday to endless night.

"So shall men, remembering thy greatness, say that thy fall was worthy of thy glory!"

SHAKSPEARE AND HIS TIMES. *M. Guizot.* New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

This work displays, in all their full power, all the extraordinary generalization and philosophic insight, for which M. Guizot is remarkable. We may safely say that his famous "History of Civilization" contains nothing more profound or striking than some of the views presented in these criticisms of Shakspeare. No commentator of whom we have any knowledge, has taken at the same time such just and enlarged views of the productions of this greatest of all geniuses. Hazlitt's commentaries on Shakspeare are delightful reading—full of striking ideas, original thoughts; and certainly no admirer of the great bard can find fault with the tone of the criticisms. But it is precisely herein that Hazlitt's error lies. His admiration for Shakspeare was, ("not to speak it profanely,") too great: doubtless all that he has said of the author of "Hamlet" and "Othello" is just; but Shakspeare was too completely a demi-god to the writer: he was too wholly above and beyond human nature. Hazlitt fell down in absolute idolatry before *all* his crea-

tions great and small. Homer never slept for him, but was always excessively "wide awake." This admission exerted an unhappy influence on his criticisms: we can find no fault with them—but we find in them no discrimination, no original views, no new thoughts brought to bear upon the productions of his author. The commentator is dazzled by all alike: the whole tissue is cloth of gold.

Guizot has also a profound respect and admiration for Shakspeare: indeed a respect and admiration far more profound than we had any reason to suppose a Frenchman could feel; but he discriminates largely. There are here some new views—wholly new, which is certainly a merit of the first order in a commentator. We were particularly struck with the author's reflections on the historical plays, or, as they were called, *histories*—in contradistinction with the *tragedies* proper, as "Othello," "Lear" and "Hamlet." We can only refer the reader to the passage. It is too long to quote.

M. Guizot displays an acquaintance with English literature and manners which we should feel much surprised at finding him possessed of, were he not that wonderful animal called a Frenchman. He has here shown a very complete and accurate erudition upon a subject which many Americans and Englishmen too know little of—the life of England in Shakspeare's time. We recommend his essay to all descriptions of readers. The style is the same as that of the "History of Civilization"—forcible, flowing, and picturesque, but running everywhere in the *generalizing* model. On page 15 the reader will find a favorable specimen. M. Guizot cannot understand that some subjects require *familiar* treatment; and never, under any circumstances, is he able to comprehend a joke. See his remarkable account of Dekker's "Gul's Home-booke,"—which was a pure satire, and which M. Guizot takes for solemn earnest.

PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. By E. J. Lossing. In Two Volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

As the different numbers of this noble work have appeared, we have called attention to the originality of its plan, the grace and authenticity of its illustrations and its unrivalled national interest. We confess, however, that the complete work now before us more than realizes the high idea we have formed of its value as a serial publication; and we know not which most to admire, the artistic skill or the patient enterprise of the author. Here we have a complete pictorial chart of the war of the Revolution, a complete portrait-gallery of its heroes and martyrs, and a narrative of events full of life, truth and details. The times, incidents and characters of these memorable days are thus permanently impressed on the memory, imagination and heart. The book is a patriot's scripture, and ere many months will be found on every farm-house table and in every district and private library. It is the picturesque, the anecdotal, the biographical story of the Revolution; it embalms its spirit, embodies its facts, paints its scenes. Mr. Lossing has done infinite service by rescuing from oblivion such an amount of reliques, memorials, effigies. As an artist and an author he has accomplished an elaborate and most honorable task, and the publishers have done justice to his conception. We are not surprised that the first men of letters

and of state in our country, have given to these volumes their warmest commendation; and we are confident that American public will confirm their praise and liberal obtain so patriotic an enterprise.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, *Poet Laureate, &c.* Edited by HENRY REED, *Professor of English Literature in the University of Philadelphia.* Philadelphia: Published by Truitt and Hayes. 1852. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.]

This is altogether the best edition ever published in America, of the works of the great founder of the last school of Poetry. It embraces the entire poetical remains of the Laureate—the *Prelude*, his *Occasional Odes* & *epics*, etc. The name of Prof. Reed as Editor is sufficient assurance of the good taste and judgment with which the materials of the volume have been arranged, while its excellent typography will commend it to all who desire a fine library copy of Wordsworth's Poems. The publishers, we believe, have but recently entered the literary public favor; if they continue to bring out such volumes as this, their success is certain.

CATTLE AVON. *By the Author of "Ravenscliffe," &c.* New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853.

KATE STEWART. A Novel from Blackwood. San Francisco: [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.]

The first of these novels is by the most tender and true of the female authors of England—Mrs. Marsh, whose sentences in delineating character is only equalled by the sympathetic charm with which she invests her narrative, by which the feelings at once and chain attention to the end. *Cattle Avon* is worthy of the pen that wrote the *Two Old Men's Tales*, and better than some of the imaginary fictions by the same hand.

In *Kate Stewart* there are some fine pictures of Scotland; the interiors are well done; and a scene of a prison is admirably painted. The story is true to nature and sweetly told. It is worthy of its present extensive publication, having been very much admired in Blackwood.

THE EXPERIENCE OF LIFE. *By E. M. Scoll, author of "Amy Herbert," &c.* New York. D. Appleton Company, 200 Broadway. 1853. [From Nash & Woolson, 129 Main Street.]

The popular author of *Gertrude* and other excellent works of fiction, combining unexceptionable merit to wit interest of plot and character, has, in this volume produced an entertaining and instructive novel. The story is well told and natural; the characters are unexaggerated and the tone of the book pure. It is an excellent book for the family circle and the young. The same publisher has also just issued a very good juvenile book by the same author, *The Tell Tale*.

New York as a Visitor is the quaint title of a new guide to the memorable places of that city, now in preparation.

It is anecdotal, descriptive and full of curious details. It will delight old Knickerbockers and inform young ones; there is some pleasant gossip in it and many illustrations. We understand the author is Mr. Frederic Saunders, whose book on London with the same design proved such a hit last year.

TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS' NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Every two or three weeks we have the pleasure to record the appearance of one of those neatly printed and handsomely bound works from the press of Ticknor, Reed & Fields of Boston, whose imprint is an assurance of a choice specimen of literature. Among those recently issued are several worthy of special attention, and which the library of no man of taste should be without. First we have another new volume of DeQuincey, "*Essays on the Poets*," the previous collections having met with great success. All who have read any of this author's descriptive papers, will eagerly possess themselves of a set of heart-stirring narrative pieces—perhaps the most characteristic emanations of De Quincey's genius. They enchant the intellect and sympathies with a magic spell. In addition to this acceptable book, we have from the same source, a new work on Spain, from the pen of S. Peckle Wallis, Esq., of Baltimore, which is likely to win a large popularity. Mr. Wallis is a finished scholar, who has made the storied land of the Campesador a special study, and by long study of its literature and frequent pilgrimages to its classic localities has become entirely familiar with the genius and institutions of the country. Some of his earliest researches into Castilian lore adorned the pages of the *Messenger*, and of a former work entitled "*Glimpses of Spain*," we had occasion to speak in terms of warm commendation. No foreign land can now be so understandingly studied by the English reader as Spain in the pages of Borrow, Ford and Wallis.

Another recent publication of Messrs. Ticknor & Co., is a novel by the author of "*Mary Barton*," with the simple title of "*Ruth*." It is an affecting story of sin and shame and expiation and atonement, whereby the author would seem to aim at bringing herself within the class of religious novelists. Our limits do not admit of our giving even an outline of the narrative: we may therefore content ourselves with saying that, to some extent, it is a repetition of the repentant Magdalene, executed with delicacy, earnestness and beauty. Some of the lighter characters, designed to relieve the pain which the tale is calculated to give the sympathetic reader, are admirably drawn, and remind us of the blunt, honest and ludicrous figures in the Flemish school of painting. All these works are for sale by A. Morris.

The press of Redfield has been busy of late with some admirable works. O'MEARA'S *NAPOLEON IN EXILE*, a book upon whose merits and lively interest it is unnecessary for us to decant, is brought out in excellent season, now that *Napoleon le petit*, the new Emperor, is occupying so large a space in the eyes of the world. O'Meara was fast getting out of print, and was to be found only in large libraries, when Redfield wisely determined to place it within the reach of every body. A new book from the author of the *Study of Words* is something to be grateful

for. We have it here under the title of the *Lessons in Proverbs*. Mr. Trench will derive additional fame as a scholar from his agreeable researches into proverbial lore. His lectures might well be styled "Proverbial Philosophy," if Tupper had not rendered that phrase odious in all ears. The *Speeches* of Thomas Babington Macaulay in two handsome volumes in another benefaction of Mr. Redfield. Sparkling and antithetical as his *Essays* and specious as some passages in his *History*, these forensic displays of Macaulay will take their place among the classic Orations of England's eloquent Statesmen of all time.

Macaulay is indeed a marvel. At once the most versatile and the most similar of writers, he now delights us with a bit of exquisite versification, and now bears us up on the tide of an impassioned rhetoric, thundering in the Senate house or whispering in the vale of Tempe, yet Macaulay still, unmistakable Macaulay—*toujours le même*.

J. W. Randolph has all these works for sale.

From Messrs. G. M. West & Brother, we have received two recent English publications bearing the imprint of Messrs. Ingram, Cooke & Co., the well known publishers of the *Illustrated London Library*. One of these, a large and well printed octavo, is a popular life of the Duke of Wellington, with spirited wood-cuts of passages in his eventful career. It is from the pen of J. H. Stocqueler, Esq., a military writer of some reputation. The narrative seems to us perspicuously drawn, though with that intense admiration of the subject almost amounting to idolatry, which makes every Englishman blind to the weaknesses of the hero of Waterloo. The work when completed, will be in two volumes, of which the first is now before us. The other work is a charming little series of American Sketches by Sealsfield, the German writer whose sudden appearance in literature, some years since, was attended with so much *eclat*. It is adorned with several capital engravings on wood.

J. W. Randolph has sent us two other recent English books from the press of Bohn. They belong respectively to the *Standard* and *Classical Libraries* of that enterprising publisher, and will be acceptable to the large class of readers who have already stocked their shelves with the former issues. In one of these books, three Roman historians are translated together—Sallust, Florus and Paternulus: in the other we are presented with M. Guizot's *Lectures on the History of Representative Government*.

Messrs. Bangs, Bros. & Co., are the American agents of both Ingram, Cooke & Co., and Bohn, and are ready to fill any orders addressed to their warehouse in Park Row, New York.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS. Edited by Robert Chambers. In Four Volumes. Vol. IV. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1853.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. III. Same Publishers. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

The fourth volume of Chambers' edition of Burns and the third of Agnes Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of*

Scotland have just appeared. We have commended both works as excellent specimens of biographical and critical writing, and they have already a standard character. The new volumes of the royal memoirs are written in the same spirit of good taste and careful research as their predecessors, while Chambers' edition of the Scotch poet has superseded all others on account of its completeness.

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE. New York: Geo. P. Putnam & Co. 10 Park Place. 1853. [From A. Morris, 87 Main Street.

This book is well entitled 'an old friend in a new dress.' It is very amusing, and we advise all troubled with the blue-devils to read it. The wood cuts are as clear as they are funny; the quotations apt, and the dialogue full of repartee and suggestion. It is very neatly printed and bound.

Among the pleasantest of our exchanges is the *Literary World*. Decided as has been the success of this journal, we think it would circulate more extensively, if the fact were generally known, that besides being the very best compendium of literary intelligence published in the country, it is always filled with racy and agreeable criticisms, sketches and essays. In reading the editorials, one feels the comfortable assurance of communing with sensible men who know what they have to say and how most delightfully to say it.

An excellent reprint of "Household Words by Charles Dickens," is issued by McElrath & Lord of New York, at the low price of Two Dollars and a Half a year. It is an exact fac simile of the English journal, and contains in addition thereto, a summary of American news done by a skilful hand.

De Bow's Review for 1853 presents a greatly improved appearance; the enterprising proprietor having brought it out in new and larger type. No work in this country deserves greater success than this, and simple justice to its claims on the part of the South would place it upon a basis of enduring prosperity. *Apropos* of this, we cannot resist again calling the attention of our readers to the *Industrial Resources of the South and West* compiled by De Bow. It may be found at all the large book stores in the United States, and J. W. Randolph and A. Morris have it for sale in Richmond.

We continue to receive from Messrs. Nash & Woodhouse the *Foreign Reviews* and Blackwood. "My Novel" is at last completed—we record the fact with sorrow, for the sweet satisfaction, derived from its monthly perusal, had grown to be a craving of our intellectual nature, and what to do now, without our regular communings with Riccabocca and Violante and Harley L'Estrange and Leonard, we know not.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

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NO. 4.

CHARITY WHICH DOES NOT BEGIN AT HOME.*

Bob.—Daddy, Sam's been stealin' lots o' sugar from the great China-dish.

Daddy, (*much affected at hearing of Sam's immorality.*) Lord pity the wickedness of this world! But are you sure of it, Bob?

Bob.—Sure on it! That I is. I seen him do the darned wicked thing with my own eyes, Dad; and I knows it was no sham, 'case I gin him one o' my old marbles, and I promised him not to make a fuss about it, and then he gin me one-half o' the sweetenin'. Lor' Dad, did you think Sam was so wicked? It hurts my feelins mightily to think on't, and I hopes the Almighty will punish him like all fire."

Dad, absorbed in meditation, perhaps upon the wickedness of the age, forgets to give Bob any answer to his last pious reflection upon Bob's misconduct.

Now it would seem in Mr. John Bull's opinion, Uncle Sam has been stealing the sugar, i. e., he has been, and is, according to John, indulging himself in the *dolce far niente* of luxurious idleness, making black fingers work for him, and Mr. John's feelins are mightily hurt to think on't. He is telling Dad of it every hour of the day; now bel-lowing and now whining out his dolefuls for the benefit and information of the doubting world. Sam is at the sugar, and there's no sham about it, and John most righteously hopes to see him yet get "all fire" to pay off the enjoyment.

Dear philanthropic brother John, ought you not to remember that you have had your share of the "sweetenin'?" Are you not indeed daily licking your lips under the enjoyment? Do penance, dear brother. At

* Blackwood's Magazine, January, 1853: Article—"Slavery and the Slave Power in the United States of America."

Westminster Review, January, 1853: Article—"American Slavery and Emancipation by the Free States."

least deny yourself the privilege of sharing in the results of this iniquity. Touch not our sugar, brother: let your lords and ladies "do their meetings" without their *sweetenin'*. Touch not our cotton, brother: let your manufacturers go starve; let your empty ships return to rot in your docks. Taste not the *sweetenin'*; and then if you have time and disposition for the amusement, you may with more show of justice pitch "all fire" at the guilty Sam.

Fanaticism is a horse apt enough to take the bit in its teeth; but the rabid madness which is at present instilling itself, so to speak, through the veins of the civilized world, is no longer simple fanaticism, but a death-spreading poison. The mad-dog is loose! or, rather the slow aspic is hissing at your ears. Sleepers, for your lives, awake!

What do these people mean?—Is this all talk or earnest? Do they really, seriously, wish to abolish slavery? Scarcely; and yet what mean these constantly renewed attacks? On they come, in spite of argument, reasoning, entreaty. Another and another and another! It seems as though the line would indeed "stretch out to the crack of doom." And worse than the worst of Egypt's plagues, the furrow of its track is sweeping desolation. Piled upon the heap of similar offerings to their goddess of Reason, (rather is it not Unreason?) the January number of Blackwood throws in its mite of folly. Let us, (although weary of similar tasks,) glance at its arguments.

"The cotton-shrub which seventy years ago was grown only in gardens as a curiosity, yields now to the United States an amount of exportable produce which, in the year ending with June, 1850, amounted to seventy-two millions of dollars, of which from thirty to forty millions were clear profit to the country. With its increased growth has sprung up that mercantile navy, which now waves its stripes and stars over every sea, and that foreign influence which has placed the internal peace, we may say the subsistence of millions, in every manufacturing

country in Europe, within the power of an oligarchy of planters."

Leaving out the side hit at the "oligarchy of planters," which is evidently intended to excite democratic jealousies, (not a very wise stroke by-the-way for an English tory,) would any body believe that the above extract was taken from a bitter, anti-slavery article? We take it for granted that no one whose education has passed the first ten pages of his spelling-book, is fool enough to imagine that American cotton can be produced without negro-labour in a region where, as the reviewer tells us, (in perhaps rather stronger terms than are literally true,) that

"The climate in the hot season is rife with fever and fatal to the constitution of the white man."

We give his own words to prove his knowledge of the fact that the cotton crop is thus dependent upon negro-labour. How incapable the negro is of managing his own labour without white superintendence, is made sufficiently evident by the history and habits of his race for four thousand years back. Vainly has modern effort endeavored to put him on another footing. A glance at St. Domingo and Jamaica sufficiently proves the futility of such efforts. Luxuriant deserts, these islands stand before us, showing, like tattered robes of royalty, the soiled but costly vestiges of what they have been. Thus, then, the reviewer tells us in almost so many words, that the cotton crop is *dependent upon the institution of slavery*. He tells us that this crop gives to the United States an *immense revenue*, and an *almost boundless foreign influence*. He tells us that it is necessary to the *internal peace* and to the *subsistence of millions in every manufacturing country in Europe*, and with the same breath exclaims, *abolish it! abolish it!*

Once in the history of the world we have heard the insane cry, "*Crucify him! Crucify him!*" and the good and the holy, the just and the pure, blown upon by the popular breath, misrepresented by envy and bigotry, was adjudged vile and iniquitous! Ye zealots of progress beware that in your folly, ye crucify not again the spirit of Wisdom, the incarnate good! God breathes throughout his universe the beautiful law of order: cer-

tain beings to certain ends. Such is the invariable and regulating influence of creation. It is not always an easy lesson to read the mystery of God, and oftentimes the object and destiny of the creature is a long time in developing itself to human intellects. Once developed, however, how beautifully does *God's system* justify itself to the querulous fault-finder! The useless becomes useful; the lawless falls into order; the supposed deformity proves itself beautiful, and Reason learns to worship and adore the over-ruling power which it dared to dispute. *Certain beings to certain ends*. God has no higher law in sublunary things, and stamped upon creation, its beautiful effects are daily more and more developing themselves. Herein consists the world's true progress. "Obey and live." Man's reason is given him to *find* the way which Omniscience points; never to *create* a newer track. Its piddling efforts to clear for itself a way in opposition to the Almighty rule of order, produce those mighty cataclysms in the moral world at which we gaze and shudder. Blind moles! thinking to build their tiny homes, how often have men shaken down over their own heads the magnificent structures of ages! Such a work is now going on in this grubbing about the foundations of negro-slavery. God has made this world for use. The alluvial soil of the United States, as well as, no doubt, the ice-bound rocks of those polar regions, of which as yet we read not the destiny, have their use and object. Our destiny is at present plainly enough marked. Cotton, the great peace-maker of the world, the destined civilizer of unexplored realms, the link of nations,—cotton is our destiny. The negro only can cultivate cotton. He cannot cultivate it without the white man's rule. Then, with the white man's rule, cultivate it he must,—cultivate it he will,—in spite of lords and ladies, North-Britishers and Blackwoods. All the fashionable twaddle, now so prevalent about "free and equal," "human rights," "the dignity of man," &c., must give way to the stringent laws of nature. *Certain beings to certain ends*. The man and woman are not equal. They are different, and created to different purposes and different ends. The white man and the negro are *not* equal. The Anglo-Saxon and his Coolie subject are

not equal; the philosopher and the idiot are not equal; the sage and the madman are not equal:—all have their destiny in life—all, no doubt, far beyond the perception of our feeble faculties, contribute to the working out of some useful purpose in an all-wise system of creation: but all are different. Some must rule and some must submit. Equality is simply anarchy. At certain periods of excitement, society, or at least an active portion of it, has been frequently seized with a kind of intermittent delirium for progress; and in the wild struggles of its maniac efforts tramples under foot the very object at which it aims. Through such a phase we are now passing, and “negro-mania” is decidedly at this crisis the prominent form of disease; a form more virulent than any heretofore exhibited. The inventors and propagators of philanthropic aphorisms have oftenest been confined in their aspirations to a *white* Utopia. Even Sir Thomas More, we presume, would have been strangely startled, if in his own dream-land some big “Daddy Cuffee” had come forward to claim a prominent position. Until the last half-century, the negro has, as a people, been literally unknown in the civilized world, and still in the greater part of it, is unknown. Men have been legislated for on one broad principle, as though all men were white men; and herein lies the blunder of European philanthropists. They know nothing of the negro, and persist in regarding him as a black white-man. They talk of “the prejudices of colour,” as though in colour lay the material difference between the races, and wish to legislate and to force us to legislate according to the wild results of their own ignorant speculations upon the *general nature* of man, entirely ignoring all abstract differences of race. The negro is certainly a man; but as certainly and most emphatically not a white man with a black mask; and no individual or people who has not habitually associated with him and studied him in his habits and nature, can be in any way fitted to legislate for him. We defend the system of African slavery as existing among us, not upon the ground of *temporary expediency*, but as a *fixed and permanent necessity* from the nature of things and the nature of men, as exhibited in their varieties of race. Negro-slavery is only destined to

die out upon this continent, when God destines the race also to die out from among us. Then, and no sooner, will the negro be left, (the melancholy refuse of a society to which his existence has become a burden,) to pass away as the red man has passed before him. In the mean time his comfort and safety are in slavery, and like every creation of God, he is beautifully fitted to his intended position. In every characteristic of mind and body he is suited to it. To him, bodily comfort is the height of enjoyment. The liberty for which the white man longs, the negro never dreams of. The rights for which the white man dies, the negro cannot comprehend. He may be made discontented by injudicious interference, but enlightened upon any abstract point of human rights, he cannot be; his nature is not susceptible of the necessary impulses and trains of thought. In the drawing up of our American declaration of independence, the negro was evidently considered as *not a man*, in the sense in which the word “man” is there used. “All men are born free and equal” evidently meant all white men, all men of our own race, possessing our instincts and our inclinations, are born free and equal. Our forefathers no more thought of including the negro in their acceptance of the word man, than they were prepared for a similar admission of the word female-man, as is now and with equal plausibility claimed by our progressive ladies. The assumed position of equality even in the limited sense which we adopt is plainly a false one. There is no such thing as equality possible or desirable among the masses of society. Differences and grades are almost as numerous as individuals. But such we may presume to have been the interpretation, which in the enthusiasm of their struggle for disfranchisement from foreign bondage, our ancestors put upon these words. They claimed liberty for themselves, but certainly *not* for their slaves. Nothing but wilful perversion, or idiotic imbecility, could suppose any application of the words sufficiently comprehensive to include the negro; when, at the very moment of the signing of the declaration the larger number of its subscribers and their constituents were holding property in slaves, and so little thinking of abandoning it, that

in the formation of our constitution, every arrangement was made for the perpetuation and security of the institution.

The Blackwood reviewer goes on, in direct contradiction of his own above-quoted statement with regard to the immense prosperity accruing to the United States from our institution of negro-slavery, to prove by argument, the degradation and general condition of pining degeneracy which it entails upon the slave-holding States. It does appear to us that these two results are so palpably incompatible, as to bear upon their face the stamp of irrationality. How can the degradation, the semi-prostration of one-half, or nearly one-half of a country contribute to the prosperity of the whole? Let us, however, one by one, meet the statements by which he endeavors to prove that we are suffering under a Providential dispensation. "The fathers ate sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

First: this retribution is seen in the fact that our negroes are in the course of nature increasing, and thus, although the immense influx of immigration causes the white population to increase still more rapidly, the slave power is, by a very curious *non sequitur*, becoming proportionably stronger in all governmental questions, and the slaves themselves will, in ten years more, become so numerous and dangerous, that "having the best blood of the States* flowing in their veins, and all their interests, hopes and aspirations opposed to those of the white population," they will be disposed and able to eat up their masters, or perform some other such terrible operation. Their masters meanwhile, "with the constant fear of insurrection" before their eyes, are already frightened half out of their senses, and by way of soothing the irritated slave, amuse themselves with various acts of wanton cruelty, which will of course increase in number and atrocity, in equal proportion with their increasing trepidations. Therefore the slave States are ardently desirous of maintaining the Union intact, and inasmuch as nothing can induce them to leave it, they thus put it

* This constantly repeated slander is about as true as it would be to assert that the brothels of England are the regular and habitual resort of all that is highest and noblest in the land.

in perpetual danger of dissolution, (these paradoxes cost nothing to our reviewer,) and because it is so important to them in their enfeebled and perilous situation to keep upon good terms with the more powerful free States, they constantly ride over them, with an outrageous assumption of power, "controlling cabinets, influencing diplomacy, and determining the public choice for all the great offices of State."

We have no argument to combat here. The reviewer saves us the trouble, and as fast as he raises a difficulty, most obligingly knocks it down for us. The thing is black because it is white, is the amount of his reasoning. He then goes on to point out two circumstances in which he says,

"We seem to perceive the finger of Providence manifestly interfering to maintain for the present and extend this melancholy institution."

The finger of Providence *manifestly interferes to maintain* slavery, but the wiser reviewer knows better than Providence, and condemns it as a *melancholy institution!* One of these circumstances he calls the rejection of the bill reported to the Congress of the confederation in 1781 to exclude slavery from the territory then ceded by Virginia to the United States. The other is the immense increase of the annual cotton produce which has in the space of about sixty years passed from one million to about 1,500,000,000 and made "the subsistence of millions" dependent upon its continued production. "God saw that it was good" and blessed the work of his hands, even to the whole world, from land to land, and from generation to generation. But the quick eye of our reviewer detects this Providential blunder, and, as our Daddy Cuffee, (headman and superintendant of our little realm of negrodom,) remarks with regard to some lesser concerns, he will electrify* things and set all right without troubling *Massa* to look into it farther. Whitney invented his cotton-gin, Arkwright his spinning-roller, an Cartwright his power-loom; and, says the reviewer,

"Each of these machines removed obstacles which stood in the way of the increase

* Probably the good old man means rectify.

consumption of cotton, and gave a new impulse to a species of cultivation by which it is intended that slaves should be multiplied, and slavery itself extended over new dominions."

It was *so intended*; but decidedly *Massa's* intentions need *electrifying*, and so we are set to hunt up some "mysterious end" to all this prosperity.

"Is another Toussaint to arise, more pale-faced than the first, the descendant of a Washington, or inheriting in his mixed blood the spirit of a Jefferson, to vindicate the rights of his race?"

Truly if the prayers of these righteous ones could induce such an end, we would not doubt their charitable interference to bring "*allfire*" upon us in the shape of any kind of a Toussaint black, white, or yellow. But let them beware of their own millions, who are confessedly, by their own showing, to be thus turned starving upon the world. May the Almighty find no avenger of his outraged laws among *them*? Too soon, oh! most righteous Pharisees, do you congratulate yourselves upon the "gracious interference by which Great Britain has been disposed to shake herself wholly free from the vile contamination."

Free she is *not*. If there be blood upon our robes, the sprinkling of it has fallen largely upon hers. Free she is not, and if slavery be the blight, the canker and the contamination which you state it, England like us, lives upon its produce, England like us, starves in its extinction; England like us, triple-dyed in her own blood, must rue, (if it ever comes,) the successful end of these machinations. We believe, however, that this can never be. Our faith in the all-pervading rule of order which governs nature is strong. God has so made the negro that even these mischievous promptings cannot drive him to the end so anxiously anticipated by reformers. He clings to the bonds which nature has fitted him to wear. Horrible instances of individual or limited murder and insurrection may occur, but the tragedy of St. Domingo, (planned and excited as it was by whites, not blacks,) can never be re-enacted on a larger scale. As a nation the negro will continue in slavery; and the only permanent effect of this injudicious in-

terference, if it takes effect at all, must be to painfully tighten the shackles which now lie loose and easy upon the unchafed limbs of this destined victim to philanthropic sentimentality. Our reviewer continues—

"A second form of this retribution is seen in the influence which slavery already exercises over the moral and social condition of the people. It is a corrupter of morals, both national and individual; an enemy to knowledge; a barrier to progress; a paralyser of industry; a perverter of religion; a despiser of the restraints of law; an enemy to just social legislation; the mother and nurse of unjust social prejudice."

"Whew-ew! why here are a dozen forms of retribution,—not one!—"I's so awful wicked, (as Topsy says) there can't nobody do nothin with me." Blackwood continues:

"We cannot pollute our pages by describing the immoral grossness to which the system is said to give rise on every plantation."

"*Is said.*" Very decisive testimony that! Ye righteous judges hang that man; it *is said* that he has committed murder. Then follow long quotations from abolitionist writers, swearing to their own false witness. Slander backed by slander; falsehood by falsehood. To these we could for every page give volumes of opposite testimony. But what avails it? If you flash the light in a man's face and he persists in swearing that it is dark, think you he can be moved by an argument? The Blackwood reviewer has even among his own not unprejudiced countrymen, testimony to the purity of Southern morals. We have not at hand, and cannot adduce such witness as we would desire on this subject. Two authorities however, occur to us. Alex. Mackay remarks among other high praises of the social qualities of our "country gentry," that throughout the society of the Southern Atlantic States (he particularly designates Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina) there prevails

"A *purity of tone* and an *elevation of sentiment*, together with an ease of manner and a general social *a-plomb*, which are only to be found in a truly leisure class. Any general picture of American society would be very incomplete into which was not prominently introduced the phase which it exhibits in the rural life of the South."

"Mr. Hamilton (author of Cyril Thornton) says of the opulent and educated Southerner, that he is

"Distinguished by a *high-mindedness, generosity and hospitality*, by no means predicable of his more eastern neighbors."

We have not time for farther research, but here are at least two English gentlemen, who have seen our plantation life and have remarked nothing of the "*immoral grossness* to which the system gives rise on *every plantation*," and with which the sensitive Blackwood, "fears to pollute" its pages. Our southern women, much admired by these gentlemen, and found fault with by their more aspiring northern sisters, for timidity and an even insipidly shrinking modesty,—how can *they* pass unpolluted through the fiery furnace of abominations? Or will the reviewer dare to intimate, that they too, join the unholy revels? It is easy to see upon what kind of authorities the reviewer leans. Mrs. Stowe will tell him endless "tales of wonder," and abolition meetings will string on dittos in abundance. We have at present under our eye the very edifying details of a meeting recently (Jan'y 27th and 28th) held in Boston, where some fifty to two hundred persons, black, white and yellow, male and female, under the guidance of Mr. Garrison, give "their experiences." Mr. Edmund Quincy announces that abolitionism

"Shall sweep over the ruins of the constitution and the Union, when a fairer edifice than our fathers knew how to build, shall arise."

Mr. Foster says:

"That God had sent him into the world to further the cause, and if he was or was not successful it was immaterial to him, as the responsibility did not rest on his shoulders.* By the direction of an all-wise Providence, the church has thrown itself across the path of abolitionism, but she would soon have her neck under their heels, when she would be ground to the dust. The power of the church is passing away, and will die when plantation slavery become extinct."

Mr. Quincy will be content to oust the au-

* Do it if you choose, sir, on your own responsibility, (says Mr. Foster to God Almighty,) I wash my hands of the business.

thority of the constitution and break down the work of our fathers. Mr. Foster is more ambitious and avowedly takes up arms against Providence, upon whom he first lays the responsibility of all abolition failures, and then threatens the All-Wise, who has had the temerity to put his church in their way, that they will soon have her neck under their heels!

Mrs. Redlon says:

"She had heard some terrible stories concerning slavery on the plantations—stories which were unfit for repetition; but they were true, and it made her feel that the friends of the slave should lose no time in gaining whatever aid they could."†

Mr. Remond (a colored gentleman) is vastly delighted at the deaths of our distinguished Senators, Calhoun, Clay and Webster; utters sundry rejoicings over sundry murders, hopes to see more of them, and is evidently in a most satisfactorily progressive state towards the highest perfection of African Cannibal civilization.

Mr. Parker Pillsbury finds great fault because the recreant abolitionist Sumner so far forgets his holy position in warring against Providence, that he speaks

"Of Washington as being in heaven, and yet he was a slave holder and slave hunter. The speaker thought the pirate on the high seas might as well go to heaven as he, if he only quits his plundering when he can follow it no longer."

The same gentleman winds up his speech of the next day with the pious observation that

"This society would overthrow religion, or religion would overthrow them."

Such are the authorities beloved of Blackwood, North British and Westminster Reviewers, Stafford-house Ladies, Lords Shaftesbury, Carlisle, &c. We congratulate them upon the *enlightened* and *christian* fraternity which they have found for themselves.

We should have remarked that towards the close of this meeting, a negro brother presented himself as a fugitive from bondage,

† Mrs. Redlon is here in beautiful sympathy with the Blackwood reviewer. The same shrinking delicacy from repeating naughty things, and the same simple and pure-hearted reliance in the truth of *hear say*.

and begged pecuniary aid for the release of his wife and children. But apparently these parti-coloured ladies and gentlemen were not of the opinion that "who steals my purse steals trash." Mr. Parker Pillsbury denounced the application as made in the wrong place. But let us return to "Blackwood." "Slavery is an enemy to knowledge, a barrier to progress." He proves (in his own way) how our press is gagged, and our pulpit restrained; how our children have no schools; but vast means of education in all sorts of moral atrocities. As the simplest way of answering this, we point to the bright names which have illustrated our annals from the days of Washington downwards. Even Mr. Parker Pillsbury (although considering them all as food for the devil) will hardly set them down as proofs of the ignorance of our land. Wherever talent and genius have been called out in the service of our country, the South has always had her full share. Is it of the land of the Washingtons, Henrys and Jeffersons; the Rutledges and Pinckneys; the Lowndes' and Cheves'; the Randolphs, the Calhouns and the Clays, that it shall be said, this is the region of besotted ignorance and stagnating imbecility? Nay; with Mr. Parker Pillsbury, send them all to the Old Nick, if you will; or, with Mr. Cuffee Remond, smack your lips over their dead bodies, but give up the task of proving them fools, or the children of fools. These (and how many more bright names!) have been known and made their power felt on both sides of the Atlantic. Even the Blackwood reviewer, we presume, must have heard of some of them. By a most conclusive course of Blackwood reasoning, however, we are proved guilty of presenting a vast conglomeration of black and white degradation.

"It has been estimated that the number of slaveholding voters does not exceed 100,000; and allowing six to a family, that not more than 600,000 are directly interested in and supported by the labour of slaves. But the white population of the slave States amounts to 6,169,387, so that of this *poor and degraded class*, there are not less than 5,569,387, or they are to the rich and educated as 9 to 1."

The age of miracles, it would seem, is not over; for, wonderful to tell, with this degra-

ded and wretched population of 9 to 1, pauperism is almost absolutely unknown, while death from starvation is only conceived from foreign newspapers, and fearful accounts of wretched Irish, at which our children shudder as over horrible tales

Of sharp-teethed ogres crunching babies' bones
Or ghouls and afrites feasting on a corpse.

Where these wretched 5,569,387 outcasts hide themselves, it is hard to imagine. Were Blackwood arithmetic true, they should be dying upon our dung-hills and rotting in our streets; for we are told that they have no visible means of existence, and show "all that vulgar brutality of vice which poverty and ignorance render so conspicuous and disgusting." They have neither land, nor intelligence to cultivate it if possessed; neither trade nor handicraft art of any description,—5,569,387 of these outcast whites, besides 3,200,380 wretched negroes, making in all a vicious, degraded, ignorant and starving population of 8,769,767 brutally governed and tyrannized over by 600,000 despots, or rather by the 100,000 planters, whose wives and children make up the 600,000 who compose the whole privileged class. Was it ever attempted to palm so gross a statement upon a thinking world? And yet, strange to say, such a statement is accredited by people who think themselves not fools; is circulated by fanatics who believe themselves neither madmen nor hypocrites; and is gulped down and argued from by men who call themselves philanthropists! Where do these wretches shrink to hide themselves and die? Their death-groans should be echoing our every note of laughter; the stench of their carcasses should be poisoning our every meal. By what miraculous interference of the blinded if not iniquitous Providence, against which Blackwood and Mr. Foster, while acknowledging its intervention, openly declare war, are the monster 100,000 with their progeny saved from breathing in the awful pestilence scattered by the rotting carcasses of these 8,769,767 beings, as they pass by thousands from this wretched existence. The Blackwood reviewer and his coadjutors should have perfected the system of monstrosity, which they have invented for us, by imagining some profitable mode for disposing of the

dead bodies. We are quite sufficiently ogreish to devour the article, but the supply must be too abundant for home consumption. The 600,000, gorge as they might, could scarcely dispose of the mass. Could the remainder not possibly, through some patent process, be manufactured into *pâtés* for foreign exportation; or at least, can Blackwood ingenuity not imagine some improved crusher which might combine the mass into new species of manure to save the purchase of Guano. It might be a profitable speculation, and abolitionists would not, we presume, hesitate to encourage the manufacture. Do they not daily eat the sugar, stained by their own account, with negro blood? Do they not daily traffic in our cotton spattered with tell-tale gout of the same? This is the work of Providence, its *manifest interference*, says Blackwood. This is the work of Providence, echoes Mr. Foster, God Almighty has made himself responsible for this iniquity and must take the blame. It is the work of Providence and wonderful in our eyes; 3,200,380 wretched slaves dying beneath the lash; 5,569,387 outcast whites, unable or unwilling to labour, without the food and clothing which the owner gives to his slave; without the crust that the master throws to his dog, and yet no pauper in our streets, no famine, no pestilence desolating our land!

Blackwood continues:

"Whatever temptations the free States may present to our emigrating population, neither the charms of society, nor the love of knowledge, nor the hope of speedily bettering his condition, can lure a man to leave his paternal home for a residence in the southern States."

A very remarkable fact this, indicating great research in the propounder of such a proposition. But what are these bulky looking figures that we meet at every turn in our cities; on our wharves and our highways, on our rail-roads, our canals, and our steamboats? Rather too substantial they are to be spectres, and yet they are not of *us*. There is a rich brogue upon the tongue that smacks wonderfully of the Gælic. Ghosts look not thus, and yet, 'tis Blackwood says, no man is lured to seek his residence on southern soil. We'll speak to them. We'll

call them Pat, O'Hara, O'Flannigen, O'Toole! What are ye? Answer! Let us not burst in ignorance. "Arrah! in fait, your honor, we are honest Irishmen, come out to dig your ditches, lay your rails, to sweep, to stand, to run, do what you will, your honor, so you'll only give us bread."

Now, we will not dispute that Blackwood ought to know an Irishman better than we; but, *in fait*, if these be not Irishmen, we can but explain the wonderful appearance by repeating, as we have said above, this must be a new age of miracles. *Aut Patricus aut Diavolo*.

One rather odd characteristic of all arguments against us is, that our opponents in their eagerness to prove some one point of their position, constantly go head-foremost, smashing into, and utterly destroying others which they had already, as they supposed, nicely disposed of. For instance, our reviewer, desperately bent upon proving the degradation of our white population, and forgetting entirely how his main business is to wail over the black, seizes upon one of the numerous recent libels published against us, ("The White Slave,") and quoting largely from it to prove the "vulgar brutality of vice which poverty and ignorance render so conspicuous and disgusting" among the great body of our southern people,—the whole class which forms the "substratum and basis of our southern civilization, such as it is,"—goes on to quote that "these poor white men have become the jest of the slave." How is this? The poor negro, who is lashed and starved and cut up and murdered, by any white man who happens to feel an evil or ogreish disposition towards him; who has, as the "North British" has recently told us, no security for his life but a pecuniary fine which his master may plead against his murderer; has he the heart to jest at anything, and most of all at the white tyrant's dagger-armed hand? It would seem that these brutal and disgusting white tyrants should very soon end the jest, with *nigger-slaughter*, (which, according to our English critics, can never be legal murder,) and that without even the small check of the fine before their eyes; for what chance would there be of making good a sentence of fine against any one of the brutishly degraded, disgusting and penniless 5,569,387, who



form the substratum of our southern civilization?

Slavery is a "paralyser of industry," says our reviewer, and therefore it would seem, has produced and is producing the most immense and important agricultural staple which the world has ever known, and has by this wonderful production set our country upon the high pinnacle of usefulness and power which the reviewer himself proves it to possess, by the quotations we have already made from his article.

Against the charge that Slavery is a "perverter of religion," we hardly know what system of defence to adopt with assailants who, while they accuse us of impiety, openly declare with Blackwood, that they are acting against a manifest Providence; or with Messrs. Foster and Pillsbury, that their society "must overthrow religion, or religion must overthrow them." Are these the champions who are to purify our creed? Lords and Ladies of England, these, and such as these, are your authorities against us. These are Mrs. Stowe's co-labourers; and to these you now (we yet have the charity to believe that you do it blindly) extend the friendly hand in a fraternal grasp of union!

To another remarkable deduction of our reviewer, we must draw attention. He certainly deserves Punch's medal to the "calculating boy." Endeavoring to prove the extent and atrocity of our internal slave trade, he quotes from another abolitionist authority, (Rev. John D. Choules,) to prove that of the exported negro, (particular reference is made to the Virginia slave,) "*the average existence is only five years.*" This, he tells us, even at the moment that he is arguing to prove the immense exportation from that State. Now, does he mean to imply that it is particularly the Virginia transplanted negro who perishes so rapidly under the change of climate and labour? If so, he at once proves the comparative worthlessness of the labourer, and disproves what he is endeavoring to establish, regarding the enormous trade based upon his exportation. For it is impossible to imagine a comparatively worthless article, bearing the market-price of a sound one; and a trade resulting so constantly in the premature death and loss of the object traded for, would of necessity, be a losing, or exceedingly limited one. Or, does the reviewer mean to say that

the average life of the labouring negro is five years? If so, how can he account for an increase of upwards of 29 per cent during the ten years between the census of 1840 and that of 1850, being from 2,478,927 at the first named period, to 3,200,380 at the second. In either case, we think the reviewer is posed.

The winding up of the article we comment upon, is a long argument of which the sole and evident object is to excite the mutual and sectional jealousies of the United States against each other. Great Britain certainly reads badly her own interests if she imagines that any dissolution of our Union, which should not be a perfectly peaceable one, could be other than vitally injurious to *her*. We cannot believe that the present commotion, calculated (if it have any effect,) to drown our confederacy in blood, can be a national one. The insidious foreign intermeddlings which are of late so constantly launched against us, emanate, we hope and believe, from individuals or cliques, but the mischief which they have done is incalculable. We are inclined to think, however, that this last effort of Blackwood needs but to be carefully noted, to prove its own antidote. Its object is too plain; its mischief too transparent. The tumbling of the clown is so clumsy, and his jugglery so coarsely managed, that we turn away in disgust at not being more cunningly cheated. It is a great injustice, he would have us believe, that the slave states have a partial representation of their slaves, thus giving what the reviewer considers a too predominating influence to the "slave power." Now, we ask, were the provisions of our constitution made to suit the exigencies and conveniences of British reviewers or of the states to which they severally refer? If the last, wherein can consist the injustice of our slave representation, which was at the formation of our government formally demanded by the southern interest, and acceded to by our co-states as a *sine quâ non* to the former's entering into any terms of Union. Independent states combining in a partnership of union, had as full a right, mutually to demand and concede terms, as have any other partners in any other business or compact, and these terms being agreed to, simple honesty requires mutual good faith in the fulfilment of them. The right was honestly and clearly demanded;

honestly and clearly conceded, and should be honestly and clearly maintained. The injustice lies in the breach, not in the performance of the articles of compact. This right, says the reviewer, has given rise to

“A political power in the states more absolute than any European aristocracy,—almost as uncontrolled by public sentiment as that of an Asiatic potentate—and in the hands of a class of men, the idea of submission to whom is most abhorrent to British feelings.”

We must first remark here, that we really cannot see what *British feelings* have got to do in the matter. Surely the “slave power” has attempted no legislation upon British soil. We have sent neither remonstrances nor appeals across the water, and confining ourselves to our own affairs, have a right to expect that British feelings should be put out of the question. If A. agrees to live with B. on certain terms of mutual convenience, agreeable to both, it is an excessively impertinent act on the part of C. to interfere with their house-keeping, and we could scarcely sympathize with the delicacy of his nerves, should he complain of his feelings being hurt because A. and B. mutually agreed to like bacon and corn-bread for dinner instead of a *dindon aux truffes*. The reviewer forgets too, in the vehemence of his argument against this exclusive privilege granted to the “slave-power,” that according to the statement advanced by him, which we have noticed a little above, nine tenths of our white population are not slaveholders; and, as every white man has an equal vote, the vote of the poorest is by this provision, as much enhanced as that of the richest. A slave-holder does not give a vote for himself and so many of his slaves, as the reviewer appears to imagine. The law gives no such privilege. It merely gives to the *state* an enhanced representation in proportion to her slave property, and this, with reason, as representing an interest and population not existing in the free states. But the vote of the poorest voter counts equally with that of the richest. The largest slave-owner has but one vote, not counting for more at the polls than that of his neighbour who does not own a single slave. If, therefore, the reviewer’s computation as given above, be correct, the right given by this clause of the

constitution is not given to the *slave power*, but mainly to the *free-power* of the slave states. This the reviewer must allow, or consent to take back his former statements. That or this is false; what Mr. Mantalini would call a “demned fabrication.” We leave it to the gentleman to determine which of his fledgeling inventions he will abandon. As both seem to have a clumsy alacrity for sinking, we would strongly counsel him to let both fall back into the mire of unclaimed and irresponsible falsehood from which he has endeavored to draw them.

The reviewer’s strongest ground of complaint however, and the one upon which he seems most to endeavour to excite the feelings of our northern brethren against us, is that the slave-holding states always give their support to the candidate upon whom they believe they can most rely to carry out their views. We have always supposed this to be the case in all honestly conducted elections. Why does a voter support any one candidate in preference to another, except that he supposes the one he votes for to be the most likely to carry out his views whatever they may be? Our Blackwood judge, however, pronounces this to be a great iniquity. We ought, it would appear, to vote for the man who will go in the most direct opposition to our views of what is right. We ought to vote against our conscience and what we consider the interest of our fellow-citizens. We ought to allow ourselves to be flattered, cajoled and bribed. So says our Blackwood prophet. What else mean such reproaches as the following:

“No matter what court the risen man may pay to the southern goddess, when he begins to fancy the prize of the presidency not unattainable as the end of his intellectual struggles,—no matter what sacrifice of principle he may make to secure the support of the southern lords, what efforts he may put forth in their behalf, measures pass in favor of their views, declarations falsify, opinions recant, or old friends shake off and disgust,—when the hour of nomination comes, they will prefer before him a nameless man, whose antecedents bespeak consistency in southern sentiment, and from whose talents or conscientious convictions they have nothing to apprehend. Who laboured longer in their behalf than the popular and beloved Clay? Who sacrificed more than the talented and broken

hearted Webster? Who deserved more at their hands for his actual doings, than brave old General Scott? Yet, a Polk or a Pierce were lifted at once from comparative obscurity, and without a struggle, placed in the high position to which these men had spent their lives in endeavoring to attain."

What means all this rigmarole, but, in plain words, that according to the Blackwood reviewer, the Southern States have not allowed themselves to be bought or cheated? Though the "risen man" *sacrificed his principles, falsified his declarations, recanted his opinions* to an extent which made his old friends shrink from him in *disgust*; the South preferred to the "risen man" who would stifle his conscience and throw away his honor to buy a vote, one comparatively nameless whom they believed at least to be honest, and from whose "conscientious convictions they had nothing to apprehend." Mr. Blackwood Reviewer, you have finished the argument for us, and upon this, your own statement, we are willing to rest the question of southern morals and intelligence; declining, however, to adopt the gentleman, (Mr. Seward,) whom you particularly recommend to our attention as the model of a "liberty-loving and independent man," too pure to succeed in the arena of Federal politics!

Our reviewer makes a farther attempt to interfere in the political differences of the U. States, by taking upon himself to determine upon the propriety of excluding slave-property from all unsettled territory.

"The slave party, (he says,) are now asserting the *new doctrine*, that all territory,—instead of being free till its population is large enough to form a constitution and pronounce upon the admission of slavery,—being the property of all the states alike, is open equally to all citizens for settlement with their property of every description, and that the government is bound to protect them."

The gross ignorance of these foreign intermeddlers would be laughable, were there not so bitter a poison mixed with their folly. They read our congressional bickerings, and entirely uninformed as they are, concerning the nature of our government and provisions of our constitution, undertake to determine all questions according to their own prejudices, and dictate to us as domineeringly as

though they imagined themselves laying down the law for his naked majesty of Musquito. It is a *new doctrine*, it would appear according to the Blackwood prophet, that unoccupied territory is *the property of all the states alike*, and that *all citizens* have an *equal right* to the protection of the government in establishing themselves therein with their families and property. This new and iniquitous doctrine, ("don't care how you share 'em, so you share 'em right,") our tory rulers cannot allow us to assert, (it would seem that we have been mistaken in supposing that our struggle of '76 and its consequent three-fourths of a century of self-government, should free us from English tory rule,) and we are now informed that we were not set free, but merely let loose, upon a lengthened tether, with a *con-si-de-ra-tion* that we shall *not* "share 'em right." Our citizens are *not* to have equal rights nor equal protection in their rights.

Blackwood & Co. determine that the insolent southrons must be starved down to humility, kept upon low diet, until with humbled spirit and crouching knee, we beg them to take our cotton at their own price. They will buy their share of the "sweetenin'" for an old marble, and soothe their consciences by flinging "all fire" at us. The ridiculous assertion that an equal protection to all "would virtually annex to the slave states every territory in which slave owners might choose to settle," is of a piece with the rest of this precious sample of argument. An equal protection to all, would naturally encourage such emigration as would be best suited to the nature, soil and climate of the territory in question. That territory once settled, it would remain to the inhabitants, whether slave-holders or otherwise, to determine for themselves according to the legal provisions of our constitution, (so far as these provisions leave them free to choose,) what form of state government they might prefer for themselves. According to the reviewer's own calculation which we have given above, of the numerical force, or rather weakness of the "slave power," it is difficult to imagine how his 100,000 slave holding voters, could so spread themselves over all unoccupied territory as to every where have a majority of votes and establish their favorite system. New York *alone* with its population of up-

wards of three millions could send out settlers enough to oust them every where. We have heard of a man being between the horns of a dilemma. It does seem to us that our reviewer has fallen among so many horns that there is no resting room at all. Verily, he is consistent only in his endless inconsistencies. The unequal protection that he advocates, i. e., the favoring of certain individuals, factions or states, to the virtual extinction of the rights of others, must be the first step towards the dissolution of a government which has in its magnificent prosperity so excited the envy of certain British would-be legislators, that in the blind zeal of sectional jealousy, they seek to crush the power upon which depends their own existence.

The Blackwood reviewer takes credit to himself that he has discussed this matter calmly and "candidly, equally without hard words and home bias!"

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!

candidly and without home bias!

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out.

We are charged with every folly, every crime, and judged according to Blackwood ideas of morality. Thief, murderer, dastard, dotard, are merely the light skirmishing in the war of words with which we are assailed. All these, repeated *ad nauseam*, we are, as a *coup de grace*, informed, that the worst is too infamous for words. We are accused of daily acting foul scenes which our accusers are too pure even to whisper; and this species of moral torture through which we are dragged, (for we confess that our blood boils under the operation,) is called a candid examination of our system. Week after week, and month after month, the same process is repeated again and again, by every periodical and every book-writer who hopes to make a successful speculation, by pandering to a corrupt public taste, and outranting the filthy imaginations of a Sue or a Dumas. But forsooth the patient on the rack must not dare wince under peril of condemnation; sensitiveness is a proof of guilt. Let his eyelid wink; let his lip quiver and the quick eye of the tormentor exults. He in truth, is perfectly composed. A Titus Oates can swear coolly enough to

every falsehood. Is it a sign of guilt that the indignant blood rushes to the brow of the victim whom he is endeavouring to crush beneath his accumulated slanders?

We thought we had done, but find that we have neglected one point whereon we proposed to ourselves to give our Blackwood friends a modest lesson in arithmetic.

"The whole free population of the slave states, (says the reviewer,) is actually decreasing instead of increasing, as we are in the habit of believing to be the case all over the Union. Thus, in the two censuses of 1840 and 1850, the total free population in the free and slave states respectively was as follows:

	1840.	1850.
Free States,	9,654,865	13,533,328
Slave States,	7,290,719	6,393,758

So that while in the last ten years the population of the free states has increased by nearly four millions, that of the slave states—though Texas has been added to them in the interval, has diminished by nine hundred thousand."

From this remarkable decrease, the reviewer argues most feelingly upon the wretched consequences of an institution which first degrades and then drives away its population, producing "so large a number of restless men in the southern states ready for every emergency, and panting after an outlet just or unjust, for the exercise of their festering energies." The reviewer is welcome to his conclusions, (although, as we have before remarked, singularly paradoxical throughout,) if he can prove his premises. Facts are stubborn things, and the adduced numbers are stated to be facts; but let us see. It is a common school exercise to make the student correct certain arithmetical answers, rendered purposely false, in order to try whether he has properly mastered his multiplication and addition tables, and is thereby fit for the detection of blunders in practice. It is a long time, probably, since the reviewer's school days, and like the old woman who could not count her chickens, he may have "forgotten his larning." Had a school boy of ten years old thus blundered or adopted a blunder, we would, with all our heart, (albeit not generally inclined to flagellatory

discipline,) have adjudged a correction according to Solomon's recipe, to brighten his intellects.

The only authority quoted by the reviewer of this immense decrease of southern population, is the American Almanac for 1852. He seems never to have heard of Mr. Kennedy's abstract of the official census for 1850. One would suppose that so startling a fact as a diminution in ten years by nearly one seventh of our whole white population would have created some excitement, or at least a serious remark on our own side of the Atlantic. This startling check to the prosperity of so large a portion of the Union could scarcely have failed to excite some inquiry. Strange, that the whisper of it has not passed among ourselves! Strange, that the cry of alarm has not echoed over the world! A decrease of population in a proportion unheard of except in wretched Ireland, is sweeping our Southern lands at a rate which in less than another half century must leave in lieu of our luxuriant fields a howling wilderness,—in lieu of our rich harvests a barren desolation,—and yet no voice has been raised in protest, in triumph, or in dread! To the great Blackwood, it has been left to discover the cause's nest, and to raise *Te Deums* over the desolating effects of slavery. Lo! the avenger cometh!—The "American Almanac" (a work compiled in Boston, by whom, we know not;—a very convenient compendium, but certainly due entirely to individual enterprise and unvouched for by any responsible authority,) says that the free population of the slave States, which by the census of 1850, gives a sum total of 6,393,758, gave in 1840, the sum of 7,290,719, and thereupon the learned Blackwood, never, we presume, having heard of such a thing as a misprint or a careless mis-writing of figures, sets up such a crowing as a six months baby might do over a new rattle. Mamma's darling can't keep its pretty play-thing though, for the poor little ignoramus, not satisfied with enjoying its noise, has made sundry angry attempts to rap its brother over the pate with the new toy. The thing becomes troublesome,—dangerous perhaps,—and baby must give it up.

Let us examine then the reviewer's sole authority, the American Almanac. We have

mislaid our volume for 1852, but in that of 1853 find the blunder repeated, with some unessential difference of figures, from those quoted by him. The statement is evidently the same. A moment's attention suffices to show that the compiler has most carelessly taken the sum total of the *whole* population of 1840, as that of the *free* population. We find his recapitulation, which appears to have been all that was penetrable to the profundity of Blackwood thus stated :

	Total Free population in 1840.	Slaves in 1840.
Free States,	9,654,865	1,102
Slaveholding States,	7,290,719	2,481,532
Districts and Territories,	117,769	4,721
	17,063,353	2,487,355

	Total Free population in 1850.	Slaves in 1850.
Free States,	13,434,559	225
Slaveholding States,	6,412,151	3,200,380
Districts and Territories,	140,271	3,713
	19,986,981	3,204,093*

Now let us add the sum total of slaves in 1840 to that of the here stated free population of the same year, and we find the grand total of 19,550,708, within a small fraction of 20,000,000! Every child knows, and every census report will prove, that we were several millions below this in 1840. The true sum total of our population at that census, was 17,063,353 which this volume of the Almanac has, with great remissness, taken as the total of the *free*, instead of that of the *whole* population. Casting our eye back a few columns even in this same almanac, we find the total of the whole population in 1840 stated to be what it really was, 17,063,353, which sum has evidently by some slip of the pen, or some blundering, been transferred to its present position in the recapitulation. We do not pretend to excuse this carelessness, but should suppose that a few simple

* We copy this last summing up of slaves in 1850, although the addition is false, because we are quoting, and wish to do so, literally. The mistake in this case is an immaterial hundred or two; but such mistakes, (which by-the-way are numerous in this volume,) are the result of a culpable carelessness, which a work of the pretension and circulation of the "American Almanac" should endeavor to avoid. The compilers should read the January number of Blackwood and learn what grave deductions may be based upon false figures.

additions would have been no heavy demand upon Blackwood scholarship, and the reviewer might have been saved some laughably *mal-à-propos* conclusions. To discover, then, which of the three sums going to form this sum total of 17,063,353, (as given in the recapitulation) is wrong, we add together the several populations of the several States as given by the census of 1840, and find that with no very material difference the amounts given to the free States and to the Districts and Territories, accord with those set down in this almanac and adopted by Blackwood. As we pass, however, to the slave States, two minutes' calculation sets us right. As the reviewer has particularly selected the American Almanac for his authority, we will give him the volume of the same work for 1843, rather than any other publication to correct himself by. Here we find the populations of the several States, for the census of 1840, to be as follows ;

	Free population.	Slave population.
Virginia,	790,810	448,987
Tennessee,	646,151	183,059
Kentucky,	597,570	182,258
North Carolina,	507,602	245,817
Georgia,	410,448	280,944
South Carolina,	267,360	327,038
Alabama,	337,224	253,532
Maryland,	380,282	89,737
Missouri,	325,462	58,240
Mississippi,	180,440	195,211
Louisiana,	183,959	168,452
Arkansas,	77,639	19,935
Florida,	28,760	25,717
	<u>4,733,707</u>	<u>2,478,927</u>

This gives for the thirteen slave States including Florida, (shortly after admitted as a State, though in fact in 1840 still a territory,) a free population of 4,733,707 : add to this the slave population of the same year amounting to 2,478,927, and we have a total of 7,212,634, nearly equal to that assumed and argued upon by Blackwood as the amount of our *free* population *alone*.

The fact is, that the increase of our population in the slave as well as the free States, is enormous : that of the North, owing to the larger influx of emigration is indisputably the greatest ; but the difference is not so large as we had imagined previous to examination of the subject. To the free States have been added within a few years, Iowa, Wisconsin, and California ; with these additions, we find

the increase of the sum total of their population is, between the periods of the two censuses, from 9,654,865 to 13,434,559, an enormous accumulation of 39 per cent. To the slaves States has been added only Texas ;* the emigration to the South is confessedly much less than to the Northern and Western States, (Blackwood says there is none,) and yet we find, in the same ten years, an increase in their free population from 4,733,707 to 6,393,758, which is within a fraction of 35 per cent ! So much for the diminishing free population of our slave States. An actual increase of nearly 35 per cent !

As a further proof of the wanton carelessness of the Blackwood statements, we find, (a page or two beyond the calculation we have just referred to,) a comparative statement of the numbers and increase of the free and slave population of the States generally under the various decimal censuses which have been taken. In every one of them our calculating reviewer, who seems to have a singularly halting intellect as to figures, gives as the sum of the *free* population, (what the American Almanac set him the example of doing in a single case,) the sum of the *whole*, and the consequence is, if we add what he gives as the last sum total of our free population, 23,351,207, to his sum total of the slave population, viz : 3,178,055, we have the grand sum total of 26,529,262 for our last census return !—And such are the authorities—such the critics by which, and on whose statements, we are judged and condemned. Is it possible that a work which can wantonly or ignorantly, (with no plea but a careless misprint in an almanac,) build up such a mound of falsehood as Blackwood has done in the article we have reviewed, be received in a country like England, as an accredited and favorite periodical, the organ of a powerful party ? On quite as slender authority are all such statements against us based. Figures are tangible things, and the man who ventures upon them must take care how he slips in their management ;—the blundering is easily proved. Not so with the ordinary statement of fact. It is impossible to disprove general assertion, except by counter-assertion, and counter-assertion is neither proof nor argument for those who stop there.

* Florida we have already classed among the States.

ears against it. Let this sample of Blackwood arithmetic lead our revilers to calculate how much a similar system of logic may be at the bottom of the widely circulated tales of horror, with which it is the fashion to illustrate the history of our slave States.

Since writing the above, we have received our January number of the "Westminster," and are by no means surprised to find it in violent conformity with Blackwood upon this topic.—Extremes meet.—The tory and the ultra-radical are here in brotherly communion. The position is a natural enough one for the "Westminster," which some eighteen months since, (July, 1851,) took so bold a stand in the war for progress, as chivalrously to set itself forth the champion for the "enfranchisement of woman," upholding equal rights without distinction of sex or colour. We were therefore quite prepared to find in this noted periodical a devout defender of Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Folsom, Mrs. Bloomer, and the whole corps of Reverend Misses, Lady Lecturers, and M. D.'s, who are the main movers in the abolition reform. But the tory Blackwood, and its aristocratic coadjutors,—do they notice whose hand they are shaking?

In this Westminster article there is nothing new. It is the old ding-dong of abolitionist falsehood, sworn to and verified by abolitionist witnesses. B. swears for C.'s veracity, and C. returns the compliment. It is utterly useless to prove the falsity of these assertions, for who so deaf as he that will not hear? The same worn-out tale is repeated again and again. There is no check to a libel but legal punishment, and this form of wholesale libel does not come under the law. The Westminster, therefore, must be allowed to retain its happy communion with the choice spirits of abolitionism. "Progress" is the watchword; and provided these zealous reformers can but get up a breeze, it seems to be a matter of small import to them whether the motion be God-ward or devil-ward.

To endeavor to answer the Westminster article, would be but a repetition of such argument as we have already advanced against Blackwood. These, our antagonists, all alike assume the truth of certain statements, which they have no means of verifying; which are either entirely groundless or gross exaggerations, and upon a slanderous libel, or even,

as we have shown, a misprint in an almanac, they build volumes of hypotheses which, because their own distempered imaginations can conceive them as possible, they therefore argue *are* possible, and by a strangely irrational logic, leaping to the farther conclusion that what is *possible* must be of *habitual occurrence*, they hold us judged, condemned, and, (it would appear from these recent articles,) gibbeted even, or at least pretty nearly so. We have shown how Blackwood proves that we are already gnashing our teeth in the hell of a merited retribution. The Westminster is not slow in a similar cry. To believe these writers, we are secure of nothing under the terrors of this institution. Property, family, life, are all in such hazard, that the constant dread of some fatal irruption hangs, like the sword of Damocles, ever threateningly over us, and yet, strange to say, this, according to them, fearfully dangerous property, bears at present a higher money value than it has ever hitherto done. This does not look as though its possession were considered dangerous or of perilously doubtful tenure.

Another point whereupon the tory and the radical strongly combine forces, is in the very evident determination which they exhibit of interfering in our domestic policy. England loves rule, and the glorious little nation is so used to having her own way, that she cannot keep her fingers from turning the spit for her neighbors, whenever the roast does not proceed in a way exactly to suit her fancy. She doctors India, the Cape, &c., &c., *ad libitum*. China does not like her prescriptions, but like an energetic *Mater familias* she quickly has the *mauvais sujet* on its back, and "swallow or be whipped" is the peremptory sentence. The United States has had of late the good or ill fortune to fall under her special cognizance. It remains to be seen whether we too are prepared for the dose or the rod. The Westminster has some pages of instructions by which our Northern States are directed how to deal with us reprobates of the South. They are to send the Constitution with all its reservations, grants, and provisions to the devil. They are to cheat, to hoax, to humbug, and brow-beat the fool Southron who fancies that he has a right to be governed by the written law, and

to claim the conceded rights which were made by his ancestors an express requisite for their accession to the Union. Those innovators among us, who have allowed their heated imaginations to run ahead of reason, have now a fair opportunity to step back. Will they, with Mr. Garrison and his followers, trample upon religion and hoist the flag of rebellion against decency, accepting the lordly dictates of an insolent English interference?—or will they yet take warning, and hearkening to the earnest protestations of their own countrymen, their natural allies, their brethren in home and in interests, fling from them the impertinent interference of these our self-instituted instructors, these preachers of a charity which does *not* begin at home—believe that we of the South are men and women with hearts and heads not inferior to their own, with reason and human sympathies upon which the lights of civilization act probably as truly as upon them—and take us to their hearts as brothers, not as aliens, as those who, having striven with them in the great cause of humanity, in that cause may be trusted? It is sad to see the world gulled by the fictions of a Mrs. Stowe; but let America be true to herself, and we are but the stronger and the wiser for this gust which will blow past us, even as the autumn wind, prostrating the dead leaf and the rotten branch, while over the green tree and the sound in heart, the blast whistles harmlessly.

L. S. M.

SONNET.

TO MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, Esq.

Oh Titmarsh, Thackeray or De La Pluche,
 Jeames, Chawls, or dear, delightful Mr. Brown,
 Wielding the author's pen or artist's brush,
 Or lecturing in some provincial town;
 All hail! King Satirist without a crown,
 But still of shillings fortunately flush,
 And able quite to "go it with a rush"—
 (Don't treat this pretty sonnet with a frown,)
 If in your tour from Boston to the South,
 From Athens to Bæotia, you should see
 Some "swells" and "snobs" of very high degree,
 Have mercy on them; let your fearful mouth
 Not crunch them, like so many luckless snails,
 Oh lion with a large supply of tales!

LUCRETIA BORGIA.

The world has heard a great deal, and with reason too, of the glorious uncertainty of the law, whether expounded by solid judges upon grave precedents, measured out by discreet chancellors according to the standard of conscience, or determined in the more popular and arbitrary shape of a verdict by a jury. But, however the *rule* may be varied from time to time in its application to analogous cases—however the law of to-day may be abrogated and reversed by the law of to-morrow—there is, nevertheless, in all the forms of jurisprudence, a final decision of each particular controversy. *The law of that case* can be settled in some tribunal, from which there is no appeal. There is a *ne plus ultra*, where that litigation must cease, a judgment which must be acquiesced in and obeyed as final.

Far different is the condition of a disputed question in the department of history. Here no weight of authority, no accumulation of decisions can suffice to crush and stifle the free spirit of inquiry. No lapse of time, no prescription, is allowed to bar the door in the face of one who chooses to re-survey the ground, and from his own stand-point to take his own view of the positions so often assailed and defended by his predecessors. "*Nulum tempus occurrit regi*," say the old Common-Lawyers—no statute of limitation shall impede the king. And so in the republic of letters, where all are sovereigns, any man—and in these days of development, any woman—is entitled to re-open any historical cause; to call up the witnesses, review the arguments and pronounce a new decree of equal infallibility, with all that went before it, and all that are to follow in the course of futurity.

This privilege, it must be owned, has been liberally exercised. Old Homer, for example has been many times called upon, not always successfully, to vindicate his authorship, and his identity. Cæsar and Brutus are daily brought to the bar of public opinion, to be alternately condemned and acquitted. Richard the Third, so long unjustly vilified as a crooked-backed tyrant, has at length found a generous advocate, and turns out to have been a marvellous proper man. Lord Bacon, Strafford

and Cromwell, have had a most unquiet time of it; being perpetually haled forth to undergo sentence, or to be dismissed, but never "without day." And an ingenious professor has already pointed out to the antiquaries of the twenty-ninth century, how they may demonstrate with logical certainty that Napoleon Bonaparte is nothing but a myth, and his wonderful career only an extravagant creation of romance.

Be it understood, however, that we are not of those who deprecate this independent habit of investigation, or who undervalue its effects. Doubtless it often happens, that sound opinions are unsettled, and sometimes false judgments substituted in their place. But in the long run, the truth is elicited. Notwithstanding occasional errors, the general result is a nearer approximation to certainty. Evidence on either side is seldom entirely lost. Fabrications are exposed—prejudices exploded—palliations stripped away—and the great facts of right and wrong displayed in their real colors and proportions.

There are, indeed, some problems that seem to be insoluble. Conspicuous among them, stands the celebrated Mary, Queen of Scots; like Texas in modern days, "beautiful and unfortunate." Like that renowned country, she has had no end of calumniators and apologists: foul motives and fouler crimes have been imputed to both of them, to be counterpoised by the ascription of illustrious virtues and noble deeds. It is somewhat too soon as yet to determine accurately the place of the "Lone Star," in the heaven of history: and—saving the inalienable and eternal right of appeal to our posterity—almost too late to fix that of her lovely prototype. The proofs are apparently exhausted—trials without number have taken place—hundreds of times hath she been borne in triumph from the judgment seat—as frequently consigned to the ignominy of the dungeon and the scaffold—and the ablest, the most patriotic, the most impartial, the most chivalrous, of her judges in this century, the accomplished Scott himself, has been obliged to compromise the conflict of testimony in the old Scottish verdict of "*not proven*."

We have been casually led into this train of thought, from witnessing, not long since, the representation of Lucretia Borgia, by a

popular actress. Near us in the pit sat a couple of critics, neither better nor worse informed than the majority of dramatic censors—such as dramatic censors are now. "Lucretia Borgia," cried one of them—"oh! I know all about her—I know all about the Borgias!" "Do you indeed *know* all about them?" thinks I to myself—"I doubt that extremely." For, if there be a prominent character in modern history, which is generally seen in a false light, which has suffered from the abuse of contemporaries, and the negligence of posterity—it is certain that Lucretia Borgia is that character, and that, however much they may have heard, few people really know much that ought to be known about her.

The popular idea of Lucretia Borgia is that of a woman, not only black with crime, but hideous with unnatural and monstrous infamy. So horrible is the moral portrait, that simple licentiousness becomes almost a beauty, by comparison with its other features. Murder and incest have been the business of her life: the dagger and the bowl her constant tools and playthings: bravoës and poisoners her chosen associates and confidants! How will it surprise some of our readers to learn, that she was never even *accused* of the guilt of murder, except in plays and operas—that the other appalling charges rest on vague rumor alone, without a particle of proof—that the last twenty years of her life were spent as the trusted and honored wife of one of the noblest princes of his time, who married her in the very zenith of her supposed infamy—that she was celebrated while living by accomplished, learned, and pious men, as a pattern of virtue, purity, and religion—and was followed to the tomb by eloquent tributes of praise and lamentation! Nevertheless, such is the contrast between the Lucretia of romance, and the Lucretia of reality: such the broad issue between the prosecution and the defence.

It is to her name and her family that our heroine owes her evil reputation. She was the daughter of Cardinal Roderigo Borgia, who was elevated to the papal dignity by the name of Alexander VI. Her mother was a Roman lady named Vanozza; and from this connexion sprung also several sons, the eldest of whom will be hereafter mentioned as

the Duke of Gandia, and the second was the notorious Cæsar Borgia. The private vices and public crimes of Cæsar and his father, have made the name of Borgia a hissing and a reproach all over the world. Lust, ambition, rapacity, cruelty and treachery, were the motives and the means of their detestable policy; which they pursued with consummate address and untiring perseverance. Hence the odium, which attached to their own persons, and spread itself to all connected with them. Hence the ready belief of every wickedness attributed to either of them, no matter how groundless or improbable. And hence the lurid and ghastly light which has been reflected on the daughter of the one and the sister of the other.

We have neither the time nor space necessary to an extended examination of the allegations and proofs, belonging to this subject: nor have we access to the original sources, whence they are to be derived. Perhaps to our readers it will be as satisfactory as it is to ourselves, to refer to the discussion of them by one, who was equally qualified for the task, by his thorough acquaintance with the writers of Italy, and by his well earned reputation as an accurate and conscientious historian.

In the *Life of Leo the Tenth*, by William Roscoe, there are to be found several passages, in which he treats of the lives and actions of the Borgias: in addition to which, he has deemed the character of Lucretia not unworthy of a particular dissertation, which is appended to the first volume. From his account we condense the following brief narrative.

Before Roderigo Borgia was made pope, he had betrothed his daughter, not then of marriageable age, to a Spanish gentleman. After his elevation, entertaining more ambitious views for her, he caused that alliance to be broken off, and married her in 1493 to Giovanni Sforza, lord of Pesaro. In 1497, dissensions having arisen between them, she quitted him, and soon after a divorce was had from this marriage by the influence of Alexander. His interference is attributed by no less an authority than Guicciardini to a jealousy, which could not endure a rival in the incestuous affection of his daughter. But this motive, as Roscoe judiciously re-

marks, is hardly consistent with the anxiety which he displayed to dispose of her in marriage immediately afterwards. In the following year, 1498, she became the wife of Alfonso duke of Bisaglia, the natural son of Alfonso II., king of Naples: and in 1499, she bore him a son, who was called after his grandfather Roderigo. To this child the Pope was devotedly attached; an affection easily explained when we consider the closeness of his relationship, and the probability of his succession to the honors and influence of an ambitious family. Yet, as if no natural impulse could exist in a heart so depraved as Alexander's, even this partiality has been relied on as a proof that the tie which united them was that between father and son. In the year 1500, Alfonso was assassinated in open day before the great door of the Church of St. Peter. The murderers made their escape out of the city, and were not discovered. Cæsar Borgia was, as a matter of course, believed to be the instigator of the deed; but, strange to say, the widow has never been accused of complicity in the bloody transaction. In the latter part of 1501, Lucretia was once more and for the last time contracted in marriage. The bridegroom on this occasion was Alfonso D'Este, duke of Ferrara. Of this prince, and of his father Ercole, duke of Ferrara, Roscoe says, that "they were distinguished by their virtues and their talents, both civil and military, beyond any of the sovereigns of their time." By him Lucretia was removed from the polluted atmosphere of Rome to his own city of Ferrara, where she passed the remainder of her life, not only without reproach, but in the enjoyment of the most spotless reputation, and the unbounded love and respect of all who surrounded her. The patroness of letters, of science, and of art, she was also distinguished for her benevolence and charity, and for the consistent piety of her daily conduct. She was implicitly trusted by her husband; and, during his frequent absence upon military expeditions, she held the reins of government with a hand so steady and so just, as to content both the sovereign and the subject. At last, she descended into the grave, leaving a name that was considered the fitting theme of eulogy, not only by poets like Ariosto, but by men as illustrious

as Pietro Bembo, and the great printer Aldo Manuzio.

According to Roscoe, "the first traces (of the accusations against her,) appear in the writings of the Neapolitan poets, who beingasperated against Alexander VI., for the active part which he had taken in the expulsion of the house of Arragon, placed no limits to their resentment. These imputations might, however, scarcely have deserved a serious reply, had they not received additional credit from the pen of the distinguished historian Guicciardini, who informs us that 'it was *rumored*, that not only the two brothers, but even the father, were rivals for the love of Lucretia.' By these rumors, it is probable that he alludes to the writings of the Neapolitan poets, with whose works, it is to be remarked, he was well acquainted, as appears from the manner in which he refers to the small river Sebeto, near Naples, so frequently the theme of their applause."

From these sources, Roscoe goes on to say, that historians drew the tale of Lucretia's infamy, and asserted it in explicit terms. Writers, even of the Romish church, followed their example, and the story has made its way "into general compilations and biographical dictionaries as an undoubted matter of fact." It will be observed that Guicciardini only says "it was *rumored*." Burchard, who was an inmate of the palace of Alexander VI., who has described (as if they were ordinary occurrences) almost incredible scenes of profligacy there enacted, and who spares not to tell of matters most disgraceful to his superiors, is nevertheless silent as to these charges, in which Lucretia is involved; a silence, which it is difficult to explain, if there had been any good foundation for the rumors. But, as the fiery torrent, which proceeded from the anger of the poets of Naples, descended to the historians and biographers of later times, it seems (like their active lava) to have both cooled and hardened in its course, till it assumed the form and consistency of solid rock.

Our readers have now before them the dictum, and the proof (if proof it may be called) in support of it. These are the railing accusations" of the poets—the bad name of the family—the corruption of the pope—the licentiousness of her father's court.

No evidence of any criminal deed is produced: not even of that circumstantial sort, which meets us more than once in the memoirs of the Scottish Queen. General suspicions, attaching to others rather than to herself, and unsupported by any particular facts, are all the grounds upon which the impeachment is rested. On the other side are arrayed the leading events of her life, its known and notorious facts; and they are such as belong to a woman, not only irreproachable, but of exemplary virtue and piety. They are attested by the love and respect of a noble husband—the affection of his people, whom she governed in his absence—and the panegyrics of men who would never have stooped to flatter, living or dead, the polluted creature she has been painted by her enemies. "If the Ethiopian cannot change his skin," says Mr. Roscoe, "nor the leopard his spots, how are we to conceive it possible, that the person who had, during so many years of her life, been sunk into the lowest depths of guilt and of infamy, could at once emerge into respectability and virtue?"

We have mentioned the duke of Gandia, who was the eldest son of Alexander VI. He was murdered and thrown into the Tiber: and as his death has always constituted one of the salient horrors connected with the family of Borgia, we subjoin the account of it quoted from Burchard by Mr. Roscoe, together with his own remarks.—*See Leo the Tenth, vol. 1, p. 152.*

"The perpetration of this crime has been imputed by the Italian historians, without hesitation, to Cæsar Borgia; who, being disgusted with his ecclesiastical profession, and earnestly desirous of signaling himself in a military capacity, is supposed to have considered his brother as having pre-occupied the station which he was desirous of obtaining, and to have been jealous of the superior ascendancy which the duke had acquired in the pontiff. In examining these motives, it might indeed be observed, that the destination of the elder brother to a secular employment did not necessarily confine the younger to an ecclesiastical state; and that the honours bestowed on the duke of Gandia did not seem to prevent the pontiff from promoting the interests of his second son,

whom he had placed in such a station, as to afford him an opportunity of obtaining the highest dignity in Christendom. Some authors have, therefore, not scrupled to suggest a more powerful cause of his supposed enmity, by asserting that he was jealous of the preference which the duke had obtained in the affections of their sister Lucrezia, with whom, it is said, that not only the two brothers, but even Alexander, her father, had criminal intercourse. Frequently, however, as this charge has been repeated, and indiscriminately as it has been believed, it might not be difficult to show, that, so far from this being with justice admitted as a proof that Cæsar was the perpetrator of the murder of his brother, the imputation is in itself in the highest degree improbable; and this transaction must therefore be judged of by such positive evidence as yet remains, without presuming the guilt of Borgia from circumstances which are yet more questionable than the crime of which he stands primarily accused.

“The most interesting and particular account of this mysterious event is given by Burchard, and is in substance as follows:—

‘On the eighth day of June, the cardinal of Valenza (Cæsar Borgia), and the duke of Gandia, sons of the pope, supped with their mother Vanozza, near the church of S. Pietro ad vincula; several other persons being present at the entertainment. A late hour approaching, and the cardinal having reminded his brother that it was time to return to the apostolic palace, they mounted their horses or mules, with only a few attendants, and proceeded together as far as the palace of cardinal Ascanio Sforza, when the duke informed the cardinal, that, before he returned home, he had to pay a visit of pleasure. Dismissing, therefore, all his attendants, excepting his *staffiero*, or footman, and a person in a mask, who had paid him a visit whilst at supper, and who, during the space of a month, or thereabouts, previous to this time, had called upon him almost daily at the apostolic palace, he took this person behind him on his mule, and proceeded to the street of the Jews, where he quitted his servant, directing him to remain there until a certain hour; when, if he did not return, he might repair to the palace. The duke then

seated the person in the mask behind him, and rode, I know not whither; but in that night he was assassinated and thrown into the river. The servant, after having been dismissed, was also assaulted and mortally wounded; and although he was attended with great care, yet such was his situation, that he could give no intelligible account of what had befallen his master. In the morning, the duke not having returned to the palace, his servants began to be alarmed; and one of them informed the pontiff of the evening excursion of his sons, and that the duke had not yet made his appearance. This gave the pope no small anxiety; but he conjectured that the duke had been attracted by some courtesan to pass the night with her, and, not choosing to quit the house in open day, had waited till the following evening to return home. When, however, the evening arrived, and he found himself disappointed in his expectations, he became deeply afflicted, and began to make inquiries from different persons, whom he ordered to attend him for that purpose. Amongst these was a man named Giorgio Schiavoni, who, having discharged some timber from a bark in the river, had remained on board the vessel to watch it, and being interrogated whether he had seen any one thrown into the river, on the night preceding, he replied, that he saw two men on foot, who came down the street, and looked diligently about to observe whether any person was passing. That seeing no one, they returned, and a short time afterwards two others came and looked around in the same manner as the former; no person still appearing, they gave a sign to their companions, when a man came, mounted on a white horse, having behind him a dead body, the head and arms of which hung on one side, and the feet on the other side of the horse; the two persons on foot supporting the body to prevent its falling. Thus they proceeded to that part where the filth of the city is usually discharged into the river; and turning the horse with his tail towards the water, the two persons took the dead body by the arms and feet, and with all their strength flung it into the river. The person on horseback then asked if they had thrown it in, to which they replied, *Signor sì* (yes, sir). He then looked towards the

and seeing a mantle floating on the river, he inquired what it was that appeared, which they answered that it was a duke's, and one of them threw stones upon it, in consequence of which it sunk. The pontiff then inquired from the duke why he had not revealed this to the people of the city; to which he replied, that he had seen in his time a hundred dead bodies thrown into the river at the same time, without any inquiry being made respecting them, and that he had not therefore considered it a matter of any importance. The soldiers and seamen were then collected, and ordered to search the river, and in the following evening, they found the body of the duke, with his habit entire, and twenty ducats in his purse. He was covered with nine wounds, one of which was in his breast, the others in his head, body, and arms. No sooner was the pontiff informed of the death of his son, and that he had been thrown like filth into the river, than in consequence of his grief, he shut himself up in his chamber and wept bitterly. The cardinals, legates, and other attendants on the pontiff went to the door, and after many hours of persuasions and exhortations, prevailed upon him to admit them. From the evening of Wednesday till the following morning the pope took no food; nor did he come out of his chamber till Thursday morning till the same time of the ensuing day. At length, however, giving way to the entreaties of his cardinals, he began to restrain his sorrow, and to consider the injury which his own conduct might sustain by the further indulgence of his grief.

In this account, which is in truth the authentic information that remains respecting the death of the duke, it seems probable that he had for some time been carrying on a morose intrigue, by the intervention of a person who so frequently visited him in his chamber; and it may at the same time be observed, that the evening on which he met his death, he had been detected by some rival, or injured husband, and had lost his life the forfeiture of his folly, presumption or his guilt. The cardinal is not to have had the least share in directing the motions of the duke; nor can it appear from Burchard, that he again

left the palace, after he had returned home on the evening when the murder was committed. Throughout the whole narrative there is not the slightest indication that Cæsar had any share in the transaction, and the continuance of the favour of both his father and his mother, after this event, may sufficiently prove to every impartial mind, that he was not even suspected by them as the author of the crime."

No one who reads Mr. Roscoe's work with candor will suspect him of a desire to screen the guilty Alexander and his son from the condemnation due to their notorious crimes. But we cannot fail to observe with him, in this as well as in other instances, how eagerly their accusers have sought to charge them with every heinous deed, to invent motives for its perpetration where none were apparent, and to refer every action of their lives, no matter how natural or commendable, to some depraved passion or flagitious design. Such a temper as this is ill calculated to inspire confidence in the sagacity or reliableness of the writers; and when it impels them, as a means of supporting their main attack, to destroy the reputation of persons otherwise unimpeached, justice requires that their statements should be examined with a close and vigilant scrutiny.

AIRLEY.

BY SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY.

Oh greenly grow the alder boughs
Upon the banks of Airley,
And on the silver river's breast
The lilies blossom fairly;
With blithesome echoes far and near,
The sylvan shades are ringing,
And shrilly in the hazel copse
The merle and mavis singing.

But Airley towers are very lone,
And Airley halls are dreary—
And though the sun be bright without,
The hearts within are weary;
For she that was the light of all,
The chieftain's lovely daughter,
Hath fled away with Roden's knight
Across the stormy water.

He met her in the shady wood,
He wooed her by the river—
He swore by all the shining stars
To love but her forever;

And first she smiled and then she wept—
Her heart was troubled sairly—
She mounted on his snowy steed
And fled away from Airley.

Her cheek was like a summer rose,
Her smile like summer weather;
Her fairy footstep left the dew
Upon the purple heather.
Oh where shall we another find
Whose beauty blooms so rarely?
'Tis morning now at Roden's halls,
And midnight upon Airley.

Yet dwelleth she a happy bride
Beyond the stormy water,
And singeth in the stranger's halls
The songs her mother taught her:
Oh we shall mourn her many a day,
Oh we shall miss her sairly—
Yet happy is the Roden chief
To win the pride of Airley.

Richmond.

Sketches of the Flush Times of Alabama.

CAVE BURTON, ESQ., OF KENTUCKY.

Prominent among the lawyers that had gathered into the new country, was Cave Burton. Cave was a man of mark: not very profoundly versed in the black letter, but adapting, or, more properly, applying his talents to the slang-whanging departments of the profession. He went in for gab. A court he could not see the use of—the jury was the thing for him. And he was for “*jurying*” every thing and allowing the jury—the apostolic twelve as he was wont to call them—a very free exercise of their privileges, uncramped by any impertinent interference of the court. Cave thought the judge an aristocratic institution, but the jury was republicanism in action. He liked a free swing at them. He had no idea of being interrupted on presumed misstatements, or out-of-the-record revelations: he liked to be communicative when he was speaking to them, and was not stingy with any little scraps of gossip, or hearsay, or neighborhood reports, which he had been able to pick up concerning the matter in hand or the parties. He was fond, too, of giving his private experiences—as if he were at a love-feast—and was profuse of personal assurances and solemn asseverations of personal

belief or knowledge of fact and of law. He claimed Kentucky for his native State, and for a reason that will suggest itself at once, was called by the bar THE BLOWING CAVE. Cave had evidently invoiced himself very high when he came out, thinking rather of the specific than the *ad valorem* standard. He had, to hear him tell it, renounced so many advantages, and made such sacrifices, for the happy privilege of getting to the backwoods, that the people, out of sheer gratitude, should have set great store by so rare an article brought out at such cost:—but they didn't do it. He had brought his wares to the wrong market. The market was glutted with brass. And although that metal was indispensable, yet it was valuable only for plating. Burton was the pure metal all through. He might have been moulded at a brass foundry. He had not much intellect, but what he had he kept going with a wonderful clatter. Indeed, with his habits and ignorance, it were better not to have had more, unless he had a great deal; for his chief capital was an unconsciousness of how ridiculous he was making himself, and a total blindness as to the merits of his case, which protected him, as a somnambulist is protected from falling by being unconscious of danger. He was just as good on a bad cause as on a good one, and just as bad on a good side as on a bad one. The first intimation he had of how a case ought to go, was on seeing how it had gone. Discrimination was not his forte. Indeed, accuracy of any kind was not his forte. He lumbered away lustily, very well content if he were in the neighborhood of a fact or proposition, without seeming to expect to be at the precise point. He had a good deal of that sort of wit which comes of a bold, dashing audacity, without fear or care; such wit as a man has who lets his tongue swing free of all control of judgment, memory, or taste or conscience. He scattered like an old shot gun, and occasionally, as he was always firing, some of the shot would hit.

A large, red-faced, burly fellow, good-natured and unscrupulous, with a good run of anecdote and natural humor, and some power of narrative, was Cave,—a monstrous demagogue withal, and a free and easy sort of creature, who lived as if he expected to

day were all the time he had to live in: and who considered the business of the day over when he had got his three meals with intermediate drinks.

I cannot say Burton was a liar. I never knew him to fabricate a lie "out and out"—outside of the bar;—his invention was hardly sufficient for that. In one sense, his regard for truth was considerable—indeed, so great that he spent most of his conversation in embellishing it. It was a sponging habit he had of building on other men's foundations; but having got a start in this way, it is wonderful how he laid on his own work.

Cave, like almost every other demagogue I ever knew, was "considerable" in all animal appetites: he could dispose of the provant in a way Capt. Dalgetty would have admired, and, like the Captain, he was not very nice as to the kind or quality of the viands; or, rather, he had a happy faculty of making up in quantity what was lacking in quality. I don't think he ever rose from a table satisfied, though he often rose surfeited. You might founder him before you could subdue his appetite. He was as good in liquids as in solids. He never refused a drink: the parable of neglected invitations would have had no application to him if he had lived in those times. You might wake him up at midnight to take something hot or cold, edible or liquor, and he would take his full allowance and smack his lips for more. He could scent out a frolic like a raven a carcass—by a separate instinct. He always fell in just in time. He was not a sponge. He would as soon treat as be treated, if he had any thing—as under the credit system he had—to treat with; but the main thing was the provant, and loafing was one of his auxiliaries. He had a clamorous garrison in his bowels that seemed to be always in a state of seige and boisterous for supplies. Cave's idea of money was connected inseparably with bread and meat and "sperits:" money was not the representative of value in his political economy, but the representative of breakfast, dinner, supper and liquor. He was never really pathetic, though always trying it, until he came to describing, in defending against a promissory note, the horrors of want, that is, of hunger—then he really was touching, for he was earnest, and

he shed tears like a watering pot. He reckoned every calamity by the standard of the stomach. If a man lost money, he considered it a diversion of so much from the natural aliment. If he lost his health, so much was discounted from life, that is, from good living: if he died, death had stopped his rations. Cave had a mean idea of war, and never voted for a military man in his life. It wasted too much of the fruits of the earth. An account of a campaign never excited his horror, until the fasting of the soldiers and the burning of the supplies was treated of—then he felt it like a nightmare. Cave had a small opinion of clothes; they were but a shallow, surface mode of treating the great problem, man. He went deeper; he was for providing for the inner man—though his idea of human nature never went beyond the entrails. Studying human nature with him was anatomy and physic, and testing the capacity of the body for feats of the knife and fork. A great man with him was not so much shown by what he could do, as by what he could hold; not by what he left, but by what he consumed.

Cave's mind was in some doubt as to things in which the majority of men are agreed. For example, he was not satisfied that Esau made as foolish a bargain with his brother Jacob as some think. Before committing himself, he should like to taste the pottage, and see some estimate of the nett value of the birthright in the beef and venison market. If the birthright were a mere matter of pride and precedence, Cave was not sure that Esau had not "sold" the father of Israel.

If Cave had a hundred thousand dollars, he would have laid it all out in provisions; for *non constat* there might be no more made; at any rate, he would have enough to answer all the ends and aims of life, which are to eat and drink as much as possible.

Cave attended the Episcopal church every Sunday when there was service—i. e. once a month, and, though his attention was a little drowsy during most of the services, yet he brightened up mightily when the preacher read the prayer against famine, and for preserving the kindly fruits of the earth to be enjoyed in due season.

Some peripatetic Munchausen has left it

on record, that in Peru the natives burn their brick-kilns by throwing in fat sheep for fuel: if this were so, Burton would like to be burned into a brick-kiln, if his clay were to pass into pure matter.

Cave was some forty-five years of age at the time I am writing of:—so long had he warred on the pantry.

He was an active man, indeed some part of him was always going—jaws, tongue, hands or legs, and to a more limited extent, brains. He never was idle. Indeed, taking in such fuel, he couldn't well help going. Even in sleep he was not quiet. Such fighting with unknown enemies—probably the ghosts of the animals he had consumed;—such awful contortions of countenance and screams—and, when most quiet, such snorings, (he once set a passenger running down stairs with his trunk, thinking it was the steamboat coming,) you, possibly, never heard. I slept with him one night, (I blush to tell it,) on the circuit, and he seemed to be in spasms going off at last into a suppressed rattle in the throat: I thought he was dying, and after some trouble, woke him. He opened his eyes and rolled them around like a goose egg on an axle. "Cave," said I, "Cave—can I do anything for you?"

"Yes," was his answer. "Look in my saddle-bags and get me a black bottle of 'red-eye.'"

I got it; he drank almost a half pint and went to sleep like a child that has just received its nourishment.

Burton had largely stored his memory with all manner of slang-phrases and odd expressions, whereby he gave his speech a relish of variety somewhat at the expense of classic purity. Indeed, his mind seemed to be a sort of water-gate, which caught and retained the foam and trash, but let the main stream pass through.

But, as honest Bunyan hath it, we detain the reader too long in the porch.

In the Christmas week of the year of Grace, 1838, some of us were preparing to celebrate that jovial time by a social gathering at Dick Bowling's office. There were about a dozen of us as fun-loving '*youth.*' as since the old frolics at Cheapside or the Boar's head, ever met together, the judge and the State's attorney among them. The

boats had just got up, on their first trip, from Mobile, and had brought, on a special order Dick had given, three barrels of oysters, a demijohn of Irish whiskey and a box of lemons. Those were not the days of invitations: a lawyer's office, night or day, was as public a place as the courthouse, and, among the members of the bar at that early period, there were no privileged seats at a frolic any more than in the pit of a theatre. All came who chose. Old Judge Sawbridge, who could tell from smelling a cork the very region whence the liquor came, and could, by looking into the neck of the bottle, tell the age as well as a jockey could the age of a horse by looking into his mouth, was there before the bells had rung for the tavern supper. Several of the rest were in before long. Burton had not come yet. The old Judge suggested a trick, which was to get Burton to telling one of his Kentucky yarns, and, as he was in the agony of it, to withdraw, one by one, and eat up all the oysters. We agreed to try it, but doubted very much the success of the experiment; although the Judge seemed to be sanguine.

Dropping in, one by one, at last all came, filling the room pretty well. Among them was Cave. That domestic bereavement which had kept him from such a gathering, were a sad one. He entered the room in high feather. He was in fine spirits, ardent and animal. If he had been going, twenty years before, to a trysting-place, he could not have been in a gayer frame of mind. He came prepared. He had ravished himself from the supper table, scarcely eating any thing—three or four cups of coffee, emptying the cream-pitcher of its sky-blue milk, a card of spare-ribs and one or two feet of stuffed sausages, or some such matter; a light condiment of "cracklin bread," and a half pint of hog-brains thrown in just by way of parenthesis. He merely took in these trifles by way of sandwich, to provoke his appetite for the main exercises of the evening. When he came in the fire was booming and crackling—a half cord of hickory having been piled upon the broad hearth. The night was cold, clear and frosty.

The back room adjoining was as busy as a barracks, in the culinary preparations. The oysters, like our clients, were being forced,

with characteristic reluctance, to shell out. And as the knife went tip, tip, tip, on the shells, Cave's mouth watered like the bivalve's, as he caught the sound—more delicious music to his ears than Jenny Lind and the whole Italian troupe could give out. His spirits rose in this congenial atmosphere like the spirits in a barometer. He was soon in a gale as if he had been taking laughing gas. Now Cave was as fond of oysters as a seal. A regiment of such men on the seashore, or near the oyster banks, would have exterminated the species in a season. The act against the destruction of the oyster ought to have embraced Cave in a special clause of interdiction from their use. He used to boast that he and D. L. had never failed to break an oyster cellar in Tuscaloosa whenever they made a run on it.

Judge Sawbridge made a pass at him as soon almost as he was seated. He commenced by inquiring after some Kentucky celebrities—Crittenden, Hardin, Wickliffe, &c., whom he found intimate friends of Cave; and then he asked Cave to tell him the anecdote he had heard repeated, but not in its particulars, of the Earthquake-story. He led up to Cave's strong suit; for if there was one thing that Cave liked better than every thing else, eating and drinking excepted, it was telling a story; and if he liked telling any one story better than any other, it was the Earthquake-story. This story was, like Frank Plummer's speech on the Wiscasset collectorship, interminable; and, like Frank's speech, the principal part of it bore no imaginable relation to the ostensible subject. No mortal man had ever heard the end of this story: like Coleridge's soliloquies, it branched out with innumerable suggestions, each, in its turn, the parent of others, and these again breeding a new spawn, so that the further he travelled the less he went on. Like Kit Kunker's dog howling after the singing master and getting tangled up in the tune, the *dénouement* was lost in the episodes. What the story was originally, could not be conjectured; for Cave had gone over the ground so often, that the first and many subsequent traces were rubbed out by later footprints. Cave, however, refreshing himself with about a pint of hot-stuff, rose, turned his back to the fire, and, parting his coat-tail,

and squatting two or three times as was his wont when in the act of speaking, began

THE EARTHQUAKE-STORY.

We can only give it in *our* way, and only such parts as we can remember, leaving out most of the episodes, the casual explanations and the slang; which is almost the play of Hamlet with the Prince of Denmark omitted. But, thus emasculated, and Cave's gas let off, here goes a report about as faithful as a Congressman's report of his spoken eloquence when nobody was listening in the House.

* * * * *

"Well, Judge, the thing happened in 1834, in Steubenville, Kentucky, where I was raised. I and Ben Hardin were prosecuting the great suit, which probably you have heard of, *Susan Beeler vs. Samuel Whistler*, for breach of promise of marriage. The trial came on, and the courthouse was crowded. Every body turned out, men, women and children; for it was understood I was to close the argument in reply to Tom Marshall and Bob Wickliffe. I had been speaking about three hours and a half, and had just got to my full speed—the genius licks were falling pretty heavy. It was an aggravated case. Susan, her mother and three sisters were crying like babies; her old father, the preacher, was taking on, too, pretty solemn; and the women generally were going it pretty strong in the briny line. The courthouse was as solemn as a camp-meeting when they are calling up the mourners. I had been giving them a rousing, soul-searching appeal on the moral question, and had been stirring up their consciences with a long pole. I had touched them a little on the feelings—'affections'—'broken-hearts'—'pining away'—'patience on a monument,' and so forth; but I hadn't probed them deep on these tender points. It isn't the right way to throw them into spasms of emotion: reaction is apt to come. Ben Hardin cautioned me against this. Says Ben: 'Cave, tap them gently and milk them of their brine easy. Let the pathetics sink into 'em like a spring shower.' I saw the sense of it and took the hint. I led them gently along, not drawing more than a tear a minute or so: and when I saw

their mouths opening with mine, as I went on, and their eyes following mine, and winking as I winked, I would put it down a little stronger by way of a clincher. [Hello, Dick, ain't they nearly all opened? I believe I would take a few raw by way of relish."]

"No," Dick said: "they would be ready after a while." Here Cave took another drink of the punch and proceeded.

"I say—old Van Tromp Ramkat was Judge. You knew old Ramkat, Judge—didn't you? No? Well, *you* ought to have known him. He was the bloodiest tyrant alive. I reckon the old cuss has fined me not less than \$500."

Sawbridge.—"What for, Cave?"

"Why, for contempt at ten dollars a clip—that was old Ramkat's tariff; and if every other man had been fined the same for *contempt* of Van Tromp, the fines would pay off the national debt. Old Ram had a crazy fit for fining persons. He thought he owed it to the people to pay off all the expenses of the judicial system by fines. He was at it all the time. His fines against the sheriff and clerk amounted to not less than ten per cent on their salaries. If a court passed without fining somebody for contempt, he thought it was a failure of court, and he called a special term. Every thing was a contempt: a lawyer couldn't go out of court without asking leave; and the lawyers proposed, at a bar-meeting, to get a shingle and write on one side of it "In," and on the other "Out," like an old-field school. He fined Tid Stiffness for refusing to testify in a gambling case \$10; and then asked him again in the politest and most obsequious tones—if he hadn't better testify? Tid, thinking it a matter of choice, said 'No.' Old Ram nodded to the clerk, who set Tid down for another five. Ram got still more polite, and suggested the question again—and kept on till he *bid him up to* \$250; and then told him what he had done, and adjourned the case over, with Tid in custody, till next morning. Tid came into measures when the case was called, and agreed to testify, and wanted old Van to let him off with the fines; but Ram wouldn't hear to it. The clerk, however, suggested that, on looking over the tallies, he found he had scored him down twice on one bid. Ram remarked that, as there seemed

to be some question about it, and as Tid had been a good customer, he would split the difference with him and deduct a V; and then, in order to make the change even, he fined old Taxcross, the clerk, five dollars for not making up the entry right; but to let it come light on him, as he had a large family, allowed him to make it off of Tid, by making separate entries of the fines—thus swelling his fees.

"Oh, I tell you, old Ramkat was the bloodiest tyrant this side of France. I reckon that old cuss has cheated my clients out of half a million of dollars, by arbitrarily and officiously interfering to tell juries the law, when I had got them all with me on the facts. There was no doing any thing with him. He would lay the law down so positive, that he could instruct a jury out of a stock,—a little, bald-headed, high-heel-booted, hen-pecked son of thunder! Fining and sending to the penitentiary were the chief delights of his insignificant life. Did not the little villain once say, in open court, that the finding of a bill of indictment was a half conviction, and it ought to be law that the defendant ought to be convicted if he couldn't get a unanimous verdict from the petty jury? Why, Judge, he convicted a client of mine for stealing a calf. I proved that the fellow was poor and had nothing to eat, and stole it in self defence of his life. 'Twouldn't do: he convicted him, or made the jury do it. And old Ram told the fellow he should sentence him for five years. I plead with him to reduce the time. The boy's father was in court, and was weeping: I wept:—even old Ramkat boohoo'd outright. I thought I had him this time; but what did he do? Says he, 'Young man, your vile conduct has done so much wrong, given your worthy father so much pain, and given your eloquent counsel so much pain, and this court so much pain—I really must ENLARGE your time to TEN years.' And for stealing a calf! Egad, if I was starving, I'd steal a calf—yes, if I had been in Noah's ark and the critter was the seed calf of the world! [I say, where is Dick Bowling? Them oysters certainly must be ready by this time;—it seems to me I've smelt them for the last half hour."]

"No," the judge told him; "the oysters

were not ready—they were stewing a big tureen full at once."

Cave called for crackers and butter, and, through the course of the evening, just in a coquetting way, disposed of about half a tray full of dough and half a pound of Goshen butter.

The reader will understand that during the progress of this oration, though at different times, the members withdrew to the back room and 'oystered.'

"Well, but," said Tom Cottle,—“about the Earthquake?”

"Yes—true—exactly—just so—my mind was so disturbed by the idea that those oysters will be stewed out of all flavor, that I ramble. Where was I? Yes, I recollect now. I was commenting on Tom Marshall's attack on Molly Muggins's testimony. Molly was our main witness. She was an Irish servant girl, and had peeped through the key-hole of the parlor door, and seen the reach of promise going on upon the sofa. Well, I was speaking of Ireland, Emmet, Curran and so on, and I had my arm stretched out, and the jury were agape—old Ramkat leaning over the bench—and the crowd as still as death. When, what *should* happen? Such a clatter and noise above stairs, as if the whole building were tumbling down. It seems that a jury was hung, up stairs, in the second story—six and six—a dead lock, on a case of Jim Snipes *vs.* Jerry Legg for a bull yearling: all Nubbin Fork was in excitement about it:—forty witnesses on a side, not including impeaching and sustaining witnesses. The sheriff had just summoned the witnesses from the muster-roll at random: fourteen swore one way and twenty-four the other, as to identity and ownership; and it turned out the calf belonged to neither:—there was more perjury than would pale the lower regions to white heat to hear it. One witness swore"—

Sawbridge.—“But, Cave, about the case *you* were trying.”

Cave.—“Yes—about that. Well, the jury wanted to hear *my* speech, and the sheriff wouldn't let them out. He locked the door and came down. One of them, Sim Coley, kicked at the door so hard that the jar broke the stove-pipe off from the wires in the Mason's Lodge-room above, and about forty yards of stove-pipe, about as thick round as

a barrel, came lumbering over the banisters, and fell, with a crash like thunder, in the grand jury-room below, and then came rolling down stairs, four steps at a leap, bouncing like a rock from a mountain side.”

Here Sam Watson inquired how such a long pipe could get down a “pair of stairs,” and how much broader a staircase of a Kentucky courthouse was than a turnpike road.

Cave.—“Of course, I meant that it on-jointed, and one or more of the joints rolled down. A loose, gangling fellow like you, Sam, ought to see no great difficulty *in any thing* being on-jointed. I could just unscrew you”—

“Order! Order!” interposed Judge Sawbridge. “No interruption of the speaker: Mr. Burton has the floor.”

“Well,” continued Cave, “I had prepared the minds of the audience for a catastrophe, and this, coming as it did, had a fearful effect; but the hung jury coming down stairs on the other side of the building from the lodge, and by the opposite stairway, hearing the noise, started to running down like so many wild buffalo. A general hubbub arose below—old Ramkat rose in his place, with a smile at the prospect of so much good fining. ‘Sheriff,’ said he, ‘bring before me the authors of that confusion.’ Just then the plaster of the ceiling of the court room began to fall, and the women raised a shriek. Old Ramkat bellowed up—‘Sheriff, consider the whole audience fined ten dollars a piece, and mind and collect the fees at the door before they depart. Clerk, consider the whole courthouse fined—women and children half price—and take down their names. Sheriff, see to the doors being closed.’ But just then another section of the stove-pipe came thundering down, and about the eighth of an acre of plastering fell, knocking down sixty or seventy men and women; and the people in the galleries came rushing down, some jumping over into the crowd below; and a sheet of plastering, about as large as a tray, came down from above the chandelier, and struck old Ramkat over the head, and knocked him out of the judge's stand into the clerk's box; and he struck old Taxcross on the shoulders, and turned over about a gallon of ink on the records. Then Pug Williams, the bailiff, shouted out ‘*Earthquake!—Earthquake!*’

and all the women went into hysterics; and Pug, not knowing what to do, caught the bell-rope and began furiously to ring the bell. Such shouts of 'murder! fire! fire!' you never heard. There was a rush to the doors, but the day being cold they were closed, and of course on the inside, and the crowd pressed in such a mass and mess against them, that, I suppose, there was a hundred tons' pressure on them, and they could not be got open. I was standing before the jury, and, just behind them was a window, but it was down: I leaped over the jury, carried them before me"—

Watson.—"The first time you ever carried them, Cave."

Cave.—"Not by a jug-fall. I bowed my neck and jumped leap-frog through the window, carried the sash out on my neck, and landed safe in the yard, cutting a jugular vein or two half through, and picked myself up and ran, with the sash on my neck, up street, bleeding like a butcher, and shouting murder at every jump. I verily thought I never should see supper time.

"In the mean time, the very devil was to pay in the courthouse. Old Ramkat, half stunned, ran up the steps to the judge's platform, near which was a window, hoisted it and jumped, like a flying mollet, over on to the green, thirty feet below, sprained his ankle and fell. Frank Duer, once the most eloquent man at the bar, but who had fattened himself out of his eloquence,—weighing three hundred and ninety, and so fat that he could only wheeze out his figures of speech, and broke down from exhaustion of wind in fifteen minutes,—followed suit, just squeezing himself through the same window, muttering a prayer for his soul that was just about leaving such comfortable lodgings, came thundering down on the ground, jarring it like a real Earthquake, and bounced a foot and fell senseless on Ramkat. Ramkat, feeling the jar and mashed under Frank, thought the Earthquake had shook down the gable end of the courthouse and it had fell on him. So he thought fining time was over with him. He hollered out, in a smothered cry, 'Excavate the Court!—Excavate the Court!' But no body would do it, but let him sweat and smother for four hours.

"Then Luke Casey, a little, short, bilious,

collecting attorney, as pert and active as if he was made out of watch-springs and gum-elastic, and who always carried a green bag with old newspapers and brickbats in it, and combed his hair over his face to look savage, so as to get up a reputation for being a good hand at dirty work—Luke was cyphering the interest on a little grocery account of fifteen dollars: he had appealed from a justice's court, and had a big deposition, taken in the case, all the way from New York, in his hand: he sprung over three benches of the bar at a leap, and grabbed his hand on Girard Moseley's head to make another leap towards a window—going as if there was a prospect of a fee ahead and the client was about leaving town. He leaped clear over, but carried Girard's wig with him. Now Girard was a widower, in a remarkable state of preservation, and of fine constitution, having survived three aggravated attacks of matrimony. He pretended to practise law; but his real business was marrying for money. He had got well off at it, though he never got more than \$4,000 with any one wife. He did business on the principle of 'quick returns and short profits.' He pretended to be thirty and the rise, but was, at the least, fifty. He prided himself on his hair, a rich, light sorrel, sleek and glossy, and greased over with peppermint, cinnamon, and all sorts of sweet smells. He smelt like a barber's shop; and such a polite, nice, easy fellow, to be sure, was Girard. Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, and yet let him get hold of a dime, and he griped it so hard you might hear the eagle squall. He only courted rich old maids in infirm health, and was too stingy ever to raise a family. He was very sweet on old Miss Julia Pritcher, a *girl* of about thirty-five, who was lank, hystericed, and, the boys said, fitified; and who had just got about \$5,000 from her aunt, whom she had served about fifteen years as upper servant, but who was now gone the old road. Nobody ever thought of Girard's wearing a wig. He pretended it was *Jayne's Hair Elixir* that brought it out. Fudge! But Luke caught him by the top-knot, and peeled his head like a white onion. He left him as bald as a billiard-ball—not a hair between his scalp and Heaven. Luke took the wig, and hastily, without thinking what he was doing,

filed it in the deposition. Moseley had brought Jule Pritcher there, and she was painted up like a doll; her withered old face streaked like a June apple. She needn't have put herself to that trouble for Girard: he would have married her in her winding-sheet, if she had been as ugly as original sin, and only had enough breath in her to say yes to the preacher.

"And now the fury began to grow outside. The smoke, rushing out of the window of the lodge-room, and the cry of fire brought out the fire-engines and companies, and the rag, tag and bobtail boys and negroes that follow on shouting, with great glee, 'fire! fire! fire!' along the streets. Ting-aling came on the engines—there were two of them—until they brought up in the courthouse yard; one of them in front, the other at the side or gable end. It was some time before the hose could be fixed right; every fellow acting as captain, and *all* being in the way of *the rest*. Wood Chuck, a tanner's journeyman—a long, slim, yellow-breeched fellow, undertook to act as engineer of engine No. 1. 'Play in at the windows!' cried the crowd outside, 'there's fire *there*'—and play it was. They worked the arms of the thing lustily—no two pulling or letting down at the same time; until, at last, the water came. Wood guided pretty well for a first trial, first slinging the pipe around and scattering the crowd. But, just as they came pouring out of the window, thick as bees, he got his aim, and he sent the water in a sluice into the window: the engine had a squirt like all blazes; and as Chuck levelled the pipe and drew a bead on them, and as it shot into the faces of the crowd—vip, vip, vip—they fell back shouting murder, as if they had been shot from the window-sill. Old Girard had got hold of Jule and brought her to, and was bringing her, she clinging with great maidenly timidity, to him, and he hugging her pretty tight; and they, coming to the window—the rest falling back—Chuck had a fair fire at them. He played on old Girard to some purpose—his bald head was a fair mark, and the water splashed and scattered from it like the foam on a figure head. The old fellow's ears rang like a conch shell for two years afterwards. Chuck gave Jule one swipe on one side of her head

that drove a bunch of curls through the window opposite, and which washed all the complexion off that cheek, and the paint ran down the gullies and seams like blood: the other side was still rosy. The only safe place was to get down on the floor and let the water fly over. Old Girard never got over the tic dolereux and rheumatism he got that day. The other engine played in the other window; and the more they played, the more the people inside shouted and hollered; and the more they did that, the more Chuck and Bill Jones, the engineer of No. 2, came to their relief. It was estimated that at least a thousand hogsheads of water were played into that courthouse: indeed, I believe several small boys were drowned.

"Some one shouted out for an axe to cut through the front door. One was brought. A big buck negro struck with all his might, with the back of the axe, to knock it off its hinges; but there were at least twenty heads pushed up against the door, and these were knocked as dead by the blow as ever you saw a fish under the ice."

Sawbridge.—"Were they all killed?"

Cave.—"All? No—not all. Most of them came to after a while. Indeed, I believe there was only three that were buried—and a tinner's boy, Tom Tyson, had his skull fractured; but they put silver plate in the cracks, and he got over it—a few brains spilt out, or something of the sort—but his appetite was restored.

"By the way we had some fun when the trial of Luke Casey's little case came on. Moseley was on the other side, and came into court with his head tied up in a bandanna handkerchief. He smiled when some of Luke's proof was offered, and Luke, a little nettled, drew out the deposition, and with an air of triumph said, 'Perhaps, Mr. Moseley, you will laugh at this,' opening the deposition: as he opened it the wig fell out, and, every body recognizing it as Moseley's, a laugh arose which was only stopped by old Ramkat's fining all around the table. Squire Moseley vamosed and left Luke to get a judgment and the credit of a joke, of which he was innocent as Girard's head was of the hair.

"Well, boys, I reckon you would all like to know what became of my case. You see"—

Here Dick Bowling, smacking his lips, remarked that the oysters were very fine.

"Oysters!" said Cave. "Have you been eating the oysters?"

Dick said he had.

Cave jumped to the back door at one bound, and called to the servant—"Jo, I say, Jo—get mine ready this minute—a few dozen raw—a half bushel roasted, and all the balance stewed—with plenty of soup; I'll season them myself: and put on plenty of crackers, butter and pickles. Be quick, Jo, old fel."

Jo made his appearance, hat in hand, and answered; "Why, Mas Cave, dey's all gone dis hour past; de gem'men eat ebery one up."

"The devil they have!" said Cave. "Gentlemen," he continued, turning to the crowd, "is this true?"

"Yes," replied the Judge. "Cave, I thought you were so interested telling the story, that you would prefer not to be interrupted."

The exclamatory imprecation which Cave lavished upon his soul, his eyes, and the particular persons present, and humanity generally, would not be befitting the chaste pages of the Messenger. He left without any val-
edictory salutations of a complimentary or courteous tenor. And he did not recover his composure until he removed a tray full of blood-puddings, sweetbread, kidneys and the like soporific viands, which had once graced the landlord's larder.

Speaking of the entertainment afterwards, Cave said he did not care a *dern* for the oysters, but it pained him to think that men he took to be his friends, should have done him a secret injury.

Sheridan, the first time he met his son Tom, after the marriage of the latter, seriously angry with him, told him he had made his will, and had cut him off with a shilling. Tom said he was indeed very sorry, and immediately added, "You don't happen to have the shilling about you now, sir, do you?"

THE MASSACRE OF THE SCIOTES.

I.

No peace in the fold, when the wolf is abroad,
No peace in the temple deserted of God;
No peace for the peasant whose tyrant still breathes,
If the falsehood finds faith and the sabre he sheathes.

II.

And midnight shall wake thee, oh! Scio, to hear
The shout of the foeman, late flying in fear;
For thy valleys are lit by the swords of the foe,
And the Vizier himself now descends to the blow!

III.

The dark brow'd Egyptian is there by his side,
And the Pasha exults in his falsehood and pride;
From the reach of the Siroc's red breath shall he flee,
But more fatal the Siroc that falls upon thee.

IV.

And sudden the cry in the noon-time of night,
And wild is the clamor and awful the fright;
'Tis the foeman awakes thee, no longer to rest,
With a shot in the brow and a knife in the breast.

V.

Thou liftest thy babe, but in vain doth he plead;—
Ho! think'st thou the Vizier doth merciful deed?
With a blow he hath answered the plaint, while the
prayer
Still comes with a groan, from the rocks, through the air.

VI.

Not Yanina's stern Pacha when roused into rage,
Is less slow to destroy, or more hard to assuage;
The Bey, like his master, a tiger confess'd,
Loves to lap the warm blood from the still heaving breast.

VII.

More thirsty than sands of the desert, he knows
In the banquet of blood neither stint nor repose;
Still quaffs without surfeit, with taste still renew'd
With each draught from the drink, and each feast from
the food.

VIII.

What hope for the prayers of thy babes, what avail
The shows of thy wrong, and the grief of thy tale—
The song of thy Bards, the renown of thy Sires,
The height of thy altars, the blaze of their fires!

IX.

There was pride in each heart as the soul of the Past,
Awakened, though late, yet in glory, at last;
And the spirit of vengeance new-whetted the sword,
Whilst the chains were all snapt, of the Ottoman lord.

X.

A dream of the bright days came over thy plain,
As if the sunk sun had arisen again;—
The ghosts of the vanished came trooping, once more,
At the blaze of thy beacon on mountain and shore.

XI.

But the burst of thy sun was in vain; and its light
But left thee more dark in the fast-rushing night;

It was thy hope and too fatal thy doom,
 glory soon sunk, whence it rose, in the tomb.

XII.

Let thy heart, and too faint thy desires;
 sleep,—ah! such sleep never conquered thy sires;
 slept'st,—but at midnight the thunder-cloud broke,
 it were the dreamers that never awoke!

XIII.

Foul and wild was the storm of that hour,
 death was at hand with the ensigns of power,
 happy were they—for they saw not the weak
 break, the beloved ones,—who first met his blow.

XIV.

W. rocky Scio, hath a circlet of red,
 dust with a garment of ashes is spread;
 the sun set with a smile on thy shore,
 leaving it rose to behold thee no more.

XV.

Blood shall replenish the veins of thy race,
 thy decay and revenge thy disgrace,
 the spirit that bore thee to death in the strife,
 led them to glory, to freedom and life.

ON OLD BACHELORS.

BY F. W. SHELTON.

It may be divided into the involuntary—
 sentimental, the misogynistic and the

Other divisions might be made, but
 will include a sufficient number of that
 innate class who will be esteemed by
 as scarcely worth the labor of an es-
 And they are not, except as a solemn
 g, a painful yet salutary lesson to

They are, for the most part, mere
 remnants of humanity, scattered links of the
 chain which connects the family of
 into one brotherhood by the tenderest
 and heavenly affections. Much ill-
 jocularities have we on the subject of
 old bachelors: an insulting epithet, a most unfeel-
 ingly allusion to that chirping and
 noisy class of women who, from mere ac-
 cident and the force of circumstances over
 which they have no control, bloom solitary
 in a desert world when they are well fitted
 to be a garden of loveliness. Let them
 be, since God has so willed it. They can
 be adorned with silken cords, if they do not happen to
 be bound by the indissoluble bonds of matri-

In them the fountain of affection is
 not yet and perennial to be lost to human-

ity. It may be turned aside or be rendered
 acrid, but is not easily dried up or dwindled.
 I maintain that a good aunt is only next in
 value to a good mother. When she arrives
 on a winter evening by the post-coach from
 the city, at a comfortable, snug domicile in
 the country, full of children: when she has
 recovered from the uproarious greeting, and
 begins to untie the strings of her bonnet and
 to get warm, sitting in the choicest chair be-
 fore the ample fire, which has been kindled
 to a redder heat in expectation of her com-
 ing;—when the plump arms have been at
 last untwined from embracing the neck of
aunt, and she has unlocked and emptied out
 all her budget of town news for the grown
 folks;—when finally she has sipped a cup of
 excellent tea, and partaken of toast, then it
 is high time to unlock a far more important
 budget, and a casket full of treasures. She
 thrusts her arm elbow-deep into the pocket
 of her silken dress, draws forth the rattling
 keys nestling in close companionship on a
 steel ring, and selecting one, after holding
 the whole bunch close to her eyes, proceeds
 to unluck the handsome leather trunk which
 Tom has brought in and placed grinning on
 two chairs in the parlour. After getting the
 huge chest fairly opened, after the lifting up
 of various boards and partitions, she is now
 enabled to draw forth something which will
 be a treat to juvenile eyes. *Imprimis*—the
 adventures of *Baron Munchausen*, a thin book
 in a blue cover—a feast of romantic narrative
 which, having once read, Bob will never for-
 get as long as he lives: nay, he will not cease
 to associate the astounding tales there told
 with a tender remembrance of dear Aunt.
 Then she unwraps from their coverings of
 tissue paper, various editions of little books
 or primers, in silvered covers, and these with
 backgammon board, sword and scabbard, and
 soldier caps, and sugar plums, make up a
 charming present worthy of Christmas times
 or of the New Year. How shall such valuable
 creatures as aunts—complements, as we
 may call them of the affectionate mother,
 fretting, caressing, spoiling, nurturing; sup-
 plying all those little needs wherein the
 maternal purse may be unable—be twitted
 with the insulting epithet of ancient maids?
 There is a book upon a kindly theme called
 “the Maiden Aunt.” Never was a better

selected for the delicate limning of character. But besides, there are many estimable women who do good in the world without partnership. Are they to go about cajoling and laying snares to catch a husband because they are worthy of a good one? By no means. Women, by the inalienable delicacy of their natures, do not act the part of wooers. But as to men, if they deserve the name, they can in a great measure control their own destiny. At least in a land like this they are unfettered by the tyranny of caste; by the aid of strong arms and brave hearts they can shake off the shackles of poverty, and if they cannot attain to honours and elevated rank, they can at least lay the foundations of that impregnable castle—the home of an honest man and of a good citizen. Among other things which they can do, they can marry. *Marry*, they can!—as the great bard would say,—and why don't they? They stand so much aloof (a certain class,) in the great reserve of their natures, that it is hard to analyse their reasons which for the most part they studiously conceal. Their eyes lie far back in their heads, are introverted and only twinkle a little. If you were to ask them the question it would be like consulting a dumb oracle. They would answer with a still smile or with a few words of stale rejoinder and of stereotyped jocularity. “Tell me, then upright, industrious man who puttest on the harness of labour every day as a warrior puts on armour;—thou pattern of every virtue, whose exemplary walk and conversation have almost passed into a proverb, how is it that you let the golden sands of life slip by while youth and beauty pass you fleetly like a shadow? Soon it may be too late, as a few gray hairs already begin to show themselves over that expansive brow, like the first frosts of approaching winter.”

No answer.

“Simpkins, you are a handsome fellow and well suited to please the fair; in great demand on every occasion of ceremony; extremely neat and dapper in personal appearance; you tie a neckcloth with all the exquisite nicety of a Beau Brummell; you know how to exchange delicate compliments, and the affections of your heart are tender and ever gushing:—how is it that you find

no partner for life, you who select one so gracefully for the dance?”

No answer.

“Crabtree, what makes you look so cross? Methinks if you had a good wife it would rub off some of those sharp and rough edges of your character and render you, if that be possible, a polished man. I am sorry for you, Crabtree; you are in a good way of business, but as long as you continue to take your meals in your own room, and have your washing ‘done out’ you will never learn to live decently in a christian community. When do you mean to reform?”

No answer.

“Crassus, you are as rich as Cræsus. You are without the apology which deters a poor man. You have money in bank, bonds and mortgages without number. You could support a thousand in luxury instead of entertaining yourself so meanly. Why don't you exchange that threadbare coat for a wedding suit of handsome broadcloth?”

No answer.

Well, well: it may be unfair; it is futile to pop a question to those who are opposed to popping; to stand talking with mummies, or awaiting rejoinder from these skeletons in armour—in cold, steel, scaly, impenetrable *armour*! Perhaps it is uncharitable, too, to drag out motives from the place of their seclusion “in the heart's chamber.” But charity begins at home, and therefore with some of these it can have no beginning. How then can they expect it from others? In this emergency it may be safe to become a mouth-piece, and in venturing to enter upon the subdivisions of the subject and to treat them fairly, I leave it to others to determine whether I do not hit the mark nearly or exactly. I will begin with the least prevalent reasons, and wind up with one which is an *argumentum ad hominem* and which may be considered to be a clincher.

There are some, it must be admitted whose judgment is equally strong with their affections. They stand alone; but their position is one of hard necessity, not of their own choosing. Often in the visions of fond imagination, they picture to themselves the happiness which can never be theirs. At the domestic altar they kneel and worship fervently in their dreams.—Wife is

them a holy word: marriage no lottery, but a state of undeniable bliss. Poor men!—whose aspirations are fruitless—whose tears fall on the very graves of their unaccomplished hopes. R— is one of this unrequited class. That he is no celibate from choice, may be inferred from his history. He has loved and been loved: he has deferred and procrastinated, owing to the unseen perplexity of affairs, until the day appears to have gone by; and by a mutual sort of consent, the lovers agree to stand *in statu quo*, and approach no nearer. When two persons approach the altar, and from some reason or other suddenly hold back, their mutual friends reproach them with timidity and endeavor to push them on. But the priest says, “let them alone;—they understand their own business best.” And the priest is right. Match-making and intermeddling with affairs of the heart, is an arbitrary intervention—an arrest of the natural course of things. It involves a weighty responsibility, and almost without exception entails unhappiness and self-reproach upon the parties. A curse seems often to rest upon royal espousals, marriages of convenience, preconcerted engagements, family matches. Scarcely have the old people ended chuckling when the catastrophe begins.

He is a rash man who will permit his judgment, (if he have any,) to be dethroned by love, or enter unadvisedly into the marriage state without any provision for a household. But I do think that it would be better for the world if there were more trust in Providence in this respect. Attempt not to look too far into the future. Confide not in your own prevision for all things. In a Christian interpretation, “take no thought for the morrow;” that is, be not over-anxious. But if I go on only for a few sentences farther in this vein, I shall encroach on *Martin Farguhar* who has a copyright in his works. I would rather fall back on the Solomon of my own wisdom. As to this involuntary class, there is one test of their sincerity according to my observation. They say little to excite your sympathy for their lonely estate. They are no Pharisees, who make long prayers for a good wife, that their domestic feelings may be commended. They have an external cheerfulness of aspect. But let

me tell you that bachelors of this reputable sort are rare, and where found it would be hard-hearted to twit them with the delights of single-blessedness. Since God wills it, in His name let them alone!—You might as well ridicule a martyr at the stake. Make them welcome at your own homes, as they have none of their own; for if they have envy it is not of a venomous kind. Would you find fault with a man because he envies you those rosy children which cluster about your knees? Would you begrudge him the delight of patting them on the head, or of smacking the red lips of the darling girls? Certainly not: but when he is gone, you will exclaim—“What a pity that he has not any of his own!” That man would make an excellent father of a family. He is so tender-hearted, so overbrimming with kindly feeling, generous as the day!—Did you mark the tears start in his eye when—but he has his mother and sisters to take care of;—he cannot marry if he would.

How different is the above from your *sentimental bachelor*.—I am disposed to show no quarter to the sentimental bachelor. By my ancient friendship for *Isaac Marvel*, I declare that no apology can be found for any of the set. Do not believe a single word which they say. *It* is a pleasant fellow; deservedly a great favorite of the public, which is at present his only wife, and will be until he stops dreaming. His dreams, it is true, are no unhealthy, night-mare visions, crude, vague, undigested phantasies. They are delicate, airy, sweet pictures, which can be gazed at with pleasure by one who is wide awake. You would verily suppose that people of his class were just the ones to be over head and ears in love the whole time; but their condition is nearly hopeless; having, we may say, actually sinned away their “day of grace.” There is no use to be throwing caps at these pretty fellows—these walking Anacreontics, who can discourse in such amiable, set phrase, all about the tender affections, with tears in their eyes, and their cheeks flushing with emotion. The adorable ladies, whose men they are, (sitting, it may be, at their side upon a summer morning,) hearkening to their plaintive tales which come almost like cooing ululations of doves or pigeons from beneath the eaves, think

that they must do something to precipitate the fate of these men who seem to have no power to help themselves out of difficulty. With such seeming sincerity have they bewailed their desolate lot, that the presumption is, that they are anxious to escape it. This is not so; and for several reasons. Whenever you hear a man talk much of the delights of married life, and envy others their possession, you may set him down as a confirmed bachelor. On the contrary, if one of your friends tells you that he has been reasoning about the policy of getting married, and that he has come to the conclusion that he is a great deal better off as he is, depend upon it, he has indicated by this revelation, that he has already popped the question. I have marked it in several instances, and feel entitled to speak upon the subject with the confidence of an oracle.

Another reason why you may not believe these rosy dreamers is, that they have been tested in numerous instances. They have already met with more charming embodiments than they are able to portray: but just when their weather-beaten vessels appear to have arrived in a beautiful safe port, and are ready to cast anchor, all of a sudden they spread their sails to the first favouring zephyr, and are wafted far away. What the reason is remains a mystery; some element, however, is still wanting in their fancied picture of an "Elysium upon Earth." In truth there is a butterfly pleasure and excitement in flitting from flower to flower, sipping the more volatile sweets and leaving the rest for the beak of the rude "bumble bee" who is to come. Reality is too stern for them, and "distance lends enchantment to the view." They are fit to skim over the dimpling waves in their light barques; but let them be once immersed in the actual, briny billows, and their cry is, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink." Now if any be disposed to differ from me in this opinion, I will tell you who it will be: the captivating, intellectual young woman, who, without taking the black veil, or without any intention of becoming a nun, is unattainable as any ancient vestal. She has her own reasons. Let them be respected. "A vermilion Edict. Mark this."

Thirdly, and to conclude, there is a cause which renders the hearts of these rosy dream-

ers, whose nature is as soft as wax, to become as hard as adamant. They have at some early period of juvenility been, perhaps, crossed in love, and are afraid to venture again. This is almost too tender a topic to touch upon. I have not the knowledge of any particular statistics touching them, except those which are in the possession of all. Yet from facts which are sufficiently numerous, we may venture a theory. Now while this apology will cause us to regard the refined and *sentimental bachelor* with great respect, I must honestly declare that it is not a real or valid argument in his favour. Widowers do not argue in this way. If they have had two good wives, or in other words, wives who have been too good, they are confirmed in their belief that the state is delectable and that they may enter it again:—an opinion which is rational except it be carried to extremes, as in the case of the Eighth Henry, or of the diabolic Blue Beard. Mind you that for intrinsic reasons which are too metaphysical to argue, I do not hold that the converse may be correct, or that a widow may marry again. Let that pass. But a blighted, early love should not deter from a repetition of the process, and in this I am confirmed by the conduct of certain bachelors who adhere to their determination, until their heads become as white as snow, then suddenly yielding in their old age, they lead to the hymeneal altar, amid the jeers of the world, some old body for whom they "kindle up old regards," to cheer them in their declining years. It had been better for them not to have postponed this inevitable act so long.

As to *misogynists*, or women haters, many are disposed to consider them fabulous beings, as much as ghouls or centaurs. Perhaps they are so in the strict interpretation of the term. Yet it cannot be doubted that there are ~~men~~ particularly apathetic with respect to the fairer sex. I have known one or more who never desire to approach them, and who stand twirling their fingers and in great nervous agitation in their presence. They are the direct contraries of others who are never so much at their ease as when they happen to encounter them; and no matter how sudden or unexpected may be the meeting, up lift their hats and smile and chat with a pe-

ular facility of manner. I am somewhat puzzled in attempting to analyze the misogynistic, but according to the best of my ability will arrange them thus: 1. A small class whose existence is uncertain, and who, from some natural distortion of mind, actually hate the sight of a woman. I have never met any of them, and for the credit of human nature, we will call them fabulous. There are bashful individuals who can never look any one directly in the face, and who are falsely reputed to have an aversion to female society.

There was a youth named Jeffrey Blake,
Who loved a very pretty girl,
And would have perished for her sake,
But oh! his brain was in a whirl
When he began to speak to her.

Now every day in every week,
And every week in every year,
He did resolve the news to break
And pour his passion in her ear,
But oh! withdrew his steps in fear
When he began to speak to her.

In vain he struggled to be bold,
In vain he sought to ask her hand.
He parted with his tale untold,
Or like a coward, he would stand
The greatest ninny in the land
When he began to speak to her.

And now, alas! his eye is dim,
She wears no more her curls of jet,
To ask the "girl" to marry him
He has resolved to do it yet,
If he his terror can forget
When he begins to speak to her.

The above unpremeditated verse will illustrate this subsection of the subject better than an essay. 3. There are those devoted to some pure and good pursuit, who, in the vigor and intensity of their elevated studies are so perpetually engrossed, that their pockets are empty of those small two-penny bits which are necessary to pass one along in places where they are unable to exchange a large bill. It is not that they have any natural aversion, but knowing that they cannot conveniently pay, they stay at home, regarding the world more good than if they begat a large family of children. Such men are not the haters of women, but lovers of the whole race. "Credit where credit is due." But to pick out the kernel of this nut, which we have been cracking, and to reach the conclusion of the matter, we will ven-

ture from instinctive knowledge to declare why it is that so many able-bodied, full-grown, "well-to-do in the world" men apathetically jog on in single blessedness. *It is because they are too stingy to marry!* They are engaged, and have been for a long course of years in laying up, and accumulating, and counting the cost,—and this is a pleasure far greater to them than would be the possession of a wife or children. They are already married, according to the rites of the only matrimony of which their souls are capable, to the dollars which they love with sordid affection, and to which they have vowed to cling until death do them part, at the altars of mammon. He who can go home at night and look with genuine satisfaction on the bright faces of his darlings—his golden and his silver darlings—may well think that the coffer is a better article of furniture than the cradle. Some of the stingiest men whom I have ever known, it is true, are married, and it is a pity that they are. They sweeten their tea with molasses, and make their wives to delve for them and help them to save the treasure which God intended to be spent. If there ever existed a just occasion of jealousy and divorce, here it is, when a man's whole soul is pre-engaged and pre-engrossed by a blinding love of money, and when he has been convicted of this adultery, in the open sunshine, in every action of his life. That they have ta'en the old man's daughter 'tis most true—true they have married her—but for the love of money, not herself.

In nine cases out of ten your stingy bones consider it prudent to remain even as they are, for the better facilities which they have of saving as well as of acquiring. They take so much pleasure in stocks and barter, that they have little or no yearning for those connections prized by less selfish men. There is no romance of love in their disposition; at least not of the kind which I speak of. They have but one sentiment so engrossing, so satisfying as to exclude all others. John Bachelor Stingybones, Esq. may be known by his little eyes, which twinkle with a lively light. When they are at rest, they are drawn to a sharp focus. You cannot see into him: he keeps his own counsel: he is a "still one." A pale, semi-pleasant smile occasionally flits over his features, and he jocu-

larly discourses upon marriage, wagging his head. He is tolerably well-looking, under forty and rich. His shining virtue is a rigid self-denial which would, however, scarcely become notorious, he keeps himself so closely in chambers. He is not notorious for any gross acts of meanness. You can sometimes get a dollar out of him if you attack him at a propitious moment. He dresses decently, goes to church, and puts a sixpence in the plate. He has humanity, and will sometimes send a cord of wood to a poor person in a cold winter. He scrupulously minds his own business, and is by no means a dangerous member of the community. He never drives an unfair bargain, and is not a miser; but he is excessively close and saving—and take my word for it, that is the reason why he has never married. I am not personally acquainted with John B. Stingybones, but he is a type of a large class, who could probably all wear the same pair of shoes. I suppose that in common charity he has a right to go on his way unmolested without having his motives called in question, but as another of his shining virtues is a perennial good humour, arising no doubt from absence of the cares of married life, and as his temper is seldom ruffled, he will see nothing in the above picture which applies peculiarly to himself. We owe him all respect as a harmless member of the body politic. May his character become modified before his head becomes bald. Day by day the tweezer of Time is uprooting one and another of the thin hairs upon his pate with its silvery bulb. The lines upon his countenance deepen, his nose sharpens, and his face is getting hard. Now he passes his time pleasantly enough while he is jostling men in the streets; and the constant acquisition of fresh wealth, perhaps, causes him to gloat less over that already acquired. But he will find the winter of life drear enough in his solitary chamber. Let him take counsel if he has not already learned to rely, as no doubt he has, exclusively on his own judgment.

From the history of this class, we think that one lesson may be learned, as good as any contained in the whole range of Æsop's fables—not to estimate all things by the standard of dollars and cents. They are no measure of that which is priceless.—Ac-

ording to some laws in ancient and modern governments, a very considerable tax is levied by the State upon incorrigible bachelors. An act of this kind is founded in the strictest principles of justice, and might have the effect to bring men to their senses when all other arguments failed. To see other people's children skipping about and schooled at their expense, would so exasperate them, that they would have their own home peopled from motives of economy, or out of spite. All men hate publicans, and pay taxes with a bad grace. However polite may be the officer who reminds them that they must "render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," they could willingly kick him out of doors at the identical moment when they have obtained his receipt. But this operation, however gratifying to one of the parties, would be attended with additional expense. Stingy folks consider their own natural wants, for which they are well able to provide, in the light of publicans. How provoking, when they have restricted these to the narrowest limits, to be compelled to pay for their self-denial. But it is all right, all right at least in the case of old bachelors, whose purses would first be opened, and after that their hearts would begin to expand and expand and swell open like the crimson heart of a rose which has lived in the shade, but into which the sunbeams have at last suddenly burst. Then how pleasant would be the garden all fragrant with the perfume of charitable deeds; while the sweet domestic affections would flourish like spring-flowers in the paradise of a home.

THE CONFESSION OF LOVE.

A MADRIGAL.

I sat down by her side, and told my love,
Pressing one arm around her slender waist;
When she, with sudden start, and blushful haste,
And mild averted face,
Seeking my trembling fingers to remove,
Half rose from my embrace;
Yet, somehow, seemed reluctant to reprove.
A timid hope, commingling with vague fears,
Came shivering o'er mine eyelids, wet with tears:
The sweet emotion linked her soul with mine—
She fell upon my neck, and murmured "Thine!"

A. DE VEE

THE CITIES OF ITALY.

Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem :
Tot congesta manu praecluptis oppida saxis ;
Fluminaque antiquos subter labentia muros.

I.

FLORENCE.

To a traveller who retains the enthusiasm that is imbibed by generous minds from an early study of the classics, and who has cultivated a taste for the fine arts, Italy presents a perpetual scene of enchantment. The beauty of *the Country* recalls the fabled gardens of Alcinous and Armida, and from Italian landscapes Milton drew much of the inspiration to which we owe his description of the abode of our first parents. However high may be the expectations of such a traveller, he will find them far surpassed by the reality. But *the cities* with their historical recollections, their old renown and more recent wonders of art, excite a still deeper interest. To wander among their domes and palaces and to survey the master pieces of painting and sculpture they contain, is perhaps the highest of intellectual enjoyments. Brief and unsatisfactory as his visit may be—and the reflection too often intrudes itself, that what he beholds is passing like the images of a magic lantern, yet he is conscious of storing up recollections that will afford him gratification in years to come, to be mingled with all the current of his thoughts. From such feelings springs many an idle volume, and the notes of the tourist though dull to the reader, bring back to him bright days, which in recording he seems to live over again. This is the consideration that has induced the writer to commit to paper a plain and imperfect account of what he saw. So numerous and excellent are the books of travel relating to Italy, and so minute and accurate the hand-books of Murray, that it would appear folly and presumption to attempt a new work on this much trodden ground. To amuse a few leisure hours with pleasant reminiscences, and, perhaps, to interest those of your readers who have not access to the books alluded to, is the only reward he can hope for his labors.

The cities which are the subject of these notices, will be mentioned without regard to

their rank, or the order in which they were visited, the arrangement being the accidental result of the writer's inclination.

On the morning of Wednesday the 2nd June, 1852, I arrived at Leghorn, having left Naples in the Steamer Ercolano on the preceding Monday. We voyaged only by night, remaining in the port of Civita Vecchia all Tuesday, a custom in the Mediterranean most convenient for travellers. Here our baggage, especially the books we had with us, both on entering and leaving the town, was subjected to a rigorous examination. We landed on a quay at the Dogana, where a few weeks before I had seen casks of red wine, probably because it was adulterated, emptied into the sea. Then in a small boat we crossed a narrow basin, under the walls of an ancient fortress, and were soon in comfortable chambers at the Albergo San-Marco, whose host bears the name of Giovanni Smith. After an excellent breakfast I called on Signor Matteo Betti, gave orders for the shipment of some trifling purchases made in Rome, and then strolled about the town for a few hours viewing for the second time the marble statue of Ferdinand I. with the four Turkish captives in bronze at the angles of the pedestal. I regretted not to be able to visit the tomb of Smollett in the Protestant burial ground, a short distance out of the city. At 4 o'clock, I was seated in a railway coach on the way to Florence.

For some miles the road passes through a flat, low and generally marshy country, where the sea and land are so nearly on a level, that the vessels coasting along the shore of the Mediterranean, seem to be sailing through meadows. On approaching Pisa the ground becomes more elevated, and we saw frequent fields of wheat with trees in them, topt at the height of twelve or fifteen feet, and festoons of vines extending from tree to tree. A beautiful species of clover—*trifolium incarnatum*—with a long scarlet head is cultivated in this part of Italy, and laborers were employed in cutting it green to be carried into Pisa. We stopt only a few minutes at Pisa, I had spent a day there before going to Rome, and then proceeded to Florence through several small towns and villages, and a country diversified with corn fields, vineyards and meadows, and abounding in neat cottages.

As we drew near to the city we saw on our right hand multitudes of carriages and horsemen passing along the public drive or park, from which we were separated by a long and narrow valley of deep verdure. The railway station is just out of the city gates, and leaving it we passed under the lofty walls through the Porta al Prato, where Austrian officers inspected our passports and examined the carriage for contraband articles. They were, as I found them on every occasion, perfectly civil, but detained us longer than, in our impatience, we thought necessary. The sun was near setting when we drove to the Hotel de York, a short distance from the Cathedral. In a few minutes, alone, I was treading the marble floor, and standing on the spot where Gulian de Medici was assassinated and Lorenzo wounded by the daggers of the Pazzi, then hastened to the square of the Grand Duke, and in the Loggia dei Lanzi beheld the famous work of Benvenuto Cellini, the bronze statue of Perseus with the head of Medusa. The animation with which the artist in his memoirs describes the operation of casting the statue, the fever into which he was thrown by his violent though somewhat amusing excitement, had for years been familiar to my mind and added to the interest with which I viewed the work. It was twilight and the outlines only of the various groupes in this renowned piazza could be distinguished, but before I left it the full moon was shining on the white marble and casting long shadows on the pavement. After wandering some time among narrow streets and lofty buildings I retired to rest, anticipating the gratification that was in store for me on the morrow.

At an early hour I was in the Baptistry. Its chief ornaments are the bronze doors of Ghiberti, representing scenes from the Old Testament. A hasty view, and what traveller can give more to them, left a general impression of their beauty, but it would require days to examine them minutely so as to acknowledge the force of Michael Angelo's often quoted remark, that they were worthy to be the gates of Paradise. From the Baptistry it is but a step to the Cathedral. Of this building the West and principal front is still unfinished. Its grand octagonal dome is said to be some feet greater in diameter

than that of St. Peter's at Rome. The form is perhaps not so beautiful as the circular, but no one, on looking at it, could wish it other than it is. This work of Brunelleschi was finished about the middle of the fifteenth century, and excepting the dome of St. Peter's, in grandeur has never been surpassed. The Campanile near the South West angle of the Duomo, but detached from it, a square tower of light and highly ornamented architecture, rises to the elevation of 276 feet. These structures are of black and white marble, checquered in alternate squares, but the hues are so harmonised by time, that the contrast gives no offence.

The interior of the Cathedral is a mixture of Grecian and Gothic architecture, the effect of which, though it may be censured by critics, I thought highly striking. The tall pointed arches, the stained glass windows, and the massive pillars give it a sombre character and a gloom unusual in the churches of Italy. Among the paintings and sculpture there are no works of any remarkable celebrity. Over the North West door there is a fresco of a knight on horseback in memory of Sir John Hawkwood, an Englishman, who, from being a tailor's apprentice in London, became a Condottiere of great renown, and lived to an advanced age in the service of the Florentine Republic.

From the Duomo, a short walk brought me to the Piazza del Granduca, where I examined at my leisure the works I had dimly seen the previous evening. There among others are the David of Michael Angelo, Hercules and Cacus, by Bandinelli, Hercules and Nessus, and the rape of the Sabines, by John of Bologna, Judith and Holofernes, by Donatello, and the magnificent fountain of Nessus, a colossal figure of the God with nymphs and sea horses spouting water at the base, by Ammaneti. Near the fountain is the noble equestrian statue of Cosmo I.,* by John of Bologna,

* Roger's Italy. The tragic story of his sons is told by the poet with much feeling. Giovanni and Garcia went to the chase, and Garcia alone returned,

"Too well alas

The trembling Cosmo guessed the deed, the doer."

and the stern justice of the father made him become the executioner of his son. Their portraits in the Palazzo Vecchio represent two beautiful boys in the same picture, by Vasari.

"Clad in mail
But with his helmet off—in kingly state,
Aloft he sits upon his horse of brass;
And they that read the legend underneath,
Go and pronounce him happy."

On the Piazza del Granduca fronts the Palazzo Vecchio, with a lofty square tower rising from its roof—heavy and fortress-like—dating as far back as the thirteenth century. Separated from it by a narrow street is the building of the Uffizi, the work of Vasari in the time of Cosmo I. It forms three sides of a parallelogram three or four hundred feet by about one-third its breadth, in the shape of the Greek letter Π. The basement front is adorned with columns, and in the inter-columniations are modern statues of the great men of Tuscany—among them Dante, Boccaccio, Galileo and many of their artists. The Loggia dei Lanzi, of which I have spoken before, is a portico of three arches at the north end of one of the arms of the building, and fronts on the Piazza. The pillars supporting the arches are square, with Corinthian capitals.

The two most celebrated galleries in Florence are the Uffizi, or the Imperial, and the Pitti. The first occupies the upper story of the Uffizi, to which you ascend by a noble staircase and pass through vestibules in which are statues and busts of the Medici family and the famous Florentine boar in bronze. A narrow corridor runs along the three interior sides, and contains much ancient painting and sculpture, and a most valuable series of busts of the Roman Emperors. Doors open from this corridor into the different apartments that contain the treasures of the gallery. One of these apartments is the world-renowned tribune, near the centre of which stands the Venus de Medici, surrounded by gems of ancient and modern art. The young Apollo, the Fawn, the whetter and the wrestlers in sculpture—all antiques. Among the paintings are Raphael's St. John, his Madonna del Cardellino, (of the gold finch,) the Fornarina, and his portrait of Julius II. I had seen two other portraits of the same pope; one in the national gallery in London, and the other in Naples, almost exactly similar to this. All three are said to be originals by Raphael. It represents a man with a white beard, in a scarlet cloak, and I thought I saw in his

face, and the compression of his lips, the determination that dictated his reply to Michael Angelo when asked for instructions concerning his statue: "I am no book man; give me a sword." Here are the two Venuses of Titian—as if in this room painting and sculpture were contending for the prize. Like the statue of the goddess, they have nothing wanton or meretricious in their air. There are several Correggios, Leonardo da Vincis, and works of other great masters. A holy family in oil colors by Michael Angelo—he seldom painted in oil—an unfinished picture, it is the fashion to admire, but it was probably little esteemed by the artist himself. Over one of the doors is the choice of Hercules between labor and pleasure, in the characters of Minerva and Venus, by Rubens. A large equestrian portrait of Charles V. by Vandyke—less valuable as he was not a cotemporary of the emperor. These are some of the paintings in the Tribune.

Of the Venus de Medici, those disposed to criticise may say the head is too small, the position of the hands affected, and find or imagine other defects; but the well-rounded form, the exquisite proportions, and the general effect of the whole, of which no copy gives a conception, will soon persuade the coldest observer that it may justly be called the statue that enchants the world.

How many rooms are filled with paintings I do not remember. It is vain to attempt a description; but a few of the most celebrated may be mentioned. I saw the head of Medusa by Leonardo da Vinci, spoken of by Beckford. The contortions and rich colors of the serpents are admirably painted. There is a portrait, by Bronzino, of the dissolute Bianca Capello, whose tragic death took place at a villa near Florence, at the same time with her lover's, Francis I.—both suspected to have died by poison. The Magdalen of Carlo Dolce is highly finished, as was usual with this artist. She is richly dressed, holding a cup in her hand, in tears, and looking upwards, her hair falling over her shoulders. It is a favorite with copyists, and Pope doubtless had it in his mind when he wrote—

"Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye,
Or dressed in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simpering angels, palms and harps divine."

The last couplet is an evident allusion to a painting by Raphael at Bologna. The Flora of Titian is one of his celebrated pictures. One room in the Uffisi contains portraits of the most eminent painters painted by themselves. It is a highly interesting collection, and especially so as contrasting their different styles. Raphael's at the age of twenty-four is much admired.

Beyond this room is the hall of Niobe. She with her youngest child pressing against her knees, is at one end, and her children in various attitudes, and with countenances expressive of distress, are ranged around the other sides of the apartment. This group is one of the most valuable remains of ancient art. The mother is much the best. It singularly accords with Ovid's description :

"Ultima restabat; quam toto corpore mater
Tota veste tegens 'Unam minimamque relinque!
De multis minimam posco' clamavit 'et unam.'
Dumque rogat, pro qua rogat, occidit. Orba resedit
Examine inter natos natasque virumque,
Diriguitque malis."

There are more gems, cameos, medals and other curiosities—some the work of Cellini—than can be examined in the time a tourist often allows himself for one city.

My next visit was to the collection in the Pitti palace. This is richer in the productions of the pencil, and less so in sculpture, than the gallery of the Uffisi. Here is Raphael's Madonna della Seggiola, which is better known by copies and engravings than any of his paintings. The face of the Virgin is perhaps the most beautiful that was ever conceived, and that of the infant Saviour is nearly equally so. Nothing can be more lovely than the children in the works of this great master.

Among other pictures in this gallery, I may notice Diogenes throwing his cup away when he sees the shepherd drinking out of his hands, and his Cataline: a bowl is on the table, around which the conspirators are standing, and the blood is flowing into it from the arm of one of them. Lady Morgan's extravagant praises cause some disappointment when this painting is seen. There are portraits of Charles I. and Queen Henrietta, by Vandyke. Charles has his well-known melancholy countenance. The Queen is very handsome.

An original painting of Cromwell by Sir Peter Lely does the artist no discredit, even in such company. The stern, but honest English face of the Protector, with the wart which he would not have omitted, suits well the character of the unscrupulous regicide. To mention a few others—there is Judith with the head of Holofernes, by Allori—the Triumph of David, by Matteo Ropilli—two fine landscapes, by Rubens—Mars going to war and Venus holding him back, and Satyrs surprising a party of Nymphs, by the same artist.

One of the most striking pictures in the gallery, is the portrait of Leo X., with two cardinals, by Raphael. Engravings of it are common, and it cannot be too highly praised.

The room called the Hall of Flora contains the Venus of Canova. Beautiful and highly esteemed as is this work of the greatest of modern sculptors, a comparison with the antique, in the neighboring gallery, increases your admiration of the Venus of the Tribune.

The ceilings of the numerous rooms in the Pitti palace are richly painted; many relate to the history of Cosmo I. Several of them contain large tables inlaid with Florentine mosaic, and nothing can be more exquisite than the workmanship. They generally represent shells, vases and flowers, and the colors and shading are perfect. It is entirely unlike the Roman mosaic, which is formed of small bits of stained glass. The Florentine is composed of stones of different sizes—*pietra dura*—of the natural hue, found in the hills near the city. A manufactory is carried on at the expense of the government, and the prices of the finest works are almost incredible. Some of the stones of a large size are so curiously veined, that a few touches of the brush form them into landscapes with figures.

In the same palace is the museum of Natural History and Anatomical preparations in wax by Fontana, the first, I believe, who carried this branch of art to perfection. The diseases to which we are heir, are too faithfully represented to be seen without pain. Plants and flowers, also in wax, equally well executed, have all the appearance of nature.

The tribune of Galileo connected with the Palazzo Pitti is one of the most beautiful

monuments that was ever erected to genius. The statue of the Philosopher in marble is near the circular end of the room surrounded by various instruments of science, among them his first telescope with which he discovered the satellites of Jupiter. Here in a glass case is preserved an odd relique—one of his fingers—rich marbles, bas reliefs, medallions, and paintings, having allusion to the discoveries in science, are among the ornaments of the room, and along the walls are many busts of distinguished men, whose names are connected with those discoveries. This tribune was erected by the present grand duke at a great expense, and does equal honor to his taste and his liberality.

Another gallery called the Accademia delle belle Arti, though far inferior to the Uffizi and the Pitti, possesses many works of great merit, but it is curious chiefly for the specimens of the old painters—the pre Raphaelites—and for shewing the progress of the art. Here are pictures by Cimabue, the Gaddi, Giotto, &c. These early masters painted in what is called a hard style. The outlines are clear and distinct, not blending with the ground which is sometimes of gold, and much gilding is frequently used about the figures, as in crowns, bracelets, stars and different ornaments. The shading is slight, so as to make them resemble, at a hasty glance, Chinese pictures; but on more attentive examination the drawing will be found correct and the expression very fine. The countenances of the Saviour, the Virgin and some of the Saints are often full of grace and sweetness, and have been the prototypes of the same persons by artists of greater renown. Perrugino painted in this style and Raphael's early manner closely resembled his masters. A school in England, praised by Rushton, is now attempting to revive the pre-Raphaelite manner with, I believe, as yet, little prospect of success.

Next to the Duomo the principal churches in Florence are the Santa Croce, San Lorenzo and St. Maria Novella. Except the last neither of these has any exterior beauty. They are all filled with paintings, marbles and sculpture. Within "the holy precincts" of Santa Croce repose the remains of Michael Angelo, Machiavelli, Galileo and Alfieri. They have monuments in which allegory

predominates, executed by the most distinguished sculptors of the present and last century. Alfieri's is by Canova. An exquisite female figure on the tomb of a Polish countess is by Bartolini.

The church of San Lorenzo appears a heap of brick work—dark and rough and weather beaten for centuries, designed to be incased with marble. Here, under a slab inscribed with his name and the title Pater Patriæ, lies Cosmo de Medici, the wisest and most illustrious of his family. Resolute in adversity and moderate in prosperity, he declined the supreme authority which his fellow citizens were anxious to force on him, and which his descendants so eagerly sought and so long possessed. Of the sacristy the architecture and the monuments are by Michael Angelo. A sitting statue of Lorenzo, the grandson of Lorenzo the magnificent and the father of Catherine de Medici, is much admired for its repose and expression of thought; but the chief ornaments of the sacristy are the two groups of Day and Night and Morning and Evening. They are of colossal dimensions, grand and bold in their conception, and with the exception, perhaps, of his Moses in Rome, the greatest of his works.

Passing from the sacristy you enter the Medicean chapel—called also the Chapel of the Princes. It is an octagon near a hundred feet in diameter, with a dome twice that height from the pavement. The walls are incrustated with the most costly marbles, and in many places inlaid with precious stones. So great is their profusion that it has been said of this chapel that the unskilful artist, unable to render it beautiful, made it only fine. But the beauty of its proportions and the excellence of the sculpture and statues, some of which are by John of Bologna, made me think the expression had more point than truth. Of late years much has been done towards completing this chapel, now the burial place of the Archducal family. The ceiling has been lately painted in fresco by Benvenuti.

San Maria Novella fronts on a spacious square and is one of the few churches in the city of which the exterior is finished. It is of Grecian architecture, and Michael Angelo, in admiration of its beauty, called it *sua sposa*, his bride. In this church are some ancient

paintings of great interest containing cotemporary portraits of Petrarch, and Laura, and Boccaccio, and Fiametta. A curious picture represents the Dominican friars as white and black dogs—the colors of their dress—guarding their flock and attacking a party of wolves, one of which is carrying off a lamb. A pun is designed on the name of the order—*Dominici canes*. Connected with this church is an extensive chemical laboratory and apothecary shop in which drugs and perfumes are prepared. It was established early in the fifteenth century and is worthy of being visited if only for the beauty and decorations of the rooms. Every where in Florence are to be seen the shield with five pills, the cognizance of the Medici family.

The Laurentian library adjoins the church of San Lorenzo. Many of its most valuable manuscripts were carried by Napoleon to Paris, but have been restored and are now fastened by chains to the decks. I examined a copy of Virgil of the fourth century, the most ancient, I believe, extant. The four lines generally prefixed to the *Æneid* "*Ego ille qui*," &c. are not there. I read with the priest, who exhibited the manuscripts, the beginning of the fourth book, but our pronunciation was so different that what I had always considered the perfection of harmony seemed a barbarous jargon. A beautiful and costly room has lately been added to the library.

Such are among the principal attractions of art in the beautiful city of which I have given so brief a sketch. When an American who has a fondness for painting first enters an European gallery he seems to have acquired a new sense. Nothing in his own country prepares him for the enjoyment he there first experiences. The preservation in which he finds the works of the old masters, their freshness and brilliancy, their grace, refinement and expression, especially in the Italian schools, strike him with surprise. He soon learns to distinguish the style of the different artists and finds that every day spent in the galleries improves his taste and adds to his gratification. As in the perusal of a fine poem new beauties continually appear, so each time that a great painting is seen he feels himself more able to appreciate it, and is pleased that he is so.

The palaces and chief buildings in Florence are of massive architecture. Some of them, as the Pitti palace, are of the rustic order, the stones being perforated on the surface in a honeycomb-like manner. They have often iron bars to the windows of the basement story, which, with the dark and gloomy appearance of the exterior make them seem like prisons. The streets, as in all Italian cities, are narrow, the houses lofty with deep projecting cornices, and consequently almost always affording a shade, so agreeable in that climate. There are three bridges across the Arno which divides the city. The handsomest is La Trinita at the corners of which are marble statues emblematical of the four seasons.

The gardens of Boboli attached to the Pitti palace, are laid out in a formal style, ornamented with fountains and statues, and are much frequented by the people, especially on Sunday.

There are few cities in Europe that can boast of so beautiful a drive as the Cascina on the banks of the Arno beyond the walls. This is the resort of every one who is able to maintain an equipage, and the inhabitants are said to make great sacrifices of personal comfort to do so. In the cool of the day when the sun is low the scene is one of much splendor. The horsemen, the carriages of every description, their rapid movements over the smooth well-watered roads, the officers in their rich costumes, and the gay dresses of the ladies give to the Cascina a brilliancy and animation that are hardly anywhere surpassed. The grand duke, with his attendants, are generally of the company, and here are assembled when the weather is fine—and how seldom is it otherwise—the wealth and fashion of the city and all the foreigners who may happen to be in Florence. The extent of the drive is from three to four miles, through meadows, between avenues of lindens and elms, and for a large part of the way in a thick wood, where the undergrowth is permitted to spring up without restraint and except that a straight road here and there intersects it, presenting an appearance as wild as an American forest. This resemblance did not render it less beautiful in my eyes. How much it is to be regretted that too close a calculation of the value of land

in dollars, has prevented our cities from owning such extensive pleasure grounds. They are among the chief luxuries of the European capitals, and one of the greatest enjoyments of those in populous cities pent. Near the centre of the Cascina is an open space of three or four acres covered with turf, and ornamented with statues and a fountain. Here a band of music plays four evenings in a week—I counted seventy performers—and the company alight from their carriages and stroll about conversing with each other and taking refreshments. It was here that an Englishman remarked to me, “why should I not prefer a residence in this city to one in my own country? The climate is better, the living is cheaper, and every comfort and luxury is more within my reach than in London.” This sentiment of one born to consume and not to increase the fruits of the earth is, I fear taking too much hold of our own countrymen.

Everyone has heard of the flower girls of Florence. They frequent especially the Piazza Granduca, and the Cascina, meet you in every café, and when you are not expecting it will often place a nosegay in your button hole. “*Les fleurs sont jolies et vous êtes plus jolie.*” “*Cela n'est pas vrai, Monsieur?*” The stranger soon discovers it is only a mode of begging, and when he observes them generally neither handsome nor neat, the romance vanishes.

No American visits Florence without seeing Mr. Powers, who is always pleased to receive his countrymen. I saw, among a variety of works which shew how laborious a life he leads, his recently finished statue of California. Mr. Hart and Mr. Galt are finishing their studies with a zeal that must ensure future distinction.

It is not generally known that the word tariff—a word which has involved such important consequences in the history of our country—is derived from *Tarifa*, a promontory near Gibraltar, from which, during the Moorish domination of Spain, the Moors were accustomed to watch merchant-ships entering the Mediterranean, with the design of levying duties upon them.

DESPONDENCY.

Oh! were it not that dreams, in saddest hours,
Bring promises of better things, and hopes
That soothe the weary spirit, and beguile
The toiling brain into forgetfulness.—
How gladly would I yield myself to sleep—
The icy sleep of death!—For, hopelessly,
I strive with fortune;—hopelessly, for fame;—
That guerdon of the ever-sleepless soul—
That fond ambition,—the superior care
Of greatness, which, in struggling for its own,
Becomes another's subject, and is 'slaved
By its own passionate yearnings, and a zeal
That baffles its true purpose! Not for gold,—
The poor reward of worship which becomes
The sorriest bondage—not for gold, my soul!
Are these day-labors—ended not with day,
And paid in dreams alone! Yet, still I toil,—
Still dream;—still gazing on the eminence,
Fancy the summit yet within my reach,
And struggle onward!—Shall it be in vain?
Is the fond voice that whispers me by night
A mockery, prompting an ambition wild,—
Scorned by the idol it implores—thrice scorned
By those who never bow, and only see,
In bitterness and hate? Well, be it so!
The lamp must burn—the toil must be renew'd,
Till the oil fail! There is a destiny
In this I may not baffle! It must be,
And have its way! It matters not at last
Whether the worm hath toiled beyond its strength,
To be a God; or, only as a worm,
Burrowed its sinuous track in rigid earth,
Among nutritious mole-hills! I have been
Scarce wretcheder than he whose social toil
Hath seem'd more fruitful in the worldling's eye,
Yet did not fill his own! Some daily cares,
Of drink, and food, of thirst and hunger, done,—
And, waste or fruitful, the protracted strife
Of both will be as nothing! The whole world
Itself be nothing; and a common sleep,
Put the same finish to our different cares!
—It may be nothing!—yet the hope returns—
The dream which still is a despondency,—
And teaches that if then the world to me
Be nothing—as it evermore hath been,—
I may be worth to it!

What narrow thought
Is that which binds us to the toil of self—
Which plants no tree, lest some *succeeding* hand
Pull the ripe fruit; and, in another's eyes,
Hang the blue clusters, children of the seed,
We, grudging, thrust into the embrace of earth!
How godlike is the selfishness which makes
The world to *need* its worth—to hallow it,
In fond remembrance, when the world no more
The labor may compensate which hath given
Perpetual fruits, to feed the hungering tribes
Its eye may never see! Tribes that feed on
Nor see to bless the hand whose bounties spread
For them the board of life.

MUSCÆUS.

1853.

WHERE ARE WE?

We in the South are unquestionably in a state of social prosperity. Marl, guano and the railroads have done, and are doing us much good. The wings of a young Hope wave over the land. But there is another thing which we have needed as really, if not as much, as we have needed marl, guano and the railroads. It is an increase of patriotism in the bosoms of the young men of the country. We do not say that that part of our present population lack the spirit to repel an enemy, or avenge a national dishonor, if the sound of war was to-day heard in the land. But there is a patriotism of fortitude, as well as a patriotism of bravery; a calm patriotism of the "piping times of peace" which is awakened, not by the blast of the trumpet of war, but by the morning call of the echoes of home; a sturdy and manly patriotism which sees more in the destinies of this life than mere self and gold, and which turns a deaf ear to the wild cry of western emigration, as one would reject the songs of the Sirens around breakers in the sea, or as one would remand behind him the untruths of Satan in Eden bowers; a noble patriotism which abides in its lot at home on paternal acres, in ancestral seats, and amid ancestral graves, facing the difficulties of life like a martyr, with that strong will guiding a strong hand, which is ever the true Isaiah of a better day, slaying all Hydras and Centaurs, and Nemean lions which impede its course, and stoutly and honorably making good its way in life to all desirable high places and true honour. We do devoutly hope that the plague-spot of emigration is disappearing in some measure from the spirits of our young men, and that such a patriotism is coming in its stead. Let them willingly yield to the change, and we will pledge all Parnassus that their better bravery than that which wakes in war, shall be sung by all the Nine, or what is better, shall deserve to be sung thus, and that they shall not "go down to the vile dust from which they sprung, unwept, unhonored and unsung." We do not believe that the conquering energy of man, by which he is to maintain his just dominion over physical nature, is half

so apt to be put forth in a community where small difficulties send a man roaming, with emigrant train, to an untried wilderness, as where the high price of new acres, or the bonds of social life, or this high patriotism, binds him fast to the hills and plains which saw his life begin. Amid those scenes he is shut up to the energy which makes him master of his own fate. He wears at length, when he has merited to wear, the laticlave of a prosperity more and better than Roman. And the clouds of his morning give a greater power to cheer his heart to the light which spreads around the evening of his days.

Shall not we then, as Southern States, spread our wings as other states do spread their wings? Aye, may we, as Southern States, plant our colonies and spread our wings, in all proper places, and all proper latitudes and longitudes, far to the West and South! that forever, on the widest areas, in the most numerous cities and country villas, there may never be wanting men and states of the Southern race—men and a race who are, all Yankee Parkers and Stowes to the contrary notwithstanding, the true patricians of the new world. Yet let not our wings be spread, and our colonies planted by means of the drained energies, and the needed elixir of life of the home lands and home states. The love of native scenes is as certainly from God as the right of property is from God, or as the sense of right and wrong is from God, or as the love of early years in which our spirits still haunt those native scenes is from God. No man can prove that it is not a virtue—and if a virtue at all then a very noble one—to love the scenes in which the light of the sky, and the vision of life, and the thought of God, and the dream of eternity first came upon our spirits. We shall not stop here to fortify ourselves with that namby-pamby of Walter Scott: "Breathes there a man with soul so dead"—which all men know by the sound till the words have left the idea with limping foot behind, but just throw ourselves upon the simple fact that there is probably something answering to the word HOME to be found in all hearts, from the heart of the President of the Premier to the heart of the Pawnee and the Comanche;—that that something has dwelt in human hearts ever since woman

was made for man, and the "bright wing and the black of Time" first alternately spread themselves over human existence; that the love of home will doubtless continue with man through the blessedest of the ages which prophecy declares to be in store for him;—and having always dwelt with man in this world, that that passion will probably go with man beyond this life, having undergone, by the baptism of death, "a sea change into something rich and strange" yet retaining, like the soul which it inhabits, its identity with its earthly self.

There was once a Southern man whose name was George Washington, of whom the reader may have heard, who had it in his power to have played the Cæsar, or the Cromwell, or the Napoleon of America, as most persons now believe, and have made himself emperor of the United States. Why did he not do it? It is not an answer to that question to say he did not do it because he was Washington and not Cæsar, or Cromwell, or Napoleon. That answer may do for Sophomores at college. But what was there about Washington which differed so widely from other men in power? Virtue indeed, great unselfishness was found in him. But that was not all. Those who pant so ardently for Western and Southern wildernesses will probably find some additional explanation of the fact, in the frequent allusions which he made, in his public addresses, to a "return to that retirement from which I have been reluctantly drawn"—that "shade of retirement which is as necessary to me as it would be welcome"—that "fervent love to his country which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations,"—and other similar allusions frequently to be met with in the utterances of his mind. There can be no doubt that a love of home and native soil, and of the shade of retirement was one of the master passions of his mind. And it is very probable that this passion for home actually had much to do, in the secret machinery of his principles and purposes, with that grandeur of more than Grecian or Roman civic virtue by which he gave freedom, instead of despotism, to a continent. And, if amid all the monuments to that man which the chisel of the sculptor is carving for many

places in many states, one could be carved, representing him as he himself evidently preferred to be, it would be the image of a tranquil farmer strolling over his own grounds near even-tide, peacefully meditating with the Roman poet, what may make the crops rejoice, or feeling the sturdy independence of a Norman Baron, or indulging the peaceful and resigned meditation of a christian amid the works and the munificence of the christian's God.

While we urge this, which may, perhaps, be called local patriotism, we urge also every attempt to adorn the face of that part of the world which lies immediately around us, by all the arts and charms of an advancing civilization. When our land shall be rendered beautiful, as may be done in entire consistency with all other sterner and deeper interests, then perhaps it will be loved by all its sons, without such a plea as we have just attempted to the sons, for their mother earth.

The cry seems to have gone forth in the cities: *Arise and build handsome churches!* And right glad are we for the going forth of that cry, correctly understood, anywhere. It is high time that it should go forth broadcast over land, not as a slogan of a silly and gaudy extravagance, which would give no air of beauty to the land, but as a call to such architectural taste in houses dedicated to the supreme object of our adoration as will connect that adoration, in the spirits of the people, with true dignity and majesty. At the present time it is not so everywhere. The reader will not probably have to wander far in memory in order to accompany us in a brief vision of southern ecclesiastical scenery. In a desolate, gloomy, sedgy, unenclosed spot, stands a rude, unpainted, unsteepled house; of such architectural proportions that Christopher Wren or Inigo Jones could hardly sleep quietly in the adjoining grave yard; barn-like, yet without the winged dignity, or the honors of accumulated wheat-straw, which belong of right to a barn; without blinds, curtains or any other arts or parts of the civilization of windows, yet intended to be occupied occasionally by men and women, boys and girls, on days when the sun is in the summer solstice, and the white sand of the earth, with half the power of a vast mir-

ror, gives back the ardour of his beams to the lower atmosphere. Enter this house. There are some ceiled walls, well marked with chalk and fire-coal; some very hard mis-shapen benches, well whittled with pocket-knives; and a small box like the sheriff's stand at the court-house, surmounted by a small window like the windows of that other house usually standing hard by the court house, in which the sheriff entertains his peculiar customers. You will be apt to see not a few such houses as this, if you give your steed free bridle-rein in country rambles, and do not disdain to see some things as they are in this good state of ours, which we have solemnly declared, on so many Fourths of July, to be the mother of states and statesmen, or as a venerable patriotic friend of ours used to phrase it: *to whom are the mother of all the states*. And if, as you ride past such houses, the rude rhyme rings in your ears, as it does in ours, that strange doggerel from our homespun drama of Faust, as we and our ebon companions had it in infancy:

" Whose house is that there ?
And whose house might that be ?
And how came that house there
Without the leave of me ?"

you must feel that it would be an answer more congruous to the looks of the house and its environs, to say that it is a temple of Me-
phistopheles, than what you are obliged to say, that it is a temple of the living God. Yet in such houses as this, beyond all doubt, many good men worship God. And in such houses as this many men worship God, or affect to worship Him who can command very extensive pecuniary resources, and who worship themselves, (*sit venia verbo*), in corniced and mirrored and columned palaces, eating the delicacies of sea and land, of tropic and of temperate zone, at the hours of the English aristocracy, and with dame and daughters dressed in the fashion of Paris. The golden age of the Roman poet, according to the prescript of Romulus, under the auspices of the unshorn Cato, and by the principle of the ancient patriotism, was an age when splendid porches were not permitted to private men, but when the laws required the Temples of the Gods ever to be decorated with polished stone. But contrary

to this spirit, under whose influence the children of Romulus and of the unshorn Cato, became the arbiters of the world, our past golden age (would it might be well and truly called a *past* age!) was one in which the polished stone decorated the private dwelling, and the public temple was allowed neither splendid porch nor comfortable interior.

Places of religious worship ought to be hallowed spots, to the eyes and hearts of men, as places which have been baptised with a deep sacredness by the flowings out of all high and pure and reverent emotion within their precincts. And if low and degrading images are constantly associated with the act of worship in the eyes of any people, there cannot fail to be corresponding degradation in their religious character, or else a loose local attachment to religious places, as a necessary consequence.

Yet would we not desire to see the face of the land made to lose its republican simplicity, by an empty extravagance or a meretricious splendor in church edifices. The one extreme is not necessary to the avoidance of the other. There is a golden mean in this question of sacred taste, as well as in other things. King Solomon built a temple to God, surpassing in splendor all the grandeur of Persepolis and Luxor, of Athens and Rome. But we live under a different dispensation—a more simple, a more spiritual one than that under which king Solomon's temple was built—a dispensation in which much that was then to be outward and visible in symbolic figure and significant form, has retreated to the inner chambers of the human soul to dwell there among the secret adornings and the hidden mysteries of that private temple and throne of His. God has painted to our sight in his own word the most glorious and jeweled vision that rapt human eyes ever saw, of his own capital city, far above all heavens, and bright with all the glories of the upper world. But we admit that the Holy City of the Apocalypse, with its foundations of precious stones, and its streets of gold, and its walls of jasper, and its gates of pearl, is probably to be taken as a symbol, thus represented on account of the poverty of human language to shadow forth to the eye of man, some faint idea of the supreme glory of the personal habitation of

the King of Kings. Neither of these indeed can be pretended to be inspired models for ecclesiastical edifices in this land and age and world of ours. Both of them, however, seem perfectly appropriate answers to the idea that the God of christians chooses, through preference, to bestow his presence in mean places. A simple grandeur, or at least an elegant dignity of appearance, seems to us to be the proper idea of a christian church—where there is nothing present to display the sensual or spiritual pride of the creature, and nothing wanting to express the solemn reverence of the worshipper. How great and how new a charm and consecration would have spread over our State, could we awake to-morrow morning from the sleep of this night and find that all the broad counties had been studded, during our slumber, by some strong Hercules from the angelic world, with such religious edifices! But as no strong angel ever comes, in the world of reality, to do such things for us while we sleep, we must rely upon those earthly Titans, Time, Patience, Effort, and Strong Will; and the fulfilling of the vision may greet the eyes of some generation not far off.

We beg leave to notice another topic closely connected with this, involved in the civilization of society—the progress of a taste for, and a skill in, *good music*, among us. We have no ungallant criticism to make on the music of the piano and its fair performers. There are a great many more pianos and guitars in the country now than there used to be. This is a good and cheering fact. Music is a new light in the homes of the country. It is an independent source of joy. Home will be more precious in the eyes of father and mother and brother and sister, because of it. Though this parlor-music of the land might, we firmly believe, be better, yet it is often very good as it is, and has the power to make one happy, which is the highest praise of music. But the music which is heard at church on Sundays, is that which has greatest power over the human heart. It is *sacred* music, both as to its effects and as to its subjects. It is connected with the deepest, strongest, most mysterious susceptibilities of our spirits—those which connect them with unseen things, in unseen worlds. It is in the power of a psalm, well executed,

to set before the very mind's eye of the hearer, the grand scenes of our spiritual history, present, past and future. Good psalmody is in fact a power of revelation. It reveals to the view of the imagination, and of the emotion, that which had been revealed in words. It is one of the great powers which bind the soul to local habitations. It is a great blessing to the world. They are but wise fools who think lightly of such things, among the actual forces for the accomplishment of the highest happiness and the highest civilization of a people.

There are a few good old tunes in church music, such as Bangor, Coleshill, Mear, Wells and Windham, which though excellent in themselves, and richly deserving never to be allowed to die, have yet been brought too near to a violent death in country churches. They are all probably as old as the "century-living crow." Our father's fought through the revolutionary war with them, as certainly as they did with the drum and the fife. Those old tunes are of deep power yet when well sung. But that the tune be very ancient, and then be nasally or gutturally sung to boot, is too much. We respectfully suggest to the precentors of country churches, that some means be devised to enlarge their stock of tunes, that they may not have to sing hymns of triumph and hope and rejoicing to the intense sorrow and half-wailing of the wild semitones in Bangor, nor hymns of deep contrition and sorrow to the calm sun-light of Mear, nor hymns of love and peace and light to the verging despair and total self-abnegation and deep abasement of Coleshill. No one can tell us, we verily believe, why vocal music ought not to be a branch of common school education in Virginia, just as much as in Prussia. A resolution that it should be so, entered into this day, by those who have power to carry their resolutions into execution, would be a greater blessing to the State, we verily believe, than either of the railroads which have been chartered, or have received legislative donation this winter. It would be a direct contribution to the children of the land, of a large mass of solid enjoyment, of an innocent character, and worth more to them than an ingot to each, massy as they could bear home, of Californian gold. But we know our country

too well to hope that such is going to be the case very soon. It will probably be long, before that very obvious idea, very obvious when distinctly looked at, that music is a branch of common education, and one of the most valuable branches, will be admitted into the craniums of the *old-world* people,—health and long life to their honours!—who yet linger among us, and who are averse to one-half the means and instrumentalities of a genuine civilization, either as sinful things, or as new and proud inventions. In default of a regular and general musical education, such as ought to be given to both sexes, let us try diligently the best practical means—singing schools—if the teacher be not a stray Yankee—singing societies, singing classes of all descriptions. There are no happier re-unions of young people than such. They are quite as good as scandal parties, or whist parties, or polka parties. There is a book of church music, published not long since, by Lowell Mason and George James Webb, entitled *CANTICA LAUDIS*, in which singing societies will find at least a twelve month's duration, and of great richness, for their relish of harmonious measure. If these lines pass under the eye of any member of any such class, we ask him, on the occasion of the next meeting of his class, to have the following tunes sung: Allan, Troy, Fane, Rubini, Herb, Herbert, Child and Neon, in the book which has been mentioned, and say whether there is not a real power in music to contribute to the civilization and to the happiness of man.

Speaking of the means of civilization, we have a word to say about the negroes.

There is very often something useful, underlying the wildest fanatic folly. Great astronomy was hid in the telescope of weak, silly, superstitious astrology. Hundred-handed chemistry was in the crucible of ancient, conjuring alchemy. Modern abolition is a stupider thing than either of these—more perfectly bankrupt in common sense, common delicacy, or common humanity. We should be compelled to think them very great simpltons, if the less did not disappear before the greater, and we were not compelled to think them very great knaves.

But it will surely be no treason to the South to propose, as a step in the progress of

civilization, this short measure: *Keep your house-servants NEAT*. See that they are believers in the doctrine of frequent ablutions. Do not permit either cook, or dining-room servant, or chamber-maid, or boot-black to appear unclean. Especially do not permit them to be so. The institution of slavery is upon us as a necessity. *Sive feras, sive non feras, ferendum est tamen*. Holy writ is clear in the attitude of preaching no crusade against such an institution, but regulating and controlling it by appeals to the noble impulses in the bosom of each particular master. Uncle Tom's Cabin itself can hardly be thought, even by the admirers of the seraphic Stowe, to be a greater book than the Bible. Let us then cleanse the institution of slavery with the washing of water. See that your servants are cleanly in their persons, and neat, cleanly, and tidy about their dwellings. Do not send an incompert and ashy satyr to black the boots of your guests in the morning. Do not have the bacon and greens borne to the dining-room by a nymph whose appearance indicates a habitation in the kitchen sewer. Do not let the cabins of your servants resemble pig-styes. On a Sunday morning especially, see that their dress is cleanly. Cleanse the institution of slavery with the washing of water. It will be a great and good and safe reform. If it cannot be otherwise produced, administer to them a firm and judicious baptism of the switch. We delight to compare the condition of our negroes with the condition of the labourers in the most favoured countries of Europe. That comparison seems obliged to result in favour of our negroes, when conducted with perfect fairness. Now the proverbial neat cottages of the European *peasantry* are not the cottages of the European *labourers*. Their peasantry are a better, an upper class of labourers. We shall actually gain the victory in the true strife of humanity, when we bring our servants to a general neatness and tidiness about their dwellings. We shall put them on a level with the better classes of the foreign peasantry. We shall put them immeasurably above the lot of the dwellers in the hideous *cellar-dens* of Manchester and Sheffield and Glasgow. This can be done without any real sacrifice. It will be truly a great and good reform. It has been done

on many Southern plantations with the most happy results. It will be good for the eyes of your children, and your visitors. It will be good for the health, cheerfulness, activity, and intelligence of your negroes.

These are some of the things connected with the answer to the question—*Where are we?*—in our social state. There are many other things which we must leave, for the present, unconsidered. *

THE BIRCH.

Though old Oak be the prince, and the pride of the grove,
An emblem of power and favorite of Jove;
Though Phœbus with Laurel his temples has bound,
And with chaplets of Poplar Alcides be crowned;
Though Pallas the Olive has graced with her choice,
And old mother Cybel in Pines may rejoice;
Though Bacchus delight in the Ivy and Vine,
And Venus her garlands with Myrtle entwine;
Yet the Muses declare, after diligent search,
That no tree can be found to compare with the Birch.
The Birch they aver, is the true tree of knowledge,
Revered by each school, and remembered at college,—
Though Virgil's famed tree might produce as its fruit,
A crop of vain dreams, and strange whims from each shoot,
Yet the Birch on each bough, on the top of each switch,
Bears the essence of grammar, the nine parts of speech,
'Mongst the leaves are concealed more than mem'ry can mention,

All cases, all genders, all forms of declension;
Nine branches, when cropp'd by the hands of the Nine,
And duly arranged in a parallel line;
Tied up, in nine folds of a mystical string,
Then soak'd for nine days in cold Helicon's spring,
Is a sceptre composed for a pedagogue's hand,
Like the fasces of Rome, a true badge of command.
The sceptre thus finished like Moses's rod,
From flint can draw tears, and give life to a clod,—
Should darkness Egyptian, or ignorance spread
Their clouds o'er the mind, or envelop the head;
This rod, thrice applied, puts the darkness to flight,
Disperses the clouds and restores us to light.
Like the *Virga Divina* 'twill find out the vein,
Where lurks the rich metal, the gold of the brain.
Should genius a captive by sloth be confined,
Or the witchcraft of pleasure prevail o'er the mind,
This magical wand but apply with a stroke,
The spell is dissolv'd, the enchantment is broke.
Like Hermes's rod these few switches inspire
Rhetorical thunder and poetry's fire;
And if Morpheus our temples in Lethe should steep,
These switches untie all the fetters of sleep.
Here dwells strong conviction of logic the glory,
When 'tis used with precision "a posteriori."

* * * * *

The Birch "a priori," applied to the palm,
Will settle disputes, and a passion becalm;
Whatever disorders prevail in the blood,
The Birch can correct them, like Guaiacum wood—
It sweetens the juices, corrects our ill humors,
Bad habits removes, and disperses foul tumors:
When applied to the hand, it can cure with a switch,
Like the salve of old Molyneux used in the itch.

As the famed rod of Circe to brutes could change men,
So the twigs of the Birch can unbrute them again.
Like the rod of the sibyl, that branch of pure gold,
Birch twigs can the gates of Elysium unfold;
That Elysium of learning, where pleasures abound,
Those fruits that still flourish on classical ground.
Prometheus's rod, which mythologists say,
Fetch'd fire from the sun to give life to the clay,
Was a Birch well applied his new muse to inspire,
With taste for the arts, and their genius to fire.
Thus a bundle of rods may suggest this reflection,
That the arts with each other maintain a connection;
Another good moral, this bundle of switches,
Points out to our notice and silently teaches—
That as twigs well united can scarcely be broken,
Of peace and good neighborhood they are a token.
Then if such be its virtues, we'll bow to the tree,
And Birch, like the Muses, immortal shall be.

MEMOIRS OF THOMAS MOORE.*

The London Times has recently given to its readers throughout the world an eloquent and powerful review of Lord John Russell's Life of Thomas Moore. The great length of this paper alone prevents us from laying it before our readers *in extenso*. We make room for the concluding portion, in which a parallel is run between Moore and that brilliant diner-out and novelist—the late Theodore Hook—than which we have read nothing for many a day more graphic or instructive.—[ED. *Sou. Lit. Messenger*.]

A great lesson that needs to be enforced is to be gathered from the memorials that lie before us, or else assuredly we should not have dwelt so long upon the early career of a man who has but reached his meridian in the two volumes furnished to the world by his noble biographer. Before we attempt to dilate upon that lesson, we call the reader's attention for a moment to another and a companion picture.

Thomas Moore was the contemporary of a man who, subjected to the same solicitations as himself, had less ability to overcome temptation, and exemplified in his history the last effects of a system, the hollowness of which Moore had the grace to detect before it was too late for the discovery to be of use. The early career of Theodore Hook has a marvellous resemblance to that of the more fortunate, but scarcely more richly endowed, poet of the sister isle. Theodore Hook was born with brilliant talents, and "lived," as one of his biographers has said of him, "from the cradle in a musical atmosphere." He, too, had an exquisite ear, could play untaught

* *Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore*, Edited by the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M. P.; vols. 1 and 2. London: Longmans, 1852.

upon the piano; and, as a child, astonished and delighted every eager listener. Like Tom Moore, he was scarcely breeched before he became "a show child," singing exquisitely to his own accompaniment ballads of his own writing—music of his own composing. What Moore's mother did for her favoured child when she discovered the treasure which providence had enshrined within him, we have already seen. Hook had the misfortune to lose his mother while he was yet a schoolboy at Harrow, and his father, finding himself the possessor of a veritable prodigy, determined at once to take him home and make the most of his property. All the difference in the fates of the two men, who began the journey of life and travelled some distance on one and the same track, may possibly be attributed to the fact that the motherless boy was sent alone into the world with his impassioned soul to guide him as best it might, while Moore, well fortified at starting by the instruction maternal anxiety had procured him, laboured beneath the influence of the mother's eye almost to the end.

As Hook grew up his genius expanded. Removed from school at his mother's death, and being both comely and precocious, he was flattered by musicians and players, and before he was sixteen he was a successful and distinguished author. One faculty he had to perfection. His talents as an improvisatore were miraculous. Mr. Lockhart, in his brief but admirable and most just biography of Hook, affirms that in this particular he stands alone in his own country, and Coleridge declared he was as true a genius as Dante.

It is singular how exactly the early histories of these two youths correspond. The marchionesses get hold of Hook precisely as they take possession of Moore. He also is invited to the supper parties of the great, in order to sing for their amusement; and he, too, is introduced to the Prince Regent, who, just as he had done to Moore, places his hand on the brilliant improvisatore's shoulder, telling him he is delighted to make his acquaintance, and that he hopes to see and hear him again, and frequently. On one occasion we are told that the Prince said with feeling, "Something must be done for Hook!" and

accordingly something was done for him, as something had been done for Moore. Tom the poet, in his 24th year, had been sent to Bermuda to examine all skippers, mates, and seamen who might be forthcoming as witnesses in the cause of captured vessels; Theodore, the improvisatore, in the very same year of his age, was forwarded to the Mauritius to undertake the not very lively and æsthetical duties of accountant-general and treasurer to the colony. The result in both cases was very similar. Moore was nearly ruined by his carelessness in leaving a subordinate to do his work; Hook was wholly destroyed by allowing all his subordinates to do as they pleased. Both men returned to England to mix in its fashionable dissipation, and both were never so happy as when they were parting with their manly independence in order to give zest to the idlest hours of their aristocratic and too exacting entertainers.

But we must note a difference. Moore suffered a heavy loss by his official imprudence; but to his honor let it be known to all the world that he manfully resolved to pay every pound by the labor of his own capable brain, and steadily refused all help from sympathizing and ready friends. Literature owes the strong-hearted poet a debt of gratitude for that brave determination, which was as heroically carried out; and in the name of his brethren we tender to his memory the tribute due to it; for it compensates for affronts to literature most unworthy of the poet's fame, and otherwise inexcusable. Hook was not so scrupulous. He earned large sums by his intellectual exertions, but he died at last a beggar, with his debt undiminished by one farthing. We have made the reader acquainted with the fashionable proceedings of Thomas Moore; with his flutterings at lordly tables, with his pursuit of Ministers of State, in order to wring from them an acknowledgment of the pleasure they had derived from his vocal powers; somewhat more substantial than laudatory froth; with his untiring attendance in the halls of the powerful, and with his frequent and affecting complaints of his unrequited poverty, in the midst of all the hollow splendour by which he was surrounded, but which he could not touch. Hook was far more des

perate in his assaults upon the high born. With a debt of 12,000*l.* hanging over his head, and with no means save those derived from the public by his literary labors, he took a fine house in Cleveland-row, became a member of many clubs, visited all the great houses of the country, dined regularly with all the great people (including the Royal Princes), was promoted to the intimate friendship of all the Tory leaders, was times out of number the only untitled guest in a whole housefull of coronets, a lion where almost every beast was a king of the forest,—and, in fact, represented in his own person to perfection a wealthy patrician chief without money and without rank. As Moore looked to the Whigs for promotion and position, so Hook relied upon the Tories for eventual release from all his difficulties; and, in the very same spirit that Moore returned from the magnificent saloons in which he had won applause and flattery from every beautiful and distinguished guest, in order to breathe forth in his diary bitter sighs at the insufficiency and barrenness of his social triumphs, Theodore Hook retired from his gratified and dazzling assemblies in order secretly to curse the fate which had rendered him, with all his gifts and successes, after all, only the first jack-pudding of his time.

Moore weeps to think that no mulberry leaves can be dealt out to the poor worm who so willingly spins his much-valued silk for his magnificent masters, and makes no attempt to disguise the nature of the relation existing between him and his superiors. He sings his best in the hope of reward; and, if disgust rises in his vocal breast, it is not that he has condescended to the trade of the opera singer, but that the looked-for recompense is never forthcoming. Hook notifies in his journal that he “dines at Lord Harrington’s, to meet the Duke of Wellington,” and that he finds as his fellow-guests “the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lord and Lady Southampton, Lord Londonderry, Lord Canterbury, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Redesdale, Lord Strangford, and Lord Chesterfield;” but, the party being over, and his performances concluded, he has the candour to confess that “between *diners-out* and the common mountebanks of the theatres the only difference is, that the witling of the draw-

ing-room wears not the Merry Andrew’s jacket, and is paid in *vol-au-vents*, *fricandeaux*, Silleri, and Laffitte, instead of receiving the wages of tumbling in pounds, shillings, and pence.” The confession and the knowledge, however, led to no good practical result. Hook clung pertinaciously to the skirts of the aristocracy, in the vain expectation of solid assistance from his titled associates, and died, as we have said, a beggar at last. He left a family of unprovided children behind him, on whose behalf a subscription was set on foot; but, of all the fine company who had so frequently been charmed with his strains—who had again and again plied him with strong drinks to raise a flagging soul, which was in duty bound to give jocundness to theirs—who had sucked this grateful fruit so long as a drop of juice remained to slake their morbid thirst—scarcely one put out a finger to raise the helpless ones from the dust. The father found a humble grave at Fulham, and his children were left by his noble friends—to live, if they could—to starve, if they could not.

Is this a state of things creditable to either party, honorable to the patron, reputable to the client? Steele has declared that “the man who takes up another’s time in his service, though he has no prospect of rewarding his merit towards him, is as unjust in his dealings as he who takes goods of a tradesman without the intention or ability to pay for them.” We are no apologists for the fine people who could see the children of the “friend” that had once ministered to their ephemeral happiness pining for help, and turn aside as though they saw them not; but we are bound to admit, though even against Steele, that the case of Moore and Hook was fairly stated when the latter frankly allowed that he had received the value of his songs in *fricandeaux*, and a receipt for his music in Silleri and Laffitte. When Moore found himself alone with his marchionesses and dukes,—when he looked up and down the sumptuous table, and discovered in all the brilliant company no poet but the charming author of the *Irish Melodies*, and no vintner’s son but Thomas Moore, did it never occur to him to inquire how it came to pass that he constituted the one enviable exception? What had he done for his haughty associates that

they should acknowledge him as an equal, and treat him as a friend? Men of humble origin, though endowed with rare intellectual power, have too frequently an inordinate regard for worldly splendour. Aristocrats have occasionally an equal and more commendable taste for the society of fine talkers, or rare singers, as the case may be. The humble man sells his brains for the splendour, the aristocrat lends the splendour for the brains, and there is an end of the transaction. If the man of genius looks for more than his hire he is exorbitant in his demands, and should, at all events, have made a better bargain at starting.

When Moore flourished the time had gone by for ever when it was necessary for an author to look to a patron for the means of advancement; a miserable expedient at the best, since it has been admitted that fewer cripples have come out of the wars than out of such a service. Mr. Macaulay recalls to mind with melancholy regret the days when Horace was forced to invoke Augustus in the most enthusiastic language of religious veneration,—when Statius was doomed to flatter a tyrant for a morsel of bread,—when Tasso extolled the heroic virtues of a wretched creature who locked him up in a madhouse; but these were times when readers were scarce—when patronage was essential to save the needy writer from starvation, and when men exercised intellectual independence at the risk of their lives. Hook and Moore lived at a happier epoch, and never once appealed to the people in vain. The latter had only to devote himself exclusively to his art in order to fix his own price upon his precious labours. We have read that for his *Melodies* alone Power, the publisher, guaranteed him 500*l.* a-year; we know that for *Lalla Rookh* he received 3,000 guineas, that for the *Loves of the Angels* he received a proportionately large sum, and that for all his other works he was equally well paid. What business had he to play the suitor at the festive boards of grand people, who valued him solely for the pleasure he could give them, when he had already secured the worship of the whole country and the homage of nations? What elevation, dignity, or ease could any post afford him, beyond that which he already enjoyed by the united suffrages

of his countrymen? We do not blame the coronetted entertainers for getting as much delight out of Tom Moore as they were able to extract, but we do blame him for being weak enough to suppose that the fine folks were fervently attached to him when they were only in love with his singing. It was a fair game on either side, but, being played out, Tom had certainly no more claim upon the hearts of the fine folks than they had upon the affections of Tom. What would he have said had they presented their bill of costs for all the feasts? Would he have paid it? If not, with what face can he demand extra payment for performances for which he has already given a discharge in full? Let poets hanker after great people if they will, but let them never complain if a lifelong pursuit of a most unworthy object meets with the ignoble reward it has earned, and with not a sixpence more. Racine was sought after by the great, who would not admit Corneille to their gilded saloons: but Racine was shrewd enough to pay the fine people in their own pinchbeck coin, and Corneille surely gained more than he lost by the lofty neglect when the theatre rose as a man to greet his appearance upon the scene of his legitimate triumphs.

When Tom had parted company for ever with his will-o'-the-wisp, which had done him no good since he first made its acquaintance, it would appear that he began to enter society with a much more practical and useful object than that of merely hobnobbing with his superiors. In order to make his songs popular, and to render them a source of profit to the writer, it was necessary that they should be sung in the assemblies of the "first circles." Generally speaking, the author or publisher of a ballad will make friends with a favorite professional singer, whose performances are sufficient to bring a composition into vogue. Now, Pasta or Catalani could not do for Moore in this respect half as much as Moore could do for himself; and, accordingly, Tom, in a very business-like and commendable spirit, took his wares in his own person to Grosvenor-square, just as Messrs. Nicol might take their coats and pantaloons on their bodies to the same place, if they were only lucky enough to gain admittance. "It was only on my representing to Bessy," writes Moore to Mr. Power in

1813, "that my songs would all remain a *dead letter* with you if I did not go up in the gay time of the year, and give them life by singing them about, that she agreed to my leaving her. This is quite my object. I shall make it a whole month of company and *exhibition*, which will do more service to the sale of the songs than a whole year's advertising." Who shall complain that the poet carries his own board on his back instead of hiring a whole troop of advertising vans? Economy is a virtue, let it be of money or of time. But, shall we confess it?—there reveals itself in the correspondence something too much of deliberate bargaining with society, at all times, to please the unsophisticated reader, who would fain discover in the poet of his adoration some faint resemblance to the *man* fashioned by his own generous imagination. In 1813 Moore removes to the neighbourhood of Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, where he hires a cottage, "secluded among the fields,—just the sort of thing he likes." He is not there long before he makes the acquaintance of a wealthy Derby family, also "just the sort of thing he likes;" and the seclusion of the fields is relieved occasionally by the bustle and excitement of a warm and well-provided mansion. Tom, in fact, hardly smells his fields before he is corresponding with his friends in his old style about his "carriages," his "elegancies," and his "good company." He gives up Lord Moira to patronize a millionaire. "We have just been on a visit," runs a letter dated October 23, 1813, "to Mr. Joseph Strutt's, who sent his carriage and four *for* us and back again *with* us. There are three brothers of them, and they are supposed to have a million of money pretty equally divided between them. They have fine families of daughters, and are fond of literature, music, and all those elegancies which their riches enable them so amply to indulge themselves with." Bessy came back *full of presents—rings, fans, &c.*" A letter written a few months subsequently informs us that the poet "likes the Strutts exceedingly." We have no doubt of it; for the epistle goes on to say that "they have fine pianofortes, magnificent organs, splendid houses, and most excellent white soup;" that Tom "does not think he wrote half so well" as the young Strutts at their age, and that

Bessy as before, "came away *loaded with presents of rings, fans, and bronze candlesticks.*" Had Mr. Strutt been Governor-General of India, instead of Lord Moira, that munificent gentleman would have certainly poured all the treasures of the East into the lap of Thomas Moore, and, what is more, Thomas would not have been too proud to accept them. Tom goes over to Derby to buy a sofa, and, of course, pays the generous Strutt a passing visit. A sofa does not appear to have been handy at the time, but "Mr. Strutt, who never sees me without *giving* me something," insisted upon making Tom "a present of a very snug and handsome easy chair for his study," which Tom did not refuse. In the warmth of acceptance, Moore pronounces the Strutts "most excellent and friendly people." We believe he does them justice; but we had rather that Tom had got his candlesticks, rings, and easy chairs at the proper shops, and in the regular way of business, nevertheless.

It was at Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, that *Lalla Rookh* was written. The poem was the result of two or three winters' study; and when it appeared, in 1817, the reputation of Moore was made for ever. Three thousand guineas was the price paid for the work, and of this sum Moore drew immediately one thousand for the discharge of his debts, leaving the remaining two thousand in the hands of the publishers, who were requested by the poet to pay the interest (100% per annum) over to his father. Let us repeat, whatever were the weaknesses of Moore, his filial conduct was without a flaw, and his remembrance of home claims not darkened by one cloud of selfishness throughout his life.

When the praises of *Lalla Rookh* were at their height, Moore and his Bessy moved southward in search of another home, the damp, smokiness, and smallness of the Derbyshire cot proving no longer tolerable. It was a proud journey for Moore, and his heart beat stoutly, we may be sure, as he knocked at all the big houses with his good wife upon his arm. He had done more for his fame than a whole army of Moiras could have achieved, and had carved for himself a niche upon which all eyes will be turned years after the very name of his false patron shall have

been forgotten. "Bessy," writes Moore to his mother from London, "took a round with me to return calls—Lady Besborough, Asgill, Cork, Hastings, &c. *We were let in at almost all!*" Beatified Tom! "Let in!" What condescension on the one hand—what silly ecstasy on the other!

A new home was speedily found in Wiltshire, close to Bowood, the residence of the Marquis of Lansdowne. It was a small thatched cottage, of which Moore took possession on the 19th of November, 1817, and in which he died at the end of February, 1852. The vicinity of the great house was of course a great recommendation to the poet, whose hours were divided at all periods, as far as possible, between the Muses and the House of Lords. Moore is once quite disgusted with Crabbe because the latter maintained that Murray, the publisher, deserved a higher place at a public dinner than Phillips, the artist and Academician, inasmuch as the former kept his carriage. "This," says Tom indignantly, "is inconceivable." But what to us seems equally inconceivable, is Moore's own appreciation of high birth over every other consideration. Honest Crabbe made a mistake, no doubt. A carriage is certainly no absolute proof of moral or mental worth, nor is a coronet, Mr. Moore—as you suppose,—invariably the crown of human greatness. Moore professes himself horrified because this same Mr. Murray is familiarly addressed in a letter from Lord Byron, and exclaims, "*Murray, a bookseller, a person so out of his caste!*"—trying to persuade himself, though he can never succeed,—that *his* caste is not questioned for a moment in the very highest circles! This is bad enough; but the paragraph that follows reaches to the height of absurdity. Moore has dined at Bowood, and thus speaks of the dinner in his diary:—"Sat between Mackintosh and Lord Lansdowne. *Talked of Fearon and Birkbeck. The singularity of two such men being produced out of the middling class of society at the same time; proof of the intelligence now spread through that rank of Englishmen.* . . . WHAT IT WILL COME TO GOD KNOWS." When Elliston played George the Fourth in the coronation pageant at Drury-lane, he was so overcome by the applause of the audience that he quit-

ted the procession, approached the foot-lights, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "God bless you, my people." In like manner, Thomas Moore acts his part of fine gentleman so admirably, that he positively forgets his own identity. What does he mean by proclaiming as "a singular fact" the production at the same time of two such men from "*the middling class of society*" as Fearon and Birkbeck? The words are arrant nonsense. Have all our great men stepped from the ranks of the nobility, that Thomas Moore should express absolute astonishment at the appearance of Birkbeck, and feign alarm at the phenomenon? To be sure the said Thomas had brevet-rank at Bowood, but, if we cannot claim for the "middling class" a poet whose grandfather, on the mother's side, was in the "provision line," and whose grandfather on the other side is utterly lost in the ocean of time, we are certainly not disposed to hand over the author of the *Irish Melodies* as a present to the Peerage. The "middling class" has given us our poets, our philosophers, our discoverers—all that we value most in our nationality,—all that has made us what we are. Newton was the son of a small farmer, Shakspeare of a wool-stapler, and Milton's father was a scrivener. It is an insult to the reader's understanding to insist upon the point, for we believe no man in the full possession of his senses is disposed to contest it. Moore when he wrote the words, knew himself to be the son of a publican in Dublin, Southey to be the son of a tradesman in Bristol, Crabbe to be the son of a collector of salt duties in Suffolk. Had he *thought* for half the time it took him to insert such trash in the diary, it could never have been reproduced here to his disadvantage. He must have known that the wonder is, not that the "middling class" furnishes the country with the staple of its intellect and energy, but that occasionally "a proof of the intelligence" of the class above it presents itself to give variety to the general rule. Oh, that white soup, gold plates, silver-laced lacqueys, and velvet chairs should rob—though but for an hour—a fine soul of its manliness, and induce it to put on the flaunting and degrading livery of flunkeyism!

Thomas makes frequent excursions from

Wiltshire to London, and exciting enough is the life he leads in the metropolis. He generally arrives in town "just in time to dress for dinner," and he continues dressing and undressing until he finds his way back to the cottage. His published works are voluminous, and it is really astonishing how he found leisure and tranquillity of spirit for his labours. He has not a moment to himself in London; and in the country he spends quite as much time with the great folks as in his own study. His appetite for pleasure is gluttonous. He is an inveterate play-goer, delighting in Astley's and finding infinite amusement at the Coburg. He dances away at "Lady Grey's ball, which is always of the best kind," and, as a matter of course, so fashionable a character finds instant admittance to Almack's. Indeed, he is so constant a visitor at this exclusive entertainment that Lord Morpeth, meeting him "at the regular assembly" on the 25th of May, 1819, said to him, "You and I live at Almack's." Moore records the observation in his diary, and we will be sworn he never wrote a line that gave him greater pleasure.

The year was 1819, and Tom was, as usual, dining, dancing, singing, and playing, when he received the disagreeable, but not altogether unexpected intelligence, that either the defalcations of the dishonest deputy in Bermuda (or rather, out of it—for the fellow had absconded) must be made good, or the poet bid adieu to Lord Morpeth and Almack's, and go to prison. Moore had made friends in his progress, and now they ran to the rescue. He took counsel of some of the wisest. Dr. Lushington advised the unfortunate registrar to keep out of the way until he could make a compromise with the merchants. Somebody recommended Ireland as a good place for concealment, but Rogers thought better of France. Longmans come forward and offer to advance any sum in the way of business; the defalcations amount to 6,000*l.*, and Leigh Hunt urges the instant opening of a public subscription. Perry thinks a private subscription more advisable, and cites the case of Charles James Fox as a precedent. Tom remembers that one of Fox's friends complained of that statesman's *hau-*
low, though "by God, he was one of those who gave 300*l.* towards his maintenance,"

and declines private subscription altogether. Rogers has no notion of Moore's making himself a slave to the booksellers, and offers 500*l.*, saying that Power will give 500*l.* more. Offers still more munificent pour in. Lord John Russell, the present biographer, places at once at his friend's disposal all the profits of "the future editions of his *Life of Lord Russell*," just published, and the authoress, whoever she may be, of "*Come, Stella, arouse thee*," full "of sorrow at my misfortune, offers the copyright of a volume of poems which she has ripe for publication." Strange creatures we are. In the midst of his agitation and alarm Moore dines at Holland-house. "I sang in the evening," he writes in his journal, "and was rather glad I had an opportunity of making the Hollands *feel* a little what I could do in this way, for they never heard me properly before. Lady Holland, evidently much pleased, told me afterwards that my articulation was the most beautiful she had ever heard." Pity Tom cannot sing the disgusted merchants into a compromise, and make *them* "feel what he can do in that way." But the feat is not easy. Negotiations still go on. Lord Lansdowne and Lady Holland prefer Scotland to France. They think Holyrood-house will afford all needful protection, and the banishment will not be so complete. Mackintosh writes,—"You will find in Edinburgh as many friends and admirers as even *you* could find any where." Moore is puzzled, but prepares, at all events, for flight; he regulates his papers, destroys his letters, and makes his arrangements with his "darling Bessy, who bears all so sweetly, though she would give her eyes to go with me." His mind is at length made up. He will fly to France; and Lord Lansdowne, who is going to Paris, will give him his company. Bessy and the little ones are to follow if the negotiations with the merchants are protracted. Time for leave-taking draws on. On the 17th of August, Moore gives "a tea-drinking party;" dancing and piano-forte in the evening. On Tom's health being drunk at supper, he "makes them a short speech, alluding to the probability of his soon being obliged to leave them, which drew tears from most of the women." Thrice happy Moore—commanding money from the men,

sobs and tears from the women—privileged even in his misfortune !

The second volume closes while Moore is in London, on the eve, we presume, of departure ; but he lingers amid the fascinations of the metropolis,—one night going to the Haymarket “to see Liston speak a speech on an ass ;” another, dining at Lady Blesington’s ; a third, “dining at a coffee-house in Spring-gardens, and thence to Astley’s.” When he has gone the usual round he will no doubt depart. Joy go with you, Thomas Moore ! You are a mature man of 40 years of age, but, be you in London, in Edinburgh, in Paris, or among the celestials, yours will still be a jocund soul, and communicate pleasure and delight to all the spirits that surround it.

AN EVENING MEDITATION.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

The shadow of departed years,
Within the twilight’s shroud appears,
And evening’s eye is full of tears.

The full-orbed earth in darkness lies—
The conquered day so slowly dies,
Nature disowns her obsequies ;

And yet the morning star will rise,
The Lord of light, illumine the skies,
Perhaps to shine on other eyes.

So lift thy head, exploring mind,
Beam brightly and be unconfined,
Though hope be dead and fate be blind.

My squadroned thoughts to grief allied
The moon-lit lake of dreams o’er glide
And anchor at the darkest side.

But grief and pleasure are inbred,
Like perfume, by the bleak winds spread ;
From lilies, when their bloom is dead.

Like storms that wrinkle ocean’s breast—
Like birds which seek their silent nest,
Our thoughts bring quiet and unrest.

Our life is but a wildering maze,
And we are blinded by the rays
Like moths within the candle’s blaze.

Take refuge soul ! the wind that blew,
Off shore, as kindly, quickly threw,
Some drift-wood to the sinking crew :

Lean over moon-lit balconies
That overlook subsiding seas
And sail-like furl thy fantasies.

KIMBALL’S STUDENT LIFE ABROAD.*

Though men of the world, and books of the world, have been found in all ages, it is only since a very limited period that they have existed for the multitude, that they have been generally understood, or imitated on a scale of any magnitude. Cosmopolitanism, like Pantheism, had its devotees before it could boast a name, and men were deified for the one or damned for the other, at a time when probably not one thinking being in existence had ever given a single thought to the scientific or philosophic existence of either.

Cosmopolitanism received its fullest development with the literary eclecticism of the present century. Certain writers who had begun well with Shakspeare and Rabelais, and ended badly with Jules Janin, fancied that they had at last found the true secret of social life. Man was to know everything save scrupulousness, and be everything but an intolerant. The mind was to progress deeper and deeper still into the most unheated of depths of life and thought. The most horrible and incredible vices—the purest and holiest developments of virtue—were to be beheld with equal appreciation and treated with the same invariably well-balanced coolness. Never, since the days of Adam, has the apple of good and evil been munched with such an appetite as by the majority of the more recent school of French and English novelists : and they were not content with munching the mere Manichœan pippin ; they roasted it in the Byronic ashes of misanthropy, they stewed it in the French kettle of voluptuousness, and they fried it in the pan of eclectic philosophy, until it fell over into the fire of infidelity. There is something very fascinating to the young mind, in being at home in all things, and under all circumstances—to have read a little of every thing, and in a plain word, “to be astonished at nothing which may turn up.”

To an unthinking mind, a literature or a philosophy of this nature, would appear at the first blush the most perfect imaginable.

* THE ROMANCE OF STUDENT LIFE ABROAD. By Richard B. Kimball. New York : G. P. Putnam & Co. Third Edition.

It finds a place for everything and a field for everybody. But even to this there is an end. Like everything delightful whose main support is based on the world and worldly passions, it forms but a transition state, and forces even its most universally disposed devotees to some conclusion. With the majority this has been "a glorious uncertainty," a happy indifference, or nothingarianism, or else downright disbelief in everything except self, with a few doubts on even that subject.

And there have been also a few minds who, after scouring over every range of thought, drinking of every vintage, talking in every tongue, have come to the very last conclusion which a *small soul* would have anticipated. Once, like Chaucer's visionary,

"They saw in dreame at point-devyse,
Heaven, Earthe, Hell and Paradyse."

And now their views are limited to an infinitely small portion of their former experiences. In a word, they have returned to poor suffering human nature as it is; to Belief in religion, to the domestic and familiar in life, and love. We need not say that of all writers, these have been the only truly progressive. For to him who has truly made very extended experiences in life and learning, the simplest and most natural incident appears clothed in a thousand strange and beautiful hues; some of them born of memory and association, but the majority born from *itself*.

Has Bulwer ever advanced to this point? We fear not. He sees beauty—great beauty in Religion, Goodness and Gentleness, but hitherto has only treated it or them as an æsthetic study. But we will ask no invidious questions, for the school of cosmopolites is at present in all its glory.

But here and there we can see the traces of the school which is to succeed. Not a school of *religious* writers in the ordinary sense of the word, but a school of religious men, who write not from direct sectarian influences, but from that conviction of goodness and earnestness, inspired by a long and deep familiarity with life and literature. It has been usual even among very good Christians, to ridicule the want of knowledge of the world so manifest in the writings of many clergymen. This

is a point which will never be urged against the authors of whom we speak.

If asked for an example of this style of coming literature, we would confidently point to a by no means remarkably grave work, entitled "*The Romance of Student Life*, by R. B. KIMBALL," a writer already known to our public by the novel of *St. Leger*, or *the Threads of Life*. In both of these works we have the principle already referred to—the application of energies embracing much learning and very great and varied experience of life, to setting forth the fact that true happiness and content can only be found in a belief in God, and in taking the world as we find it.

The best motto which Mr. Kimball could have chosen for his book would have been "Sermons in stones, and good in every thing." In a grave or cheerful way, he admirably illustrates the principle humorously set forth by Hood in his sketch entitled "The Happiest Man in England." But there is this difference between the two. The Happiest Man in England imagines beauty where it does not exist. Mr. Kimball detects it where it is invisibly latent.

After these remarks it would be hardly necessary to inform the reader that *The Romance of Student Life* is not like Howitt's *Student Life in Germany*, a collection of duels and drinking bouts, or like the *Physiologie de l' Etudiant* of Huart, a piquant account of the voluptuous scenes of student-mistressing, or like Reiner's "*Universitäten*," a long, dull statistical list of the different phases of Student Life, regarded in a politico-economical sense. If it resembles any book in the world it is Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, and even here the points of likeness are only those of excellence. Like Sterne, Kimball has an exquisite appreciation of the poetry latent in woman's soul, and delights to detect it raying out where it would be least expected, among the poor and lowly. And like Sterne, though gifted with a practical insight into the realities of life he never loses the keenest appreciation of the romantic.

And here, as we pause and glance over what we have written, we must admit that this is high praise. Well—it is high praise—much higher than the author himself ever

troubled himself about anticipating, for his book is written in that easy, natural, good-hearted vein which almost makes us wonder why he ever wrote at all; so indifferent does he appear as regards making a show or "kicking up *éclat*." We could imagine that Mr. Kimball must be an admirable conversationist and a desirable companion, for there is throughout his book a vein of christianly good-fellowship which would be worth any gold in assemblies which are both decent and jovial.

And here we conclude our notice of one of the most interesting works which has for many months induced perusal. Yet as every impartial reviewer must find one fault, let us also find ours. It is—let us see—it is—hem!—it is really—*too short*. Never within our experience did *THE END* strike our eyes so unpleasantly. Of late we have invariably regarded *Finis* as a dear old friend who welcomed us smilingly at the end of many long and weary literary journeys. And now thanks to Mr. K., we look angrily upon him. In conclusion we would remark that the work is exquisitely printed in Putnam's usual style, in admirable binding, and gilt in the style termed, we believe, *à la Fonthill*.

THE YOUNG GIRL'S PRAYER.

BY JULIA MAYO CABELL.

Dim night had departed—the stars were all gone,
It was morn, and the beams of the rising sun
Illumined the world with their light,
Gilding the palace, the cottage, the tower,
The dark prison's wall—the garden's fair bower,
With a splendour most dazzlingly bright!

They summoned the birds from their nests in the trees—
They drew from the flowers perfumes for the breeze,
And glittered in fountains and streams;
But the loveliest thing that they shone upon
Was a beautiful girl at her orison,
They had waked from her morning dreams.

"Oh, hear me," she cried, "Our Father in Heaven!
Guide me this day—let my sins be forgiven,
And holiness fill my young heart!
Preserve me from evil, and shield me from harm,
Assist me each duty and task to perform,
And grace to my spirit impart!

"Guard me, oh Father! when night round me closing,
Shall find me unconscious in slumber reposing,
Ah, let thy wing shelter me then!
May angels watch over me through the dark hours
And bear me in visions to Paradise bowers,
'Mongst the Blest and the Happy! Amen!"

A radiant light, as the prayer was said,
From those rays celestial, gleamed round the head
Of that maiden so pure and fair—
In token, perhaps, from Heaven above,
Her appeal to the God of mercy and love,
Was received and accorded there.
Richmond, Jan. 3rd, 1853.

LINES,

On Reading Mr. Meagher's Speech on the Wrongs of Ireland.

BY MARY J. WINDLE.

Muse of old Erin! strike thine ancient lute.
Are the strings broken?—is the music mute?
Hast thou no tears to gush, no prayers to flow—
Wails for thy fate, or curses for thy foe?
Bear me, ah, bear me to thy emerald hills,
Where nature smiles and Beauty blushes still,
And Memory blends her tale of other years
With earnest hopes, deep sighs, and bitter tears!

Desolate Erin! though thy gods are fled,
Thy patriots exiled, and thy glory dead—
Though all thou hast of beautiful and brave
Sleep in the tomb or moulder in the wave;
Though power and praise forsake thee, and forget,
Desolate Erin, thou art lovely yet!
Vain are thy charms—the wild, the deep-toned wail
Of anguished bosoms roll along the gale;
On furrowed cheek that ne'er was wet before
The struggling fount of sorrow gushes o'er,
And eyes fast fading into death's repose
Shed the last tear-drop for their country's woes.
Often when twilight sleeps on earth and sea,
Old, dearest Ireland! we have wept for thee—
For thee and for thine offspring! Will they bear
The dreary burthen of their own despair
Till Nature yields, and sense and life depart
From thy torn sinews and thy trampled heart?
I loathe the task! Let other lyres record
The might and mercy of the English sword—
The aimless struggle, and the fruitless wile,
The victor's vengeance, and the patron's smile—
Erin will show her perfidy on high,
Her starving peasants echo back the cry.
Yet in the gloom of thy long, cheerless night,
There gleams one ray to comfort and delight.
Oh! by the mighty shades that dimly glide
Where victory beams upon the turf or tide,
By every laurell'd brow and holy name,
By every thought of freedom and of fame,
By all ye bear, by all that ye have borne,
The blow of anger, and the glance of scorn,
The fruitless labour, and the broken rest,
The bitter torture, and the bitterer jest—
By all the tears that ye have wept and weep,
Break, sons of Erin, break again your sleep!

Yea, it is broken!—Hark, the sudden shock
Rolls on from wave to wave, from rock to rock.
Up for thy country's freedom! far and near
Forth starts the sword and gleams the patriot spear,
And bursts the echo of the battle song,
Cheering and swift the banded hosts along.
On sons of Erin! let your wrongs and woes

Burnish the blades, and nerve the whistling bows.
Green be the laurel, ever blest the meed
Of him that shines to-day in martial deed;
And sweet his sleep beneath the dewy sod
Who falls for fame, his country and his God!

Down-trodden Ireland! thou shalt be again
The sceptred queen of all thine old domain,
Forget not, then, that in thy hour of dread,
While the weak battled, and the guiltless bled,
Though kings and courts stood gazing on thy fate,
The bad to scoff—the better to debate,
Here where the soul of youth remembers yet,
The smiles and tears which manhood must forget,
America—the honest and the free
Have lips to pray, and hearts to feel for thee.

Washington, Feb. 24, 1853.

Editor's Table.

In the first of those unrivalled philosophical essays of Cicero, which derive their name from his villa of Tusculum where they were composed, there is a noble and striking passage wherein he declares, that, in his judgment, the man who is able by the strength of his intellect to calculate the motions of the heavenly bodies and decide in what prescribed orbits they are to roll, shows that his mind is akin in its immortal nature to that Almighty Being by whom those bodies were created. That a heathen writer on whom the light of revelation never beamed, should have conceived a thought so elevated, is a tribute to the science of Astronomy beyond anything that has since been said of it. There must be something ennobling in a study which seems to demonstrate in its votaries an immortality, and though the poet has told us "an undevout astronomer is mad," we question whether "an undevout astronomer" ever existed.

We are never more forcibly reminded of the passage in the Tusculan essay to which we have referred, than when our attention is directed to the speculations of one of the first of living astronomers—Lieutenant M. F. Maury of the National Observatory. The pursuit in which he has attained such eminence before the world seems to have enlarged all his perceptions and given greater breadth to all his views. There is now before us a treatise from his pen which shows how grandly he can contemplate the affairs of the globe we live upon, when he withdraws his mind from the wonders of the sky. It is entitled "*The Amazon and the Atlantic Slopes of South America.*" The results of

his earliest inquiry into this new and attractive field of enterprise were given to the public in the pages of the Messenger, and whoever would pursue the subject farther under his delightful guidance should procure the present pamphlet. We know that every one who reads it at our instance will thank us for our pains in commending it.

The author of *Vanity Fair* has made a journey to the Southern States, having lectured in Richmond, Charleston and Savannah *en route*. We were fortunate enough to hear three lectures of his Course on the Age of Queen Anne, and marked the evenings with a white stone. For assuredly the occasions have been rare when we have derived as much pleasure from an hour's entertainment. It was not so much the searching analysis he gave of the men and manners of a past age—though unquestionably the wit which we have *felt* in reading his novels lent its sting to these performances;—it was not the depth of his observation—though he went to the bottom of that buried social life; it certainly was not his manner of speaking, earnest, well-studied, sometimes inexpressibly sad, that affected us so pleasantly—it was the rare finish of his style, the glitter and sound of sentences that shone and rung like new guineas just turned out of the mint—a certain *je ne sais quoi* of artistic perfection to be acquired only by life-long practice in composition. We are greatly mistaken if, when these lectures come to see the light in book form, they will not be regarded by the critics as containing by far the strongest and most delightful writing that Mr. Thackeray has yet done.

We think the following one of the finest devotional lyrics of the American Muse. It was written by the Rev. Dr. Muhlenburg, Rector of the Church of the Holy Communion in New York City. In the version contained in our hymn-books many of the best lines have been omitted.

I would not live away—live away below!
O no, I'll not linger, when bidden to go,
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
Would I shrink from the path which the prophets of God,
Apostles and martyrs so joyfully trod?
While brethren and friends are all hastening home,
Like a spirit unblest o'er the earth would I roam?

I would not live away—I ask not to stay.
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
Where seeking for peace, we but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;

Where hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway—thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory's mine e'er I'm captive again,
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And my cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears,
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus has lain there I dread not its gloom:
Where he deigned to sleep I'll too bow my head;
Oh! peaceful the slumbers on that hallowed bed.
And then the glad dawn soon to follow that night,
When the sunrise of glory shall beam on my sight,
And the full matin song, as the sleepers arise
To shout in the morning, shall peal through the skies.

Who, who would live alway? away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the songs of salvation exultingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in the air:
And see, soft unfolding, those portals of gold!
The King all arrayed in his beauty behold!
Oh! give me, Oh! give me the wings of a dove!
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above:
Aye, 'tis now that my soul on swift pinions would soar,
And in ecstacy bid earth adieu evermore!

Since D'Orsay died it has been a matter of some difficulty to determine who is the Coryphæus of fops. A candidate of imposing pretensions for that dignity presents himself in "Carl Benson," otherwise Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, author of "Five Years in an English University" and other æsthetic compositions. This pleasant young gentleman having devoted time enough to making Latin verses, has begun the serious business of life, which he evidently takes to be the study of soups, wines, curricles, clothes and opera glasses. Of course Paris is the only place for the prosecution of such important researches, and accordingly he has taken up his residence there at "Numero 20, Rue Barbe de Jouay." From this enchanting *pied-à-terre* he has lately written a long letter for the delectation of all American dandies, which the Home Journal publishes. Hear him on the subject of gloves;

"Gloves have deteriorated very much in Paris of late. *Priest's* are now good for nothing, either for fit, material or sewing. *Boivin Aîné's* are of excellent stuff, but the

sewing is not first-rate, and the fit very variable. I have not a bad hand, and have been a good customer there, (my last year's bill was nearly \$400,) but I never had a dozen of gloves made at Boivin's, in which there were not at least *three* different sizes, and half a dozen pair that did not fit."

Beau Brummell once told a lady that consulted him as to the expense of dressing her son who was just "coming out" in society, that "with strict economy it could be done for 800*l.* a year." But the Beau never alluded to the smallness of his hand or the profitableness of his custom. Carl Benson pays his bills, perhaps, and considers himself licensed to speak upon the latter point freely. That he has not "a bad hand" must be a gratifying piece of information to the public. But what would his old grandfather, John Jacob Astor, have said to \$400 per annum for a glove bill?

It is to us a labour of love to commend the literary publications of the Southern States, where such commendation is merited, as it is most gratifying to us to witness their increasing prosperity and influence. A new work has just been started at Augusta, Georgia, under the conduct of Professor J. H. FITTEN—called the SOUTHERN ECLECTIC, which we think is entitled to a large share of public favour. It is composed of selections from the best journals of Europe on the plan of Littell's Living Age, and from the number before us we have no hesitation in declaring that these selections evince the best taste and discrimination on the part of the editor. The SOUTHERN QUARTERLY REVIEW for January is also on our table. We should have no fears in subjecting this number to the closest critical comparison with any review of England or the continent of Europe—it is, beyond all question, greatly in advance of any number we have seen, for years, of the North American. The article on the Character of the Gentleman is one of the very best pieces of essay-writing that has ever appeared in the United States. The paper on "Uncle Tom's Cabin," though somewhat tardy in making its appearance, is crushing.

Of literary newspapers the South has now an excellent corps. The *Weekly Post* published at Raleigh, N. C.—the *Weekly News* of Charleston—the *Illustrated Family Friend* of Columbia, S. C., and the *Columbia Banner* of the same place—are all worthy of the most liberal encouragement, working as they are, to some purpose, in the same good cause of Southern refinement and elevation. With such periodicals and weekly journals why need the Southern people send to the North-

ern States for their intellectual pabulum? Is there any good reason for it?

New honours await American dramatic excellence. Mr. Mathews' play of *Witchcraft* is about to be brought out on the boards of London and Paris; in the latter capital with *Rachel* as the heroine. We did not hesitate, when we noticed the work some time since, to declare as our opinion that it was well adapted for the stage, and we are glad to know that we sustained by such authority as the great French *tragedienne*.

That incorrigible *petit-maitre*, Willis, continues in the *Home Journal* his "Pencillings on a Tour for Health," which abound with his characteristic beauties and affectations. Was there ever a more graceful and absurd conceit than the following? In describing the bar-room of the St. Louis Hotel at New Orleans, he says:

"The gracious and gentlemanly master bar-keepers stood *braiding rain-bows across their firmament of decasters* as they flung the ice and the rosy liquor back and forward into fragrant contact with the mint."

The gifted poetess of the South West, Miss L. Virginia Smith, has become (we might say, has been *translated* into) Mrs. L. Virginia French, and the new name will soon become familiar to her numerous admirers on the title page of the Southern Ladies' Book. We notice the fact as an interesting "literary item," and wish the fair lady all possible happiness in the novel "sphere she she just begun to move in," and which she cannot fail to "decorate and adorn."

The *Eldorado News* amuses itself, at the expense of the Greenhorns who rush to California, in a parody on Lord Byron, after this fashion—

The Greenhorns came down like the wolf on the fold,
To the land that was said to be teeming with gold.
And the gleam of their wash-pans like comets or stars,
Flashed bright o'er our gulches, our canyons and bars.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host in the month of October was seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host in December was scattered and strown.

For the "Fiend of the Storm" spread his wings on the blast,
And rain at his bidding came sudden and fast,

And the waters were raised till each creek was a flood,
And provisions went up on account of the mud.

And there lay the tools they had bought upon trust
Each wash-pan and cro-bar all covered with rust;
And there lay each Greenhorn coiled up in his tent—
His pork-barrel empty, his money all spent.

And the victims themselves were quite loud in their wail,
And the merchants who sold upon credit turned pale;
And those who prayed hardest for rain at the first,
Were now by their comrades most bitterly cursed.

In vain they prospected each dreary ravine—
In vain they explored where no white man had been;
The riches they fondly expected to clasp,
Like the will-o'-the-wisp, had eluded their grasp.

And some of the Greenhorns resolved upon flight,
And *vamosed the ranch* in a desperate plight;
While those who succeeded in reaching the town,
Confessed they were *done most decidedly brown*.

We are indebted to the Nashville Union for the information that the little epigram on Mrs. Stowe, published in the Editor's Table of the Messenger for January, and written in our own sanctum, belongs to the New York Day-Book. We duly appreciate the compliment the Day-Book has paid us in assuming the authorship of our *jeu d'esprit*.

Notices of New Works.

VILLETTE. By *Currer Bell*, author of "Shirley," "Jane Eyre," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE is without doubt a most remarkable woman. Up to the publication of *Jane Eyre* three or four years ago, she was unknown. That wonderful story and its no less wonderful successor have fixed the fame of the author forever. Wherever men and women speak and read the English language, she is known—the thin disguise of 'Currer Bell' having long since parted from her form—as the most powerful female writer of fiction that employs that language at all. We might go further. We might call her the most powerful now living. For with the single exception of that frenzied Circe of French romance—*MADAME DUDEVANT*—we know no woman who works so strongly upon the feelings as this CHARLOTTE BRONTE. And *GEORGE SAND*, with all her weird fascination, has less power over the human heart than she.

What is the secret of this power? It lies not in any great artistic excellence, for other women construct novels as skilfully. It cannot be referred to the charm of picturesque delineation, for though her descriptions are as clear and life-like and harmonious as Flemish paint-

ings, many writers possess the faculty of portraiture, both in scenery and character, to fully as great an extent. Nor can we attribute it to the wild influence of exciting incident, for the *mise en scene* of her romances presents nothing startling or theatrical. The characters are people of every-day life—certainly not hum-drum people, but neither dukes nor *condottieri*, nor sentimental young ladies, nor despairing youths on whom the freshness of the heart has ceased to fall like dew. The secret may be found in the passion, the deep feeling, the earnestness of the author herself and the gift that is hers to express clearly what she feels so freshly and so strongly.

The spell by which CHARLOTTE BRONTË holds the reader who reads the first twenty pages of one of her books, is that of a sorceress. All the established means and contrivances to enchain the attention that former novelists have employed, she looks upon with disdain. She takes a plain-looking girl for a heroine, of bad temper and ungraceful carriage, who offends against *bienséance* in the very first chapter, and before you have followed the amours and fortunes of this person to the end, you are made to love her. It is a triumph over the proverb about first impressions. In spite of yourself, you sympathize with her emotions and feel an absorbing interest in her adventures. Indeed, the homely, matter-of-fact, cross-grained, yet good-hearted and *bright-idea'd* Jane or Lucy becomes a more radiant and splendid creature than the finest lady of the land.

All the characteristics of Currer Bell are visible in VILLETTE. The principal figure is a certain Miss Lucy Snowe, who narrowly escapes being a "strong-minded woman," whose rôle is a brave struggle with life under the drawbacks of want of friends and want of money. The *res angustæ* compel her to teach for a livelihood, and in the boarding school of Madame Beck, in the bright and gay little capital of Villette, (Brussels,) she becomes duly installed as English teacher in general. In the same great academy there is a certain Monsieur Paul Emanuel whose business it is to impart a knowledge of the Belles Lettres to Madame Beck's young ladies. Between Miss Lucy and Monsieur Paul it is quite natural there should spring up such delicate relations as might afford any novelist material enough for three volumes. Accordingly these interesting colleagues in female instruction become lovers. An ordinary artist would make them bill and coo, take long walks together, and shed tears in sympathy over Goethe, in the tenderest possible fashion. Charlotte Brontë makes them snub and cuff and abuse each other into an abiding and disinterested attachment.

We feel really provoked that a writer of such sway over her fellow creatures as Currer Bell should exercise her strange and rare gifts only to play tricks with the sympathies of the heart. For to us she seems to write for no other purpose. Moral there is none, that we can discover, in any of her writings, unless it be to inculcate the value of courage and self-dependence in her sex. A brother editor of much critical acumen says that the unconscious philosophy she teaches is contained in the fag end of that old adage which declares that "three things never do rightly, unless well beaten—a dog, a walnut tree, and a woman." If this be all that the author of Villette, of Shirley, of Jane Eyre, is content to teach, we fear the parable of the talents may have another illustration in her career.

The reader has already as much insight as we design to give, into the plot of Villette. Quotations from it, by way of affording a "taste of its quality," we might make

in abundance. Let the following description of Rachel's acting suffice.

"The theatre was full—crammed to its roof; royal and noble were there! palace and hotel had emptied their inmates into those tiers so thronged and so hushed. Deeply did I feel myself privileged in having a place before that stage; I longed to see a being of whose powers I had heard report that made me conceive peculiar anticipations. I wondered if she would justify her renown: with strange curiosity, with feelings severe and austere, yet of riveted interest, I waited. She was a study of such nature as had not encountered my eyes yet; a great and new planet she was, but in what shape? I waited her rising. She rose at nine that December night: above the horizon I saw her come. She could shine yet with pale grandeur and steady might, but that star verged already on its judgment-day. Seen near, it was a chaos—hollow, half-consumed—an orb perished or perishing—half lava, half glow.

"I had heard this woman termed 'plain,' and I expected bony harshness and grimness—something large, angular, sallow. What I saw was the shadow of a royal Vashti; a queen fair as the day once, turned pale now like twilight, and wasted like wax in a flame. For a while—a long while—I thought it was only a woman, though an unique woman, that moved in might and grace before this multitude. By-and-by I recognized my mistake. Behold! I found upon her something neither of woman nor of man; in each of her eyes sat a devil. These evil forces bore her through the tragedy, kept up her feeble strength—for she was but a frail creature—and as the action rose and the stir deepened, how wildly they shook her with their passions of the pit! They wrote HELL on her straight, and narrow brow. They tuned her voice to the note of torment. They writhed her regal face to a demoniac mask. Hate, and Murder, and Madness incarnate she stood. It was a marvelous sight, a mighty revelation. * * Suffering had struck that stage empress, and she stood before her audience neither yielding to, nor enduring, nor in finite measure resenting it. She stood locked in struggle, rigid in resistance. She stood, not dressed, but draped in pale antique folds, long and regular, like sculpture. A background, and entowage, and flooring of deepest crimson threw her out, white like alabaster—like silver—rather be it said, like Death. * * I have said that she does not *resent* her grief. No; the weakness of that word would make it a lie. To her what hurts becomes immediately embodied; she looks on it as a thing that can be attacked, worried down, torn in shreds. Scarcely a substance herself, she grapples to conflict with abstractions. Before calamity, she is a tigress; she rends her woes, shivers them in convulsed abhorrence. Pain, for her, has no result in good; tears water no harvest of wisdom; on sickness, on death itself, she looks with the eye of a rebel. Wicked, perhaps, she is, but also she is strong, and her strength has conquered Beauty, has overcome Grace, and bound both at her side, captive peerlessly fair, and docile as fair. Even in the uttermost frenzy of energy in each manad movement royally, imperially, *incedingly* upborne. Her hair, flying loose in revel or war, is still an angel's hair, and glorious under a halo. Fallen, insurgent, banished, she remembers the heaven where she rebelled. Heaven's light, following her exile, pierces its confines and discloses their forlorn remoteness. * * I had seen acting before, but never any thing like this; never any thing which astonished Hope and hushed Desire, which outstripped Impulse and paled Conception, which, instead of merely irritating imagination with the thought of what *might* be done, at the same time severing the nerves because it was *not* done.

ower like a deep, swollen, winter river, thundering, and bearing the soul, like a leaf, on the teety sweep of its descent."

; *Or the Unknown Relatives.* By Catherine . New York: Dewitt & Davenport. [From & Saunders, Broad Street.

rel has grown out of that fierce polemical con- which has raged for several hundred years in between Rome and the Established Church, and er was hotter or fiercer than at this moment. is to unmask the iniquities of the Catholic re- it goes about this with energy and spirit. But 'only to deal with the work as a literary perfor- may dismiss it with saying that it is full of in- eedingly well written and decidedly original. ll have a great run there can be little doubt.

RESIN FAIRY LAND. By Richard Henry Stod- With engravings from designs by Oertel. Bos- icknor, Reed & Fields, 1853.

' HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Charles Dickens. I. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1853. A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

lways seemed to us that if we could write some elight and instruct children—some volume that main a perpetual favorite in the nursery, the of our literary ambition would be filled. We akness for Missy. We confess to an irrepres- ness for her naughty little brother. And to win don of their applause would be to us glory r the most tedious of literary labours. That it be one of rare merits which secures Missy's g smile. There must be a strict poetic justice clusion; the good child that obeyed its parents e real nice apples and fine clothes, the bad must pperless and in disgrace to bed; else the simple ful perceptions of the earnest young reader will e false morality, and the author will be put aside. erature has been neglected too much by the fine n—the *beaux esprits*—of the literary profession. ay Mother Goose and Gammer Gurton, and what us of epic or lyrical poetry—what efforts of the comic muse—can we boast for the nursery? ne stalks not into that noisy and happy realm— nds not her laugh to mingle with its capricious at.

uch good might be effected by furnishing attrac- y-books and pleasant works of instruction for the books of a somewhat different character than pplied by the Sunday school to be read in addi- to—we think there can be little doubt. We have t two handsome little volumes—the one history, r fiction—which we regard as highly valuable in ect, and we congratulate the young folks on their ees.

tures in *Fairy Land* is one of the most charm- series of fantasies that ever came from the pen t. The airy creations of the gifted author live e in an atmosphere of love and holiness that belong to the "heaven" which "lies about us in ey." Too much praise can not be bestowed

upon the purity and exquisite tenderness of thought that pervade the volume. MR. STODDARD has proved him- self the friend and benefactor of children by these deli- cious "adventures," and many a fireside will be glad- dened by them, from which a ray of thankfulness will stream out towards the poet himself.

Mr. Dickens' juvenile history has been in course of publication for some time past in Household Words. It is simply told in a style that adapts itself to the most youthful comprehension, and cannot fail to be a favorite.

WHITE, RED, BLACK SKETCHES OF AMERICAN SOCIETY IN THE UNITED STATES, *During the Visit of their Guests.* By Francis and Theresa Pulszky. In Two Volumes. Redfield: 110 and 112 Nassau Street. New York. 1853. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

A tri-coloured title from which the reader will expect to find Madame Pulszky's Sketches of American Society somewhat highly-tinged. Nor in this expectation will he be disappointed. The prevailing tint, however, is by no means *coulour de rose*: we should rather say it was that of Indian Ink. For though Madame Pulszky is never grave or sombre, her impressions of the United States are not altogether so favorable as some people might desire, and if perpetual recurrence to the subject of domestic slavery be calculated to darken the notes of a tourist, the "black" in the title page is not at all mis- used.

For ourselves we are not sorry that Madame Pulszky has indulged in a little satire of American manners, and we could only wish her sketches were more satirical than they are; for the sort of indiscriminate and fulsome homage with which the Kossuth *suite* was received in this country was discreditable to everybody concerned in it. On the subject of slavery it could not be expected that the Countess should form liberal or correct opinions, and accordingly we find allusions to it of no complimen- tary kind, plentifully sprinkled throughout her pages. We make no complaint of this, however, for in an Appen- dix to her work she has given in full Chancellor Harper's complete and triumphant Vindication of Slavery—an an- tedote to more poison than Madame Pulszky could in- fuse into these Sketches, if, instead of being the amiable lady that she is, she were as venomous as Mrs. Stowe.

Passing over such considerations, we may say that these volumes are very pleasant and agreeable, and none the less worthy of perusal for being filled with the most remarkable blunders and misstatements.

THE RECTOR OF ST. BARDOLPH'S; *Or Superannuated.* By F. W. Shelton, A. M., etc. New York: Charles Scribner, 145 Nassau Street. 1853.

Some time ago, we had occasion to speak in terms of high praise of a little work entitled "SALANDER." We did not know the author of it, for it was published anony- mously, but we felt assured that so practised and charm- ing a writer could not long remain in the dark. Accord- ingly we see him now fairly before the public as the au- thor of another capital piece of writing, which has al- ready passed to a second edition.

Mr. SHELTON's most striking quality as a writer is a delicate humor, as will be recognized, we think, by all who read the playful article he has contributed to the

present number of the *Messenger* on *Old Bachelors*. This humor sparkles everywhere upon the surface of his style, as the moonlight passes shimmering over the ripples of some beautiful mere. The *Rector of St. Bardolph's* is the record of the experiences of a country clergyman, not kept with any professional design, but merely to chronicle the petty troubles and grievances of vicarage, and pleasantly to satirize the authors of them. Mr. Shelton has executed this self-imposed task in a manner at once piquant and delightful, causing us to derive from the parson something of the same amusement afforded by Cervantes' Don, though never for a moment degrading sacred things with impertinent or irreverent treatment.

The Complete Works of SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.
Vols. I and II. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1853.
[From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.]

We know not if it is designed under the general title of Coleridge's *Complete Works* to publish his Dramatic and Miscellaneous Poems. We presume, however, that such is the publishers' intention. If so, certainly this series of volumes will be one of great value. The first two now before us contain *The Aids to Reflection* and *The Friend*, and are printed in excellent style. We must enter our protest however, against the red-edges, *à la brick-dust*, which though well adapted to some of Coleridge's speculations by reason of its being the German fashion, is in shocking taste.

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN;
with the Proser and other Papers. By W. M. Thackeray. New York : D. Appleton & Company. 200 Broadway. 1853.

PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS, THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR and TRAVELS IN LONDON. *Same author and publishers.*
[From Nash & Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.]

These little books we are disposed to consider the very best of Thackeray's minor compositions. Mr. Brown the Elder, the writer of the letters, is a most excellent old gentleman, the real and only original "fog" (all others counterfeit) who philosophizes on London life and habitudes for the especial benefit of his young nephew, Robert or Bob Brown. Should Bob—supposing him to be a veritable and not a hypothetical Bob—act upon the advice given him by his worthy uncle, he will be altogether a better man and finer gentleman than nine tenths of the fellows he meets with at his Club or "in Society." The Elder Brown's code of ethics is indeed based upon that selfishness to which the cynic Rochefoucauld declares all our actions are referable, yet let the code be followed and we'll be sworn the man's the better for the practice.

"The Prize Novelists" is a series of capital imitations of the leading English writers of fiction. D'Israeli, we think, it hits off more cleverly than any of them, and he could hardly help laughing himself at that famous Israelite, Rafael Mendoza, of such financial ability and such

universal accomplishment. Of the "other papers" contained in the volume not the least pungent are the inscriptions for the statues of the Georges. We give the last of the four.

GEORGIUS ULTIMUS.

He left an example for age and for youth
To avoid.

He never acted well by Man or Woman,
And was as false to his Mistress as to his Wife.
He deserted his friends and his Principles.
He was so ignorant that he could scarcely spell;
But he had some Skill in Cutting out Coats,
And an undeniable Taste for Cookery.

He huilt the Palaces of Brighton and of Buckingham,
And for these qualities and Proofs of Genius,
An admiring Aristocracy
Christened him the "First Gentleman in Europe."
Friends, respect the KING whose statue is here
And the generous Aristocracy who admired him.

A DIGEST OF THE LAWS, CUSTOMS, MANNERS, AND INSTITUTIONS OF THE ANCIENT AND MODERN NATIONS.
By Thomas Dew, Late President of the College of William and Mary. New York : D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.]

There is a degree of carelessness displayed in the title page of this volume, discreditable to somebody. The late President of William and Mary College was Thomas R. Dew, not Thomas Dew, as here represented, and it is altogether inexcusable in a posthumous work of this size and dignity, to exhibit so gross an error.

As a digest of Ancient and Modern History for the use of students, this volume is of great value. Mr. Dew was a man of the utmost clearness in the expression of his thoughts, and great skill in the arrangement and classification of his subjects—qualities which are made to show themselves every where in this treatise. We believe the labor of preparing this volume for the press, (although the fact is no where stated,) was performed by Prof. H. A. Washington, one of the finest scholars in our country, who himself contributed some of the more modern portions of the historical summary. Of course the task has been well done, in a manner alike worthy of the lamented author and his excellent editor. We cordially commend the volume to the public.

D. APPLETON & Co's EDUCATIONAL BOOKS.

Three important additions to this unrivalled series of school and college text-books, have been recently made—"Mulligan's Grammatical Construction of the English Language," Sewell's History of Greece," and Miss Robbins' "Guide to Knowledge." They are all excellent manuals adapted to instruct in important branches on a simple a plan as is compatible with thoroughness. We earnestly advise teachers and parents to examine and adopt them; and at the same time, to note the beautiful juvenile books issued by the same house; among them a tale by "Aunt Alice"—is illustrated most gracefully. It is called "Patient Waiting no Loss."

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

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NO. 5.

MR. CAXTON'S REVIEW OF "MY NOVEL."*

'Yea, my father did preach unto them.' So writeth Nephi the son of Lehi, in the second chapter of the First Book of Nephi, as preserved in the celebrated gold plates translated by Joseph Smith, Jr., and known as The Book of Mormon. So too might write Pisistratus Caxton, Esq., of his own less shadowy progenitor. Yea, verily the venerable Austin Caxton did preach to the supposed compounder of this most attractive novel, to the family circle which clustered round its cradle, and anxiously watched its development and growth, and, like the Greek Chorus, to which the Initial Chapters are assimilated, he preached and preaches to every one that will listen, to every one that will read. But such delicious preaching as his it is rarely our good fortune to meet with; such kindly insight into human motives, such generous charity for human frailties, such keen satire for vice, such genuine enthusiasm for virtue, such inspiring encouragement to lofty thoughts and noble actions, such delicate but merciless exposure of meanness and iniquity, are not often combined in modern sermons, and need not be sought at any rate in the Book of Mormon. Delightful as 'My Novel' is throughout, the most charming parts are those Initial Chapters in which Austin Caxton pours out his genial but pedantic wisdom, and leads us in the ways of pleasantness and peace, scattering flowers over the path at every step that he takes. To these we looked forward in the perusal of these volumes with unfading interest, and to them we now look back with melancholy but grateful regret, sad to think that the music of the old man's eloquent tongue is hushed, now that his dear anachronism has supplied by the labours of

his genius that deficit in the annual revenues of the family estate, occasioned by the abrogation of the Corn Laws. The pleasant companion of two years, the winning instructor is now silent, and we are left to profit by his precepts—and mourn the intermission or cessation of his sermons.

If Mr. Caxton, Senior, after presiding over the appendix which closes this Epopee, like the concluding chorus of an Æschylean Tragedy, had recalled his thoughts from the satisfaction occasioned by the successful accomplishment of his son's task, and the almost equally grateful contemplation of the repair of his son's revenues, to estimate the merits and the defects of the production, to which he had stood as sponsor or endorser—nay, monitor rather, at the different stages of its progress, we should have listened to his verdict and its reasons with infinitely greater pleasure than we can expect to afford to any by our harsher, drier, and less welcome criticism. If he called his family together round the old-fashioned tea-table, or round the domestic hearth, to listen to his last words, ere his son's bantling was severed for ever from his sagacious admonitions, we might have been silent—though it is not easy to stop the pen of one infected with the itch of scribbling. We can picture to ourselves the aspect of the little household at this critical juncture—the faces of all of them lit up with a smile but mingled with such other diversities of expression,—Pisistratus, with his arms folded, leaning back in his chair, and casting furtive glances of pride on the group around him—but every now and then inviting a pout to his lips and pishing in his heart, as he thinks of the unreasonable and misplaced severity of his father, in bringing up his 'Novel' to judgment, after its destiny is settled for weal or for woe, and its triumph fondly believed to be completely assured: Blanche, with her hands clasped on the shoulder of her husband, half amused as she thinks of the impending criticism, half distressed as she notices her lord's annoyance: the

* MY NOVEL; OR VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Author of 'The Caxtons,' &c. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 1852—3.

good humoured grandmother has laid down the baby frock, taken up the baby, which ought to have been in bed long ago, and she endeavours to hush its cries that it may not disturb the awful solemnity of the meditated address. Uncle Roland is a little uneasy, but he sits bolt upright in his chair with military precision, resigns himself to his fate, but thinks that too much has been said about 'My Novel' already. Mr. Squills, for the good man could not be spared from this last family re-union—Mr. Squills twitches his hands and fingers the caps of his knees, thinking about the craniological bumps of every one but himself; but there is the sparkle of vivacity in his eyes as he remembers how railway shares have gone up since 'My Novel' was commenced. Oh! for Uncle Jack at this last hour, but he is far away in Australia, searching for gold, and meditating a grand combined anti-monopoly gold collecting and refining Joint Stock Company—shares moderate, profits a few thousand per cent. Over all the family there is obviously an air of constraint; Mr. Caxton himself being the only person perfectly at his ease. He has been gathering from a huge pile of cumbrous and antiquated books some new illustrations to add to his History of Human Error; and, as he closes the last folio over which he had been poring for the half-hour past, and sees that his little audience are all assembled, there is a good-humored sparkle in his eye and a pleasant irony in the play of his lip, as he thus begins:

MR. CAXTON. "My son, Pisistratus, you have done well—although you might have done better, no doubt. But how far preferable these labours of the mind, which have kindled your feelings, interested your whole household, even down to the baby who proclaims your success in its newer and gaudier dress, and filled your pockets—how much more grateful, aye, and useful too, this occupation of your leisure hours, than the moaning and grumbling, and repining with which you vainly regretted the gloomy aspect of the times. A change in the direction of your thoughts, a diversion of your energies into new channels has brought back hope to your bosom, and sunshine to the world. You care but little now for corn laws and crops. You have found a magic purse, like that of

Fortunio's, into which you have only to put your hand, and draw forth what coin you may desire. It fails not, neither does it shrink. Mr. Squills' Railway Shares, his preferred bonds, his multifarious investments, rise and fall in the market—to-day the mercury is at boiling point, to-morrow below zero: and they fluctuate so amongst themselves that he can never tell the temperature of his blood by feeling his pulse"—

MR. SQUILLS. "Pulse—pulse, Sir: quite regular, smooth, even, not too full—natural heat—good heat. I don't know what you mean, Sir!"

MR. CAXTON, (*not heeding the interruption.*) "But you have found the veins of true gold, which are never exhausted. You have grasped Australia and California, and encompassed them round with your own apprehension. Nor have you merely seized the Golden Lands, but you have brought back the Golden Age to gladden them—you have appropriated the saffron bag. You eat with contentment, you lie down in happiness and hope. If the rust takes your wheat, or the barley is beat down by rains—the farmer's afflictions, which the Venusian Poet has sung—in the midst of the distresses and the sullenness of others, you have only to stretch forth your hand again, and pluck another bough from the golden tree to guide you through the gloom. It is the oracle of the Cumæan Sibyl—whose name and attributes, as you well know, indicate the advice of Jupiter:

—primo avulso, non deficit alter
Aureus: et simili frondescit virga metallo,

which, being interpreted, meaneth, that the success of your first novel, ensures a golden crop for all that you may pluck in future from the parent tree."

Blanche looks pleased, she scarcely knows why, but with woman's instinct feels that there is something in the old gentleman's language to be pleased at: Pisistratus smiles, then knits his brows, and appears perplexed:—and asks, "Pray, Sir, what has all this to do with the criticism of 'My Novel,' for which I thought you had summoned us."

MR. CAXTON. "'Festina lente': a quick hound will often overrun the scent. You may yet discover the true bearing of this

preamble, for its detection will need no Delian diver, as the scholiast David tells us was said to be requisite for the comprehension of the *philosophumena*, or philosophical positions of that dry but weeping sage, Heraclitus. You have shown, in the accomplishment of 'Your Novel,' not mine, my son, that change gives contentment, mental health, and renewed energy—so true is the vulgar proverb, which seems but a theft from the Orestes of Euripides; that 'variety is the spice of life.' But besides furnishing your life with the seasoning, it has materially augmented its instruments, and given you a surer string to your bow than your crops, and one less objectionable than any of those employed by that enigmatical Panurge, who is reported by Rabelais or Alcofribas Nasier, as he delighted to call himself, to have had three hundred and sixty-five modes of making money, the most honest of which was by way of petty larceny."

UNCLE ROLAND. "He should have been sent to the gallows, if I had the execution of the laws."

"To Botany Bay," said Mr. Squills, who was thinking of Uncle Jack.

"Shocking," cried my Mother.

How could any one compare Pisistratus to Panurge, thought Blanche, and she pouted her pretty lips.

MR. CAXTON. "'*Euphemeite! Favete linguis!*' restrain your tongues; or you will disturb Camarina, which I have no design to do. But while replenishing your own waning treasury, my dear anachronism, you have fixed your thoughts so intently on your own profits, that you have carried the same spirit into the whole tenor of your novel. We see the beauties of nature less by the golden radiance of the sun than by the illumination of our own minds: we interpret the wonderful varieties of life less by the light of knowledge which pours in from without, than by the light of sentiment which streams out from within:

There's nothing good or bad, but thinking makes it so.

Thus, you have taken the anticipated measure of your own success, as the type of that cornucopia from which you scatter rewards to your favorite actors. They all grow rich, and acquire worldly distinction, power,

and honours. From Leonard Fairfield up to Lord L'Estrange, and Riccardo, the crowning triumphs which you assign to a well-spent life are merely worldly advantages. Even Parson Dale plays for his winnings at whist. And the castigation which you reserve for the guilty is the rod stripped of its golden leaves. Leonard Fairfield grasps the glittering branch twined with laurel, Randal Leslie, the bare twig. Homer tells us," and here Mr. Caxton elevated both his head and his voice, "that the heathen Jupiter had two huge urns standing by his side, from the one of which he dispensed blessings to the sons of men, and out of the other the multitudinous variety of curses: but you, my son, have only a huge money bag, an ideal amplification of that which you anticipated as the prize of your own labours, out of which you pay liberally the current coin of a shadowy world to your faithful servants, and bitterly refuse payment to that keen but unlucky knave on whom all the vials of your wrath are concentrated. This is hardly a true or Christian view of that world of men, whose heavenly ruler sends down his rains on the just and the unjust. Would you recognize the canon, which, at least in the case of Baron Levy you explicitly disclaim, that worldly success and pecuniary emoluments are the sole or the principal prizes offered for rectitude, or the test of a well-spent life? You have experienced yourself the contentment which springs from well-directed energies, independent of the gain: is it not a nobler enjoyment—and a nobler lesson to teach that the recompense of virtue is derived from the virtuous mind and the rapture of virtuous action, in the midst of all 'the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune'—and without regard to the larger distribution of worldly honour and pecuniary gains to the vicious, the scheming and the ignoble? Do you picture to yourself the pure man and the one of unshaken constancy in right—'*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus,*' or '*Æquum tenacis propositi virum*'—would you represent either of these as gaining an income of ten thousand pounds a year, or a ducal title, with unbounded revenues, as the results of his virtues? You destroy the temper and the spring of integrity—you eradicate the only efficacious inducements to unfaltering virtue, when you

substitute these glittering baubles for the abundant treasures which flow spontaneously from the confidence of right. Moreover, amid all the Varieties of English or other Life, the example, real or ideal, which is most needed in this age, is the career of one who is contented with poverty, who cultivates his moral affections and the love of right with no ulterior aims but to do his duty to God, his neighbour and himself, and who strengthens and enriches his intellect but for the better service of noble intentions, and the larger contemplation of God and his wondrous works. In that picture of the domestic life and fortunes of the Caxton Family, which has been published by some skilful and inveterate scribbler, and in which the privacy of the Lares and Penates of the Caxtons has been betrayed to the curious gaze of the public, justice has scarcely been done to the lofty and unselfish motives by which you were tempted to your Australian exile—(if you had remained longer you might have been corrupted by the prevalent taste for gold—*auri sacra fumes*,)—and I myself have been grievously caricatured, though that matters little as the duck and the carp take their food from my hands as before. But I was going to say, that in your temporary migration to the antipodes, the motive, by which you were governed, was the desire of ministering to the comforts and happiness of your family, not the mere design of acquiring fortune for yourself. A memorable contemporary has so keenly felt the selfish, greedy, avaricious temper of the times, that he has made the maxim 'to live for others,' 'Vivre pour autrui,' the motto of his philosophy:—and though he loses himself in the devious labyrinths of an imagination at once credulous and sceptical, and adds a notable instance of enlightened delusion, to which I must not forget to devote a long chapter in my History of Human Error, he might at least have warned you that the particular variety required amid all the Varieties of modern life is the example of one who does not possess, and rises superior to the objects of worldly temptation. The inspiration of the large majority of your actors might, by giving a liberal extension to the meaning, be almost summed up in a line from a writer in the bad age of Justinian, whose grammatical

instructions are often spoken of, but whose poetical merits are less remembered:

Corporis et causa pascendi.

This is from Priscian's Panegyric of the Emperor Anastasius, and was probably suggested by the well known line

Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

It is true, that, in like manner, the Preacher saith 'All a man's labour is for his mouth,' but if you expended your own labour in providing for your mouth, and our mouths too we will take care to remember, you might have permitted the puppets, which were moved by wires held in your own hand, to act in such a way that they might tempt our thoughts to a loftier sphere."

PISISTRATUS. "But, Sir, have not your own quotations furnished my defence already. Solomon, and Priscian, and Virgil, seem a strong array of defenders: and are we not told in the writings of St. Paul 'that the love of money is the root of all evil?'"

MR. CAXTON. "Unquestionably, and I complain that it is the root of the evil here. It is that this love of money is made the main-spring of both the good and the bad actions represented, and that the reward and the punishment are both addressed exclusively to this lust of gain. But the thesis you attribute to St. Paul, however sanctioned by his adoption, is a quotation from the Greek Poets, like so many other remarks of his, for St. Paul was both scholar and gentleman. This is a verse from Phocylides: you may find the sentiment in Longinus: it is even mingled by Claudian with his praises of Stelicho.

*Ac primam scelerum matrem, quæ, semper habendo
Plus sitiens, patulis rimatur faucibus aurum,
Tendis Avaritiam.*

And here, let me say, that I do not feel highly complimented by your acknowledgment of my assistance in getting up your second-hand learning—assistance which would never have been granted if I had thought that it would have been exposed to bring your father's gray hairs into derision—and which I suspect you plundered for yourself principally from my notes and the margins of my books, without understanding the bearing of

value of the treasures you stole. Our are sad dogs in this age, Pisistratus: you think I would be guilty of such superficial scholarship, when I wished to give learning an airing, like the dandy lawyer Rome displaying his amethyst ring—(you read the story in Juvenal)—do you think I would blunder like you, and give only inferior examples omitting the superior and most important? I much suspect there is pedantry in such cheap, inaccurate, second-hand learning as runs through your novel, and that pedantry you would attribute to me. *Proh Pudor!* Pisistratus, such superficial erudition it would not become my use of propriety to display and its parade would shock my modesty."

UNCLE ROLAND, (*seriously.*) "For all the world, brother Austin, I see no difference between the Greek, and Latin, and Danish, and German tags of learning and my own. They all sound alike and are equally unintelligible to me."

Mrs. CAXTON. "Indeed, Mr. Caxton, Pisistratus did his best, I suppose."

BLANCHE. "The musty, fusty old things. Wonder they cannot let the dead languages rest still in their graves. There's no sense in them any how. I can never make out what people mean when they quote Latin and Greek. And it's so unsocial. But there must be something fine in them which I don't see, or Pisistratus would not use them—perhaps he only does, to please his father."

PISISTRATUS, (who had paid no attention to the later remarks of his father or to this display.) "I do not think that the motives of the actors turn exclusively on the desire of gain, though much of the machinery does. It was not gain that tempted Egerton to betray his friend and marry Nora Avenel: it was not gain that led Leonard Fairfield to London and made him abandon his Uncle's house, or remain faithful to Helen Digby: it was the very reverse of any such greed that drew Helen into Leonard's arms; it was not the hope of money that attracted Harley Estrange to Violante, or Violante to Harley; that inspired the generous magnanimity of Riccabocca to a detestable traitor; that regulated the conduct of Mr. Hazeldean, or his son Frank; or sustained the generosity of Egerton to Randal Leslie. True, the ma-

chinery turns on worldly honours and pecuniary considerations. But the springs of human action are now almost reduced to these alone, and I proposed to depict men as they were, to give an outline of the actual varieties of English life, not to draw them as they ought to be, or to paint an ideal Elysium. I leave that amusing recreation to Communists, and Socialists, and Owenites, and Chartists; I have nothing to do with phalanxes, and parallelograms, and Icarias, except to shun, distrust and abhor them."

MR. SQUILLS. "Well said! Pisistratus! and I believe you are right. Your father is not satisfied to take things as they are, and look at their bright side; but he wants something better, which shall have a new side of his own gilding. He forgets that the protuberances in Randal Leslie's head, and the craniological developments in the skulls of all the others, prevented"—

MR. CAXTON. "*Distingue.* Discrimination should precede judgment. You are welcome to employ any machinery and suppose any motives you please; but observe that the manner in which the plot of this novel has been managed leaves behind the impression that there is some natural affinity, some appropriate attraction between virtuous action and worldly success. La Bruyère says a book must be estimated by the feeling it leaves behind; now, your Novel, leaves behind the uneasy feeling that wealth and distinction are the suitable if not the sufficient rewards of integrity. It is not the plot which need be altered, but the spirit in which the plot is conceived and executed. To my mind, the Italian exile is a nobler spectacle as the poor Dr. Riccabocca, shrewdly suspected of being a mountebank by Mr. Hazeldean, in the Casino, with his cherished child and faithful Giacomo, than the Prince di Monteleone and Duca di Serrano, with the largest heritage of an Italian noble. And Leonard Fairfield is more worthy of our respect at the village school, struggling against difficulties, than as the acknowledged son of the Right Hon. Audley Egerton.

Stemmata quid faciunt?

Shall fiction present us with no characters worthy of admiration, no reflection of heavenly glories, but they must straightway be

eclipsed by a coronet, and lose themselves in the glare of wealth and the splendour of noble lineage? Is not this toadying to the beggarly idolatries of the times?

"The controversy now happily terminated, between your Uncle Roland and myself, and laid at rest for ever by the witchery of a fair lady's hand," and Mr. Caxton bowed with great gallantry to Blanche, who blushed as if she were a bride in her honey-moon, "such a controversy might be entertained between the soldier who was nerved to heroism by emulation of a supposed ancestry who had fought for the Cross in the Holy Land, and for 'merrie England' at Agincourt, and Crecy, and Poitiers, and the retired scholar who enlivened his peaceful studies by the recollection of the literary emprise of his progenitors, but rank and fortune, noble blood and fictitious honours are not to be presented to the youth of this day, as if they had any necessary connection with the true merit which always courts the shade. I can scarcely forgive you for beguiling Dr. Riccabocca from his retirement to place him at the summit of worldly pomp. Nor do I see any occasion for it: as a more modest restoration might have answered all the purposes of your plot, and left the sterling ore of his character more noticeable from the absence of artificial gilding—"

PISISTRATUS. "It was necessary to exhibit him as the Duke di Serrano to account for the friendship of L'Estrange, the stratagems of Peschiera, the courtship of Violante by Randal Leslie, and the offers extended to bribe that young serpent by Baron Levy. The whole plot would have been destroyed if no more brilliant butterfly were destined to emerge from the Chrysalis of Dr. Riccabocca—and then Violante, the queenly, impassioned, lofty daughter of a line of princes might have vainly 'wasted her sweetness on the desert air.'"

MR. CAXTON. "Your plot is, indeed, most admirable, if intricacy, and the dexterous entanglement of threads, to be afterwards disentangled, is more entitled to our admiration than simplicity. Horace thought differently: but his notions probably appear antiquated to the youth now treading on our heels. But as for Peschiera he is certainly *de trop*; just as Satan was with Adam and

Eve in Paradise: we could have done better without him: he jars upon our feelings; he disturbs Camarina, and stirs up all its noxious vapours, and that unwholesome pool is not easily quieted. His atrocities might have been well left behind the scenes, like Medea's murder of her children: there was no need that they should be introduced, '*oculis subjecta fidelibus.*' We should then have escaped the melodramatic *peripeteia* or conclusion: we should also have been spared that theatrical imitation of the gloomy devices of the Mrs. Radcliffe School, the capture and rescue of Violante; and I know not that anything would have been lost which could not have been naturally and more suitably effected by simpler means.

"If Lord L'Estrange were the gentleman and the man that you have represented him to be, the Italian Dukedom could have had no influence in determining his friendship for Riccabocca, or his choice of Violante. And yet I think she might well have selected a younger *parti* for herself. But poor girl, as Riccabocca said, whom had she seen to tempt her heart? And since Miss Trevanion rejected you and united herself to the Earl of Castleton, you seem to think that old beaux are the only proper matches for young belles."

Pisistratus conjured up a faint smile but bit his lips: Blanche blushed, fidgetted and turned with a fond pride and compassion towards her husband's face.

MR. CAXTON, (*without stopping.*) "'A burnt child dreads the fire;' you have been warned by your own experience, and mercifully protect the tender hearts of your imaginary protégés. But I think no great injury would have been done to your plot if the young 'Signorina' had been allowed a larger freedom of choice, and had been consigned over to a more ardent or at least a more juvenile admirer.

"And now for Mr. Randal Leslie—the hopeful representative of a large class: '*quis nulla ex honesto spes est,*' as the sagest of all historians, and the true precursor of Riccabocca's Machiavelli, Caius Cornelius Tacitus pointedly describes them. The bribes offered to that ingenious young gentleman are disproportionately large: they might have tempted a nature of less unleavened evil

they may seem to many 'who are not all evil' themselves to furnish some excuse for the infamy of his conduct: the crime is diminished in appearance by the very amplitude of the instruments used to seduce into its commission. Did not Julius Cæsar say that the prize of a crown justified the crime by which it was won?—a *dictum* borrowed from Euripides and the Athenian stage, where it became almost a common place. Did not Audley Egerton himself yield to slighter temptations?—at least slighter in general estimation. No; there was no necessity for such magnificent bribes to betray the nature of Randal Leslie, which was prone through instinct and through education to all treachery. The error is not harmless: all that exceeds the necessary inducement to sin, throws its weight into the opposite scale of the balance, and lends redemption to villainy. The chance of the Hazeldean inheritance alone, or the malice generated by the disappointment of his unwarranted hopes from Egerton, would have sufficed to set in motion the deceitful energies of Randal's nature. And observe, that Randal is thus forced into an unnatural, if only transient, equality with his seniors, Levy, Peschiera, Audley, Harley, Riccabocca, and Mr. Hazeldean, which vitiates the keeping and the coloring of the romance. No; Peschiera and his intrigues were better omitted. '*Nec deus intersit*,' &c., and I suppose what was applicable to a heathen god is equally appropriate to a modern devil. You would have done better without him. Violante might have been wooed and won by a younger suitor: Randal might have been lured on by those ordinary temptations which every day presents to cunning, scheming, and unprincipled natures: Frank Hazeldean might have found an equally expensive and more efficacious Beatrice in an opera-dancer; and we might have been saved from an episode, which, however skilfully intertwined with the main plot, produces discord in the midst of harmony."

Blanche and Mrs. Caxton, however, came to the rescue; they both pleaded in favor of the dear, good Lord L'Estrange, and declared that no one else was fit for that superb creation, Violante. Uncle Roland thought an unusual temptation was requisite to coun-

terbalance the remarkable inducements to right conduct in that clear-headed intellectual spider, full of webs and poison, Randal Leslie; and Mr. Squills opined that the phrenological developments in Peschiera were too remarkable to suffer the excision of his character from the plot: and all of them took under their protection Beatrice di Negra, with her angel wings trailing in the mire of earthly corruption, and her noble nature sullied, degraded and often paralysed by the artful treacheries of a brother whom she loved, and the violence of passions which she could not control.

PISISTRATUS. "Nothing in the novel seems to please you, sir; yet it was by your suggestion I undertook it. Other people judge differently, if I may draw an inference from its success. If it has all these faults which you enumerate why did you permit it to go forth like a scape-goat and as the instrument of my disgrace and your displeasure? You were present during its construction, and took part in those discussions which I was proud to preserve as introductions to the several books. Why did you not intimate your objections then, when there was a chance to correct or avoid my grievous offences? But you have been so long engaged on your interminable History of Human Error, which will not pay the printers, and which not more than a dozen persons would read after it was printed, that you cannot conceive of any thing except as furnishing materials for your endless addenda.

"Hush! hush," said Blanche, "your father intends his criticism in all kindness, and he will yet do justice to your genius."

MR. CAXTON. "Yes! to his genius. There is a prodigality of invention, a profusion of genius which, like rich and uncultivated soils is more apt to produce a luxuriance of weeds, than a clean and available crop. And if, my son, you had read my History of Human Error, which you affect to despise, but which I do not forget that you earnestly labored to preserve and perpetuate, you might then have learnt how many men of the highest genius had failed in the attainment of the excellence of which they might otherwise have been capable from the very excess of their genius and the absence of its sober discipline. In poetry, in philosophy, in history,

in romance, in science, in all the walks of literature and all the realms of art, genius has destroyed more hopes than it has ever justified. Did not Isocrates say that Ephorus required the bridle, while Theopompus needed the spur? Just look over the Index to the History of Human Error, which I have drawn up, while you have been writing your novel, and you will not complain of the paucity of examples. But, if genius fails from want of direction, it fails less obviously, but scarcely less seriously from misdirections. Those very socialists whom you just now very properly disclaimed belief in, don't want genius. They have ample information, great practical acuteness, wonderful ingenuity, a vigorous reach of thought, and an originality of genius at times which would enrich a hundred more sedate authors, yet they merit the disregard even of a farmer and novel-writer like yourself. Genius! you have plenty of it! even too much of it: as you have still too much metaphysical analysis, and a most inartistic habit of laying bare your whole machinery. You carry your entire audience behind the scenes—you let them see all the stage tricks, and the whole range of the foot-lights: and even your characters themselves seem sometimes like they were turned out as samples from a factory to be ordered by the piece. I will give you ample credit for the largest possession of genius, but genius is only the creator not the creation; and it is the creation which I criticise and which I desired you to achieve for yourself.

"And now I might conceive that you had received a sufficient answer to your inquiry why I did not urge my objections before your work was completed; but as I see that your Uncle Roland, and Mr. Squills, and the ladies, and yourself—one and all of you—are not yet satisfied, I will add something more.

"The Greek chorus to which you have likened those initial chapters wherein I and all of us appear—the author at his work, and your mother at her sewing—the Greek chorus gave only a vague lyric utterance to the sentiments instinctively caught from the surrounding accidents; but without fore-knowing the procedure of the drama or participating in its action. They reflect the shadows which coming events cast before them; they give the key note of that which is about to

follow, but in no respect do they determine, alter, or modify the action of the dramatic personæ. And you are aware that you did not communicate your plan; you said, indeed, that your ideal beings once imagined developed themselves, without submitting to your own or any other control; and let me say that they have evolved from natural disposition and from circumstances their whole conduct with a consistency, a propriety, and a general truth, which none of your contemporaries have ever surpassed. But what opportunity was thus offered for any criticism in advance, even if I had been inclined to offer, or you to accept it?"

BLANCHE. "Did I not say that your father would do you full justice?"

PISISTRATUS. "I confess the wrong, my father; and can only try to profit by your counsels and improve in future—advancing in excellence as in experience as I believe I have usually done hitherto."

MR. CAXTON. 'True, my child, and though I have not yet run through the catalogue of your mistakes, yet, trusting to the hope which you express, I will close the array of my censure, an ungracious task, but, like wormwood or Dr. Morgan's aconite, useful for some distempers, and I will conclude by assuring you of the pride which I feel in your production, and of the pleasure which I have taken in making the acquaintance of your long line of admirable and admirably drawn characters. They are natural and true to life: not stiff automatons, but living, breathing, articulate beings. There is a freshness, a vigour, a beauty in their conception and delineation; and the thesis that you had proposed to illustrate, with those dependent topics urged by Parson Dale in his political sermon, and in his practical exhortation to Leonard, is fully and effectually established. We are all children of a common father, and have our own afflictions and difficulties, and every estate needs the charities and the sympathies of all others. Are there not stars in heaven of greater and of lesser magnitude of fiercer and of serener light? The baleful fires of the dog-star to which Achilles in his wrath was assimilated far outshine the gentler but more constant splendour of the polar star of evening. Are we not told that there are like diversities awaiting us even

heaven? And shall we seek on this earth, in our vain quest of happiness, to obliterate distinctions which will be renewed in different persons, under different aspects, but with a vaster divergence in another world? And I must commend you, Pisistratus, for that tribute to Bacon's genius and wisdom which you pay when Parson Dale exposes the delusion of assigning to him the degrading sentiment that knowledge is power? If men will make a parade of the cheap eleemosynary learning which their literary mendicancy catches up at second hand, they will naturally be betrayed into frequent and ridiculous mistakes. It was but the other day that I took up Dick's *Christian Philosopher*—a trashy work like all the productions of that writer, but perhaps useful in its way—and I there found staring me in the face on the

Title-page

'KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.'—Lord Bacon.

No: now I bethink me, it was the *Philosophy of Religion*, not the *Christian Philosopher*, which had bound this phylactery of deceit between its eyes. But they are *Arca-des ambo*;—the same judgment is merited by both. Lord Bacon never dreamt of any such fantastic sententiousness which sacrifices truth to epigrammatic point. It might have come from Montesquieu: not from the great High Chancellor of nature. You will find it written in the twenty-fourth chapter of *Proverbs*, somewhere near the beginning: 'A wise man is strong; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth strength:' and Horace in one of his odes makes a similar remark. In Mr. Lane's delightful version of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, and in *The Story of the Three Apples*, you will discover the like sentiment from an unknown Arabian Poet. 'There is no knowledge without power.' But none of these passages are equivalent to the sophistical aphorism falsely attributed to Bacon. It was only the genuine sophist, Protagoras, as you may read in the one hundred and fourth chapter of Plato's dialogue, called in honour of him, who gave utterance to the sentiment that knowledge was the great power of human things. It befits Protagoras, it does not beseem the sage of Verulam who was not

The greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind.

It is to me a mortifying evidence of the inherent malignity of men that such a sarcasm should have been suffered to be branded on one of the chief benefactors of the human family, by a little hump-backed poet, who knew nothing of Bacon or his works beyond court-tattle, and scan. mag., and said what came uppermost to complete his rhyme:

To point his moral, and adorn his tale.

But, what can be said, when a man possessed of genius like Macaulay, pretending to learning and having much, undertakes to review the life and labours of such a man, catches up this current slander, developes, amplifies, and adorns it, endeavors to defame a great man's memory by special pleading more perversely ingenious and insidious than even the accusation of Essex is alleged to have been, and does all this apparently without reading the works of the author reviewed, but just tearing shreds and garbling extracts from the eulogy pronounced by his Editor and Biographer. Mr. Macaulay may believe that Bacon said 'knowledge is power:' but for me and my household we will follow the Lord: we will assent to no such sciolism. Eh! Pisistratus?"

PISISTRATUS. "Indeed, sir, I am glad that my exposure of this error has met your approbation and elicited your commendation. I think I had heard the remark previously from yourself. But I wish that the other parts of 'My Novel' had been equally acceptable to you."

MR. CAXTON. "They are, my boy: they are. 'The Lord loveth whom he chasteneth.' I should not have taken the pains to point out your failures if I had not thought them more than redeemed by your manifold and striking beauties. Did I not express the great satisfaction which I had felt in becoming acquainted with all your principal actors who exhibit under various aspects the myriad forms of beauty and of virtue which are all reflected from the same sun of righteousness, and proceed from it with genial warmth and a common essence in the midst of all diversities?"

"There is good Parson Dale, with his quaint habits and kindly good humour—his

unpretending zeal, his simplicity and his honesty in the performance of his duty. And his Carry is meet for him.

"There is Mr. Hazeldean, the beau ideal of a race fast passing away—the bluff, hearty, frank, generous, upright English squire. His Harry is the true matron of a village, the solace in all afflictions, the comforter in all distress, the bountiful ministrant to all necessities and wants. And their son, Frank, with his boyish extravagances, is worthy to succeed to the cares and honours of Hazeldean.

"In Riccabocca you have drawn a man after my own heart. He has the innocence of a dove, though scarcely the wisdom of a serpent. Unspoilt by the world, undebased by Machiavelli, his knowledge of both only gives a keener zest to the lofty nature and the generous principles which regulate his action. He has read Machiavelli in the spirit in which he wrote, not in the spirit in which the inspiring wisdom of the Florentine Secretary has been interpreted by the base, the scheming, and the ignoble. It has been said that venomous reptiles draw their poison from the brightest, sweetest, and most fragrant flowers. I know not that snakes are graminivorous, but the vices of Machiavelli are in his readers, not in himself. You have evidently not read him, Pisistratus, or you would have said a word in his favour. You do not know the reply that he made to those who accused him of teaching tyranny. It was a noble one, which you must hunt up for yourself. There is the book on the fifth shelf. But Riccabocca found no poison in the big folio, it was all turned to honey by the alchemy of his own pure feeling; and he must have been tempted to the pages of the Florentine by the large aspiration for liberty which breathes through all his writings. Even those villainous Italian proverbs show how all the base cunning of the world, and all the love of knavery flit harmless around the upright man, and proceed innocently from the lips of the just. Even the horrid pipe, the unsightly red umbrella, and the shabby clothes of the exile acquire dignity from the perfections of their owner. Yes, Dr. Riccabocca is worth your whole crop, Pisistratus. 'One man in a thousand have I found: but a wo-

man in all these have I not found.' Yet I will not assent to the latter part of this sentence, while a poet's dream, Violante 'walks in beauty' before us. And faithful, honest, affectionate Giacomo merits our homage and hearty admiration.

"Nor would I undervalue the inherent nobility of Egerton, despite his one fault—an error of circumstance and judgment rather than of heart, and so bitterly atoned, when atonement came too late. And Lord L'Estrange, with all the generous chivalry of young romance, with all the lofty purpose of stainless action—a modern Bayard—a *preux chevalier*—only yielding too much to the blind dictation of one sudden passion. And Leonard Fairfield—the true modern author, oscillating uneasily between the temptations of the ideal and the bitter demands of the real; and Helen Digby, fit spouse of a poet. And big John Burley—a ray lost from the empyrean light, and imprisoned in the pollutions of clay. And Dr. Morgan, who, whether homœopathist or allopathist, was always true to the duties and charities of his profession, even at the expense of his purse. And Dick Avenel, sterling ore disguised by rough carving—the heart of the old world with the energies of the new—only I think, Pisistratus, he is more nearly assimilated to the Kentuckian than the New Yorker. Even Mrs. McCatchley merits her own share of honour—female frailties blended with woman's virtues. And Mrs. Fairfield, and the deceased Mark; and poor paralytic John Avenel, with his prim, prudish, proper, Calvinistical wife, in whom all the stiff laces of pretension can scarcely contain the warm, bursting, mother's heart within. And last, but not least, the memory of the dead Nora Avenel, the disembodied spirit which walks like a ghost through all the labyrinths of change, and sheds the atmosphere of the heavenly purity to which she has arisen over all the dank and noisome vapours of this world.

"A few words only of praise; yet, Pisistratus, they make me feel how endless would be the eulogy if I suffered myself to expatiate on your beauties. And now, Blanche, your anticipation is justified; and I see by the smile on the features of your lord and master that his gloom and his vexation are

both dispelled. So, leaving you all satisfied with my criticism, I will return to my much abused and unfortunate 'History of Human Error.' "

MORAL EXILE.

She does not drive me forth with iron hand,
Bared steel, or cruelty yet more acute,
In the stern doom of exile. On her brow
Sits no imperial malice. From her lips
Falls no malignant accent; but, instead,
Her voice is all melodious, and her smile—
Ah! most deceptive smile that ever mocks
The suffering which it soothes not—gracious still
Would seem to favor the neglected child,
She makes her step-son!—

Ah! Love seeks not
Smooth smile, soft accent;—Love seeks only love:—
Nought less will satisfy its laboring hope,
Appease its hung'ring longing, or suffice,
Its ocean-deep affections! If I sing,
Let the sweet Deity that hears my song,
Esteem it sweet; and not in the dull ear,
Give it cold entrance. If, upon her shrine,
I heap my votive offerings, with a heart
That joins in the hand-service,—let me know
The goddess feels their incense, that my love
Shall relish of her gracious, dear delight.

But she,—my mother! What is it to her
That I have sung her beauties? Far aloof
She sits and hears my praises, as some dame,
Proud of position in a royal court,
Sitting as Queen at some high tournament,
That gives indifferent heed to the brave knight
Who battles for her smile, High-prized dame,
That makes no count of him whose duteous heart
Beholds no dearer prize; and coldly takes
His gallant homage as some natural right
Which is no other than the gift of love—
Love's generous gift, demanding like for like,
Or nothing! 'Tis the bitterest fate of all,
More bitter than the sudden sting of death,
And colder than the black jaws of the grave,
Thus, profitless, to sue; thus, hopelessly,
To bend in fruitless labor, still unmarked;—
Without reward,—sweet smile of recompense—
Word of encouragement from gracious lips,
Which promise fond remembrance when the toil
Shall be all ended! Let them speak of it,
Whose lot hath thus been cast, and they shall tell
How easier of endurance were the toils
Of poverty in exile; sweeter far,
Its bitter crust, and salt-draughts,—saler yet
By tears that hallow it to hopelessness,
Quenching no mortal thirst!

MUSÆUS.

GLEAMS AFTER GLOOMS; OR "JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING."

A COTTAGE CHRONICLE OF CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH.

BY A SOUTHRON.

I.

Grief and Joy—Hope and Fear—Tears and Smiles—Pain and Pleasure;—are all twins, paired together at a birth, children of the same mother, and linked together throughout the whole world of humanity. No lot, no country, no climate, no scene, no condition, may claim the enjoyment of the one, without the rebuking companionship of the other. No cloud, however, is without its inner light. The blue sky still harbours behind the gloomy canopy, ready with its sunshine, and keeping the sad soul from being entirely delivered to despair. No condition is so lowly as to be without its hope; no sorrow so poignant and oppressive, as not to permit the consolations of some sweet minister, interposing, at the right moment, with compensation and, perhaps, delight. There is no such thing, under the blessing awards of Providence, as unmitigated evil; as there is no such thing as pleasure and joy, without cloud or qualification. We have only to open our hearts to the smile and sunshine;—not turn our backs, or shut our eyes, to the angelic visitor, who is always sure to stand upon the threshold, whenever we deserve most need, and are willing to give him welcome. A condition, uncheered by this conviction or presence, is one which has not so much reason to complain of Fate, as of its own perverseness!

II.

These are truths familiar to the philosophers and moralists of all times and nations. They are now admitted to illustrate the peculiar condition upon which life is to be enjoyed; and the wiser Humanity in all countries, by their recognition, has been accustomed to economize its strength for the season of gloom and trial, by a profound reserve and caution in the day of its delight and exulta-

tion. Their experience is fitly insisted upon at a season of the year, when winter clothes nature in a general aspect of sadness; when the oblique sun no longer sheds above us the vigor of his beams; when the leaves fall and fade; when the flowers pale and wither; and, instead of the green vegetation which carpets the earth with a virgin brightness, the snows thicken upon the plain; a whiteness without warmth; a ghastly whiteness which may well be deemed the shroud of the dying year. But the redeeming moral of such a season is not to be obscured by its present aspects. If nature thus shrinks back into her caves, it is for that necessary repose which shall crown her with new strength. If she now crouches, it is only that she may again spring forth, freshly caparisoned and with a new strength, and life, and beauty! There is a peculiar fitness in the birth, at such a season, of the Saviour of Humanity. The death, or seeming death of nature, is solaced by the birth of Him to whom we owe Immortality! He is the Life-Bringer, and symbolizes that renovation which crowns even the grave with Hope, and brings the beautiful flower of the spring out of the cold embraces of the snows of winter!

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III.

And so the poor, sad, drooping and almost desponding heart enjoys, in like manner, the resurrection of its Hopes. The world is full of inhabitants, upon whom Fortune is supposed never to smile. Wealth, even where it looks not in scorn upon the lowly condition of Poverty, is yet apt to regard it as a state utterly wanting in compensation. It turns with shuddering from the privations of the poor; and judges them, mistakenly, to be wants, for which the heart yearns hopelessly, and with unceasing bitterness. No doubt there are thousands who indulge in appetites which are inconsistent with their condition. Lean Envy looks up from his hovel and turns away with a bitter scowl, as if God had done him some injustice, when he sees the gay carriage of his rich neighbour rolling by. But it would be a great wrong done to the good sense, as well as christian feeling of thousands of the poor,

to assume that such is the universal or even common feeling among them. There are, we are assured, thousands in every land, who strive contentedly, and take the moderate gifts of Heaven with thanks and blessings, and feel no shame in poverty, and show no envy of the great! We know many in our own south—whole districts of country, filled with a population having neither poverty nor riches, who never dream of change or desire it; and could they be *sure* of the possessions, humble as they are, which now constitute their moderate treasure, would be, perhaps, the happiest people in the world. But the doubt always hangs over the possession, and it often so happens that, for a time, and, perhaps, for several times, Fortune will seem to frown upon industry, and honest Toil will go without its proper reward. But, as we have said, this is usually for a time only! Let the laborer toil on, with a cheerful submission and an unrelaxing industry, and the sunshine will ultimately break through the cloud, and warm his lonely habitation, and visit his little fields with abundance.

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IV.

It is a story of this sort, illustrative of this very fortune, that I am now to tell. There is, in one of the middle districts of South Carolina, a region of country, which, though full of fertile lands, well watered, with a delightful climate, usually blessed with health, and much natural beauty, has very few wealthy inhabitants. Occasionally there is to be found a large proprietor, with a lofty habitation, many slaves, and an extensive landed estate. But the great body of the people are what we call small farmers, owning from two to ten or fifteen slaves, seldom more, and cultivating farms ranging from one hundred to a thousand acres. The people are thickly settled in this region; the farms adjoining and the dwellings rarely more than a mile asunder. Ordinarily, the seasons smile on their lands; their corn crops are usually abundant, and the small quantities of cotton which they make, are sufficient to provide them with such necessities, and even luxuries, as their condition and tastes may crave, and which their own

fields do not supply. It is seldom that they are straitened in any way, and but few of them find it necessary to incur debt. But there are exceptions to this good fortune, and these sometimes in the case of persons who are equally frugal and industrious. It is here, as in all other situations, that labor, and temperance, and prudence, sometimes equally fail of the proposed objects of their desire; and that poverty and disappointment steal into a homestead, and, for a season, establish themselves gloomily, in full possession of the once happy fireside. Such was the case with the family of old Jacob Downton. The old man was a patriarch of the parish. He had reared to manhood several sons and daughters; but a strange fatality seemed to overhang his household. The boys died off, apparently just when they were in possession of the full securities of a long life. One or two of the daughters shared the same fate as soon as they reached womanhood. But two sons and three daughters still survived. One of the sons alone had become of full age; and he was one of the finest young fellows of the country; vigorous, industrious, cheerful; of excellent abilities and good sense, and a disposition at once amiable and manly. The other boy was only seven years old, while two of the girls were in their teens, and a third was nearly twelve. His oldest and his youngest children were both boys. Jacob Downton had a tract of six hundred acres, with a snug yet ample cottage which the girls kept in admirable order. His eldest son was his chief reliance in the labors of the field, where he had to superintend the tools of some eight or ten negroes. William Downton was an excellent manager and a good farmer. He followed the plough himself, and thus set a good example to the negroes. Never was a farm managed with better skill or more unwearied industry. The fences were always high and in good order. The crop invariably exhibited a luxuriant promise at the opening of the growing season; and no fields could be kept more free from grass. But, somehow, for several years, the results had not corresponded with the exertions of the young man, or the industry expended upon the farm. Drought or freshet, dried or drowned the best fields; *rust* took the cot-

ton, blight the corn; one or two negroes sickened and died; there was a mortality among the cattle, and Jacob Downton, in the closing years of his life, found himself becoming needy, and involved in debt. He was finally compelled to mortgage land and negroes, to keep them from the hammer of the sheriff. The old man became very gloomy, the young one very sad. They could neither reproach themselves nor one another. The girls economized, the youth toiled, and all in vain! And people wondered how it was that, do what they would,—such *good* people too,—the blessing Providence should so completely have turned away its face, as it were, in anger, from the once happy little homestead. To add to the cares and anxieties of William Downton, love interfered to complicate his fortunes. He had become enamored of a sweet little girl, Ellen Barclay, the only daughter of one of his neighbours. It had been the gleam of sunshine in his gloom, for two seasons, that Ellen had requited his affections with her own. They often met, sometimes when there were no other persons present, and sweet were the moments thus stolen from the world and shared with one another. They were worthy of each other; both handsome, fond and gentle. At first, old Barclay was not displeased at the growing intimacy between the parties. At the time when it begun, William Downton's merits as a man and as a farmer, were not only acknowledged by all persons, but his father's property had not been impaired by the succession of adverse events which we have described. But, when these events became known,—when, in fact, old Downton had been compelled to apply for assistance to Peter Barclay, and the latter had, after three or four years, acquired a lien upon the most valuable portion of his neighbour's property,—then the feelings of Barclay underwent a change. In becoming the creditor, he had ceased to become the friend, and his admiration of young Downton lessened in due degree with the lessening prosperity of his family. In this respect, the feeling of Barclay was only characteristic of that of the world in general. Barclay was avaricious and purse-proud; and the reported failures of his neighbour to make a crop, soon persuaded him that the fortunes

of the debtor were already in his hands, without rendering it necessary that he should sacrifice his only daughter to the son of the bankrupt. He, accordingly, began to cast his eyes about for a more eligible alliance for Ellen; and it so happened that, propitious to his objects, there had come to settle in the neighbourhood, only a little before, a young physician who belonged to one of the best families,—a little more elevated in position than his own,—from one of the neighboring districts. Dr. Lanham was a pert, forward, consequential little person, of some smartness, but a great deal more presumption, who took the community by storm. A fortunate case, the fracture of a leg by one of the farmers, which leg might have been saved, but which the young physician preferred to cut off, gave him a prodigious reputation, and he soon got into the best practice. He cast indulgent glances on Ellen, as he not only saw that she was a very pretty girl, but soon found out that she was quite an heiress—at least in that region. Old Barclay gave him every encouragement, and the young physician was constant in his attentions. Poor William Downton beheld his progress with fear and sorrow, and his gloom hourly underwent increase. In proportion as the young doctor was encouraged, so was William taught by the father of the girl, in various ways, that his suit was no longer grateful. The old man had no motive to break with him openly, provided he could effect his object by a more quiet process. Besides, he was not anxious to precipitate the union of his daughter, even with Dr. Lanham, until he saw something more of the young man. He required that he should appear steadily to thrive, and he only determined that there should be a probation of two years at least, before his daughter should be yielded to the stranger. Barclay was a close, cold man, who did every thing according to the nicest calculations. But the Doctor, in the meantime, had every civility shown him, while the treatment of poor William was exceedingly harsh. Mrs. Barclay was not prepared to cast off an old friend so suddenly, and she better knew the deep desires of her daughter's heart than did the father; but she was a timid, feeble, sickly body, who did not, at any time, venture to join issue with

her husband on any subject. The Doctor, too, labored busily to acquire favor in her eyes; and was not wholly unsuccessful. She was an invalid—habitually so—a rheumatic; and, like all victims to a chronic affection, she fancied that she derived benefit from every new specific. The young Doctor had the shrewdness to discover where her weakness lay, and plied her with unguents and medicaments, each of which, in turn, did a world of service. Dr. Lanham continued thus to be almost daily at the house of Barclay, and in intimate communion with Ellen. But the dear little girl was true to her lover, and gave the young physician no encouragement. She confessed to no ailments which he had the power to remedy, and, whenever opportunities occurred, would steal off to join with William, whose anxieties and habits she well understood, and who usually awaited her, at least once in the day, at a beautiful little spring, shaded with poplars and other trees, that trickled from a hill in the woods dividing her father's farm from that of the Downtons. Here they mingled their tears, and renewed their protestations. William had no doubts of her truth—of her devotion to himself—and of her adherence to her promises, as long as she could adhere to them; but he doubted her resolution and strength. He well understood how formidable was the sway of such a father as Peter Barclay, and how weak was the support of her mother; and he felt too much humbled by the knowledge of his own father's indebtedness to Barclay—though he did not then know the extent of it—and his own incapacity to undertake the maintenance of a wife—to feel any hopes himself, or to encourage any in the maiden.

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V.

“Only wait with me, Ellen;—only don't be in a hurry to give me up for another, and something will happen to help us. It can't be that I shall always be working to no purpose. There's no lane so long but it must have a turn; and we've now been going be hind-hand for five years; only half crops at that time, and sometimes to have to buy provisions. Yet I work, Ellen, as hard, and harder than any body I see;—and I don't

think, Ellen, that I am more a fool that don't know how to work, than any of the people we know. It's God that's against us, Ellen, and why it is I can't think."

"Oh! no! William, he's not against you. It's only ill luck that has a run sometimes against a person, and comes right again after a while. Only don't you be so down-hearted, William; it makes my heart sick to hear you talk so melancholy, and to see you look so unhappy. Don't you be afraid for me. As for this Dr. Lanham, I'm not going to marry him, I promise you; though 'tis as you say, that father wants me to have him, and mother does'nt speak for you now as she used to once. But she's just as much for you now as ever, only she don't like to let father see it; and so to make him cross. For it's true, he don't like you any longer, William, and why it is, I can't guess; for you hav'nt changed *to me*, William, though he has to you."

"It's because he lent my father money in his distress," answered William, bitterly. "You see, Ellen, the creditor is a sort of master of the debtor. The man who owes money he can't pay, is only a sort of slave to the other. No better than a negro, all but the skin. And how should your father suffer the son of his *white* negro to have his own daughter?"

"Oh! don't speak such words, dear William; for my sake, don't! Keep up your spirits—don't you be down-cast, and all will be as before between you and father! You will make a good crop, next year, and pay off all that you owe, and then all will come right again."

"I'm afraid not, Ellen! I don't know how much father has borrowed, for he won't tell me himself, and I can't ask him; but I'm afraid it's more than five crops will pay for. This year we shall be pushed hard enough even to pay off the interest; so father says, and I don't see what is the chance ever to pay off the principal. In fact, Ellen, father told me only this morning that he will have to sell a negro, and he talks of selling Ben, that was born the same year with me, and that was given to me when both of us was in the cradle. I see nothing but *ruination* before us, Ellen; and, in short, I'm for going away, and see what I can do elsewhere."

"Going away, William;—going away! Oh! don't speak of such a thing! Why will you go? Where can you do better? Wait only another year."

"'Till every thing goes fairly to pieces, Ellen, and then sit down and cry like a foolish child among the broken timbers. Oh! no, Ellen! that won't do! A man mustn't wait till the house falls fairly upon his head. He must go abroad—go where he can find the means to prop it up, and give it new strength to cover his family."

Ellen wept bitterly, and hung entreatingly upon her lover; unable to answer his arguments, yet unwilling to believe in their force and truth. At length she said, as she found that William still persisted in his determination:—

"But where will you go, William, and what is the chance of your earning more money where you go, than you can by staying here?"

"You have heard of a country called California, Ellen? It's a country that we got by fighting the Mexicans. Cousin Tom, you remember, went as a volunteer in our regiment to the Mexican war."

"Yes: I remember."

"Well, this country of California, the Mexicans gave us to make peace. They didn't know its value, nor did our people, indeed, until it fell fairly into our possession; and then it was discovered, by accident, that the very sands of the rivers and of the earth were full of gold; that it run down with the rains from the mountains, like the scales of fish, and sometimes great lumps of it were washed down, weighing many ounces and even pounds in weight. Hills full of it were found, great mountain streams were paved with it, and the sands, for twenty feet deep, sparkled with it almost every where, and it could be had only for the gathering."

"But that's all a story, William. You don't believe that there's any thing of the kind?"

"It's all true, Ellen; every word of it; and hundreds and thousands of our people are going out every day to that country."

"Can it be true?—Gold for the gathering! and how far is it to that country, William?"

"Thousands of miles!"

"Oh! you mustn't think of going."

"I *must* go, Ellen! I'm resolved to go! God sometimes breaks a man down in one place, in order to make him go and settle in another. I believe He's breaking us up here to make us stir up the earth in other countries. I *must* go! If I stay here we lose every thing—house, and lands, and negroes—and I—I lose you, Ellen, and my hopes, and my heart, my life, and all that's dear to me in life. I *must* go!"

For a long time Ellen resisted this determination, particularly when he told her how long was the way, how wearisome; with what dangers and toils encompassed; how sickly was the climate, and how exposed and precarious was life. But the young man was fixed. She could not move him. The girl wept bitterly, for she was very loving, and threw herself in despair upon her lover's bosom. He continued:

"And now, Ellen, the one thing to keep me up—to make me strong when I am alone, and fearless when in the crowd—to make me work with a will, with good heart, and hope, and even happiness,—will be to feel, and to know, that you will be faithful to me all the while, and keep yourself for me only, and yield your heart to no other man! Will you promise me, this, Ellen—here, when all's so dark and sad, and when, if we didn't *know* it to be otherwise, we might think that God himself had forgotten us, and was looking down upon us no longer?"

"I'll promise any thing that you ask, William, and call God to witness that I will never marry any man but you!"

VI.

Scarcely had the vow been spoken, hardly, perhaps, been registered in heaven, when the hoarse voice of Peter Barclay was heard, rising from the clump of bushes just above the spring—

"What's that you say, young woman? and how dare you make such a promise! Answer me that! I'll teach you better manners, you forward hussey, than to be here, talking with that son of a beggar, when you ought to be at home and about the house."

"Son of a beggar!" cried William, fiercely, but he stopped himself in season. He could not forget that the person before him

was the father of her whom he most loved of all the earth. Barclay, meanwhile, had advanced to the spring, near the place occupied by the hapless pair. He was accompanied by the physician Lanham, whom William regarded with no friendly glances; but neither spoke to the other, and Lanham maintained a rigid and judicious silence.

"Yes, son of a beggar!—that's what I say, and I say it again, William Downton, and I mean it! I can turn your father and all his children out of house and home at a minute's warning; and I don't see any good reason why I shouldn't do it! I'm sure I've got no thanks for all I've done for him, and for you all. I saved him under the sheriff's hammer, and here you come secretly and try to inveigle my daughter away from me—to make her disobey me! Go to the house, young woman, and never do you have any more meetings with William Downton. Do you hear me? Well, why don't you go?"

"But, father, you once were glad to see me with William, and"—

"Was I?—If I ever was, I was a greater fool than I ever thought for. It's enough that I've got wiser as I've got older. That *once* don't last forever. That was when he had a home and wasn't a bankrupt—when his father owed no man any money, and hadn't fooled away his property. It's *not* now. William Downton is nothing to me any longer: see you that he is nothing more to you."

"That can't be father! I can't give up William, only because he's unfortunate."

"Can't you! We'll see to that! Troop home, I tell you. Doctor Lanham will see you home; and I hope he'll always see you at home, whenever he wants to see you, and not find it necessary to come, like a thief in the night, to see you only in secret places. Go, I say. Let there be no more words.—Doctor, won't you walk home with Ellen?"

"Certainly, with great pleasure, Miss Ellen: very happy, indeed, to be your escort." And the smart young doctor ventured a glance of triumph at William Downton. Poor William leaned with his forehead upon his hand, resting against the great shaft of a giant sycamore. He did not see the insistent glance of triumph. His heart was too full to see any thing but Ellen. Even then

words of old Barclay seemed to fall without force upon his ears. But Ellen saw the look of the young doctor, and resented it in the only way in which she possibly could resent it.

"I thank you, sir," she replied, with a dignity that lifted the cottage damsel into absolute nobleness of deportment. "I thank you, sir; but I want nobody to see me home. I desire no escort, and would rather go by myself, sir, if you please."

"Then begone!" cried old Barclay, with a sudden burst of fury. "Let me hear none of your impudence. Begone, I say!"

The poor girl turned away, weeping in silence, and had moved a few steps when, with a passionate gush of emotion that could not be restrained, she wheeled about, and, before any one could interpose, with a sudden bound she rushed to William Downton, threw her arms about his neck, and, while her sobs half choked her utterance, she cried,

"God bless and keep you, dear William, wherever you go!"

Then, in a whisper, she added—"I will be faithful to you—to you only: do not, do not forget me, dear William."

Spasmodically the arms of William Downton wound themselves around her for a single moment, as if he would have locked her in them forever; then relaxed; and in another instant she was released—and gone! She did not trust herself once to look back.

The whole proceeding had been so sudden, so unexpected by all parties, that it took place without any offer at interruption. Old Barclay was perfectly stunned with surprise; and when his fury found utterance, and he advanced towards Downton, the maiden was already on her way home. The Doctor did not offer to follow her. William Downton seemed to rise in strength and stature after this, and listened to Barclay's reproaches and threats with an air of sad indifference. At length, when the latter had somewhat exhausted himself, the youth said, with equal firmness and sorrow:

"Mr. Barclay, you've put a heavy load on weak shoulders that have already much more than they can bear. What you've said to me, and against me, I must support as I can. If you had given me time, you'd have learned from my own lips that I shan't be

long in your way, to vex your sight. In a few days I shall leave the country. I'm sorry that any thing I've said or done, should make you angry with my father. He's not to blame. I know all that you've done for him, and I'm thankful for it. And he's thankful. I hope, because you are vexed with me, you won't be too hard upon him and his other children. As for myself and Ellen, perhaps if you had not yourself given me encouragement to seek her, I might not have done so; but now that she has promised herself to me, you can't expect me to give her up without trying for it: and I will try! I'm going into foreign countries to try, and God knows if I shall ever return. Things have gone against us so long, that I have hardly any hope: but, for your daughter's sake, to say nothing of me, I beg that you won't be pushing her to marry any other man. The affections of young people may seem very foolish to those who are no longer young, but to us they are the most precious things that we have. We can stand the loss of every thing, even life, without so much suffering; but it's a hard trial to live on after we lose the only thing that we set our hearts on."

We need not repeat the harsh and scornful language with which old Barclay, thoroughly aroused, replied to this simple and pathetic appeal. It will suffice to say that, so long as the interview lasted, his angry passions underwent no mitigation; and William Downton himself shortened the conference, by promptly withdrawing from it as soon as he discovered that nothing that he could say tended to soothe the hostility he had so undesignedly provoked. He left the old man and the young Doctor to their meditations, and with a sad and sorely wounded heart, slowly made his way home.

VII.

But home, to the bruised, if not broken, spirit of William Downton, no longer afforded that solace which one usually seeks from it. To him, the habitation was cold and cheerless, though the light and laughing voices of his sisters were heard within; and the glad boy, his little brother, met him on

the steps of the piazza, with a fond and playful salutation. He picked the boy up in his arms, tossed him to his shoulder, and bore him thus into the hall, but without speaking a word. In the hall he found his father sitting beside the fireplace, his hands upon his knees, and his head bending forward in the attitude of one wearily brooding. The thin white locks of the old man hung about his shoulders, giving to his appearance a sanctity which, in connection with the melancholy attitude and depressed looks, made the young man momentarily forget his own particular cause of grief. His sisters were chatting together in one corner, busy with domestic matters, of which Sally, the eldest, held the exclusive management. Something they said to William, which he answered without full consciousness, and then took a seat beside the fireside, opposite to that of the old man. The boy played about between the parties, scarcely noticed by either. Old Jacob Downton made some inquiries about certain fields which the ploughs were breaking up, and the two then lapsed into moody silence. After awhile candles were lighted, new brands heaped upon the fire, one of the girls spread the supper table, and the evening meal was prepared and partaken. The two men ate sparingly. The girls, with the exception of the elder sister, did not seem to remark the anxieties of the father and the brother, and chatted gaily with that sense of unrestraint which marks the happy family, assured of an indulgent authority, and never doubting the sympathies of all around them. They spoke and felt as if their happiness was secure. This very buoyancy of the children increased the gloom of the men; and, after swallowing his coffee, but without eating anything, the old man rose from the table and once more resumed his accustomed seat by the fire. After awhile one of the girls took off little Robert, the boy, who had fallen asleep in his chair, to bed; and the cups having been washed, and the supper things removed, one by one the girls retired to the room which was occupied by Sally. They were no more seen that night. The two men were left alone. They sate thus, in silence, for nearly an hour. At length William opened the subject to his father, the utterance of which he had been vainly laboring

at for some time. He was a strong-minded, resolute youth, but he felt the pain he was about to inflict, and his heart shrunk from increasing the sorrows, already so great, of one he so much loved and honored.

"Father," said he, "there is a subject which I have to communicate, which I know will trouble you, as it has troubled me, but,—"

"Trouble! more trouble!" answered his father with a groan. "Well, what now, William? I thought we had trouble enough already."

"So we have, sir; but that's no reason we should try to shut our eyes against what is to come."

"Tell it, William; I don't want to shut my eyes; let me see the worst that is before me if, indeed, I don't see it already. How much worse it could be, God only knows. Hardly any worse in respect to property and business. No crop this year,—just like the last. Just enough cotton to pay the interest on my debt, and barely that; and it will require us to stint our beasts in corn to make that hold out till the next crop is made. What can be worse, William, unless the loss of some of my children, I don't well see,—unless, indeed, Peter Barclay should take it into his head to push me for the principal of the debt I owe him. He's become quite a miser in his property, and I'm told has sold out Jeff. Miller, root and branch, and taken possession of his farm. Ah! William, if you could only have married Ellen, before we got into this fix!"

The young man sighed heavily.

"Don't let us talk of that! I'm afraid there's no chance of that just now, and that's a part of my trouble, father. I saw Peter Barclay this afternoon, sir—"

He paused abruptly. The old man started, wheeled his chair partly round, so as fully to face his son, and said hurriedly—

"Well, he don't want more than his interest, does he? As for paying any thing of the principal, that, you know, is quite out of the question. He must wait! He must wait!"

This was said sharply, as if the creditor had been himself present and clamorous for his dues.

"I hope he will wait, sir; and I have

doubt he will,—when I am once out of the way."

"You out of the way! What do you mean by that, William? You say you saw Peter Barclay this afternoon. Well, had he any thing to say in particular?"

"I'm afraid, sir, I made him very angry."

"How! Why did you make him angry, William, knowing how much he's done for us? I wonder at you."

"Of course, I didn't mean to make him angry, father; but you see he found Ellen and me together at the Poplar Spring."

"Ah! well,—you will still run after that girl, I see."

The youth again sighed—he could not help it—he saw that poverty, trouble and anxiety were making his father unreasonable. But, though wounded at the old man's remark, and the manner of making it, he answered meekly:

"Ellen, sir, and myself, as you know, have been as good as engaged to be married for three years."

"Yes, yes;—that was the beginning of our troubles! We were well off till then;" replied the father, querulously. "I wish, now, you had thought of some other young woman."

"Why, father, neither Ellen, nor myself, had any influence in bringing about your troubles."

"I don't know, William; but they begun just then."

The youth saw that it was useless, at that moment, to reply to the inuendo, and he proceeded accordingly, without noticing it.

"Mr. Barclay quarrelled with me, sir, and was very angry because he found me with Ellen."

"Well, when you knew that he didn't like it, why did you seek his daughter? I'm very sure I should be angry too, if any young man, whom I didn't approve of, should be trying to meet with Sally, or Susy, or Betty, against my wishes. I'd like to catch them at it!"

"But, father, you know that, for a long time, Mr. Barclay was friendly to us, and, as every body saw, encouraged my seeing Ellen."

"She was only a child then, William. It

was child's play; she is only sixteen now—"

"Eighteen, sir."

"Well, eighteen!—and she's only a child now."

"Ah! father, *he* has changed only since you had to borrow money from him, and since he thinks that he's got a hold on all that you are worth."

"And who says that?" replied the old man, sharply.

"I am afraid it's too true, father."

"Too true! The d—l! What! Because I owe him money, do you suppose I'm a ruined man?"

"I'm afraid *he* thinks so."

"Let him think what he likes! That don't make it so. Five years, with good crops, and we'll pay him every sixpence!"

"But suppose we have five years like the last three, father?"

"That's impossible! You're too fond of smutting the picture, Willy. We must have a change for the better. It can't be worse."

"But we must prepare for the worst, father."

"And how will you prepare, I want to know?"

"I've been thinking, father, that there's no use for me here—"

"Eh! What!—"

"You've got all your tendable lands cleared and in good order; fences all right; you're breaking up now; the negroes know their business, and none of them are troublesome. You're hearty, and able to overlook them, just as well without me; and I'm thinking, father, that I might perhaps do better elsewhere. In fact, sir, I'm thinking I ought to go to California!"

"Go to—where?"

"To California,—that famous country we conquered from the Mexicans, and where they've found such wonderful heaps of gold. It lies every where in the sand and among the rocks. You gather the sand and wash it out in a common tin bucket, and the gold settles at the bottom. It's hard work, digging and washing, but a tough fellow, stout, hearty, and working with a will, makes a matter of ten, twenty, and sometimes even a hundred dollars a day."

"And you believe all that stuff, William? How can you be so foolish! It's all a most

ridiculous lie; and I'm ashamed of you to listen to such nonsense. Gold lie about like pine burs, or May apples, to be had for the gathering! I wonder if it's not already coined, with a stamp on it; and whether one couldn't choose just what he'd pick up,—eagles for one pocket, half eagles for another, quarter eagles for a third, and, I suppose, even small pieces for change, perhaps, to be gathered and stowed away in one's saddle-bags! Well! there's no wonder that there are such lying rogues in the world, when there's such a world of believing fools!"

"It seems strange, father, but it's all true. They've already got millions of gold from the diggings. Hundreds and thousands have gone, and the steamers go weekly, carrying out hundreds, and bringing back, at every trip, from one to three millions of dollars. I've got it from the best authority. I've seen it all in the newspapers."

"Newspapers! Oh! Willy, if it's the newspapers you believe, you're little better than a crazy coon. They've been lying ever since I know'd them, and that's pretty nigh to sixty years. It's a lie, I'm certain, if the newspapers swear to it. In truth, Willy, my son, I don't think there's any such place as Californy at all! I don't believe there's any such country!"

"Oh! there's no doubt, sir; I've seen it on the map."

"Map! and what is a map?—nothing but a painted newspaper, with lines, dots and stars, in place of words and writing. It's only another sort of printed lying. The world, William, is more cursed with lying, than any other disease. Do you know I'm half inclined to think there worn't really any Mexican war at all;—it was only a cunning trick of the politicians to increase our taxes, and get more money into the treasury, to distribute among themselves. They've made us sweat for that Mexican war,—sweat in silver."

"And in blood, too, father," replied the son; "but though," he continued, "I am willing to believe that the world is quite too much given to lying, there are some things in it that can't be doubted or denied; and this discovery of vast quantities of gold in California, is one of them."

Here the youth proceeded to give his father an account of the acquisition of the country, and the discovery of its treasure, together with such proofs as had convinced his own mind, and which he thought to convince the old man. William Doak was fully posted up on the subject; the affairs of the family had led him, at an early period, to take a deep interest in the successive reports, as they came to hand, of the progress of the gold discovery, and the extent and mode of acquisition of the precious metal. But, it is probable, that he had only been silenced, not satisfied. Had he not, by the purest accident, returned to California as the supposed Ophir of Solomon's time, from which the Augustus of the Hebrews procured his golden treasure? The Bible coincidence was a golden argument. The old man had been growing more and more devoutly a reader of the Holy Bible; his faith and interest in Holy Scripture having due increase with his increasing age and difficulties. He was now content to sit down to his son, and to muse upon the wonderful fact that it was reserved to our age to re-discover the Ophir of the Hebrews—a fact which, however, led him to think the end of the world was at hand.

God, he said, vexed at the wickedness of the world, and disgusted with the habits of lying, had vouchsafed to mankind knowledge of the wonderful possession beneath the earth, only at the moment when it meant to deprive them altogether of acquisition!

William thought, and modestly ventured to suggest his opinion, that some little money, however, would be allowed them, in satisfaction that they might be convinced that the discovery was real; in the meanwhile, he thought it was proper enough for him to get a portion of the precious metal, if only in satisfaction of old Barclay's mortgage. His father, after some little reflection, was of opinion that there was nothing unreasonable in the idea.

"But, would you leave your old father, William—leave him here, as I may say, to the mercy of his enemies?"

"No, father, I leave you in the hands of God, who, whatever have been our trials, has still been a good friend, and will

see that you do not suffer for the want of me!"

"Ah! William—no doubt God is a good friend; the very best of friends; the only friend; and, like the sorrowful David, I prefer to be in his hands than in the hands of mine enemies; but verily, William, he hath tried me sorely in these latter days."

"Father, don't be ungrateful! He hath lessened your profits, but hath he not spared your children? Have you not been made to groan, even when you had good crops, over the early death of your first born,—your children one after another. Yet, now, you see them again around you, girls and boys, all dutiful, all loving, and you may well yield yourself, without repining, into his hands who hath so mercifully dealt with you. See, now, to Peter Barclay; he hath grown rich and avaricious; but he hath but one child left of seven, and his riches make him blind and deaf to the paleness which he brings to her face, and the pleadings that rise to him from her heart. Let us look to God,—and more;—let us do what men really seldom do in practice, however they may in words, *believe* in God, and *confide* in God, and submit ourselves quietly to the will of God."

"Willy, thou hast spoken wisely, and I feel the truth of what you say. But how am I to let you go from me? How shall I part with you, my son?"

"With God's help, father, both of us will do well, though we be separate. His hands stretch over the golden sands of California just as they do over the grey sands of Carolina. You will scarcely feel my absence, for you are yet hearty and vigorous, and can easily attend to the plantation, just as well as if I were here. You have the money to pay for your interest this year, and as you will pay the interest Peter Barclay will be quite content to leave the principal in your hands, particularly as I shall be no longer in his sight to trouble him. This thought will pacify him, for it is with me, and not with you, that he is angry. You will do very well. As for me I am young, and strong, and hopeful, and I believe that God will protect and help me. I have full faith in his mercy. I will be gone long, but not longer than I can help. Perhaps two years—perhaps more; but God willing, father, I will come again to

comfort you, and help provide for the girls and our dear little Robert."

The old man wept. He had no reproaches, but many misgivings. His arguments all failed, for he could not deceive himself with the notion that any continued pursuit of the ordinary business of the farm could produce such results as would enable him to pay off a debt that amounted now to more than three thousand dollars. The sale of his lands and six or eight negroes would do little more than meet the lien of old Peter Barclay upon them. Gradually, therefore, as the whole subject was fully unravelled before him, he became reconciled to the enterprise of his son.

"But it will cost you a great deal of money, my son, to go to this gold country."

"I'm afraid so, father, but I will go by the cheapest conveyance, though that will be the slowest and by the longest route. By sea, all the way, round Cape Horn. There's a vessel about to sail from the city (Charleston) and I mean to go in her. I'll go among the poor passengers and spend as little as I can. What it'll cost I don't know exactly, but I've agreed to mortgage Ephraim (the only negro William owned in his own right) to Lawyer Caughman, who has promised to let me have four hundred dollars on him, and take his interest and gradual payment out of his wages. (Ephraim worked on the rail road.) He's very friendly to me, Lawyer Caughman, and has given me all the needful information."

The old man groaned over the details, frequently exclaiming—"But how shall I do without you, my son?" It was late in the night before this conference had ended, and then, like one wearied with a hard day's work, Jacob Downton staggered off despairingly to bed.

VIII.

The preparations of William Downton, after his purpose was fully avowed, were quickly made. Poor fellow, he had no extensive wardrobe. The impediments of wealth did not encumber him. A small trunk of stout rough-weather apparel was all that he provided. His implements he trusted to pro-

cure in the city, where, indeed, he looked to obtain the sort of information necessary for selecting them. One of his sisters netted for him a scarf, containing a secret pouch for his money, to be wrapped about his body. Another had manufactured for him a half dozen pair of good thick stockings. His homespun coat was already provided. A stout overall was to be got in town. Some good thick cotton gloves, a warm cap, and a few other trifles of the sort were procured at home. His only ornament, and that he had found useful hitherto, was an old fashioned silver watch with a steel chain, a good time-piece, but not particularly attractive as a decoration. Thus equipped, he was ready for departure, and the time was fast approaching. It was now within a few days of Christmas, and the vessel was to sail the first week in January. It was no small consolation, at least, that he should spend another Christmas at the dear old homestead with all the family about him. The moments became hourly more precious. When the day came, the fatted turkey was duly killed and dressed. There was a sort of feast, such as had been kept in the little cottage from time immemorial. Several of the neighbours were gathered together, and old efforts were renewed, such as had made the meeting usually a very happy one. But the hearts of the little family were sad. The old man sighed as he cut up the turkey. The mince pies had no longer the well-remembered relish. Even little Robert felt there was a cloud over the feast and his frolics subsided at an early hour into sleep. And so the day passed. The hour of parting rapidly came. The last grasp of the hand was taken, the last kiss given and received. The girls wept bitterly; but the old man sunk into his arm-chair by the hearth, buried his face in his hands and sobbed aloud. Poor William, with a monstrous effort, suppressed his own tears and sobs; but his heart was full almost to breaking. But he manned himself for the effort, and tore himself away, with a heart that bled, but with no voice, of eye or tongue, declaring his agony! One glance he cast towards the distant fields and dwelling of Peter Barclay, as he sprang into the gig which was to carry him away. The boy lashed his trunk behind it, took the seat beside his young master, and, with a flourish

of his whip, the good grey steed darted away with the vehicle. It was five miles to the depôt of the Hamburg and Charleston rail road, and he reached it only a few minutes before the cars. Having seen that his trunk was transferred from one vehicle to the other, he gave the negro a farewell shake of the hand, the last act which separated him fully from his native home; and this compelled the tears to flow. But he struggled against them still, took his seat with the other passengers, and was soon flying like lightning through the long avenues of lofty pines. He reached the city and rapidly effected all his objects. A letter from thence described him as having his effects on board ship and about to sail. Two days after, he was, for the first time in his life, rocking on the wide, wide sea, and out of sight of land.

(To be Continued.)

THE COMMON WAY.

BY SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY.

Oh eager heart, impatient mind,
Toiling along the Common Way—
How recklessly ye hurry on,
How listlessly delay!

Now eager for the promised goal
Ye onward pass with hasty feet,
Now pause, and faint beside the way,
Beneath the noonday heat.

The way is paved for common use,
No curve relieves the vista long;—
Why need we tread the beaten track,
Why follow with the throng?

Repressing still our eager haste
To measured stages, dull and slow,—
Impatient of the idle throng
As tardily they go.

We weary of their narrow track,
We sicken of their timid creed;—
Oh, let us fearless turn aside,
Where'er our hearts may lead.

Lo! flowery fields around us lie,
And mighty forests fair and wide—
And streams of living waters flow
Adown the mountain side.

Oh, let us seek an upward path,
Though startled voices call us back—
Better to brave the avalanche
Than tread the beaten track.

Far better yield to Nature's sway,
Than bow to worldly wisdom's rule—
And quench our thirst at Nature's founts,
Than Custom's stagnant pool.

Far better onward press, alone,
In independence firm and strong.
Than faint with thirst and weariness
Amid the careless throng.

The hearts that beat so warmly now—
Oh shall we make them stern and cold?
And measure truth by worldly gain,
And barter love for gold?

And check the spirit's strength divine,
And bind it down to earthly sway,—
And force it from its upward flight
Unto the Common Way?

Oh, let us seek a loftier track—
Oh, let us own a nobler creed—
And follow as the soul may teach,
And as the heart may lead.

We fear not, though the way be lone,
And though for us no landmarks rise;
Enough for us the guiding lights
That gleam along the skies.

Let Nature be our only guide—
Our hearts are true, our spirits strong,—
And they shall lead us to the right,
Protect us from the wrong.

ichmond.

DREAM PICTURES.

At ease from pain, after weeks of suffering, I lay wrapped in silence, as summer in its robes in a folded flower cup. The Hours passed by upon noiseless, silver feet. Morning appeared in saffron robe, opening the gates of the East, and walking amidst fresh breezes and genial sunbeams. Noontide, with its burning radiance, succeeded, and then, soft evening, with a crescent on her brow, and dew and coolness dropping from her hands.

But I regarded them not. My spirit sped downward, and still downward, until I sank upon a bed of poppies in the magic land of dreams. A strain of music fell on my ear. A rosy cloud that veiled my sight was dispelled, and a stately maiden stood before me.

Her dress was fair and flowing. White roses, and purple pansies, were wreathed in her black hair. Her dark eyes, when down-cast, swam in sadness; but their expression when uplifted was gentle and soul-subduing. In her hand she bore a white lily and a silver wand, with this inscription—"Musing Memory owns thy power." Her voice was low, and sweet, as the murmur of quiet waters in grassy meadows. "I am," said she, "the goddess of this fair, fleeting region. What scene of the past shall I bring back to thee? What pictured vision make to pass before thee?" "O take me," I replied, "to the far distant hills of childhood; let me once more, in fancy, gather cowslips and violets by the pebbly brook, and once again breathe the primal airs of my earliest years." The maiden raised her silver wand, and I saw before me an ancient mansion. Behind it were some melancholy poplars, and two spreading sycamores. In the trim yard bloomed pinks, and wall-flowers, under the shade of fragrant lilacs. A child with flaxen hair and fair eyes leaned from an open window. She held in her arms a kitten, full of glee, and just ready to bound from her gentle restraint. The child was watching the birds, singing, and darting in and out among the apple blossoms of a neighboring tree. The time was early morning. Cows were returning to their pastures, and children were picking strawberries among the daisies of the distant fields. The scene was full of beauty and repose. I recognized it, and as it slowly faded, I turned my sorrowful eyes toward the maiden. "Ah! enchantress," said I, "canst thou recall yet once more the Past? Canst thou not bring back to me, but for a moment, the happy home of my girlish years?" She replied not; but calmly raising her wondrous wand, before me was painted the wished-for picture. There was the familiar cottage in a Southern clime; its projecting roof, and curious windows, half concealed in luxuriant shrubbery. A shower had just passed, and a beautiful rainbow spanned the Eastern sky. A flood of sunlight poured from the west upon the dripping trees, and distant cotton fields, until they seemed transfigured in the golden haze. Near the cottage porch, a mocking bird had built its nest in a tall syringa; and the little

ones sat in it, with open bills, filling their tiny throats with the sweet, moist air. The parent bird balanced itself upon a spray of jessamine; its tender weight shaking the star-like flowers upon the gravelled walk. There was a delightful freshness every where. The leaves had a look of gladness, and the flowers seemed lifting up their heads to smile. On the steps of the porch was a figure that I recognized as the child of the preceding picture, now grown nearly to womanhood. Her finger was pointing to the bright bow of peace, while her head was turned toward a youth who sat in the doorway. He had raised his eyes from the book he was reading, and they were beginning to kindle at the beauty of the gorgeous arch to which his attention was just attracted. I gazed long at the sweet, illusive semblance, until amidst my tears, it vanished. Then turning to the maiden—"Grant me," said I, "but one more boon. I would look upon the future. Show me for a brief instant one scene that shall be emblematical of my coming years." In silence she laid aside her silver wand and drew from her bosom a small box of curious workmanship. On it was written in golden characters, "Try not the charm if Hope forsake thee." She raised the jewelled lid, and cast the imprisoned fragrance upon the air. No sweeter breath ever dwelt upon the lips of lowly flower in mountain fastness. No orange blossom in fable garden of the Hesperides, ever lent to the evening breeze a richer perfume. Suddenly, before me rose a desolate sea coast. It was night; and the lonely moon pursued her path through broken clouds, casting alternate gleams and shadows upon the calm waters, the steep rocks, and the stunted pines that grew above them. In a little cove a small boat was moored, and a short distance from the sands at its head were two tall fir trees. Beneath their solemn shade was a low mound, covered with grass, and spotted with pale, blue flowers. A white stone, cold and pure, told that it marked the spot where a mortal slumbered in the embrace of Death. A female form, in mourning robes, was bending over the grave to pluck one of the frail blossoms that grew upon it.

I looked long and earnestly, until the picture faded into the silent air. Then turning

toward the maiden, I said, "Thanks to thee for the solemn lesson. I now know that the pathway of my life is still to be amidst rugged rocks, near deep waters, and by the graves of the beloved and precious. But the peaceful moonlight is spread over all, and borne upward by its calm influence, my spirit shall rest only in the Eternal Presence, and find its home alone amidst the glories of the celestial Paradise." The maiden bowed her head. Her form became fainter and fainter, until I was aware, by the muslin curtains of my windows, and the ebony work-box upon my green covered table, that I had awakened, and was again surrounded by the realities of ordinary life.

CECILIA.

I'LL HASTEN TO THEE, LOVE.

BY THOMAS BIBB BRADLEY.

I.

When twilight's soft blushes have crimsoned the sky,
And roses their petals 'till morning conceal;
When swells thy young bosom and beams thy dark eye,
With rapture too deep for the tongue to reveal,
If then thou shalt breathe but one fond wish for me,
I'll hasten to thee, love, I'll hasten to thee!

II.

When moonbeams are floating upon the clear stream
Whose banks in our childhood we decked with gay
flowers;
When by its green margin thy loved tresses gleam
As brightly as shone they in life's younger hours,
If lingers thy memory then upon me,
I'll hasten to thee, love, I'll hasten to thee!

III.

When pleasure illumines her rose-tinted hall,
And summons her daughters with dancing and song;
If then o'er thy spirit pale shadows should fall,
And thoughts of thy lover thy gentle heart throng,
I'll know thou art sad and though distant I be,
I'll hasten to thee, love, I'll hasten to thee!

IV.

When phantoms of grief find their homes in thy breast
And golden-haired joys on their white wings have fled
When roams thy sad soul down the aisle of unrest
As wanders a pilgrim all weary and lone;
In sorrow as sunshine, in gloom as in glee,
I'll hasten to thee, love, I'll hasten to thee!

Huntsville, Ala., April 1853.

Notes and Commentaries, on a Voyage to China.

CHAPTER XIX.

Mew Bay; Cascade; Water; Vegetation; Anger; Mail-boat; Visit the shore; Bangan tree; Javan Malays; Horses; Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties; Walk through the streets; Sail from Anger; Java sea; Sailor notions about religion; Character of sailors; Green turtle not equal to salt beef; Corposants; Mino; Dampness of ship; Sultry weather; Oil of tobacco not poisonous to a monkey; Clothing in hot climates; Edge of a typhoon; Arrival at Macao; An account of an old cruise in the China sea; Extraordinary Animals.

Sunday, July 23rd. Mew Bay, Java. Visited the shore about nine o'clock this morning. Vegetation is so near to the water there is no room for a dry path; and it is so dense and close that one cannot penetrate many feet from the sea without very great toil. The vigor of vegetable growth here cannot be described so as to be justly appreciated by persons who have not visited tropical countries: it forms a barrier as insurmountable as the best "thick-set" hedge in England or in any other country where hedges grow.

A cascade falls over a rock into the sea, but it is so completely veiled by the dense vegetation that it is not readily discovered at a hundred yards from the shore. The fall is not more than three or four feet above the level of high tide; but it spreads into a thin sheet four or five feet in width. An examination of this water shows that it contains one grain of solid calcareous matter in every thousand.

July 24th. Air 84° F. in the shade. On clearing away a part of the very dense vegetation the cascade was seen falling over rocks at an angle of forty or fifty degrees. By placing a starting-tub, (that is, a large tub having a hole in its bottom communicating with a leather tube or hose,) about twelve feet above the surface of the bay, the flow of water was sufficient to enable us to convey on board about 7000 gallons in the

course of the day. The casks were filled without taking them from the boat.

Spray from the cascade is constantly falling upon branches of overhanging trees and vines; and evaporation is so rapid that the solid matter contained in the water is incrustated upon them, forming very considerable masses. A twig three quarters of an inch thick was encased for a foot in length in a calcareous cylinder of more than three inches in diameter; and yet organic life continued, as was seen in the bark, which was perfectly green up to the commencement of incrustation.

In the course of the day attempts were made to catch fishes with hook and line, and to shoot game; but they were unsuccessful. One persevering young gentleman, armed with a carbine, penetrated the thick tropic forest about a hundred or more yards at the cost of some two hours' hard labor, and was rewarded for his pains, only by an opportunity to admire the fantastic and intricate twining and interlacing of limbs, and vines, and trunks of plants, entirely unknown to him. About twenty Malays appeared at the watering place in four canoes: each man was armed with a kris. A few months since a Dutch ship was robbed in this bay by a party of Malays, and several of the crew were severely wounded. The Malays in the canoes seemed to be collecting palm leaves and similar materials for making thatch.

Five ships passed to the eastward through the straits of Sunda.

25th. The "watering" was completed to-day. Since our departure from Rio the ship has sailed, by log, 8,656 miles; and from New York, 15,221 miles, which may be regarded as a pleasant sail in its way.

26th. We left Mew Bay early this morning, and about five o'clock P. M. anchored in fifteen fathoms water off Anger (sometimes written Anjier) Point. We found here two American whale ships.

Before we anchored a mail-boat came along side. After the mail was examined and the name, &c. of our ship registered, the officer in charge of the boat offered to sell us monkeys, onions, sparrows and sea-shells. A bom-boat also visited us, and its master, with great confidence, presented us for inspection a certificate of character from an officer of

the United States ship Vincennes. It simply stated that the bearer was a sharper, but as good as the best of his countrymen. He sold us chickens at one dollar the dozen; eggs at a dollar the hundred, and capons at four dollars the dozen. Pumpkins, about five inches in diameter, were purchased at five cents a piece.

27th. H. B. M. brig Albatross sailed last night, hence for Bombay.

At five o'clock, A. M., breakfasted and set off for the shore. The clouds and mountain peaks of Java behind Anger were tinged in the soft light of the rising sun. It was calm; the sea was glass-like, and its surface was broken only by the movement of our boat. The centre of the scene on shore was the huge Banyan tree which shades the landing place. To the left of it are the residence of the governor, (a captain in the Dutch navy;) a hotel kept by a Hollander, and some huts shaded by banana or palm trees: a fort covered in green sward, and an extended grove of cocoanut trees are on the right. As at Batavia, there is here a "boom," or channel formed between piers or piles extended in lines far into sea, through which boats reach the landing-place, at which convenience has been consulted. Along the canal is a brick aqueduct which supplies water for the use of ships that stop here; but its quality is doubtful, unless it be the same as that furnished at the hotel, which was probably rain-water.

Just before reaching the entrance of the "boom" or canal we met the Malay boat of our friend Ishmael, who cried out as we passed, "me got the beef for ship—me be back soon." This beef, by the way, was very indifferent; poor water-buffalo meat.

It is remarkable that the Dutch have never colonized in any country not requiring canals. One is reminded of the saying of Voltaire, translated into "Dykes, Ducks and Dutchmen;" though of the latter there are only five or six besides the few pertaining to the garrison.

The Banyan tree of Anger is celebrated. Thirty years ago or more, the Governor of the town lived in the top of it. Now the nest-like room built in the body of the tree forty feet from the ground—about a tenth story chamber—which is accessible by a

bamboo ladder, is used as guard-room or look-out. The Dutch flag is displayed above it on a tall staff.

Under the shade of this Banyan tree were assembled numerous venders of various articles; and each immediately began to commend his stock to us. "Capting," cried one, "you buy my fine *big* black monkey—very fine monkey, one dollar." And another at the same moment called out, "Capitaine, I say capitaine, me got *little* monkey—very tame little monkey—me sell him for one dollar."

"You buy my kris," said another; "no can make kris no more in Java—very old kris—one dollar."

"*Capitaine* you buy one jim cock—*fine* jim cock," i. e. game cock.

"Capitaine you buy Malacca cane—one dollar one."

"Capitaine you want some fine capon?"

There were dozens of these venders in parti-colored calico dresses, or half naked, anxious to sell their wares, which included ducks, geese and capons; fowls, parrots and monkeys; and sparrows, yams and malacca joints; oranges, which are very small, sweet-potatoes, yams and onions.

The Javan Malays are of small stature, personally clean in appearance, were it not that the mouth is always soiled by the disgusting stain of the betel quid; vivacious in manner and perfectly temperate in their habits. They are Mahomedans, and very religious; I mean they are strict observers of the forms of worship and of the ceremonies observed by those of their creed. Their morals are no worse perhaps than are those of many who acknowledge the true creed.

Cleanliness is a striking feature of Anger. The white coping of the canal is in fine contrast with the tropic green of the swam. The bridge crossing the canal to the fort is neat; and there is an appearance of civilization in many things.

We soon found the hotel, where we were refreshed with the water, or so called "milk" of cocoanuts. Two gentlemen of our party procured horses, which were about four feet high; when mounted the toes of the riders almost touched the earth. These Javan ponies are quite serviceable, small as they are.

Ignorance of the language of a country

renders it very difficult for a traveller to procure accurate information about it. The eye takes in rapidly, but may mistake objects and motives. The traveller lands as we do here, and addresses the first person he may meet who understands his own language.

"Is there any pepper growing here, Landlord?"

"Yes! you want pepper? How many pounds you want; I can buy for you?"

"No, no; I wish to see the plant growing."

"It no grow; it come from Sumatra; but you go up there till you see one monument, and there you find a garden. You can find there, pepper, cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon."

You ask another, "what is the population of Anger?"

"It is twenty-two miles, and eighty miles in zee district, and zere is seventy-two thousands peoples."

"But how many people are in the town, here?"

"Oh!—in zee town?—may be, four thousands all about," indicating an indefinite boundary line with his hand, as he finished the reply.

A walk of a quarter of mile brought us to the garden which had been pointed out, and in it we saw a monument erected to the memory of the Honorable Charles Cathcart. At the gate, which is constructed of bamboo, we met a Javan, who, by many signs of hands and genuflections, and almost knocking his head against the ground in exhibiting a profundity of politeness only witnessed in eastern climes, invited us to enter the grounds. Our equestrian friends informed us that every Javan they had met, either knelt upon the road-side or made other demonstration of extreme respect.

The gardener, an elderly half-naked little Javan, became our guide, and called attention to those things which in his estimation were worthy of notice. He named the plants as we passed them; but to us his names were incomprehensible. We found capsicum, but neither pepper nor nutmeg. The cinnamon was in flower, but a more offensive, hircine odour I do not remember to have smelt in the domain of Flora.

The locality of the garden consists of a marsh intersected with spots and strips of

dry land: the soil is a reddish clay mixed with sand. By eight o'clock the sun-shine had become hot, and we took leave of the garden and gardener.

In our walk we passed a Chinaman's shop—a petty grocer or retail vender of earthenware and "schnaps." The oriental master of the establishment was serving some negroes from the whale-ships and other sailors with morning drams of gin when we looked in. His stock in trade was an odd collection of coarse chinaware, yams, fish, potatoes, Chinese toys, tobacco and sea-shells. A democratic friend of our party diligently sought information here in relation to the state of political affairs in the East, and sagaciously inquired what was the condition of the difficulty between the English and Chinese; but he was not rewarded by any authentic knowledge or news. We passed many huts occupied by laboring Chinese; and on the road we met many Javans carrying bricks to Anger. The load was suspended at either end of a bamboo which is borne upon the shoulders. Men here seem to be beasts of burthen; yet they are so slender and their proportions are so small that it is not easy to distinguish them from the women.

While at the hotel we gathered some local news from a file of newspapers, published at Singapore.

We had an excellent breakfast; and doubtlessly some of our young and romantic companions found its qualities enhanced by the reflection that they were drinking Java coffee in Java, probably made by a Javan cook.

After the meal we strolled about the town, and visited the fort, on which there were four mounted guns. The garrison consisted of forty Dutch soldiers, of whom thirty were on the sick list. Anger is notoriously unhealthy; strangers who sleep on shore at night put their health and life in peril.

We passed a house where a Javan father was reading the Koran to the family assembled on the piazza.

About midday Ishmael advised us to return on board in his boat, because "the sun very hot, make all white man very sick."

On our arrival we found the ship crowded with venders; our vessel had been converted into a sort of menagerie. Monkeys, parrots, apes, doves, sparrows, minos, musk-deers,

squirrels and green turtles were seen every where. The asking price of every thing was "one dollar," and the selling price a quarter. We purchased at the last moment eight dozen fowls for two dollars.

About two o'clock, P. M., we made sail, the thermometer standing at 115° F. in the sunshine.

July 28th. Lat. 5° 44' S., long. 106, 01 E., air 89° F. We are in the Java sea which has an average depth of only ten or twelve fathoms. Its tides and currents are irregular and unknown; and rocks and shoals, the position of which is uncertain, are laid down on the charts. Monkeys, game cocks and pet-birds of various kinds occupy the attention and affections of the whole crew. Passed two Dutch ships. Two monkeys were lost overboard.

The writer made the following notes in this region many years ago.

If the midshipmen are curious characters to observe, the jacks are no less so. I sometimes think that sea air makes people inquisitive, and you know I dislike answering questions—it is a sort of innate dislike I cannot exactly account for—but before I came to sea I never was at loss to evade the most inquisitive person I ever met. Such is not the case here, however, and I look at them in astonishment, puzzled to guess what can prompt them to ask the thousand things they do. I think it is not good policy to let every body know what one's opinions are on the various subjects that are casually brought up for discussion.

You know that Batavia is a fatal place for Europeans, and that a great many sailors die there from the effects of the water and climate. On one occasion our surgeon was sent for to see some sick sailors on board of a merchant vessel, and he recommended them to send for a physician on shore, because he was very much occupied on board. They said they had no notion of doing any such thing. The doctor argued that the physicians on shore understood their cases quite as well as he did—"That be all true enough," they replied, "but then they are a pack of rascals—don't you know, sir, that they are in partnership with the coffin makers, and because poor Jack haint got no money to pay much, they just kills him and then divides

with the undertaker!" So firmly did they believe this, that they would not consent that any but our doctor should attend them.

Since my last, we have lost two men from dysentery; but it is supposed, they allowed the disease to run on too long before they reported to the doctor. The ship is now very healthy, and we have very fine weather.

I expected to see great gloom cast over the ship's company by the burial of two of their shipmates. It is awful to hear the shrill pipe of the boatswain, followed by his deep rough tones—"All hands to bury the dead," which is echoed by his mates. The body sewed in a hammock with two or three thirty-two pound shot hung to the feet, is placed in the gangway on a board, and covered with a flag called a jack. His messmates stand on either side; all hands are gathered round in perfect silence. The captain comes forward (having no chaplain) and takes off his hat, which is the signal for all to do the same, and reads the impressive service of that church. As he pronounces the words, "We therefore commit his body to the deep," the corpse is launched overboard, and a heavy splash breaks the silence. Then, curiosity prompts every one, who is near enough, to stretch forward his neck over the bulwark to follow the sinking remains which the ship is leaving behind. The service over, the order is "Pipe down, sir," and the affairs of the ship instantaneously resume their routine, as if nothing had happened.

How quickly one is forgotten, thought I. Here we have thrown overboard a man who only ten days ago appeared to be a favorite of his companions—foremost in the dance, the yarn, the song, and on the yard when the storm howled—yet not a smile or a jolt is abated, nor flows a single tear—his place is at once filled. In this there is an epitome of the whole world, for beyond the ties that bind us to our own hearths, we are little cared for; and when even the greatest die the world wags on. Napoleon was scarcely missed—How ridiculously vain then is it for a man to suppose that he, as an individual is of any importance to society. How common to say such a man's place cannot be filled; yet we daily see the contrary.

On the night of the funeral I loitered on the forecastle, enjoying the evening breeze

and a cigar, and endeavored to discover whether death had caused any serious impression on the living, but I could see none, or very little. Just as I was turning away, an old, clear-headed fore-castleman, asked one near him, "I say, Tom, where the devil do you think Bill is now?"

"In fiddlers' green, to be sure, drinking grog and spinning yarns about our craft—where else should he be?"

"Why I don't see why he oughtn't to be in heaven, for you see Bill was a good man. He was good *natured*, did his duty, respected the captain and superior officers, and never quarreled, except when he was drunk. He told some hard yarns, and swore too, like most on us, but that's the worst you can say."

"According to you then, we ought all to go to heaven, for we are all as good as he was—my notion is that we sailors all go to hell, because the parson says that we mustn't swear nor tell lies, but I can tell you, if them preachers and pious people had to go on a he topsail yard to reef, with the wind singing a sort o' harrycane, and cold and dark at that, and just when a fellow goes to haul the sail on the yard, it give a flirt and tears up all his finger nails; I say if he wouldn't swear at that hard enough to kill his father, he ought to be damned any how."

"Well I can tell you there be some of 'em who wouldn't swear, nor tell a lie if you was to chop their heads off; but then they've got book larnin' and for that reason are obliged to keep a sharp look out, for may be you don't know that the bible says—'Where much is given much is required,' and for that reason you see, I don't intend to learn any more about it. Him that knows best about the matter is best off, and stands the best chance of going to heaven. Now you know Bill couldn't read a word, and as nothing was given, how the devil can you expect him to give any thing back—my notion is that 'much' means book-larnin' and nothing else."

"Well, I can't read neither, and I thank my father that he sent me to sea before he sent me to school, for you see its just all the same as if he shipped me for a snug berth in heaven; and I shall never be sorry any more that I can't read—any how, I don't care

nothing about no books, except them yarns in Peter Simple and Walter Scott, that Jack Smith reads for a fellow now and then. I begin to feel a sort o' sorry for every man that can read—now it would be a d—d pity if Jack should go to hell an account of his larnin', because there aint a better soul ever hauled *taught* (tight) a weather earin' than him. I begin to think you must have a sort a quaking yourself once in a while, and if I was you I'd knock off telling lies, swearing and drinking grog."

"Well, Tom, you're half right. I often think it was a sore day I larned to read, and it was all owing to one of them missionary fellows that goes about in the streets, and sending boys to free schools. If it hadn't been for that I should now be as sartin of heaven as you are. Them missionaries are just like pursers; they give a fellow the 'much' in advance, when he's little and aint got his mother wit about him, and he has a 'dead horse' to work out the rest of his days, and when he comes to be paid off, he finds himself in debt. You see and know better than to do as I do, but I can't help it, and I suppose hell's my portion at last—Tom, take my advice and steer clear of missionaries."

At this moment the mid watch was called and the dialogue put an end to, and I retired to my hammock, thinking how melancholy it was to hear men argue so strangely. This is a fine illustration of the poet's line,—'A little learning is a dangerous thing.' "

In spite of all this, sailors are fearless people. One day, while at Batavia, a boy came to the first lieutenant, and holding a scorpion between his thumb and fingers, said, "See here, sir, what a queer bug; it is just like a crab!"

July 29th. Lat. 4°56' S.; long 106°30' E.; air 86°, water 84°F. A five knot breeze prevailed during a part of the day. We have passed through the most uncertain part of the Java sea, and are now to the north of a small island called the "North Watcher." Weather very sultry.

A few nights after listening to the religious conversation above related, the subject was again renewed in my hearing. Everything was tranquil—the sails were just asleep, and mother moon was shining on the blue sea as softly as the parent over a sleeping babe.

"Come," said Tom, "rouse out of that moonshine, or you'll find your neck as crooked to-morrow as a cork-screw."

"That be ——," replied Ben. "That notion is like some of your bible ideas—not straight and not proved, no how. Do you think moonshine is going to make me change color like a dying dolphin?"

"It might be better for you, if your ideas was like most folks' about the bible. My notion is, you had better believe it, and if it aint true, there's no harm done."

"How can you believe," said Ben, raising on one elbow, "what you can't understand?"

"Why, well enough—they preachers understands the bible, and if you obey their orders they'll navigate you straight to heaven. You don't understand navigation, but you believes the captain knows what course to steer into port, and you steers it and no grumbling."

"That's clear enough, Tom; but you see this difference; the captain pays me my wages, allows me my grog, tobacco, and now and then a 'blow' ashore; your preacher stops all except the wages, and axes me to subscribe to bible societies and build churches, and they begs you like a woman. I gave one fellow a dollar once just to get rid of him, and I have damned his whole tribe ever since. What has a sailor got to live for, after you take away rum and tobacco? Then there's another difference.—The captain always *does* carry you into port—but you only find out the preacher when maybe it's too late to do any good. No, no, I'll be a jolly jack-tar all my life, and take my turn at psalming it in the cold clouds, with nothing to eat and no grog in the next world."

"Well, I'll try and believe any how. You talk as if you don't believe in a future world."

"Well, the fact is, I don't much; for I don't somehow see any use in it, 'specially when you've got to be psalm-singing, or crying all the while, and that for ever. I tell you it is mighty hard to believe such things. Why, I can't so much as believe about Adam and Eve. How did she get black children I'd like to know! I guess they were both niggers, I've seed more colored folks in the Indies and Africa than I ever saw white folks altogether. Now, if you will prove, *pint blank*, that we've got to go to another world

in the first place, and that Adam and Eve, being white folks like you and me, got black children, you've got to prove, in the second place, that they were white or black, and that Jesus Christ was the same color: then if you'll prove that God Almighty wrote the bible, you're a smarter man than I took you for, and damme if I don't turn Christian and take to farming."

"Well, Ben, I might maybe agree with you if I did not hear every body say they believed the truth. And then see how the missionaries go all over the world to convert the heathens—and do you 'spose they'd be fools enough for that, if all they say wasn't true. But somehow I think, too, it would be doing them a good turn to let them alone: for if they don't know no better than to worship idols, they can't be sent to hell for doing it."

I regret to describe so much horrible ignorance, but I feel bound to give you the notions of sailors about religion. I have heard the same kind of arguments again and again, and often endeavored to convince them of their errors, but I fear with little success. They often laugh at chaplains; and I am sure they often pretend to piety, merely to show their dexterity in deceiving. I remember overhearing one man say to his companions, when we had a chaplain—"I say, Jack, just mind now, how I'll make the parson think I am getting good." He walked aft on the quarter deck, took off his hat to the chaplain and begged him for some tracts, which he brought off in triumph, swearing they were as good as oakum. All in hearing laughed heartily, but I could not discover the wit of the joke.

If you have any friend who visits sailors for religious purposes, let him read these notes, for he may gather from them, that sailors are often very strong-minded, but the difficulty is they will never express their opinions to persons they look on as superiors—and, therefore, they are with more difficulty instructed. The missionaries or clergy men who would benefit seamen, should be "as wise as serpents and harmless as doves," and not visit Jack with the avowed purpose of his conversion, but as Hamlet says, "use all gently," for, "We can't be by compulsion blest."

The fact is, that sailors form a class of beings *sui generis*, and do not belong to what is commonly termed society, though society might be badly off without them. They are above public opinion, and if they have the pride of reputation, it is of a false kind. The applause of their shipmates is more valuable than that of all the world besides; lying and pilfering are common, but amongst seamen these are not crimes but merely practical jokes. They seldom fear anything in this world, nor in that which is to come. It is no wonder that Johnson thought a ship was a state prison enlivened by the prospect of being drowned, and after becoming acquainted with the morals and habits of its indwellers, the comparison is the more striking. Houses of refuge and jails furnish a goodly quota of sailors; while the marine corps is made up of the degraded scapegraces of good families, who endeavor to hide their own shame and that of their parents by sinking into the files of marines. Though generosity is unknown amongst seamen, prodigality on shore is almost universal. Sailors usually spend, in a few days, all they accumulate in a cruise of two or three years.

But it must not be imagined that the moral and mental qualities of sailors are derived from their vocation—that there is anything in sea air, in the odour of tar and bilge water, in sea diet or the motions of a ship which induces seamen to act and think differently from their fellow-citizens of other pursuits. They become sailors because they possess these irregular and eccentric qualities, which prevent them from pursuing profitably any kind of labour on shore, and for this reason, being unable to make a livelihood on land, they are in a manner forced to accept less remuneration than similar toils and exposures command in any of our cities. Seamen's wages will advance in proportion as intelligence is diffused among the classes of men from which they are drawn; no sensible man who can earn twenty-five or thirty dollars a month at day labor, will expose himself to the dangers, privations and toils of a sea-life, for twelve, or, including rations, eighteen dollars. As the lowest and most degraded of the community are raised up by improved morals and education, the number of men who seek the sea as a means of sup-

port will decrease, unless the wages are made equal or greater than those of similar classes on shore.

Sunday, July 30th. Lat. $3^{\circ}22'$ S.; long. $106^{\circ}40'$ E.; air 87° , water 83° F. Sea smooth; wind light. For the reason that the crew might be required "to work ship," that is, to change the position of the sails as it might be necessary in changing the course steered in tacking, while in the midst of the religious services, there was no "muster."

The ship was anchored about 6 o'clock, P. M., because it is believed there are shoals in the vicinity, not accurately laid down on our charts, which renders daylight important to safe navigation.

July 31st. Lat. $3^{\circ}12'$ S.; long. $106^{\circ}37'$ E.; air 85° , water 83° F. Got under sail again at 4 o'clock, A. M. Force of the wind very irregular; heavy squalls with rain, but we were through the straits of Gaspar by four o'clock P. M. We passed through what is called Macclefield's straits, which lie between the islands of Banca and Pulo Lepa on the west, and the island of Pulo Leat on the east. Instead of following the coast of Sumatra by the "Brothers" as recommended by Horsburg in his "Sailing Direction" we steered in a straight course from Button islands to the "North Watcher."

The Java sparrows are dying. A cage containing many of them was opened to-day in a heavy squall, that the prisoners might have the advantage of a strong, fair wind to reach the shore, but many fell in the water and were drowned. About sunset we passed Tree island, a small rocky islet having two trees growing on its summit. When the tops of the trees were first descried from the mast-head, the look-out mistook them for a strange sail, which he could not make out.

Since leaving Anger, green turtle has been furnished to the crew in lieu of salt beef; but to-day the men protested against receiving more of it, on the ground that it was not fair to deprive them of the legal ration. What will turtle-loving aldermen think of this perverse taste?

August 1st. Lat. $1^{\circ}06'$ S.; long. $106^{\circ}54'$ E.; air 82° , water 82° F. We are now in the China sea. During the mid-watch last night, there were heavy squalls of rain with vivid lightning; and on the fore and main

trucks there were what sailors call *corposantos* or *corposants*, which are luminous or phosphorescent spots, by some persons supposed to be due to electrical causes, and by others to organic or animalcular matter tossed from the sea. Sailors regard them with superstitious dread; they are believed by them to portend heavy gales and shipwreck.

Weather sultry; sea smooth. Dolphins under the bows. Two monkeys lost overboard.

August 2nd. Lat. $0^{\circ}34'$ N.; long. $107^{\circ}43'$ E.; air 81° F. Crossed the equator into the northern hemisphere about seven o'clock this morning, in sight of the islands, St. Barbe and St. Esprit. A light air from the southward and westward gradually increased to a fine breeze, which is presumed to be the southwest monsoon. The temperature below has become more tolerable.

A mino escaped from his cage to day, and as I am assured by a seaman, killed and ate two sparrows. The mino was flying about the ship nearly all day, but towards evening disappeared in a fresh squall of rain.

The mino is a genus of birds formed or separated from the Grackles, (*Gracula*) under the names of *Maina*, *Manatus* and *Mino*.

Birds of this genus are celebrated for their imitative powers, and for the facility with which they submit to captivity. They are said to repeat words more perfectly than parrots, and to readily acquire many amusing tricks. Their size is somewhat greater than that of the robin; their plumage is bluish black, and they have yellow, fleshy slips depending from the back of the head, which bear some analogy to the wattle of a cock. They inhabit the islands of Java and Sumatra, and feed on both animal and vegetable substances. They visit gardens in flocks, and are destructive to fruits, especially bananas. There are three species of mino described.

August 3rd. Lat. $3^{\circ}07'$ N.; long. $107^{\circ}11'$ E.; air 82° F. Sultry; wind light. At sunset passed the island Boong Ouran, or Great Natunas, and the Little Natunas.

August 4th. Lat. $4^{\circ}44'$ N.; long. $108^{\circ}44'$ E.; air 87° F. Very sultry. Since entering the Straits of Sunda the sea has been of various shades of green, but this morning it is "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," the

color most agreeable to the seaman's eye. No rain to-day.

5th. Lat. $6^{\circ}03'$ N.; long. $109^{\circ}23'$ E.; air 87° F. Sultry. During the night there were frequent and heavy showers of rain; and to-day it has been squally with rain. The changes of temperature, though not extensive, are very sudden, in these alternations from sunshine to rain, and are evidently affecting the health of the men: they are all dressed in flannel, and some wear two heavy flannel shirts, in spite of the high temperature of the atmosphere.

6th. Lat. $6^{\circ}47'$ N.; long. $110^{\circ}10'$ E.; air 84° F. The weather is very sultry; the ship is very damp, and every thing exposed is quickly covered with mould. There is a kind of haziness in the atmosphere from the moisture. I have remarked now, as well as on a former cruise here, that shadows cast on the China sea, even when the sun shines brightly, are never sharply defined.

7th. Lat. $9^{\circ}17'$ N.; long. $110^{\circ}32'$ E.; air, at two o'clock P. M., 90° F. Wind fair, but light; weather very sultry. Several mild cases of fever have occurred among the men.

The north star is again visible, and we have a bright moon.

8th. Lat. $12^{\circ}4'$ N.; long. $111^{\circ}09'$ E.; air at noon 87° , and at 2 o'clock P. M. 89° F. It is most oppressively hot below, where there is no ventilation, in consequence of the ship being before the wind.

9th. Lat. $12^{\circ}4'$ N.; long. $111^{\circ}45'$ E.; air 87° at noon, and 90° at two o'clock P. M. Clothing in drawers and in bags is becoming mouldy. Several men are suffering somewhat from dysentery, coughs, sore throat, &c. Ten drops of oil of tobacco were swallowed to-day by a monkey, without any other effect than a manifestation of disgust. A man could not have taken this dose without suffering seriously; indeed, it would be probably fatal.

10th. Lat. $13^{\circ}46'$ N.; long. $112^{\circ}21'$ E.; air 88° F at noon, and 90° F. at 4 o'clock P. M. I found the corks forced out of bottles of brandy, which had been over-full, from the expansion of the liquor by the heat. The strong twine which had been tied over the corks was broken.

In my opinion there are erroneous notions

existing on the kind of dress which should be worn in tropical climates by the sea-faring people. The marines are clothed in the same manner now, with the thermometer at 90° , as they were when the mercury stood at 45° and 50° ; and the sailors are covered in flannel and broad cloth. They seem to be almost on the point of solution; at any rate, they are in a permanent, hot vapor bath. Most of them are suffering from irritation of the skin, the secretions of which are detained in the blue flannel. It is true, Dr. James Johnson in his entertaining, but pernicious work on tropical climates, advocates the wearing of soiled linen as conducive to health. He says, "It is astonishing how much less exhausting is the linen, which has been once or twice impregnated with the fluid of perspiration, than that which is fresh from the mangle." He argues, however, very properly, that while the quality of dress should be such as is calculated to protect the body from sudden transitions of temperature, it should be so light and unirritating as not to stimulate the skin and provoke perspiration. The heavy flannel and other woollen fabrics, worn by seamen under a temperature of 90° , are too irritating; and with almost as much reason might it be urged that a perpetual blister or sinapism to the whole surface in hot climates would be a safeguard to health, as to admit that this excessive clothing is healthy. Cotton is a much better material for clothing within the tropics than wool.

To day the sentinel over the galley fire complained that he was suffering from the heat. He was answered that, "the heat of the galley is a *healthy heat*, and can do no harm." Who can think how the *patés de foie gras* of Strasbourg are produced, without supposing that livers of men and geese may be affected by like influences? But this is not the place to attempt a demonstration that an unduly elevated temperature, whether from natural or artificial sources, applied to the surface of the body, for a considerable period, must disturb the equilibrium of the organic functions, and thus produce disease.

11th. Lat. 15° N.; long. $112^{\circ}37'$ E.; air 90° in the shade and 126° F. in the sunshine. Calm and sultry. Men employed in scrubbing and cleaning the ship preparatory to entering port.

12th. Lat. $16^{\circ}23'$ N.; long. $113^{\circ}25'$ E.; air 86° F. Breeze fresh; if has hauled to the northward. Our course is north, but the wind permits us to steer N. E.

At sunset the barometer had fallen to 29.75 inches. The sea had risen considerably; the wind was fresh but very warm. There were heavy clouds and lightning to the eastward: part of the sky was of a bright pea-green, and there were masses of clouds comparable to the golden fleece. At half-past eight o'clock P. M. the wind shifted to N. by E., and heavy rain immediately followed, with a sudden cooling of the atmosphere.

"13th. By dead reckoning, Lat. $17^{\circ}38'$ N.; long. $114^{\circ}11'$ E.; air 81° F. Last night about midnight a fresh gale set in, from the northward and westward, and at daylight the ship was "lying to" under a close reefed maintopsail, on a short, heavy, head sea. Towards sunset the wind and sea abated so much, that a reefed foresail and foretopsail were set, and we are now driving roughly over the sea towards Macao. The rain and heat render the ship very uncomfortable.

14th. Lat. $20^{\circ}07'$ N.; long. $113^{\circ}33'$ E.; air 78° . No observation. Last night the rolling and pitching of the ship were violent; sleep came only as a consequence of exhaustion. The ward room and every part of the vessel were flooded. To day the sea has subsided, and the wind has abated so that we are now, (8 o'clock, P. M.,) comparatively comfortable.

15th. Off the mouth of Canton river. At sunrise this morning a Chinese pilot came on board, and soon afterwards another. The first was called Ahye, and the second Ashing. Ahye is a handsome Asiatic, whose shining black queue sweeps the deck while he walks; and forms a turban when coiled round his crown. Ashing is not remarkable for personal appearance; but his countenance suggests that he is more shrewd at a bargain than his handsome friend. Ahye wore a dress of black crape, consisting of a short frock or jacket, falling to the hips; and wide trowsers which might be compared to a pair of petticoats, with a tawny foot extending below the bottom of each.

These pilots came on board from a kind of fishing vessel, or "fast-boat;" and their first demand was for a cup of tea. We learned

from them, there had been a typhoon, a part of which only we had felt.

When the tide was ebbing from the river, there was a vast stream of yellow water with perfectly defined limits, rolling towards us, which was in striking contrast with the pale green sea around the ship.

The whole day has been spent in unsuccessful efforts to advance against a strong tide without wind, anchoring and getting under way alternately, in sight of a group of many small islands called Ladrone—probably from the dishonest practices of their inhabitants or frequenters.

We are at anchor; the pilots Ashing and Ahye are sleeping on the gun-deck.

16th. Got underway at daylight with a very light breeze, and at seven o'clock A. M., reached the roadstead of Macao, which is four miles from the town.

I conclude this chapter with a copy of a letter describing some of the incidents of a former visit to the seas of the Celestial Empire.

Oh! my friend, you little imagine how tedious is becoming this voyaging in the East. There are, to be sure, many curious and novel things constantly presenting themselves, but they do not compensate for the miseries we undergo, which are increased by the reflection that at home every thing is delightful and pleasant. For a month past we have had neither bread, nor flour to make it of, and we are under the dire necessity of eating rice instead, which the seamen assure me is almost entirely composed of water, and those who live on it are liable to become blind. My own feelings strongly dispose me to think this is correct, for I am either getting blind, or this ink has grown very pale. I trust, however, *you* may be able to decipher this most melancholy of all my letters.

Last evening at sunset, when, as usual, the band was playing on the quarter-deck, I took my station on the taffrail, with many others, to look at a grand and soothing scene before us. The great island of Hai-nan, just at the entrance of the Gulf of Tonquin, which is as large as Ireland, was not more than ten miles off. Masses of heavy clouds had gathered over it, forming a huge, dark vault, into which the peaks and tops of the many mountains and hills of the island rose

in a most picturesque manner. In the ground floated a light, white scud, a whole received the rays of the setting sun, which were reflected in a thousand directions. Both vessels were rolling before the wind, and glancing over a smooth sea at the rate of six knots. How beautifully swell the cloud of canvass that swept the little prize over the ocean. The band played "Home, Sweet Home." Oh! thought I, there they have plenty to eat and drink, oh, for a twist loaf and a lump of freer. I looked at the setting sun, and thought to send by him, as he departed to round up the people on the other side of the world, a new day, a message of kindness, but he was off and left the lighting of these skies to the moon and stars,—and me to send my message by the usual slow process of paper.

The evening, like many others of the last, was spent on the fore-castle, where our starving condition begot memories of former times, and the good things of this life. "Would you give, now," said a long, tattered foretop-man, named Stephen, "for a steak and ingins, with plenty of 'soft-t' at that, and maybe a dish of coffee?"

"A month's pay,!" exclaimed a hungry-looking, little fore-castle man. "I get paid off, which must be in a week. I'll have me a turkey, stuffed with singers, and wash her down with grog. No water in it, and no man shall nose eat every bit myself."

"You may have your turkey, if you let me have," said a third, "some fri and apple dumplings."

"Well, them's all mighty good, but for cod-fish and *petaties*, twice laid," said a fourth. "Give me a *biled* leg o' m with them little, green, sour-tasted *pe* drawed butter and parsley."

"That's not bad."

Here I must confess nature got the better of me, and I was obliged to wipe the corners of my mouth, which was running. I was a silent spectator, but not the only one. A marine, in his suit of gray, sat high up in the little group that had gathered on the deck, who at every dish named, see move his seat a little, as from the distance of his position, and inclined his ear

towards the speakers. The night was very clear, moonlit and starry. Except the noise of the ocean under the bows, as it was dashed off in a furrow of foam, right and left, as the ship rolled onward, all was still.

"That's not bad," repeated Stephen; "but if you don't like my beefsteak and ingins, what do you say to a great big dish of ham and eggs?"

"Ham and eggs," groaned the marine, in accents of deep agony, "ham and eggs!" And he slowly got down from his seat, walked away with his eyes turned towards the moon, groaning between his half-closed lips, "Ham and eggs." The poor fellow, thought I, how much he must suffer, living as he does now exclusively on beef and pork, hard salted, and rice.

From eating, the conversation turned upon various animals, and their design, and the uses of their different parts. At last long Stephen said that he had often wondered why we didn't always have the broad-tailed sheep on board ship, because it is the most singularly provided animal in the world.

"Six of 'em," said he, "would keep a ship's company for ever in fresh mutton, if they wouldn't eat the tails. You see this is the most curiousest of all sheep, and you can get plenty of 'em at the Cape of Good Hope. The way you must do, always to have mutton out of 'em when you go to kill is, wrap his tail in a blanket so as to keep it warm, when it's killed, you have about two inches of the back bone with the tail, and then lay it away in a snug, dry place. If you do this carefully, (you see the broad tail of a broad-tail sheep is just like the root of a tree,) in about six weeks it will sprout out into a lamb. We had some on board of an Ingieman I sailed in, and the only thing I could see against it is, that these young, growing lambs, as they can't get clear of the great big tail, keep crying and bleating all the while, so as nobody can sleep for the bloody things, no way you can fix it."

"Steve," said the captain of the forecas-
tle, an old weather-beaten tar, "if it hadn't happened that I have seen some things in my time as hard as that sheep yarn, damme if I could believe it. But I was once up the Amazon river, here just astern of us, in Cochinchina, where they have eggs most as good

to carry to sea as them broad-tailed sheep. Them fellows likes bad eggs better than good ones, and you may buy fresh eggs at half price. We had some of 'em aboard, and three days after we got to sea, they began to hatch out of themselves, and as they were very large eggs, the chickens were big enough to eat in a week, so we had plenty of fresh grub all the time. You might hear of 'em crowing before they got out of the shell. And there was two eggs that had twins in 'em, and all cocks, and game at that. What do you think of the little devils showing temper before they got into the open air. You could hear 'em flying at each other, flapping their wings, and crowing all the time. At last you couldn't hear but one; and when the shells was broke, we found one had killed t'other. The captain kept the live ones, and sold 'em for twenty dollars a-piece in Manila, where they are very devils for cock-fights. Now, you see some eggs below that is hatching now, because it is so hot on the berth-deck, and you can believe what I tell you. But the queerest feller of all was one the steward had. When they broke the shell, which was very hard, we found in it a little hen setting thirteen dear little eggs!"

I leave you to believe or not as you please; but I cannot credit these stories, though there is no question about the eggs hatching now on the berth-deck, which is actually as hot as an Egyptian hatching oven, and thus the phenomenon is accounted for.

I retired to bed, thinking of home and of something to eat. At last I fell asleep, and began to dream of seeing the sailors, as I do almost every day, eating rice mingled with their tea. From that I thought we arrived at New York, and straight I walked to a celebrated eating house, the name of which I do not remember at this moment. "Beefsteak without gravy." "Coming, sir, —beefsteak without gravy in No. 7." This seemed to be echoed along the great hall on which numerous little boxes opened, and at last seemed to be answered by "Pudding without sauce." Oh! thought I, what taste; and, as if to show my own superiority in this respect, I bawled out at the top of my voice, determined that every body should hear me and envy me too—"Canvass-back and currant jelly, and don't forget the stewed oys-

ters;" and I entered No. 9. I listened with pleasure when I heard the order repeated, "Chaffing dish, canvass-back with currant jelly, and oysters stewed, in No. 9." There I sat, happy at last to get something to eat. The chaffing dish was brought, and the materials for a salad, which I set to work mixing, thinking how delightful some of my messmates would be to join me. But alas, the fates destroyed the delusion—"Seven bells, sir." I rubbed my eyes,—“Where's my canvass-back?” “It has gone seven bells, sir.” This brought me back, and I recognized the gun-deck, just washed down and swabbed up. I got out of my cot, and in sadness of heart went below.

MEMORIUM.

BY ELIZABETH J. EAMES.

O'er the dim footpath of the by-gone years—
To the green hills where erst my kindred dwelt,
Bring back again unto my list'ning ears
The household voices that were wont to melt
My careless heart,—to bless my happy childhood—
Come with me to the valley and the wildwood.

Bear me afar!—away to the green glades
Where fair-haired playmates trod its turfs with me—
Or sat beneath the flowering chestnut shades,
Or form'd the play-ring by the old elm tree.
Oh! Time wore golden ringlets, and we dandled
With his long hair, nor saw the scythe he handled!

Come then sweet Memory! for my heart is cold,
And sickening, shrinks from its own heat away!
The Friends of *Now* are not the Friends of *Old*,
The lov'd and trusted, of an earlier day:
Hope's head lies hid beneath despair's cold billow,
And Care is only hush'd on Sorrow's pillow!

Even Patience wearies of her thankless task,
And Resignation hath to marble turned;
But as the Actor grew unto his mask,
Have I the lesson of dissembling learned.
Nought in the Present my sick soul rejoices—
Bring back, oh Memory, the old blessed voices!

The voices of my youth! Stay with me still—
Your tones bring back *Life's freshness* to my soul,
Ye make me feel anew the rapturous thrill
Of all things subject to my youth's control—
The mystic charm which gracious God has given
To childhood's years—when we were nearest heaven!

Come, dreamy-voiced, and whisper me to sleep—
Bear me in visions back to Childhood's land,
Life's fairy ground! and let my spirit keep

The golden chain that linked me to that band
Of young and sinless creatures: gather round me—
Yea, let that happy group *once* more surround me!

Come o'er the dim path of the by-gone years
To the green hills where erst my kindred dwelt,
Bring back again unto my list'ning ears
The household voices that were wont to melt
My careless heart,—to bless my happy childhood—
Come with me to the valley and the wildwood.

Popular Knowledge the Necessity of Popular Government.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE DANVILLE VIRGINIA LYCEUM, MARCH 18TH, 1853. BY JAMES C. BRUCE, ESQ., OF HALIFAX, VA.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Danville Lyceum

For the privilege of appearing before you to-night, I am indebted to your kindness. I should be happy could I flatter myself with the hope, that anything which I may be able to offer to you, would evince my high appreciation of the honour conferred upon me. The object of your association is improvement, and it is to your earnestness in seeking after it, and to your determination to draw from every source, even the most unpromising, that I am indebted for the honour of appearing before this large and intelligent audience.

In seeking to improve yourselves, gentlemen, I feel sure that you are not indifferent to the improvement of others. There is nothing narrow, or selfish in the views of the ardent seekers of wisdom, for there is an expansiveness in the benevolence of knowledge which embraces the world. I hope, therefore, gentlemen, that the theme which I have selected will not be considered as out of keeping with the purposes of your Society. The subject of my address to you to-night is

POPULAR KNOWLEDGE THE NECESSITY OF POPULAR GOVERNMENT.

I am aware that a kindred subject has been lately discussed before your body, by a friend and neighbour of mine, and if I should chance to fall into a beaten track, I pray you to pardon me. I evince my own earnest convictions of its importance, by venturing on

subject which may have been exhausted.

Knowledge is power, says the father of modern philosophy. But the idea is much older than Lord Bacon. A truth like this, so patent, and so obvious, must have occurred to a thousand minds, and been uttered by a thousand tongues, long before the birth of any philosophy which can be called modern. Knowledge is the power which enables the will of man to exercise control over mind or over matter. Man by nature, and in the absence of experience, which is the parent of knowledge, has a control only over his own limbs. Soon, however, his will begins to extend its influence over matter foreign to himself. His wants and his wishes urge him to seek the means of their gratification. Tools of rude construction save his hands and his fingers. As his knowledge increases, his power increases, and the brute becomes his subject. He then begins to tyrannize over his fellows. His children, weaker than himself, first feel his power, then his tribe: and at length some one of transcendent knowledge, subjects to his individual will, many tribes. He becomes a despot, and renders thousands, nay millions, the creatures of his capricious will. This was the barbaric power of Persian monarchs, and of Egyptian kings.

But as the world becomes more civilized, the effort of man seems to be to reduce to subjection the powers of nature. It was this effort which brought into use the mechanical inventions. The lever put into the arm of one man the strength of twenty, and the sail caused the wind to perform the task of a hundred oarsmen. These triumphs of mind have been steadily increasing, from the earliest ages down to the present time. They have increased too in a geometrical ratio. To-day, what prodigies do we behold! The Steam Engine is doing with ease, and almost without an effort, the work of a thousand horses with all the precision of mind, and with almost its thought. The Press, throwing off its printed leaves in countless numbers, is putting a thousand tongues in the head of one man. The Steam Ship is joining together continents the most distant, and making neighbours of our antipodes. The Astronomer, from the heights of his observatory, looking with planetary gaze through the bor-

rowed eyes of science, is mapping the moon. The Thunderbolt of Jupiter, more potent than the trident of Neptune, is seized on by the daring hand of the philosopher, and made the subject of his all conquering will. By this mysterious agent time and space are annihilated, and feeble man finds himself, to-day, in the possession of that ubiquity of presence, which the infidel of yesterday thought impossible to God.

But magnificent as are these conquests of mind, they are, perhaps, destined to be yet eclipsed. This generation has more knowledge than the last, and the next will have more than the present. There are hidden powers of nature not yet revealed of far greater energy "than is dreamed of in our philosophy," which will be seized on, and appropriated by other generations. Agencies which have been, in the hands of Omnipotence, second causes in the great work of creation, it is not, I hope, impious to suppose, may be yet wielded by the hands of man, for the promotion of the happiness and the dignity of man. Increase his power a thousand fold, extend his knowledge beyond the limits of human conception, make his virtue that of angels even, and he will just then begin to adore, as he should adore, the infinite mind, and the infinite perfections of Him who will yet be at an infinite distance from his creature, and still God over all. His increased knowledge will give him increased humility. His homage will be more sincere because more intelligent.

But, gentlemen, it is not the influence of mind over matter that I would dwell upon to-night, suggestive as it is of reflection and remark: These exhibitions of intellect are all productive of good. They add to the dignity of human nature, and to the happiness of the human family. But there is no unmixed good in this evil world of ours. Knowledge, though power, is not always a beneficent power. Men are selfish, and they direct all their efforts to the attainment of their selfish ends. The most exquisite enjoyment of power is derived from its exercise over our fellow men. It is alike grateful to the savage and the refined taste. It ministers to every passion which animates man. How does this power make itself felt, and what is the secret of its exercise? Look at the thou-

sand millions of human beings on the face of the globe—how few masters and how many slaves! Is it that the many love to labour for the few? Is their toil sweet and are their charms light? If not, where are their strong arms, and their stout hearts? Why do they labour, and toil, and starve? Is it madness, or is it magic? It is magic—the magic of knowledge acting on ignorance.

But at last, gentlemen, the natural, the moral condition of ignorance is slavery. Like a savage beast it may sometimes, by the strength of its muscle, break its chain, and sometimes in its ferocity, even slay its keeper, but it is soon scourged back again to its collar and its cage. Tell over the nations of the world, and you will find that their slavery is precisely in proportion to their ignorance, and their freedom to their knowledge. Good men, but unreflecting men, are constantly wishing the boon of liberty to what they call the oppressed nations of Europe. You had as well feed the lion with straw, or the ox with meat, as to serve up a banquet of liberty to the uncongenial tastes of the ignorant population of Europe. The late history of France should teach a lesson of moderation and modesty to the ardent friends of transatlantic liberty. So short-lived was the republic that the congratulations of our congress, early as they were offered, on reaching the shores of France were drowned with the shout of *Vive l'Empereur*, from the whole population of the country. The truth is, that liberty, whenever it has reared its head in France, has been the child of impulse, while slavery has always been the offspring of reflection; and whenever the question has been fairly brought to the ballot, the people have voted themselves slaves. They did it when they placed the imperial crown upon the brow of the first Napoleon, and they repeated it in the coronation of his nephew. For the ignorant masses of France, there is a charm in imperial pomp and imperial splendour which has always consoled them for the loss of liberty. A jewelled crown is to a Frenchman what golden fetters were to the captive monarch of Mexico, rather an emblem of honour than a badge of slavery. Let us then leave other nations to be happy in their own way, and let us not make our form of government a

Procrustean bed for the torture of other communities, which are as different as they are distant from our own.

The point to which I would lead your minds, gentlemen, is, that you cannot engraft liberty on ignorance. If it bear any fruit, it will be an unwholesome fruit. It is the fabled tree whose leaf is poison and whose shade is death. Liberty, real liberty, is the privilege of communities, to seek after their own happiness and their own good in their own way. But what is the privilege of seeking wealth to those who have no eyes to find? The splendour of the meridian sun, so delightful so exhilarating, so cheering to all nature, brings no image of joy to the sightless orb of the blind. Point out to nations the road which leads to solid and enduring happiness and teach the great truth that what is not legitimately desired cannot be safely enjoyed, and with this knowledge will be communicated not only an appreciation of liberty, but, at the same time, the power to acquire and the ability to maintain it. Even under the most despotic governments the rod of tyranny spares the intelligent class. All the concessions in royal charters and golden bulls, are but the forced homage which power pays to knowledge. The priest of the middle ages, with the mitre and the cross, overawed the sceptred monarch with his steel-clad host. The great barons of England wrung from the reluctant John a guaranty of their own liberties, while the more numerous, but the more ignorant class of his subjects, so far from receiving any concessions preferred no demands. The Czar of Russia, with no constitutional or legal check to his despotic sway, finds a barrier to his otherwise limitless power in the only two intelligent classes in his dominions. He may oppress his European serf, or his Asiatic savage, but he dares not lift a finger against his nobles or his clergy. An attempt on the privileges of either would cost him his crown and his life. The history of our race everywhere, the experience of nations of every age and of every clime, and under every possible condition of human existence tell the same melancholy tale—that men are slaves, because they have not the knowledge to be free. Let us bring home to ourselves this great truth. Have we any charter of immunity which makes us

an exception to a rule that has hitherto governed the whole family of man? Is liberty our indefeasible right, our unconditional inheritance? Does God indeed give us not only more and richer blessings than He gives to other nations, but on terms so liberal that we cannot, if we would, divest ourselves of them? The rules and the laws of Providence are not capriciously relaxed. He gives upon conditions, and He withdraws his gifts so soon as we fail to fulfil those conditions. His gifts are adapted to our power to appreciate, and our ability to enjoy them. To knowledge he gives freedom, to ignorance chains.

It is unquestionably true that the United States of America have more knowledge than any nation, present or past. Education is more general, and the consequence is, that we have more liberty. But the question is does our knowledge keep pace with our liberties? This may well be doubted. Our laws are every day more and more relaxed, our children are more and more neglected, and the tide of ignorance and of vice is setting to our shores from the old world, with fuller and fuller volume. Already there is a change in the ideas of our people in regard to the nature of liberty and the duties of freemen. Instead of valuing liberty as the privilege of making ourselves happy, we interpret it as a duty to force others to be so. We would propagate our freedom as Mahomet did his religion, at the point of the sword. The rights of property, the sanctity of marriage, and the truth of our holy religion are not now as formerly, covertly attacked but openly assailed. Secret foes, counting on their increased numbers, have assumed the attitude of undisguised enemies. They may be in a minority now as they doubtless are, but is there not danger that this minority may grow into a majority?

Mankind have ever been governed by fraud or by force. Power is born of fraud, but it is at last, when fully grown, sustained by force. Among the earliest and most barbarous nations, rulers almost always laid claim to a supernatural commission, and even the kings of modern Europe, have intimated such an authority in their pretensions to rule, by an especially granted grace of God. As nations rise in the scale of intelligence, this

expedient cannot be resorted to with any hope of success. Other means are adopted; for where ignorance is to be won, cunning has always a full quiver of resources. In a popular government, "Lowliness is young ambition's ladder," and old ambition's ladder too, with which they climb to power. The deferential bow, the familiar grasp of the hand, the practised smile, the insidious slander, and the more insidious praise, win over to the suitor his ignorant dupes in detail, while in the gross he plies the voracious appetites of his victims with loud flattery and with fulsome praise,—such flattery as impudence alone can give, and only ignorance will receive. But, gentlemen, from the time of the expulsion of the Tarquins from Rome, down to the last Presidential election, these practisers on the public credulity have existed. They have been denounced, and their victims have been warned, but they yet live, and are increasing in numbers, and in dexterity. But it is idle to complain, for where power is in the hands of ignorance, and thrift can be won by fawning, men will always be found to fawn, flatter, win and betray.

Knowledge is a necessity in a country like ours. The theory of our government is equality—equality of power. To withhold knowledge is to withhold power. Men steeped in ignorance and pride may march boldly to the ballot-box, with the idea that they are free,—they may record their votes, with this motive fully impressed on their minds, but it is at last a flattering delusion. A freeman is governed by his own reason, and his own conscience, and the moment that he surrenders his reason and his conscience to the keeping of despot or demagogue, that moment he ceases to be free. Equality of power supposes, and imperiously requires, an equality of knowledge; and without this equality democracy is but a name to delude—republicanism but an empty sound. I do not mean to say that men, under any circumstances, could be made precisely equal in intelligence, in virtue, or in wealth; but of one thing I do feel sure, that with universal education, and an even start in the great race of life, there would be less difference, at the end of it, than the favorites of fortune would choose to believe. If they did not come out

equal, there would, at least, be a very near approach to equality.

We must not expect the full benefit of education at once. The boy who returns from school to the home of ignorant parents who have no sympathy with or appreciation of his newly acquired knowledge, finds them a clog and a discouragement to him. They keep down his new born aspirations and his rising hopes. They tie leaden weights to the wings with which he would soar. There is an aristocratic proverb, in England, as old as the monarchy, and which has just truth enough in it to make it useful as an illustration, that it requires three generations to make a gentleman. The maxim means, that vulgar sentiments, gross ideas, and coarse habits, are transmitted from parents to their children, and that the blood must filter through the veins of three generations before it can be freed from the taint of its impure source. We have, however, higher authority than that of kings and lords for saying that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generations. The sin of ignorance, with its numerous offspring of vices, is no exception to the rule. Let us not then be discouraged at finding at first but little fruit. Let us rejoice in the dawn as the certain forerunner of a glorious noon.

A few instances occur in the experience of most men of individuals rising to eminence by the force of their own minds; and some are ready to conclude that education cannot advance dulness; and that the want of it cannot repress genius. A man is, however, educated when he educates himself, and the knowledge which he acquires is derived from a contact with others, who, in their turn, owe all their intellectual strength to a careful education. Besides, the uneducated class is a hundred times more numerous than the educated, and, in a calculation of chances, there should be a hundred times more of the former than of the latter victorious in the battle of life. The reverse of this is, however, true. A vast majority of those who succeed in life have had the advantage of early training. The self-made man is always stared at with wonder, and in estimating him, an allowance is made for his want of opportunities, and this wonder, and this ready allowance are themselves the

strongest testimony to the great advantages of education. At best, however, the self-made man is always characterized by a want of completeness. His strength is without polish, his vigour is without grace, his logic is dogmatical, and his whole intellectual character is hard and unrelieved by that courtesy and amenity with which an early devotion to letters is sure to imbue the mind. I have never yet seen the man who had the genius to rise without education, who had not the candour to deplore the want of it. The best climber is the better for a ladder, and the greatest natural genius would unwisely refuse the proffered aids of cultivation.

By increasing the amount of education we increase so much the number of laborers in the great field of improvement. The number of men now engaged in systematic efforts for the advancement of human knowledge is small. The class which furnishes them is that of the highly educated; and we are indebted to the patient labour of this small number for the thousand useful improvements which are the pride and ornament of the present century. None have been the offspring of accident. Now if this handful of educated men have brought forth so many wonders to bless and elevate the world, what may we not expect from the beneficent influences of a general education. Science is now cloistered within the dark walls of sequestered colleges—it is confined to distant and isolated brotherhoods, separate and distinct from the great world which it is seeking, with scattered rays to illumine and to bless. But let its glorious light once fall with all its intensity and with all of its quickening power on the opening eyes of the people at large, and its worshippers will not then be a scattered few, but millions will contend for the immortal honour of bearing highest its torch.

Our liberty, gentlemen, is now viewed with suspicion and distrust as the parent of disorder and as the propagator of confusion. Even the good in the old world deny to it the rights of hospitality. They encircle their borders with a *cordon sanitaire*, and exclude it as a pestilence. Let it be our aim to banish this distrust. Let us show it to Europe and the world as the parent of knowledge.

virtue, of human improvement, of human civilization, and of human happiness. We shall then be a light to attract, and not a beacon to warn. Our country now allures the people of the old world with its bread. The hungry want food, and seek it here. But let us enlarge the circle of our attractions. Let us not content ourselves with feeding the hungry, or with giving to the oppressed an asylum of liberty; but let us give to virtue a refuge from vice; let the learned from abroad resort to our schools, and let the worshipper from a distance bow in our temples. We shall then be, indeed, a city set on a hill to give light to the nations—a city of refuge opening wide its gates to the fleers from oppression. This is the way that good men should seek to propagate liberty, which is as different from conquest and the sword as is the blessed sun of heaven from the torch of an incendiary.

An unequal distribution of the benefits of education causes social inequalities. The man who stands on the pedestal of conscious intellectual preëminence breathes in a higher atmosphere than the ignorant, though they have wealth, or birth, or station to uphold them. Ignorance too is jealous of the endowments of learning. It seeks to be represented by its own class. This fills our halls of legislation with unlettered pretenders, who have succeeded in persuading the people that learning is a disguised aristocracy which ought to find no favour in their eyes. Now, if our republic is to endure, these inequalities must be smoothed away. Let not one class speak a language that the other does not understand; but let all feel the influence of that power which is now raising a few above the heads of the many. An equality of knowledge will produce a tendency to equality in all things. Wealth will be more evenly distributed; for where millions, with equal advantages, are contending for the golden prizes a large share can hardly fall to the lot of one. This war too, between capital and labour, which at once disgraces and endangers the civilization of our age must, under the influence of general education, cease. It is a war waged by knowledge on ignorance, by the enlightened against the often unscrupulous few on the ignorant, bringing many. Educate these operatives

and this strife will cease; for they will either have the good sense to acquiesce in a fair share of the profits, or by uniting their small earnings they will have capital enough to work on their own account.

There is one view of this question in its bearing on the great cause of American liberty, which should not be overlooked by any who would give to it a thorough consideration. Our liberties are not yet consolidated. Our republic is not as old as its oldest citizen. It has not yet filled the measure of fore-score years, and years are but days in the lifetime of nations. We are in our infancy, and this infancy, so far, has had around its cradle everything to foster and to nourish it. There has been no check to its growth. It has had food in abundance for its nourishment and the amplest space for the expansion of its limits. It becomes wise men to look forward to the time when food may be scarce, when population shall be dense, when there shall be no wilderness to receive our overflowing numbers, and when there shall be a mighty reflux of the great wave now setting from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, rendered more appalling by the outpouring of Europe upon our shores. What provision have we made, or are we making against so probable and so startling a contingency? There is but one remedy, and that is a hopeful trust in the mercy of God, a mercy which will never be withheld when earnestly invoked by an educated, a virtuous, and a religious people.

To the Southern States, the slave-holding portion of our country, popular education at this moment ought to be peculiarly interesting. One of the effects of an increased intercourse among nations is to generate a world-wide public sentiment which is made to bear upon them with great if not irresistible force. Slavery is now under the ban of this formidable tribunal. Our history is studied, our policy is watched, and our statistics are scrutinized in order to bring upon our devoted heads the odium of the civilized world. An article of great gravity and research, in one of the transatlantic reviews of wide circulation in both Europe and America, has fallen under my observation, which charges on slavery that it is a propagator of a false religion—a corrupter of morals—a

despiser of law and order—a barrier to progress—a promoter of social inequality, and an enemy to knowledge. The most pregnant count in the whole indictment is the last. If slavery be indeed an enemy to knowledge, the other enumerated evils must stand confessed, for they bear to it the unvarying relation of consequent to antecedent, of effect to cause. Whether this charge of ignorance in the whole South be true or false, I will not undertake to decide; but of one thing there can be no doubt, and that is that we should not neglect the teachings of our enemies. Public sentiment rules the world, and in its estimate of a nation's strength, schools are more valued than arsenals, scholars than soldiers. Wherever it impinges it paralyzes. To our swords it is airy nothing, while to its attacks a helmet of steel offers no resistance. He is no friend to the South nor to its institutions who would counsel a disregard of this influence, which, though unseen, is so vitally felt. Before the tribunal of the public sentiment of the civilized world we must stand well if we would stand at all. Let our people be educated in virtue and knowledge, and whatever institution is sustained by such a people must stand the inquest of any tribunal under heaven.

But, gentlemen, I am addressing Virginians, and this subject addresses itself to Virginians with commanding force. It is a melancholy but yet an acknowledged fact, and one, that I refer to with no pleasure, that our State is not abreast with other states in population, in political power, in commercial, or industrial prosperity. We are lagging behind, dragging along our feeble limbs with slower and yet slower pace. This wasting disease which is drying up our energies and our resources has been ascribed to various causes. One discerns the secret source of our disorder in the want of internal improvements; another ascribes it to the blight of slavery, another to the devotion of our State to political abstractions, while yet another, with, I think, a juster judgment, ascribes the malady of our system to the ignorance of our people. I will not weary you with statistics, but I cannot refrain from presenting a few facts which I find prepared to my hand seven years ago, by the authors of a very patriotic and spirited address to the

people of Virginia, on the subject of popular education. Let us compare Virginia with Massachusetts in 1840, and ten years, it is to be feared, have not altered to our advantage the relative standing of the two states. The number of persons in Virginia in 1840, who could not read and write was 58,787, in Massachusetts 4,448. The ratio of those who could not read and write in Virginia, to her whole white population, was as one to twelve and a half, in Massachusetts as one to one hundred and sixty-four. In Massachusetts, with about the same white population, at that time, there were in her primary schools 160,257 scholars; while in the primary schools of Virginia there were 35,321. Virginia contrasts almost as strikingly with the other New England states, and nearly as much so with the states of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. There were in 1840 between the ages of five years and twenty years, the scholastic period of life, 294,110 white persons in Virginia, of whom 47,511 only were in attendance on all the schools, colleges and academies in the state—only one in six receiving the benefits of education.

These were facts in 1840, and the revelations of the last census have doubtless darkened this gloomy picture. We stand confessed as more ignorant than any state north of us, and not more enlightened than many states south of us. Shall we sit still under a reproach like this? Can we, if we would remain quiet and look listlessly on this rising tide of ignorance which is threatening to engulf us? In looking around I find, I confess, but little to animate or to cheer. All gloom above and around, and not a solitary star twinkles in our dark firmament. Many of us looked with interest and with hope at the last convention. That body with characteristic sagacity—a sagacity altogether Virginian, and almost Hibernian, increased the power of the people, but at the same time withheld all the light necessary to render that power available or useful. The creature followed in the footsteps of its creator, and our legislators are so well satisfied with the wisdom displayed by their constituents, the selection of their representatives, that they look on the office of the school-master as a sinecure, as expensive as it is useful.

is a growing apathy too among our people generally. The citizens of a neighboring county, who had by a decided vote made themselves willing to submit to sacrifices of money for the cause of education we, I hear with deep regret, retraced their steps. What reason they can have for it escapes my power of conjecture. They must have anticipated marvels from education, if they supposed that a generation could be educated in five years; and they were easily appalled by difficulties, if they could not struggle with them for so short a period. It is yet to be hoped that they have only made a truce, a short truce, with ignorance; that they have not signed articles of capitulation, but that they will once more buckle on their armour and show to their neighbours how much can be effected by the combined power of zeal, intelligence and liberality.

The State of Virginia should not leave the great cause of education to the uncertainty and vacillating guardianship of county jurisdiction like a dog or fence law, too trifling for general legislation. The united wisdom of the state should devise some general and catholic plan, and the united power of the state should carry this plan into operation. When left to the counties those who do not need education would be the least apt to embrace it. The influence of the intelligent portions of the state should, by general legislation, be made to bear on the less enlightened parts, and to adopt any other plan equivalent to doing nothing. That the subject is environed by many and great difficulties in our state, it would be unwise not to acknowledge. But none of them are insuperable. The most appalling of these whose hearts are really with the cause is our sparse white population. But in Virginia the oldest of the states, with rich soil and a fine climate sparsely inhabited? There is but one answer. It is because it is a slave-holding state. If then slavery is an impassable barrier to general education, the charge brought against us by our enemies is true in its whole length and breadth. It need not be so. If we have fewer resources to pay for education than Massachusetts, we have the labour of the slave to aid which Massachusetts has not. But having fewer children to educate would seem to

be a good reason why we should leave the fewer uneducated and certainly a bad reason for educating none. The true reason is not the sparseness of our population, but the apathy of our population and its want of a just appreciation of the vital importance of education. All our sympathies are with the physical wants of man, and we feel none with his moral and intellectual wants.

Some opposers of state education think that the system is a species of agrarianism, and that every man should educate his own children. But ours is not the state, nor is the present the time in which this objection can, with any propriety, be urged. We have just made suffrage universal and have given to the poor unlimited power over our purses and our persons, and the question, the only question is, shall we qualify them for the proper use of this tremendous power? Shall we have a mild, a merciful, an intelligent and a just rule, or shall we endure the mischievous sway of a vicious, unthinking and ignorant tyranny? We can make no sacrifice unwisely short of everything, to avoid such a calamity; and the man who refuses to the waves a part of the cargo of his overloaded vessel in order to save the rest and his life, is wise compared to him who would not give a pittance from his purse to insure his person and his property from the mistakes of the ignorant and the cupidity of the vicious. I grant that the power of taxation is a mighty power. It is a great political lever for evil or for good. With it the despot crushes his subject and elevates his minion; and by its aid, agrarianism, in the name of public liberty, treads with relentless heel on the rights of private property. I invoke its power tonight, gentlemen, for a different and a holier purpose. I invoke it to lift up ignorance from the mire of its own vices. I invoke it for the protection of person and of property. I invoke it in the name of humanity, in the name of religion, and in the name of God. When the poor cry to us for bread we willingly tax ourselves for their relief; but to their touching appeals to us for the gift of knowledge, we turn a deaf ear. Yet knowledge is better than bread. The one gratifies the animal, the other ministers to the immortal; the one preserves the body for a day, the other goes with us into eternity.

We tax ourselves to build asylums for the deaf, and the dumb, and the blind, but we have as yet no asylums where the young among us can be cured of hereditary ignorance and hereditary vice—no fountain of living waters where the orphan poor can drink without money and without price.

To the labouring man and the mechanic popular education is of vital importance. The tendency of education to multiply the products of labour and to increase the sum of national wealth is a familiar, economical aspect of it which, however important, does not come within the scope of a yet higher view to which I must necessarily limit your attention. While the civilization of the world, at every step of its progress, has been indebted to the mechanic, he has been the last to feel the benignant influences and blessings which it scatters in its march. The chief labourer has had the smallest wages. His intellect has been in abeyance, and his hands, with just mind enough to direct them, have been as much under the control of a more cultivated intelligence as the hammer and the saw with which they laboured. His mind was narrowed down to a single part of a single trade. Under the modern system of a division of labour, so marvellously fertile in the multiplication of products, he is compelled often to make it the whole business of life, without variety and without cessation, to labour on the point of a pin. While he is struggling to acquire the microscopic vision of an insect, he loses the comprehensive view of a man. In looking at a part he has no eye to the whole. The relations of things are not comprehended by him. To his perception there is nothing harmonious in the relations of trade to trade, of profession to profession, of world to world, of time to eternity, or of man to God. The purpose of education is to change all this. It will enlarge, and liberalize, and ennoble his mind, and open up to him new views of the world and himself. While his body is confined to his workshop his mind will be set free. He will hold communion with the past, and look forward to the future. He will sympathize with other employments than his own, other trades, and other professions. He will realize the truth of the Roman apologue, which taught that the different members of the hu-

man body are not more dependent on each other than are the different members of human society. He will so dignify his labour, so increase his moral power and his influence, that he will teach the world a lesson which the world has been too slow to learn, that all employments are not only equally dependent but equal in real respectability and honour. His labours will not only be ennobled but sweetened by the intellect which he will throw into them. While he is giving a body and wings to the proud ship which is to bear to his shores the rich products of other climes, he will follow in imagination the work of his hands in her mysterious voyage across the trackless ocean. While he forms and polishes the crystal which is to bring to the eye of the astronomer new worlds, he will dwell with delight on the wonders which he is aiding to reveal. After placing the last stone on the proud monument which is to commemorate the virtues and the patriotism of Washington, he will stand up on that lofty eminence, and in the sight of God and man, give utterance to the conscious feeling, that the father of his country, in bequeathing the blessings of liberty to the mechanic, had bestowed them on one not unworthy of the precious inheritance.

To the christian the subject of popular education makes an appeal which he cannot resist with a conscience unlacerated. A great man, one of the lights of the world, now unhappily extinguished by death, the renowned Sir Walter Scott, one day during the latter part of his life, when surrounded by his family, in the retirement of his home, requested his son-in-law to read to him. Manifesting his willingness to comply, he inquired what book he should read. "Can you ask?" says Sir Walter. "There is but *one* book," and he pointed with significance to the Bible. This book, this one book, is now a sealed book to 58,000 of our fellow citizens! Missionaries are sent abroad on errands of mercy to distant continents, and to isles of the sea, the most remote and the most barbarous, for the purpose of proclaiming the doctrines of christianity; and yet the key to its mysteries and its hopes is with a marvellous inconsistency of benevolence refused to our own people. The church

has in all ages been the steward of learning, and is its great patron by prescription. During the dark ages, in the midst of general gloom and universal barbarism, it kept the lamp of science burning steadily on its altars. Its pupils of another age were the children of emperors, and kings, and princes. Let it now, with a wider benevolence, take under its ample wing the children of the people. Let the voice of religion, which I thank God is yet potential in this land, be heard in favour of general education. Let christians of every sect throw aside their rivalries, their contentions, and their party strifes which disgrace them in the eyes of the world, and stand together in brotherly love on the wide platform of charity, and lend their united councils and their united strength to that cause on which hang the best hopes of philanthropy and religion.

It is needless to say that any plan of education which does not include the female part of our population, would fall far short of a complete or a useful system. The measure of a country's enlightenment is the estimate which it places on woman. Wherever there is a taste for refinement, wherever there is an appreciation of what is beautiful or good in human nature, wherever there is a susceptibility to the impressions of kindly affections, woman stands out in charming relief as their living impersonation. A soil so rich in natural graces and where there spring up spontaneously so many flowers to ornament and to cheer the barren landscape of life is surely worthy of the most careful cultivation. Education extends the empire of the affections, and enlarges the domain of thought and of feeling; and is so far the strong defence of woman. It breaks the rugged sceptre of brute force and snatches from the grasp of her tyrant that iron rod which was first forged by a savage, to be wielded by the hands of a monster. The great work of civilizing, of refining, and of purifying mankind, cannot be carried on without the aid of the gentler sex. By giving to the mind of woman an equal cultivation with that of man, we add to her influence, and all her influences are good. The rashness of man would be tempered by her caution—his ruggedness by her graces—his impetuosity by her gentleness, and his vices even would yield to

the soft persuasives of her tenderness. To deny to her then an equal participation in the benefits of a general education, is to exclude one half, and that too the better half of the human family.

What I have said to-night, gentlemen, does not embrace many views of this great question which would, perhaps, impress the minds of some more strongly than the course of remark which I have adopted. To treat this subject in its moral and political bearings has been my aim. Its influence on the physical condition of the people, and on the wealth and general prosperity of the state, offers a wide and an inviting field. Nor has it fallen within the scope of my intentions to present to you the details of any plan of education. I leave this to the legislator, feeling assured that if the apathy of the people can be overcome, all the rest will be comparatively easy. Give me leave to indulge the hope and to express it too, that your enlightened body, whose very organization is witness to the zeal of its members in the cause of improvement, will take this whole subject under its charge. It is worthy of your thoughts, worthy of your care. It is a catholic subject which challenges the exclusive regard of no party, no sect, no section. It is as wide as the world and as comprehensive as charity. The destiny of ages, I verily believe, is in the keeping of the American people. On them it depends whether the world shall continue the same endless and melancholy rounds of freedom, anarchy, despotism and civilization, corruption, barbarism; or whether it shall catch a new impulse, sending it in a straight line upwards, higher and higher.

I confess, gentlemen, and perhaps there may be weakness in the thought, I confess that I do look to a brighter period in the future history of our planet than has ever yet dawned upon it. I do believe that God has in store greater blessings than have ever yet been vouchsafed to our fallen race. The reign of vice and ignorance cannot be perpetual. The image of a brighter epoch is shadowed forth in the Bible, distinct enough for encouragement and hope, if not for conviction. We read it in the growing goodwill among nations—in an enlarging philanthropy—in an increasing knowledge—and in

the widening and deepening influences of religion. All these indicate a probable end to the darkness which has so long hung as a pall over the face of the earth. The event rests with God, the time of its coming is allowed to depend on man. The love of liberty is a principle implanted in man by his creator, and He never yet planted a desire which He does not, under some circumstances, permit to be gratified. Now this natural longing is six thousand years old, and has never yet been indulged. We are nearer to it than any other people, but yet far, very far, from it. The only desires that can be indulged with freedom, are those which conduce to our happiness; and until all are thus regulated and restrained we must have many that cannot be gratified. Perfect freedom then requires a pure heart and an enlightened understanding. As we approach this point we approach the point of perfect freedom. Liberty does not dwell in a ballot-box. The erection of a ballot-box is a mere claim on the part of the majority, that it has more wisdom and virtue than the minority, or than any individual or individuals in that minority. Time alone will determine whether this is an empty boast or a just self-appreciation. Heretofore the verdict of time has been prompt and unhesitating, and against the majority. In our case seventy years are in favour of its claim; but seventy years is too short a time to outweigh the concurrent testimony of ages. We are making an experiment which, doubtful as it may be, yet has suspended in its issue not only our own liberties but, for a time at least, the liberties of the world. If we fall liberty falls with us, and despotism, without a counterpoise, is everywhere triumphant. Let us run with such diligence, such steadiness, and such caution, that we will neither slumber nor fall; and that we may so run let us throw aside every weight, above all the leaden weight of ignorance.

Physicians tell us that the different parts of the body sympathize with each other. There is this sympathy especially between the head and the heart. You cannot make men wiser without, at the same time, making them better. Individuals, as exceptional cases, may be found having intelligence without virtue, but history gives no account of a com-

munity of this kind. A wise people are a virtuous people, and a virtuous people are a free people all the world over. It is an ordinance of nature—a decree of God. Let man bow in submissive silence before it.



SLEEPLESS MEMORIES.

I sleep, but Memory sleeps not,—and she comes,
 Busy about my slumbers, conjuring up
 Forms that are buried! To my eye she rears
 Sweet images that haunt me with a gaze
 Of youth, and love, and beauty, which, no more,
 Survive in youth or beauty! To mine ear,
 She brings sweet echoes of a deathless strain,
 Heard from dear lips, I now no longer hear;
 That summons me away; yet will not lead.
 When, starting from the slight embrace of sleep,
 My limbs would follow! With a wizard hand,
 She dresses up her own form in the form
 Of things departed; and she takes a tone
 Of well-remembered sweetness in her speech,
 And whispers by my side, 'till I forget
 That death has been so busy in my home,
 To make me homeless; and my lips reply
 Faintly, but with such fondness as if speech,
 Failing of accents from the unready tongue,
 Had borrowed utterance from the tearful eyes
 And bleeding heart; and, gushing into moans—
 Unsyllabled,—intelligible still—
 Asked for no fitter voice! By day, by night,
 Superior in her immortality,
 To dull demand of respite and repose,
 This sleepless Memory, glimmering by my side,
 With still a trick of action that recalls
 The image of some loved one that hath gone,—
 Makes me accursed,—embitters the long hours;
 And with the glory which once made the past,
 Darkens the present! Yet, as still she brings,
 And comes with aspects of divinest things,
 I cannot curse! I would not have her gone;
 Though, in the loneliness of desert days,
 And sleepless nights, and bitter sighs and thoughts;
 The speech of tears, the hopelessness of toils
 That have no fruits, and yield the mind no food!
 Methinks, if sensible to care and pain,
 And not denied to mortal sympathy,
 The haunting spectre which thus ministers
 To vexing moods, to weariness and wo,
 Must share the pain it wakes; is, watching, doomed
 To a worse sorrow than it ever brings;
 No respite given,—sad sentinel of love!—
 'Till the twin-soul, immortal like itself,
 Partakes its bodiless portion! Then, if freed,
 They range together,—dust and earth shaken off,—
 Among the myriad stars, that are high souls,
 Looking, like eyes to earth's inhabitants,—
 Then memory grows to being—pure and one,—
 'The thing they were at first—immortal, whole;—
 No longer fearing death,—and thus secure
 From all the toils of Memory's watch below!

MUSCARS.

WOMAN'S TRUE MISSION,

OR "THE NOBLE LADIES OF ENGLAND."

Honored be woman, when with unshrinking eye she looks out upon the broad world before her, and clearly discerning her own peculiar path, walks therein with a duty-doing spirit and a humble heart. Honored be woman in all the beautiful phases of mother, wife, daughter and sister. When true to the instinct of her own kind nature she seeks out sorrow to mitigate it; administering to the sick; bestowing the precious balm of sympathy on the sorrowing; and relieving pain and misery wherever it is to be found. Thrice honored is she, when sacredly fulfilling Charity's behests, she listens also to the more earnest invocations of Home. Happy is woman if she cannot only thus clearly define her duty, but also faithfully perform it.

But alas for these days of Bloomerism and Woman's Rights, when every thing has a progressive movement, and woman determined not to be outdone, puts on her seven league boots, and takes long strides to keep up with the glorious march of masculine mind. There was a time when Nature drew the circle in which woman was to walk, and Education taught her how to keep within its bounds. But the march of improvement has trampled out the lines, and woman wanders where she will,

"The world is all before her where to choose."

Is it a marvel then that she sometimes strays into man's domains, as in the recent case of "the noble ladies of England;" who donning bonnet and shawl, turned remorselessly the key upon their lords, leaving them to sing in fatherly tones soft "cradle songs," whilst they sent loud wailings over the broad Atlantic. Gathered together in solemn convocation, they framed a pathetic petition, an earnest appeal to their American sisters, who were living in perfect ignorance of the evils which they were so meltingly called on to redress. Fired with indignant fervour, each fair philanthropist seized the goose quill, and to the moving address inscribed her cognomen. The effort over, and they sat down to

gaze upon a collection of names, the owners of which had never before come together, and, perhaps, would not then, save for the levelling principle, that would equalize and intermix black and white indiscriminately, on the great chequer-board of life. Here then, in lengthened columns, stand their names; very much as did those in Hood's "black job," where certain

"Friends to black and foes to white"

were linked together in charitable union, for the purpose of lightening the condition of their sable brothers; or, in other words, to make black white. To this laudable object,—this great bleaching scheme—these praiseworthy individuals made such rich donations as the case required,

"Elisha Brettle,
An iron kettle.
The Dowager Lady Scannel,
A piece of flannel.
Rebecca Pope,
A bar of soap.
The Misses Howells,
Half a dozen towels.
The Master Rushes,
Two scrubbing brushes.
Mr. T. Groom,
A stable broom
And Mrs. Grubb
A tub."

But alas! like too many schemes of English philanthropy no good came of it, for we are told that

"Somehow in the teeth of all endeavor,
According to reports
At yearly courts,
The blacks, plague on them, were as black as ever."

Why did not "the noble ladies of England" take warning from this great failure, and suffer themselves to be deterred in their schemes of like benevolence? Strange wandering from woman's sphere! Where were the "golden tressed Adelaides," whose ringlets bathed in sunshine the fair brows over which they fell? Alas! all the "golden tressed Adelaides," who dwelt in England's free soil, could not win their mammas from sorrowfully contemplating the less luxuriant ringlets of their sable sisters. But still stranger—they could not hear that low, wailing cry of children, that went up from their very midst. Young, weak children, whose plain-

tive moan of "weary, weary," is heard high above the noisy factory wheels.

"The young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly,
They are weeping in the play-time of the others,
In the country of the free."

Yes, while wild as the mountain air, the sable children of southern shores frolic away the day beneath southern suns; the free, white children on England's ground, are toiling in the dark prison houses of work and misery; shut out from light, from joy, from hope forever more. Philanthropic England, show me on American soil an evil like unto this. Oh! turn your ill-directed sympathies in their proper channel; for hear your own Elizabeth Browning, who so eloquently pleads the cause of your poor, oppressed children.

"How long, how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand to move the world on a child's heart,—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitant,
And tread onward to your throue amid the mart
Our blood splashes upwards, O our tyrants,
And your purple shows your path,
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath."

But what moved "the noble ladies of England" to resolutely close their eyes on home-suffering and open them fearfully wide on imaginary evils abroad? Because they had "supped full of horrors" on a book that contained as many awful disclosures as the nerve-shaking, shudder-creating, *Mysteries of Udolpho*. They had feasted on the pages of a book, sent forth into the world by a woman, who dipping her pen in the black ink of falsehood, darkened the pages with the stain of wilful deception. Once admitted into their aristocratic homes, "Uncle Tom" became "a pearl in beauteous ladies' eyes," and taking his hardened palm between their soft jewelled fingers, they gave him a sister's welcome and a sister's love. They invited him into their luxurious boudoirs; and bid him again and again tell the story of his woes; and "the noble ladies" wrung their hands, and wept, mourned so loudly that they could not hear the thousand harrowing cries that replied to each other, from over-worked, down-trodden humanity without. Thus delicately housed, "Uncle Thomas" became an oracle; pitied, applauded and quoted, his fair friends remained in blissful ignorance that

they were cherishing an arch impostor whose assertions were as ridiculous as they were false and revolting.

Can we not fancy "the noble ladies of England" with the pages of "Uncle Tom" opened wide before them. The dew drops of sorrow course down their aristocratic cheeks,

"Those pale and pearly cheeks,"

as they follow "Eliza," the bright-eyed one, in her wild flight. Pursued by her remorseless persecutors, she flies to the river; "with one wild cry and flying leap, she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap"—assuredly so, we should pronounce it a most alarming leap, and one that no woman in her senses could possibly have taken, except, perhaps, the agile Harriet Beecher Stowe herself, who understands the art of skipping about on dangerous places. Once lodged on a floating cake of ice, what did Eliza do? sink? oh no, the wonderful woman was destined for a more glorious fate, even a Liberian home. "With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake, stumbling—leaping—slipping—springing upwards again." Poor Eliza, she is indeed made to

"Play fantastic tricks before high heaven,"

and we doubt not that "the angels wept," when they saw her dance shoeless, stockingless, on that floating floor of ice. But how ended the wonderful performance of the bright-eyed one? Oh lovely humanity, as exhibited in the person of Harriet Beecher Stowe; she lands Eliza safely, and be it told to the everlasting honor of "Mr. Symmes," he is waiting on the bank like a gallant knight-errant to assist the poor persecuted heroine; which he accordingly did, and Eliza has the pleasure of hearing herself saluted, as "a brave gal, a gal of grit, a sensible gal." What a gallant man truly, exclaim the fair readers as they raise their eyes to heaven and thank the powers above and Mr. Symmes, for thus timely aiding the unfortunate.

We can see "the noble ladies" brushing away their tears as they contemplate the beautiful picture of equality and brotherly love, as it appears at the table of Simeon Halliday. The benign Rachel dispensing the

grant Mocha to Simeon the first and Simeon the second, that infant Hercules, who would strangle the vile snake of slavery and despotism with his young hands. We actually shrink back from the unchristian, unmakerlike spirit exhibited by that small red boy, in a drab colored suit, when he pronounces with warlike air, "I hate the slave-holders." But the most beautiful feature in that picture of brotherly love is Eliza, with her "large dark eyes;" and George, who sat for the first time at the white man's table on terms of perfect equality." What other's heart can, unmoved, gaze upon the lovely "little Harry," in his "high chair," at chair of aristocratic height, where Harriet Beecher Stowe has placed him. Truly, after this picture, we are constrained to admit, that if all men are not born equal, some surely are; and that "my daughter" glows with as natural a grace from the lips of Rachel Halliday in addressing Eliza, as it did when speaking to her own daughter Mary. But it would be useless to follow the noble ladies through all their delights and their sorrows; neither would it be worth while to dwell upon the scenes of that absurd book, whose pages of moving pathos are to those better informed, pages of wondrous pathos. We have not the inclination to dwell as "the noble ladies" did, on the christian example of Uncle Tom, that most ideal of ideals, whose counterpart we defy H. Beecher Stowe, or any of the like investigators of truth, to find in a southern land,—Uncle Tom, that national lag, upon whose head was set stars of glory, and whose back displayed the stripes of his country. Neither have we inclination to dwell upon the Cassys and Emilines; the sweet Chloes and the George Shelbys; the Evans and the Topsy, that are mingled together in such variegated confusion, in the pages of that Radcliffian romance. We cannot, as did "the noble ladies," stop to admire that strong-minded woman, that practical Vermonter who, accepting as a gift, the wicked Topsy, brings her up from the slough of ignorance, a muddy, unprepossessing individual, that, by the most vigorous efforts of the strong-minded, and strong-handed Vermonter, is at last brought to the state of a highly intellectual lady of colour; deeply pious and astonishingly zealous: a lady,

whose intellectual efforts are finding free scope on Liberian soil; where she presides over the blue black ladies of the literary circles of those parts; and where she is now known as Mrs. Montague, queen of the "Gens de Lettres."

In pursuing this book, that by its ignis fatuus fires melted the soft hearts of the English ladies, we can but quote "Sam's words, 'Faculties is different in different peoples, but the cultivation of 'em goes a great way,' for we arise from the perusal with the impression that Harriet Beecher Stowe has cultivated her faculty of the marvellous to truly an alarming extent. Deaf to the cries of honest Truth, who calls to her loudly from the depths of her well, the authoress of Uncle Tom stalks on, a perfect female Hercules, bent upon tearing to pieces that Nemean lion—slavery.

To those who read with a knowledge of things as they are, it appears incredible that the authoress of this Ethiopian fable could have found any one to credit her monstrous absurdities. However, there have been Brahmans and Vishnus; Freas and Odins; Osiris and Isis, all of whom found believers. Man's imagination is too often like the Roc of the Arabian Nights, that astonishing bird that could fly away with an elephant.

How true it is, that "he who knows nothing, doubts of nothing;" and when the most pernicious book that ever disgraced female authorship, found its way into English homes, English women read, and English ignorance believed. Fortunate is it for America, that she has succeeded so much better than the mother country in not only enlightening her daughters regarding her institutions, but in teaching them so successfully woman's mission; and the enlightened women of America can turn a pitying eye upon the misdirected sympathies of their English sisters. What though there is an American woman who, "unsexed," has placed herself at the helm of that piratical ship, from whose mast floats the black flag of anarchy, thanks be to the wisdom-imbued mothers of America, that reprobate woman stands almost alone. And thus may she ever stand in the disgraced garments with which her falsehood has clothed her. And though she may be a fitting recipient for the caresses of English

women, the daughters of America feel that she has been carried far beyond the gates of their city; far from their sympathies and their respect. Let her gloat over the golden heap conjured into being by the wand of her falsehood; let her twine her brow with the tarnished laurels, placed there by fanaticism and ignorance; but in the midst of her triumphs let her remember that forever more she is an American woman whose name the pure-minded women of her own country hold in pitying contempt.

Let the noble ladies of England, prompted by her misrepresentations, petition and address; but at the same time let them take a lesson from our happy, sable charges; who, in cheerful obedience to higher powers, and a faithful discharge of the duties that Heaven has assigned them, set a bright example to the noble ladies of England, which their American sisters pray they may speedily emulate: and thus prove to the world that they at last understand the true object of Woman's Mission.

E.

Charleston.

THE MOTHER'S VISION.

THE BIRTH-DAY IN HEAVEN OF MARY ANN.
HER SECOND YEAR AMONG THE ANGELS.

A WAKING DREAM.

'Twas night—and in her chamber still and lone
A sad and stricken mother musing sat.
The busy sounds of cheerful day had ceased;
The weary form was gently laid to rest;
The ringing voice of merry childhood hushed;
And wrapped in all the sweet unconsciousness
Of balmy sleep, that household silent lay.
But sleep that sealed all other eyes, came not
To kiss away that mother's gushing tears,
And wrap her heart in mute forgetfulness.
Her wakeful thoughts were busy with the things
That thronged in dark and troubling visions up,
From that deep, wizard cell, where Memory
Keeps treasured up, the unforgetten Past.
Again, she mingled in its chequered scenes;
Again, its smiles, and tears, and joys, and woes,
Were all before her; living in her heart;
And pictured vivid to her gazing eye.

A group appeared beneath a waving tree,
In gladness sporting on the velvet sward;
A group of merry, joyous ones, whose hearts

Were brimming up with childhood's happy thoughts;
Whose ringing laugh came, like the tinkling fall
Of babbling brooklets leaping to the sea;
And on whose gambols manhood might have gazed
To learn the types that earth can give of heaven.
Within that joyous group a form was seen,
Of fairy grace and childish loveliness—
A form whose well-known image sent a thrill
Of sudden feeling through that mother's heart,
As thus it rose upon her musing eye
From out that dark and melancholy past.
—The vision faded from her straining gaze
As tears of grief unbidden dimmed her eye,
And pictured scrolls of darker memories
Came slow and sad, to pall these brighter scenes,
With hues whose shades were borrowed from the gloom
Of voiceless mystery, that curtains DEATH.

Within a darkened chamber still and sad,
A weeping group was seen. Each anxious face
Was bent in speechless woe above a couch
Where lay in pale and panting feebleness
That form of girlish grace and fairy mould,
So lately bounding like a young gazelle
In childhood's gay and bright-eyed loveliness.
But on that pale and marbled brow was set,
The signet-mark of Death; and o'er those eyes
That glowed so oft with high and loving thoughts
There crept a glassy film that dimmed their light;
And on that sweet and gentle face there fell
The pale and ghastly shadow of the grave,
And then as forms unseen bent beckoning
To call a sister spirit to her home,
And scenes of more than Eden beauty dawned,
Which stretched in rosy brightness far away
O'er hills and plains of light; the pallid lips
Just murmured forth, "*Make haste, and let me*
And soon another cherub form was seen
To join that flashing throng; another harp
To wake its song of Moses and the Lamb,
While nought was left behind but stricken heart
And clay-cold dust, on which there lingered still
The gentle spirit's sweet and parting smile.

The mother's heart was full, and gushing tears
Came hot and blinding up to dim the gaze
That rested eager on these visions sad.
And choking sobs that told of smothered grief
Long pent up struggling in the aching heart,
Now burst forth quick and irrepressible,
To tell how deep the twining fibres reach,
Whose roots are wrapped around a mother's heart.
She bowed her head and wept, as thus the past
Came sadly up in memory to tell
The mournful story of the loved and lost
Who come not from the dark and silent land
Whose bourne confines the unreturning dead.
But lo! above that mother's drooping form,
There stands another group, whose eyes of light
And robes of light are radiant with the hues
That drape the rainbow-circled throne of God—
Within that group an angel mother stands,
Who fondly folds upon her loving heart
A sister's angel babes, and calls them here,
In glad exchange for loved ones left behind
Whose lone and weary path that sister's love
Has often made to smile with peace and hope,

And then from out that twining cherub choir
 There comes in low, sweet melody, a strain
 That falls upon the ravished ear, like chimes
 Of silver cymbals sounding soft and far,
 O'er moonlit seas, whose gently heaving waves
 Come softly kissing smooth and spicy strands
 In liquid cadences of harmony.
 And thus with lute-like strains that floated soft
 Upon the midnight air, commingled with
 The sky-born melody of golden harps,
 There sweetly came, *the Cherub Children's Song*:

Mother! dear Mother!
 Dry up thy tears,
 Forget thy sorrows,
 Dismiss thy fears;
 For we are all happy
 With God above,
 Enfolded and gladdened
 In endless love.

Mother! dear Mother!
 Lift up thy heart,
 'Tis only a season
 We're called to part;
 A little more sadness
 And toil and pain,
 And Mother! thou never
 Shalt weep again.

Mother! dear Mother!
 Lift up thine eyes,
 Look to the mansions
 Above the skies.
 Thy home is but growing
 More bright and fair,
 And we are but waiting
 To greet thee there.

Mother! dear Mother!
 We're angels now,
 Enrobed is each form,
 And crowned each brow—
 Our spirits are fashioned
 Of heavenly mould,
 Our songs ever ringing
 From harps of gold.

Mother! dear Mother!
 Oh! hasten home!
 Where sorrow and sin
 And death ne'er come,
 How much we love thee
 We may not tell,
 Then Mother! sweet Mother!
 Farewell! Farewell!

The song was hushed, the vision gone,
 The mother's heart was still,
 Her spirit bowed in sweet consent
 Beneath her father's will,
 And thus spake softly forth a heart
 Whose peace was then begun,
 "Not my poor, erring, wayward will,
 But thine, O God! be done."

T. V. M.

Richmond, Va.

Scenes Beyond the Western Border.

WRITTEN ON THE PRAIRIE.

BY A CAPTAIN OF U. S. DRAGOONS.

July 16th.—Yesterday, marching early, we soon left the beautiful Laramie river, and turned more to the south. We next struck the dry bed of the "Chuckwater,"—a small tributary which is graced by small trees: fourteen miles over lowland prairie, brought us to a higher point of it, where there was a little water; after a rest we turned—with the stream—eastward, and encamped ten miles above;—but there was little grass.

We have with us the Arapaho squaw and the two children; who had awaited our return at the Laramie camp: they are quite recovered;—hearty and contented; the children, who are unusually comely and intelligent, have become prime favorites with the soldiers.

To-day, we still ascended the Chugwater; the immense table lands,—or steppes of the piedmont abut on its narrow valley; the vertical section exhibiting a sand stone conglomerate resting on clay. After marching about seven miles we saw Chian lodges before us on a level meadow of the stream. While the horses grazed, the officers walked over:—it was a neat looking, merry little encampment; all seemed lively and happy; and their hunters were then approaching with horse loads of meat. We were struck with their numerous wolf dogs, which were very large, and looked formidable; but they are not so; but rather the faithful drudges which civilized man finds in granivorous animals.

Their masters, and mistresses too, though living like gladiators chiefly upon flesh, seemed remarkably mild and amiable, as well as good looking. We found a bevy of red ladies sitting around a white well-dressed buffalo robe, extended on a frame; they had shells of different dies with which they were ornamenting it, in many quaint or regular figures: either from native modesty, or possessing the boasted easy self-possession of civilized refinement, they did not interrupt their embroidery at our approach, or exhibit any of that curiosity or excitement which

we might flatter ourselves our sudden and warlike visit had inspired.

We were introduced into the lodge of the interpreter, a young white man; it was neat, and lately pitched on fresh grass; but I must describe a Chian lodge:—a dozen or more slim, white pine or cedar poles above twenty feet long are set up, crossed and secured near their upper extremities; fitted around and pinned to the ground, is a weather proof envelope constructed of above twenty buffalo cow robes, dressed without the hair. More than twenty of us sat comfortably within this lofty pavilion; its mistress—who appeared to have no rival—was a remarkably pleasant comely woman, and well-dressed, as were many others.

How enviable is the Chian! Such is his simple, clean, comfortable house; so cheap, so moveable! When his summer carpet—of green velvet—wears out, how easy to move to another; to select some still pleasanter spring or valley, and enjoy the change of scene and air; free of the curses and the cares entailed by civilization.

After refreshments, we found that a large semi-circle of robes had been disposed on the green without, and shaded by awnings of skins, stretched on tri-pod frames.

We met in Council: the Colonel addressed them much to the same effect as he had the Sioux, and then distributed liberal presents: this largess was garrulously acknowledged by the patriarch of the band, who, with the shadow of the authority which had descended to a son, endeavored to impress the Colonel's advice.

What heart could be so artificially moulded as not to be deeply interested in this happy, secluded community! They were a family! a patriarchal family numbering two hundred; all descended—save those joined to them by marriage—from this old chief, for whom Nature, in her pleasant mountain vallies and forests, had gently tempered ninety-seven winters: they were truly children of Nature; and her bounteous and beautiful gifts—even in this sterner clime—her balmy breezes, her crystal streams, her gorgeous morning and evening skies, her gently succeeding seasons, her voices of praise, or of warning thunders, and mountain storms, had sunk into their

hearts as the only and all-sufficient revelations of a beneficent Great Spirit.

This son—the quiet moving spirit—was a remarkably handsome, mild, gentlemanly man; the interpreter said he was “one of the best Indians in the world;” children were very numerous; like the Arabs, they indulge in a plurality of wives. They wear their hair long, and are partial to our caps of fur: happy for them if they remain far distant from whites and follow no less innocent fashions than that of a head dress!

But whilst engaged in the formalities of the council and distribution of presents, we were startled by shouts and laughter so vociferous and continued as to excite great curiosity, and induce some of us to retire to satisfy it: a merry and comical confusion reigned without; very infectious but difficult to understand: it seems that while the young squaws were so gently engaged at their painting, a certain bachelor captain, whose countenance at home is considered quite mild and engaging, but whose wont is now to give of it but an uncertain view through a vast bunch of reddish hair, had the curiosity to take a closer view—he is near sighted—of the coloured design;—possibly he was artlessly examining a natural model;—a matter of highly civilized precedent and practicability:—be this as it may, the *belle sauvage* of intent and downcast eyes, suddenly raising them, was startled by this hairy apparition hanging over her shoulder; so much so as to indulge in a shrill succession of those shrieks so successfully practised by unfortunate heroines of the boards; and natural (of course) to very young or pretty ladies: attributing it to his uncouth looks, or, according to his experience, some unimaginable offence given, the captain's confusion was natural and complete; and so too was the astonishment of many, when this lady-like screaming was repeated by one and another,—all the young girls toward whom the hapless and blushing captain directed his appealing regards. They ran, shouted, hid, laughed; his own puzzle and innocent laughter was the most ridiculous; for an explanation soon began to be whispered about, which did not much abate the merriment. The captain wore spectacles; and we learned that these girls, lamentably ignorant of optics—of science gen-

rally—were full believers in a little theory of their own upon the subject of the mysterious glasses; and it was no less than that they enabled the fortunate spectator to penetrate opaque bodies; and consequently—although unusually well and completely dressed—they supposed that, to his eyes, their modest garments were of no protection!

Two hours and a half had flown by when the shrill trumpets called us away. We mounted and turned our backs to our new friends and their pleasant valley perhaps forever.

We were soon on the high steppe again; but clouds and smoke obscured our view; the prairie was on fire in our front; in three hours we came to a small stream; there was no grass. Now grass, if green, is a very pleasing thing to most people; but many simple souls might consider us hard to please if we complain of its want; but if "all flesh is grass," so grass is flesh, to us; and flesh, which is muscle, is more intelligibly appreciable. We have but three wants; so remote is civilization, which counts them by the thousand—water, grass and fuel—and wonderfully little and various in kind of the last; and we find the Earth a *step* "mother," for she seldom grants us more than two of them; and then, in an ill humour, denies us all three.

After an hour's delay, and consultation between the guiding and deciding powers—how anxious is power, well possessed!—we marched on. In four or five miles, over burnt, toward burning prairies, we came to another little stream, and in a thunder storm; and here, per force, we sleep on uneven sand-bars, and gravel-beds (better than the rocks each side); but our faithful steeds are mocked with a scant supper, and a very civilized show of green bushes bearing gooseberries,—as if for dessert:—How like to some feasts,—at which I have *fasted*!

July 17.—The morning was very cold; but as usual our promise of rain was broken, and ended in appearances.

We came many miles over a burnt district; one would say such hills as these would boast, if they could, of producing grass enough to burn. We passed two bold branches of Horse Creek; a gentleman told me he saw bees hiving their honey in holes in a clay

bank; they are rarely seen so far away from plantations, or from trees: After grazing an hour, we mounted and pushed out into the trackless mountain plains: the day became very hot; and we began anxiously to look for water:—We ascended many long smooth slopes, to which the descent was less, and steep, until we reached the topmost ridge of all,—the highlands between the two Plattes:—then gently down again, with abrupt ascents:—as if two sets of long sweeping waves had met. After marching ceaselessly eighteen or twenty miles, we became uneasy, as well as exceedingly thirsty; the guide, too, lost confidence, and changed his direction to the east; which made us more thirsty still;—we were looking out for Pole Creek: "the next hill, and we shall see it!"—the next, and the next, interminably, until some almost despaired. We came at last to a level plain, which was very unpromising; but soon after, we saw hill knobs, and from this I presaged the creek;—and was not mistaken. We passed several dry branches; the sight of this would give strength and spur to the poor suffering horses.

In all such passages in my life I have been reminded of Sterne's pious and happy expression: "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb": always there is some redeeming circumstance: thus here, the ground was hard and smooth; also it became cloudy, and the freshening breeze was a great relief; it rained a few drops; and we almost prayed for more;—at last, after thirty-four miles, we espied a green flat; which alone greatly revived horses and men. When, at last, we reached the creek, there was no water to be seen! Some went up a mile, with a large tin cup; I dug in the damp sand and gravel two feet down, and then was rewarded. Three hundred yards below, soon after was discovered a very fine spring.

Meanwhile night came on; and four hunters and packmen who left the camp before us this morning, came not; an elk or two, and a solitary badger were the only habitants we had seen in the half million of acres over which our eyes have ached this day: now, at 10 o'clock, they are setting off several rockets.

July 18th. The hunters did not come in the night. Pretty early we saw a party

of four coming down the creek; but they proved to be Arapahoes, from a camp of 60 lodges, ten miles above; they had seen the rockets; these are countrymen of our poor squaw and the two children: but she has been long absent,—married into another tribe;—they were three men and a woman; and singular enough, one of them was a young man named Friday, whom Mr. Fitzpatrick, our guide, had discovered when a mere child, lost and almost dead in a wilderness: he saved him and brought him up: the woman was quite comely, and in her fat cheeks the blood showed itself in a blush: the elder of the party embraced Fitzpatrick, and expressed gratitude to him and the whites for their protection and hospitable care of the woman and her children, and alluded, too, to Friday and the singular coincidence; they received their countrywoman affectionately. She wept and went with them.

Two discharges were made from the howitzers for the benefit of the hunters, and then we marched: we soon ascended a level plain, unbroken for twelve miles; we were in view of the Black Hills, far to the right; and about ten miles to the left of the prairie mountain, Scott's Bluff: the plain was gravelly; scantily covered with short, crisp, buffalo grass—much like curled, gray horse-hair; the south wind came over it, as from the mouth of an oven: only three buffaloes gave an interest to the dull scene, and one antelope, which seemed intent on death; it came running into our midst and was riddled with balls.

Content to-day with sixteen miles progress, we have encamped on Crow creek, which is very like the one we left this morning: its name was given by the number of crows which is found on it, lower down, where there are some woods; and that reminds me that for forty miles we have seen but one tree—five miles off—and not a bush or shrub; our sole fuel is *bois devache*. The hunters have arrived safely; they say they struck Pale creek twenty-five miles higher than we did, descended it until nine at night, when, unable to see our fires from a hill-top, they bivouacked without suppers; they rode down it this morning for two hours until they heard the cannon.

A beef has been killed; the first for four weeks: we have now only flour for twelve

days, and a few cattle:—we are about 750 miles from settlements:—our only other resource is the subsistence stores sent two years ago to Bent's fort for Capt. C.'s command; rumor is rife of its being used, spoiled, &c.,—for rumor penetrates the prairies—delights in trading posts, where its every tongue becomes double.

The atmosphere has been so smoky to-day that only a few saw, among the clouds, the white top of Long's Peak. It is famous among mountains; in its valley recesses, are the springs of the Platte, the Arkansas, it is said, of the Rio del Norte, (or Rio Grande,) and certainly of a main branch, called Grand river, of the great Colorado of California.

July 19. Twenty-six miles of Crow creek! flat and desolate, with but a few low hills of clay and gravel; where we touched it, if we found a little grass, there was no water; if water, there was no grass. We were in view of snow, but the "sweet South" blistered our faces; Long's Peak, which from this view is double, is seen towering above the mountain range; but sometimes was hardly to be distinguished from surrounding clouds.

Here, at camp, we have a little grass and a little water,—hot and brackish; it just comes to the surface of the sand, as if to be resolved if this crust of earth were worthy of a redeeming struggle; I think the sirocco has settled it:—it is surrendered to the crows. Clouds, too, fresh from the mountain summits, have made a hasty visit, as if on the same errand of mercy; but after shedding a few drops—of tears I thought—they passed on muttering. The scene is not wholly bare, but its gray vacuity has a strange relief:—there is a grave, and on its little mound has been piled the skeleton of a buffalo; and there is a little pyramid of just twenty horses' skulls; how long the tireless wind has bleached these grim mementoes—who can tell! but they seem to whisper still of a tale of blood.

But even at Crow creek, the heavens have smiled upon us in beauty! Just as the sun was sinking—apparently in snow—the sky was spanned by a rainbow—a double one—of wonderful brilliancy; for all within was deep blue cloud.

After all, I have had the fortune to see

dozen far more desolate tracts in our boundless territories; and they begin to be estimated, but never will be sold, by the acre.

July 20th.—We marched again over flat barren ground, and in view of the great mountain range, hid to the snow line, or above, by the secondary, but lofty "Black Hills:" our course was still down Crow creek for twelve miles: before we left it, we got water by digging; then after ascending, we came in pleasant view of the South Platte; but before us, apparently two or three miles, down a smooth, gentle slope, was Cache la Poudre; but it proved to be seven. Very warm and dry we were, when we arrived at the bank of that beautiful crystal stream—as large as Laramie; several elks scampered off at our approach, abandoning some luxuriant grass, the very sight of which was refreshing; but much more so was a bath which a number of us enjoyed, whilst the horses grazed with a most excusable avidity.

Then we rode six more miles over a weary, dusty level road to the Platte; forded it, and encamped under some pleasant cottonwoods, with more green grass. Long's Peak, 'though above sixty miles off at the Southwest, rises proudly above all the fine view of mountains: its outline as seen here make an angle at the apex of 120 degrees.

We have had two hunters lost since yesterday morning, and the howitzer was once more discharged this morning.

—

Yet unstained, bright and cheerful, gayly pattering o'er the rocks,—merry river knowest thou surely where thou rushest in such haste?

Art careless now, in thy morning, of these pleasant green trees' shade?

Well, be happy whilst thou mayst, round thy mountain parents' feet; smiling thou, and reflecting every hopeful smile of theirs!

—Yes, whilst they shelter, dance in sunshine, now thou mayst—

F.—"Hillo! what are you about? Writing in tune with the merry cotton wood leaves? You will have to frankly confess you have invented a new style."

C.—"Upon my word I was becoming as curious as yourself; a first unfortunate line set the jingle a-going, and I could not stop

it; my "feet" got into such a measure, that they were running off with me,—and my discretion, (somewhat like an extraordinary leg of which I once heard a clown sing.) Shall it stand?—to be laughed at one of these days?"

F.—"You are wonderfully given to personification; particularly of rivers. I suppose you were thinking of the desolate flatness, the choking sands, and the profitless end, the now fair and promising river comes to?"

C.—"Exactly—and it led to melancholy thoughts."

"Well, these dreary steppes, when the mountain streams, fresh from springs and snow, are the chief objects of interest, must account for it; they have at least the motion and music of life;—if they are not *persons*, there are none other, and I believe they answer me about as well."

F.—"You have reversed the figure;—decidedly. Shall I call it a personality? There is only a subject or two on which we cannot meet, but unfortunately they are your especial favorites; I have been fortunate in escaping them now."

C.—"And that is the reason you did not ridicule my literary pastime! But I shall not answer for myself 'till the moon set to-night."

"By-the-by,—What, Frank, do you think the moon was 'invented' for?—to assist that other invention of sleep?"

—And thus we whiled the hour away.

July 21st.—We marched South, following the river, here rapid and clear,—a mountain stream, running at the foot of the Black Hills. We were on a hard, level road, over prairies, and river bottom too of great barrenness; the effect being heightened by ruins of several adobe trading forts: I only wondered that man could be tempted to tarry here, where animals came not even for security.

We have had a true prairie day, with its incessant, fierce South wind. As we approached our camp ground, a black and threatening thunderstorm was gathering unusually far down from the region of snow; they had seldom reached us,—but now the first big drops, mingled with large hail, were falling, as the waggons came trotting recklessly down

the bluff to the low grounds which had been selected. With haste, the well experienced men got out the tents; and just as the fourth corner pin of mine was in hand, and I could slip under its shelter, down came the hard rain! and it has continued for two hours: some of my neighbors, I suspect, know more about it.

The Snow mountains looked grandly to-day; we are so much lower than at the South Pass, and on Sweet Water, that their height, comparatively, is much greater than of the mountains there. Long's Peak, which from this view is sharpened to 60° , is now almost behind us; while Pike's mountain, which is more lofty, begins to rise; it looks blue, with the distance of 90 miles; it is at the Southwest, and we pass near it. It is said that for above 400 miles we shall not cross a stream!

This is the first good rain we have had since May. Some say this country has a soil, but that the difficulty lies in its dry climate: all effects have some cause; it is certainly a barren, desolate country: we come hundreds of miles and see scarcely an Indian, or an animal; it is in fact a—desert.

The two hunters have come in; they have been lost and without food for three days; they say they have ridden to-day above fifty miles. A fine range for *elephants*, this!

July 23rd.—Yesterday we left the Platte and encamped on Cherry creek. The hottest day we have had; and no more bracing nights, as on the Sweet Water. Strange, too, to us, to pass in view of wintry snows, and suffer thus, and just after a hail storm. The country is the same—desolate and devoid of life: there have not been buffalo here for years. Pike's *Peak*, as it is called, raises its lofty dome of granite as we advance; it is bisected far down by a vertical white stripe. How distance and the familiar wood belittles a vast chasm of frozen changeless snow!

To-day we still followed up Cherry creek, or its dry sands; but towards noon, it came running to meet us; and there were the patronymic cherries,—or rather the *bushes*; and of the sort called choke-cherries. We are again encamped on it; but the highland is before us, and adorned, as the near hills, and with grass too; and the

prospect is more homelike, than any other, since we left the Little Blue, near the Missouri line.

July 24th.—We marched early, still up Cherry creek. From Mount Pike, a spur of mountains runs out to the East in a vast table; the highland between two great rivers,—the Arkansas and the Platte. This stream has its spring where the table-land mountain breaks off into promontories, and these are crowned with lofty pines and rare and welcome oaks.

Following it up, at last we were rewarded by discovering the long valley's highest secret chamber, its court of fountains; these gave an emerald verdure to its gentle grassy slopes; and shrubs and rose-bushes were in blossom; majestic firs and oaks gave arches which excluded the sun's heat and glare; all was fresh and pure; man had made no mark and doves alone were there. Look back!—nought but blue or snow-white mountains meets the eye.

The sudden transition from long, dreary marches to this matchless spot, gave it a heightened, inexpressible charm. I threw myself on the soft sod—apart—and felt like a worshipper of Solitude in a beautiful temple dedicated by Nature. Silence, as of ages, was only broken by natural music,—a wild, but sweetly melancholy harmony of three voices: Of the winds, gently breathing through Eolian pine leaves—of the babbling and murmuring fountains—of the cooing doves.

All were melancholy, and one was of love.

How dissonant here, the clamor of rude troopers and the clang of arms!

Civilization ever advances sword in hand, with poisons, pestilence and crime in her train.

Alas how short and few are these pleasant pauses in life's journey! Then, oh Memory! guard thy scant treasures well!"

We were marching over the flat highlands; the novelty of forest trees diversifying the prairie was still delightful:—there was no water; for fifteen miles we marched on; but a cool breeze fanned our faces and a pleasant screen of clouds befriended us. We came then to the heads of another lovely valley, which could not be greener. The

a pleasant dale ; very near it rises a knob of the mountain—with granite rocks, and fir trees : the fountains send their crystal tribute to a lake as if to linger here before they rush together to the dull plains, and disappear in the turbid Platte.

h.—Last night I was moody and so witnessed several sublime and rapid changes of weather and sky ; indeed, many scarcely notice, and few observe,—as in cities and towns where they can ; and they were accompanied by a excitement, as startling as delightful, in the hope that there existed in the camp means to produce it.

Hours of the day, the duties of the day all over, sleep had followed, as the luxury : lights had gone out ; the moon had sunk and paled ; sounds gradually faded ; the tents gleamed strangely in the dimly lit solitude. I would have taken refuge in my thoughts in sleep ; but sleep would not come when most invoked.

I wandered forth alone, and ascended the mountain.

The moon, not yet full, was high in heaven ; the shadow of the pines slept on the mountain top ; the little lake below mirrored the glittering sky ; now came deep breaths of air,—like the gentle heart of Night. Long I stood motionless upon a rock : I was where there was no sight or sound of past life—but had no sense of loneliness ; the soul felt not a motive, and the body was as dead. Vain were the silent appeals of beauty ;—vain even the solemn appeals of the pine forests.

I gave a deep, involuntary sigh. O strange, upon the mountain top ! an answer, came, gently stealing on the train of soft music. This Heavenly key to all hearts, and to all moods, gave me some of that life which silence and so profound had absorbed. It was an exquisite dream closely following early and oblivious sense.

Then, the music changed ; and, straggling and there, to a sweet waltz !

Swiftly awoke Memory, to make it the Past ; and vigilant, prisoned

Hope stole forth trembling, like the moonbeam on the little lake.

“ O, seductive combination of the graces, the brilliancy, the joys of loveliest life !—that givest grace to loveliness, poetry to motion, and gala-gloss to all surroundings—that charmest by music, that expandest all hearts, and exaltest all souls to the power of love—the thronged, the gay, the glittering ball ! ”

“ O, soft viol, and tinkling guitar—lost echo of old romance !—to this desert you can bring back right memories ! ”

“ I think I see a ‘ high hall,’ whose lights might shame the day ; the many white-robed fair,—the far-reaching couples, floating in that fairy dance,—revolving, like the moon around the sun, in circling circles. ”

“ But, as in summer mornings when birds sweetly sing, and rosy mists add beauty to the fair prospect, the sun rises to give a magic brilliancy to all,—scattering diamonds and pearls upon the dewy green,—so, always to such happy scene, the smile of *one*, must give the light of enchantment ! ”

“ If it be not there, or if it be clouded, no winter twilight more dismal then, than that glaring ball-room mockery. ”

My unconscious voice had brought the cynic to my side ; who had wandered forth like myself : but just then, too, from the cold north, and from a dark cloud, which had glided there unseen—like a brooding secret evil—came the hoarse voice of a storm, and far-echoing solemn thunders.

My friend smiled. It was a smile that seemed a part of the faint flash which revealed the now gloomy night.

“ You are answered,” he said.

“ Why ever look behind, and cherish the unhappy, profitless past ? Why hug delusion and disappointment to the soul ? ”

“ Ask the pale plant,” I replied, “ why it stretches forth in darkness, toward the ray of light. ”

We watched the storm amid the higher mountains, somewhere in silence ; but I had not escaped so. Frank said, solemnly : “ The present is all we possess : but we should turn from sad experience to the future ; there to lay hopeful plans, with good resolves. ”

C.—“ Labour and depravity are our curse : but blessings too are the high faculties of the soul : among which are poetic fancies,—per-

ception of the beautiful,—romantic yearnings,—which were given for cultivation; they elevate man's mind, and

'Make his heart a spirit—'

"In cherishing these heaven-descended attributes, we can oft forget that we are animals too.

"Thus Music, whose source and power are in these faculties, is the divine art. If art it be, since the first words spoken by woman upon earth,—as often now,—were *musical* music!"

The storm which had followed *the* her range, was now in our front; sporting as with fierce joy, amid the mountain tops. Suddenly, with a crash, as of a mountain of rock torn asunder, lightning revealed through a vista of black and magnificently wild array of clouds, Mount Pike,—splendent with the glare, but simple, serene, sublime amid the chaos of elemental war. Like a *fata morgana*, turned to stone.

I was speechless with delight.

It had stirred up Frank. I heard him repeating:

———"Oh night,

And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder!"

F.—"The storm passes.

"That 'dark eye in woman,' introduced with such beautiful expression, but with all a poet's audacity, to illustrate an Alpine storm, pleases you, does it not?"

C.—"Can you condemn it? I love storms, but not those that gather in woman's eyes; they are fearful. Be assured, *black* eyes in woman never charmed me yet; their brilliancy seems to extinguish expression; or their dark colour to veil it."

F.—"Well, that's a novel theory: but what then do you like?"

C.—"Blue, in man or woman! But there is a rare kind—the loveliest and most expressive of all—which are changeable from grey to blue, as intellect or love for the time predominates."

F.

"Oh Love! no habitant of earth thou art—
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart."

"Good night, *Mon capitaine!*"

LACK OF GOLD.

It's very strange, it's very strange,
That please I never can;
Though true it be in wealth or fame
I am a luckless man.
I dare not ask a girl to dance,
For ice is scarce so cold
As the proud glance that greets mine eyes,
And all for lack of gold.

If I should send a billet-doux,
Each line of tender things
My swift returning Mercury—
The seal unbroken—brings.
My age I know it cannot be,
For I am far from old,
And on the polished paper's edge
There is no lack of gold.

I'm vain, though poor—I'm twenty-six;
Of honor, sense and birth
The only question ever asked
Is, "How much is he worth?"
They tell your income by your glove,
Or by your mantle's fold,
And when an equipage drives past,
Cry "Here's no lack of gold."

I visited a lady once,
She was both young and fair,
With very lovely hazel eyes,
And curls of golden hair.
I jested at a mis-matched pair,
The husband was so old,
But fled my laughter when she lisped,
"He has no lack of gold."

The mischief's in these pretty girls,
Because a man is poor;
The pleasant welcome, "Not at home,"
He meets at every door.
Ah! if they know how oft for them
Are braved both heat and cold,
I'm sure I should not so regret
That I have lack of gold.

TWELVE THOUSAND POUNDS A YEAR.

I, who once never dared to stir,
Now roam without a fear;
I then had nothing,—now I have
Twelve thousand pounds a year.
Nor can I wonder why it is,
I never now can move,
Without full fifty pairs of eyes,
Bright as the star of love,

Are gazing on me from beneath,
Each veil of net and gauze,
And very often some fair belle
Before a shop will pause,
As if to look upon some print,
As I come up the street—
And oh! the very sweetest smiles
Shine on me when we meet.

And since my Uncle's death, (he left
His fortune all to me,)
My equipage, and looks, and dress,
With mourning must agree.

And so because I must look grave,
I'm asked if I am well,
And words of sympathy receive,
Which time would fail to tell.

I do not think that I have seen
For three months past a sneer :
My dear, kind, generous Uncle left
Twelve thousand pounds a year!
My knocker hath been rapped to death,
So many cards have come,
And for three months I've never heard
The courteous "Not at home!"

And I have very many friends
'Mong married ladies too,
Who wish most earnestly to know,
What course I shall pursue :
And each of these considerate friends
Have chosen wives for me.
Unfortunately mine own taste
With theirs does not agree.

For all may guess the reason why
So popular I've grown,
And that this really is the case,
I think I've clearly shown.
And if at concert or soirée
My whiskers should appear,
Voices of music whisper low—
"Twelve thousand pounds a year."

M. L. W. H.

Editor's Table.

We deviate this month from a general practice of excluding public addresses, in order to lay before our readers the excellent lecture of JAMES C. BRUCE, Esq., on the subject of popular education. The author is well known as one of the finest scholars and soundest thinkers in the State, and the topic he so ably discusses is one closely connected with our future welfare, and near the heart of every patriot.

The fury of Anti-Slavery is now at its height. The abolitionists of this country have recently been in convention at Cincinnati and fumed after their usual fashion. In England, lords and ladies have been making the exquisite arrangements for the reception of Mrs. Stowe, whose arrival at the latest address was daily expected. Meanwhile, the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," the Parthian shaft flung by that lady at her native land, comes out on both sides of the Atlantic, and two continents are therefore, at this moment, filled with delightful indignation at the Southern States of America.

Can we hope to survive this righteous scorn? Perhaps so. Possibly the sun will move in its prescribed orbit, after the Stafford House demonstrations are over and the 50th Edition of the "Key" has been exhausted—and whiten the cotton fields of Carolina by its solstitial heat, just as in days gone by. And, it may be that the product of these cotton fields will be taken to English manufactories, as heretofore, where slaves, whose skins are white, will fashion it into fabrics to enrich the pious philanthropists of Liverpool and Manchester. Time will show.

On such doubtful issue, it may be laid down to see how affairs are managed in the happy realm of England. From the hum of gratulation that surrounds Buckingham Palace at the birth of another Prince, and the note of busy preparation in Belgravia, to receive Mrs. Stowe, we turn our ears to less grateful sounds that issue from less courtly quarters. The cry of oppressed women, which Hood so eloquently rendered into sorrowful verse, still reverberates throughout the land. It tells the same dismal story, in the same sad accents:—

Work—work—work :

My labour never flags ;
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

Does any one think the picture overdrawn? We ask him to read the following letter, which we quote from the columns of the leading journal of Great Britain :

"WEST END MILLINERS.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"SIR,—Humanity compels me to make known the following brief narrative, in support of the assertions of a "First Hand," relative to the treatment of milliners and dress-makers:—

"A healthy country girl obtained employment in a fashionable West end house. She was clever at her business, and eventually became "first hand" in the millinery department. The hours of work were severe—from 18 to 20; and, in the height of the season, she assured me that they worked all night twice, and sometimes three times, a week, as many as 14 young women together in a room 13ft. by 15ft. Her constitution held out for a time, but nature's laws were outraged, disease was invited, and this poor girl now lies a corpse in this town at the early age of 21,—a victim to consumption, brought on, I fearlessly declare, by this most fatal, most inhuman system.

"Your obedient servant,

"W. N. SPONG, Surgeon.

"Faversham, March 31."

The reader's imagination may take a wide

range in conjecturing what articles of millinery they were upon which this poor country girl was thus cruelly kept working even unto martyrdom. Perhaps the thread of life was snapped in making a head-dress for the Duchess of Sutherland, or her exhausted energies gave way in weaving a heart's-ease into the bonnet of the Viscountess Palmerston. *Quien sabe?*

In the editorial columns of the same paper from which we take the foregoing letter, this process of milliner-murder is more minutely described. Here is the *modus operandi* :—

"From 6 o'clock, then, till 11, it is stitch, stitch, stitch; at 11 a small piece of dry bread is served to each seamstress, but still she must stitch on. At 1 o'clock 20 minutes are allowed for dinner—a slice of meat and a potato, with a glass of toast-and-water to each workwoman. Then again to work—stitch, stitch—until 5 o'clock, when 15 minutes are again allowed for tea. The needles are then set in motion once more—stitch, stitch—until 9 o'clock, when 15 minutes are allowed for supper—a piece of dry bread and cheese, and a glass of beer. From 9 o'clock at night until one, two and three o'clock in the morning, stitch, stitch; the only break in this long period being a minute or two—just time enough to swallow a cup of strong tea, which is supplied lest the young people should 'feel sleepy.' At three o'clock A. M., to bed; at six o'clock A. M., out of it again to resume the duties of the following day."

But it is not alone among the labouring classes proper that we recognize English brutality. To all upon whom rests the necessity of daily toil, the same hard treatment is extended. Witness the following advertisement :—

"To RESIDENT GOVERNESSES.—*Wanted*, in an establishment near town, a LADY, not under 25 years of age, to take the English department. It is indispensable she should be competent to converse in French with the pupils and have a knowledge of pencil drawing. Remuneration £20 per annum. Address, with full particulars as to age, qualifications, &c., to Bellini, Mr. Hiscoke's library, Richmond."

Let the reader bear in mind that the person here wanted must not only possess a knowledge of French and drawing, but must be a "lady," and then consider the poor pittance of £20 which is to be doled out to her for a year's service! We suppose none other than a "lady" "need apply" at "Mr. Hiscoke's library" for this desirable situation—a "lady" whose sensibilities, by early education, have been rendered acute to the drudgery and mental anguish she must undergo!

Oh exquisite hypocrites, ye philanthropists of England, what "slavery" on the wide surface of this rolling globe shall be found comparable to that ye uphold!

The advent of May morning is matter for poetic commemoration, and our editorial pen refuses to move in any measure less majestic than trochaics. Let us then indulge its humour—

Brightly, with the elfin train attended,
Comes the happy daisy-sandalled MAY:
Never walked on earth a queen so splendid,
Nor in such magnificent array.

Beauteous as the Florentine AURORA,
Jocund over misty mountain tops,
Luminously on she moves, while FLORA
Blessings newly-blossomed round her drops.

Gay the robe that Nature, her costumer,
In a gleeful moment, lightly cast
On this first and fairest Mrs. Bloomer,
As from out her tiring-room she passed.

Now the birds, from Southern tours arriving,
Give their well-attended matinees;
Feathers thus are everywhere reviving,
While some furze the morning still displays.

Let us hear these exquisite performers—
Nature's Philharmonic on the hills—
Better far than half-a-dozen Normas
Is the store of music in their bills.

Fashion likes not "singing for the million"—
Yet forbear, fair reader, all remarks:
Neither LADY DASH nor LORD TREVILIAN
Moves in higher circles than the larks.

Each new poet with his latest fancies
MAY's soft praises deftly interweaves;
While each grove brings out her new romances
In a multiplicity of leaves.

Authors now most winningly invite us
With the mental stimulus they bring.
HAWTHORNE ne'er so freshly can delight us
Nor "HOLM(E)s" seem so "bonny" as in Spring.

Tyrus, *sub tegmine* reclining,
Finds in PUNCH a pleasant morning dram,
And when comes the proper hour for dining,
Relishes a little taste of LAMB.

Requiescat, genial LAMB, in pace!
Rest forever quietly in peas,
With such Attic salt, so very racy,
As in SAXE one uniformly sees.

Stately be thy step among the pansies
Winsome, wondrous, ever-smiling MAY,
JUNE with garish retinue advances
To usurp thy gentle, queenly sway.

The following comes to us from an esteemed correspondent. The letter referred to we saw many months ago, in the hands of the gentleman to whom it belongs, and we noted the eloquent passage it contains as a

gem the public should not lose. It is with real satisfaction that we now let it flash upon the world:

PATRICK HENRY.

—"The forest-born Demosthenes,
Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas."—Byron.

Every thing connected with the name of this extraordinary man is deeply interesting to Virginians, and it is greatly to be deplored that we have such scanty means of knowing the early training which developed the powers of eloquence that have rendered their possessor world-renowned.

I have not Mr. Wirt's life of Henry by me, and therefore cannot conveniently refer to it, but my strong impression is that his early education is spoken of as having been neglected. It probably was, for the opportunities of learning were not abundant in the Colony when Mr. Henry was a boy. But admitting this to be so, our admiration of him will be increased by the perusal of the paper below, since it is obvious, that in spite of early disadvantages, he had formed for himself a style as purely English as it is nervous and polished.

Through the kindness of a friend I have had an opportunity of seeing a large portion of the original letter from which the extract referred to is taken *verbatim*. It was written, as I understand, in the confidence of private friendship, to a gentleman in misfortune, and the intention of the illustrious writer is sacredly observed even to the present day. The letter bears date "Richmond, June 2nd, 1793."

"Looking forward into life and to those prospects which seem to be commensurate with your talents, native and acquired, you may justly esteem those incidents fortunate which compel an exertion of mental power—maturity of which is rarely seen growing out of uninterrupted tranquillity: *adversity toughens manhood—and the characteristic of the good or the great man is not that he has been exempted from the coils of life, but that he has surmounted them.*"


I may be wrong, but it strikes me that it will be difficult to find in the best English prose writers, a passage of greater power or beauty than that which I have marked in italics.

G.

Some pleasant articles on autographs have recently appeared in Church's *Bizarre*, the last of which contains the names of many collectors in the United States. The writer has omitted to mention several of the most successful, among whom we may refer to Dr. R. W. Gibbes of Columbia, S. C., Lewis J. Cist, Esq., of Peoria, Illinois, Major Benj. Perley Poore of Indian Farm, Mass., and Dr. Robert Balmano of Brooklyn, N. Y. The latter gentleman is especially rich in letters of Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott, and has specimens of almost all the modern lights of English literature. Major Poore has a noble museum of Revolutionary papers, and a mass of French MSS. unrivalled

perhaps in the country. The "Bizarre" informs us that *Queen Victoria* is a collector. Will Her Majesty listen to the petition of all similarly engaged? Please Exchange?

J. K. Jeff. Savannah, Ga.

Two more volumes of Macaulay's History are ready for the press. Glorious announcement! but how saddened by the fact stated in addition, that the health of the author is shattered beyond a hope of restoration. The most various, brilliant and accomplished of English writers, Macaulay has recorded for the  and instruction of mankind as much original thought and profound observation as any essayist of modern times, and could he complete the magnificent work upon which he is now engaged, would leave behind him the bright fame of a *Christian Gibbon*. May temporary cessation from toil and the climate of Italy resuscitate his failing energies!

A cotemporary of the city press, who has no poet's corner in his dignified daily, has handed over to us the following madrigal, which we publish to show that love is still able to inspire poets as in the days of Catullus. The reciprocity of affection between the writer and his "Katy Darling," as set forth in the last stanza, is very touching:

TO ———

I get a little common sense,
As planters often do,
And I have had experience
In other matters too.

When first I saw in Baltimore
Thy lovely eyes and hair,
I know I had not seen before
Such brilliant beauties there.

I visit many maidens fair,
And meet with none like thee;
For Kate I have a special care,
Because she cares for me.

"THE VIRGINIA MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL" is the title of a new monthly publication, the first number has been laid upon our table. It is from the press of Colin and Nowlan of this city, and appears under the editorial management of Drs. GEORGE A. OTIS and HOWELL L. THOMAS. Both these gentlemen are well fitted by medical education in the best schools of Paris for the work they have undertaken. Their journal, together with the Stethoscope, which has risen into high favor in the hands of Dr. Gooch,

will keep the profession in Virginia fully informed of the progress of medical science, at the same time that they will contribute largely to the general stock of medical knowledge. We wish both the largest success.

Our thanks are due to the Hon. Luke Lea, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, for the Second and Third Parts of Schoolcraft's noble work on the Indian Tribes of North America. This elaborate treatise is the result of many years' careful study of Indian character, habits and language, and the diligent and industrious author has been fortunate in finding in Capt. Eastman, of the Army, so worthy an assistant in his researches. The illustrations, which embellish these magnificent volumes, furnished by Capt. Eastman, are full of spirit, and present us with Indian life in its minutest details.

Notices of New Works.

THE HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES. By *Joseph Francois Michaud*. Translated from the French by *W. Robson*. In Three Volumes. Redfield: 110 and 112 Nassau Street. New York. 1853. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

MICHAUD, the author of these plethoric volumes, was a man of mark, in his day and generation, who performed as much hard labour and drank as much brandy as almost any *litterateur* of whom we have any knowledge. He was the originator of that voluminous and invaluable work—the *Biographie Universelle*—and himself contributed a considerable portion of its contents. At different times, he edited *La Quotidienne*, a paper of the days of NAPOLEON and of CHARLES X., and during the reign of the latter monarch, held a lucrative sinecure under the Crown. It was, indeed, with a *douceur* of twenty-five thousand francs from CHARLES X. that MICHAUD visited the Holy Land for the purpose of gathering materials for the History now before us. While in Palestine the Revolution of 1830 dethroned his patron and stopped the historian's supplies, in addition to which misadventure MICHAUD had to mourn over the loss of a large fortune left in somewhat precarious hands at home. He came back, consoled himself with philosophy and *eau de vie*, and finally gave to the world in complete form the noble work on the Crusades which Mr. Robson has translated.

MICHAUD describes fervidly herein the hot and furiously-contested struggle between the Crescent and the Cross which signalized the Middle Ages, and no one can read his work without interest and profit.

RURAL ESSAYS. By *A. J. Downing*. Edited, with a Memoir of the Author, by *George William Curtis*; and a Letter to his Friends, by *Frederika Bremer*. New York: George P. Putnam and Company, 10 Park Place. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

At this genial season, when the bursting of buds and the verdurous appearance of reanimated nature invite us to the country, we are reminded of the great loss involved in the tragical death of DOWNING—the kindly interpreter of the beautiful, and lover of all the soothing influences of rural life. The handsome volume before us contains many delightful essays on horticulture, and its kindred subjects of rustic architecture and landscape gardening, prefaced by a pleasing memoir from the pen of Curtis. It is an affectionate and satisfactory tribute to the memory of the dead. From Mr. Curtis' narrative we take a sweet picture, redolent of Arcadia—

"At the end of June, 1852, I went to pass a few days with him. He held an annual feast of roses with as many friends as he could gather and his house could hold. The days of my visit had all the fresh sweetness of early summer, and the garden and the landscape were fuller than ever of grace and beauty. It was an Arcadian chapter, with the roses and blossoming figs upon the green-house wall, and the music by moonlight, and reading of songs, and tales, and games upon the lawn, under the Warwick vase. Boccaccio's groups in their Fiesole garden were not gayer; nor the blithe circle of a summer's day upon Sir Walter Vivian's lawn. Indeed it was precisely in Downing's garden that the poetry of such old traditions became fact—or rather the fact was lifted into that old poetry. He had achieved in it the beauty of an extreme civilization, without losing the natural, healthy vigor of his country and time.

"One evening—the moon was full—we crossed in a row-boat to the Fishkill shore, and floated upon the gleaming river under the black banks of foliage to a quaint old country-house, in whose small library the Society of the Cincinnati was formed, at the close of the Revolution, and in whose rooms a pleasant party was gathered that summer evening. The doors and windows were open. We stood in the rooms or loitered upon the piazza, looking into the unspeakable beauty of the night. A lady was pointed out to me as the heroine of a romantic history—a handsome woman with the traces of hard experience in her face, standing in that little peaceful spot of summer moonlight, as a child snatching a brief dream of peace between spasms of mortal agony. As we returned at midnight across the river, Downing told us more of the stranger lady, and of his early feats of swimming from Newburg to Fishkill; and so we drifted home upon the oily calm with talk, and song, and silence—a brief beautiful voyage upon the water, where the same summer, while yet unfaded, should see him embarked upon a longer journey. In these last days he was the same generous, thoughtful, quiet, effective person I had always found him."

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Volumes II, III. New York: Harper Brothers. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

In noticing the initial volume of this complete edition of the writings of Coleridge, we alluded to the want of precisely such a series of volumes which should contain all the writings of the philosopher and bard—duly arranged, with the requisite commentaries and in a sh

at once convenient, handsome and economical. The editor and publishers have met this want fully and satisfactorily. Professor Shed deserves the hearty thanks of every lover of Coleridge for this service. It is delightful to re-peruse his prose in such fair type and neat volumes. The new issues include the Lectures upon Shakspeare and other dramatists—a mine of original criticism of the highest kind; the *Friend* and other essays endeared to all admirers of suggestive writing and the *Biographia Literaria*—a perfect intellectual autobiography. They are invaluable to the scholar and among the most profoundly interesting emanations of the English mind.

THE BEAUTIES AND DEFORMITIES OF TOBACCO-USING :
By *T. B. Coles, M. D., &c.* Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

This is really a fearful summary of the consequences of using Tobacco, and enough to make a nervous man forswear it. We advise those who are excessively addicted to the weed, to read, ponder and consider this little treatise. Upon very moderate smokers or chewers it will make less impression. It is ably written, contains much scientific truth and many impressive facts. The "ludicrous," as well as the "solemn" realities of Tobacco-Using, are set forth with rare argumentative eloquence.

LOUIS XVII OF FRANCE—the Bourbon Prince. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

It is a curious instance of public caprice that the story of Eleazer Williams which proved so *taking* when it appeared in Putnam's Magazine, fell dead several years ago when it filled several pages of the Democratic Review. We consider the whole thing an amusing hoax in part, and in part a plausible theory. The little book there, doubtless contains the true history of the Dauphin. It is agreeably compiled by Dr. Thomas of New York, from the large French work of De Beauchesne, and is an interesting and pathetic story as well as most seasonable publication. The same house have also just issued a pretty juvenile book called *Ellen Linn*, a French story.

AGNES SOREL. By *G. P. R. James.* New York. Harper & Brothers. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Really a good historical novel, founded on an excellent theme derived from French chronicles and tradition. It has the best traits of the author, and is very entertaining. The book is eulogistically dedicated to M. B. Field, Esq. of New York.

THE CAPTIVE IN PATAGONIA. Or Life among the Giants. By *Benj. F. Bourne.* Boston: Gould & Lincoln. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

No works are more certain to be read with avidity in this country, than those that record adventures in a comparatively unknown country. Accordingly we cannot but expect that this handsome book will meet with special

favor. It seems to be written with care and fidelity. It has the charm of a perpetual narrative. It refers to a land about which we have little authentic information, and it purports to deal altogether in facts. No book of travels has lately appeared that offers a more attractive field of observation. Its mechanical execution is worthy of the house whence it emanates, and numerous illustrations accompany the text.

THE DEAN'S DAUGHTER, or The Days We Live In. By *Mrs. Gore.* New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1853. [From Nash & Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.

This noble and vivacious story, now and then merging into a tale of deeper interest, is characteristic of the observations of a spirited authoress. There is in her fictions a certain freshness which, however we regard the plot, utterly forbids any listless mood while perusing them. Her dialogue is especially to be commended—always either sensible, witty, or acutely illustrative of character. Her style is a tripping one, and many a page of the "Dean's Daughter" affects us like the society of a clever woman—interesting without rousing too great emotion, and suggestive without taxing the intellect. It breathes the spirit of the day and has the tone of modern society, besides bringing out some very consistent and admirably drawn characters.

ESSAYS ON THE POETS, and other English Writers. By *Thomas De Quincey.* Boston: Ticknor, Reed and Fields. 1853.

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL ESSAYS. Two Volumes. Same Author and Publishers. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

How welcome to every reader of reflection and taste, will be these additions to the remarkable writings of De Quincey, so wisely gleaned from the English periodicals, by the intelligent and enterprising publishers. We find the same profound insight, copious knowledge and earnest style in these as in the other volumes of the series. They comprise essays at once æsthetic and critical upon Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Goldsmith, Pope, Godwin, Foster, Hazlitt and Landor—some of the choicest spirits in the whole range of English literature, and articles upon classical and artistic questions, by a man of the richest culture and the most sympathetic, yet analytical mind.

VINET'S PASTORAL THEOLOGY. New York. Harper & Brothers. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

It is seldom, we believe, that important practical works of a religious character emanate from the continent. The present, however, is a noble exception. It is written with an intelligent zeal that renders its teachings of the highest worth. Monsieur Vinet is deeply read in the best theology. He is praised as a critic of religious writings by high authorities. A deep thinker and earnest Christian, he writes from serious conviction. In this volume the theory of the evangelical ministry is admirably illustrated; and Dr. Skinner of New York has done the church and the community excellent service by his translation and editorship of *Vinet's Pastoral Theology*.

LADY-BIRD, a Tale. By *Lady Fullerton*. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1853. [From Nash & Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.

"Grantley Manor," a previous work by this writer, found a host of readers. It developed a fine vein of sentiment and an attractive phase of female character. Accordingly we predict for this interesting story a cordial reception. It is evidently the work of an imaginative and sprightly lady, who knows how to amuse a family circle without infringing upon the most pure taste. Many of her descriptions and colloquies are graceful and effective, and her invention is pleasant.

LABOR AND LOVE, a Tale of English Life. By *Mrs. Morris*. Ticknor, Reed and Fields. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

A very pretty story—the scene partly in Birmingham. It is a contribution to that new and promising class of literature, which aims to elevate the humbler portions of society, and is designed to benefit one of the domestic missions of England. It inculcates religious truth with much beauty of sentiment and tact of expression.

THE KATHAYAN SLAVE. By *Mrs. Judson*. Ticknor, Reed and Fields. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

After returning from her missionary enterprise in the East, Fanny Forester resumes her literary labours in a field most appropriate to her recent experience. The principal story and the other chapters and poems of the volume have reference to missionary life; and will be read with great interest by her order of religious readers, to whom they are specially addressed.

YUSEF; or the Journal of the Frangi. A Crusade in the East. By *J. Ross Browne*. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

This entertaining volume belongs to the class of humorous sketches of travel. It is not so well done perhaps, as the Journey from Cornhill to Cairo, but is still exceedingly piquant, and the author proves a most agreeable guide to the East. The wood-cuts in it are really famous, and betray in the hand that drew them uncommon skill with the pencil. Some of them are quite as good as Punch's best. We recommend everybody who wants to laugh to buy the volume.

NICK OF THE WOODS, or the Jibbenainosay. A Tale of Kentucky. By *Robert Montgomery Bird*, M. D. Redfield, 110 and 112 Nassau Street, New York. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

Dr. Bird must be acknowledged as one of the best novelists America has produced, and his books yet retain their former hold upon public favour, though an altogether different class of fiction has sprung up and attained popularity since their first publication. **NICK OF THE WOODS** is among the few portraiture of the Indian character

which unite accuracy of delineation to sustained interest, and the present handsome edition of it will doubtless be welcomed both by its old admirers and the new generation of novel readers.

BLEAK HOUSE. By *Charles Dickens*. Harper & Brothers.

This serial has reached its thirteenth number. The main idea of a "suit in chancery" is capital—as it is made to illustrate many more aspects of life than an isolated case. The illustration of the "Ghost's Walk" is really effective; and the course of the narrative deepens and becomes more interwoven and mysterious as the tale proceeds.

SUMMER RAMBLES IN THE WEST. By *Mrs. Ellet*, author of "Pioneer Women in the West," etc. New York: J. C. Riker. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

The beautiful and abounding West, from Buffalo to St. Paul, with its magnificent lakes, swiftly-running rivers, and limitless prairies, is described in this volume with a pleasant fidelity that deserves high praise. Mrs. Ellet is an acute observer and philosophic tourist, and her reflections on Western life and character are worthy of her sketches of scenery. The volume is well-printed and would be a charming companion to a person about to ascend the Mississippi.

SUMMER CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, On Board an American Frigate. By *N. Parker Willis*. New York: Charles Scribner, 145 Nassau Street. 1853.

We really did indulge the hope, upon first looking at this volume, that at last we had something new from Willis. But a very few pages undeceived us. The "Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean" is nothing more than a rehash of a portion of "Pencilings by the Way," which we read, some dozen years ago, with great satisfaction. There are some original additions to it, however, which are Willis-y and the book is neatly gotten up in Scribner's usually neat style of publication.

Messrs. INGRAM, COOKE & Co. of London, the publishers of the "*Illustrated London Library*," have recently commenced another series of very cheap volumes called the "*Universal Library*." These are given in paper covers, and are handsomely printed. Among the numbers already issued are Anson's Voyages, the Village of Wakefield and Picciola, Tristram Shandy, Waverley Lives, La Fontaine's Fables and Alison on Taste. To all who would purchase a really cheap and handsome edition of either of these standard books, we commend the *Universal Library*.

The same publishers have brought out in most sumptuous style a pleasant romance of Charles Mackay, entitled *The Salamandrine*. The typography of this book is really superb, and the engravings which adorn it are after the very highest manner of the art in England.

The Messrs. Bangs of New York City are the American Agents of Ingram, Cooke & Co., and the works above mentioned may be found in Richmond at Messrs. Bangs' attractive bookstore.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

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NO. 6.

A KEY TO UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.*

Ecce iterum Crispinus. Mrs. Stowe obtrudes herself again upon our notice, and, though we have no predilections for the disgusting office of castigating such offences as hers, and rebuking the incendiary publications of a woman, yet the character of the present attack, and the bad eminence which she and her books have both won, render a prompt notice of the present encyclopædia of slander even more necessary than any reply to her previous fiction. Her second appearance on the stage of civil dissension and social polemics is much changed from what it was at the time when her first revelations were given to the world. She was then an obscure Yankee school-mistress, eaten up with fanaticism, festering with the malignant virus of abolitionism, self-sanctified by the virtues of a Pharisaic religion, devoted to the assertion of woman's rights, and an enthusiastic believer in many neoteric heresies, but she was comparatively harmless, as being almost entirely unknown. She has now, by a rapid ascent and at a single dash, risen to unequalled celebrity and notoriety; and, though we believe with Dryden, that

Short is the date of all immoderate fame;

yet, at the present moment, she can give currency to her treacherous doctrines and her big budget of scandal by the prestige of unprecedented success. That success has been attained less by the imaginary merits of the fiction, though these have obtained unmeasured commendation, than by the inhe-

rent vices of the work. Its unblushing falsehood was its chief passport to popular acceptance. But, however acquired, she has certainly won a brilliant vantage-ground for the repetition of her assault upon the South. Is she not now hailed as the great prophetess of the wretched by the multitudes of the earth? Do not all the tongues of Babel, and all the hosannahs of ignorance unite in common acclaim to do her honor? Is she not venerated as the ancient Sibyl who points the way to realms of Saturnian bliss, if she can only unite the fanaticism and blind delusion of the world for the achievement of a vicarious sacrifice at the expense of the South? The Southern States of the Union and the institution of slavery are proposed as the scape-goat for the sins, and the expiation for the miseries of all humanity; and Mrs. Stowe is worshipped as the chosen messenger of heaven, to whom the revelation of this new and easy atonement has been committed, and who has been entrusted with the secret of the sole gate of salvation. The Pharisees of Northern Abolitionism are taught a pleasant escape from the consciousness of their own iniquities and domestic disorders by magnifying the supposed guilt of their neighbours, and concentrating their whole attention upon the only sin in which they do not more zealously participate. The poverty-stricken, the wretched, the oppressed millions of Europe have their own real woes presented to their fancy in the picture of the imaginary wrongs of the slave: and the titled lords of the soil and greedy capitalists of England, after driving penury from its wretched home, sweeping miserable crowds from any foot-hold on the soil, and wringing profits or selfish gratifications from the agonies of famished labour, wrap themselves in the warm mantle of self-delusion or hypocrisy, and thank Heaven that they are not as Southern men are. The harmonious concord of such influences lends strength and volume to that outpouring of applause which is lavished upon Mrs. Stowe and her book, and gives at

*FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE. *A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin, presenting the original facts and documents upon which the Story is founded, together with corroborative statements, verifying the truth of the work.* By HAN-
NUT BEECHER STOWE, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
Boston. Published by John P. Jewett and Company.
Cleveland, Ohio. Jewett, Procter & Worthington. 1853.

this time to any thing she may write a popularity and importance wholly unconnected with any intrinsic merits. This very consideration, however, should induce us not to accumulate our indignation on the head of the poor pander to the prurient appetite of the public, but to distribute our censure with liberal impartiality between the deceiver and the willingly deceived. Still, as Mrs. Stowe furnishes the text, she must be set up as the target at which our arrows have necessarily to be aimed.

But if the position of the "author of Uncle Tom's Cabin" is materially changed on her second manifestation in print, the mutation is not less between her two productions. The first work was a fiction designed as an embodiment of the truth—but possessing all the characteristics of fiction, and many that do not legitimately belong even to romance. The second is professedly a compilation of facts for the purpose of sustaining the allegations of imagination, and of proving the reality to be worse than conjecture. The first was an intricate involution and convolution of fictions for the insinuation of slander; the second is a distortion of the facts and mutilation of the records, for the sake of giving substance to the scandalous fancy, and reduplicating the falsehood of the representation. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is represented in the present work as "a mosaic of facts"—and "The Key" is now supplied to give access to the quarry from which the facts were taken. We think the designation of a fictitious mosaic of facts equally applicable to both romances, for the fancy, which was displayed before in false colouring and perverse arrangement, is now exercised in the congenial task of false representation and misinterpretation. It was a wise proverb of the Arabs, that there is no lie so black or so dangerous as that which is founded upon truth. Mrs. Stowe has illustrated two aspects of the aphorism, but she has not recognized the delusion and iniquity of either procedure. We endeavoured to expose briefly on a former occasion the pernicious fallacy of weaving a fiction out of the threads of fact, and we shall now more briefly exhibit the sophistry of that easy and shallow process—the transmutation of facts into fictions. This, indeed,

will constitute the principal aim and the larger portion of our present criticism.

Before touching the Key, however, we have a preliminary remark to introduce, which may seem foreign to our immediate subject, but is most intimately combined with it as explaining and perpetuating the agitation which Mrs. Stowe has been able to excite. It is a horrible thought that a woman should write or a lady read such productions as those by which her celebrity has been acquired. Are scenes of license and impurity, and ideas of loathsome depravity and habitual prostitution to be made the cherished topics of the female pen, and the familiar staple of domestic consideration or promiscuous conversation? Is the mind of woman to be tainted, seduced, contaminated, and her heart disenchanted of its native purity of sentiment, by the unblushing perusal, the free discussion, and the frequent meditation of such thinly veiled pictures of corruption? Can a lady of stainless mind read such works without a blush of confusion, or a man think of their being habitually read by ladies without shame and repugnance? It is sufficiently disgraceful that a woman should be the instrument in disseminating the vile stream of contagion; but it is intolerable that Southern women should defile themselves by bringing the putrid waters to their lips? If they will drink of them in secret, let them repent in secret, and not make vices unknown to the ears of the pure and upright of their sex, the subject of daily thought and conversation. Grant that every accusation brought by Mrs. Stowe is perfectly true, that every vice alleged occurs as she has represented the pollution of such literature to the mind and heart of woman is not less—but perhaps even more to be apprehended. It may accord with the gross fancies and coarse nature of a Cincinnati school-mistress to revel over the imagination or the reality of corruptions, with which she is much more conversant than the majority of Southern gentlemen, but the license of a ribald tongue must be excluded from the sanctity of the domestic hearth. If Mrs. Stowe will chronicle and imagine the incidents of debauchery, let us hope that women—and especially Southern women, will not be found poring over her pages. The Gospels according to Fant

Wright, and George Sand, the fashionable favour extended to the licentious novels of the French School, and the woman's rights' Conventions, which have rendered the late years infamous, have unsexed in great measure the female mind, and shattered the temple of feminine delicacy and moral graces; and the result is before us in these dirty insinuations of Mrs. Stowe, and in the Christian address of the women of England. If the annals of prostitution are to be raked over and republished, they should find no students or lecturers among women of refined feelings or respectable character. The Stowe-ic philosophy is a fatal contamination to woman.

This point was one of too immediate interest to the South, as well as to all portions of the world where female purity is sincerely prized, for us to suffer it to pass without notice, and it has a direct importance at the present time when the dowagers, duchesses, and countesses of England are engaged in the Christian duty of propagating slanders, and inviting the co-operation of their American sisters to assist in redressing grievances which exist chiefly in imagination, by means of social revolution and servile war. We could not overlook this matter, as it is only one form of that masculine habit of thought, and that corrupting effrontery of speech and action, which is gradually spreading from the licentious atmosphere of European capitals, and stealing over the manners of women when the presence of the plague is least suspected. But, having rendered this service to the general cause of morals, we will open the door to the horrors of Uncle Tom's Cabin, with the aid of Mrs. Stowe's Key, although its wards are not very nicely adjusted to the lock, and betray the rude contrivance of a felonious artisan.

This second work is written to substantiate the representations of its predecessor, and to brand still deeper the mark of infamy with which she had previously endeavored to stigmatize the South. Mrs. Stowe intimates that 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was a very inadequate representation of slavery, because the reality was too dreadful for a work of art, and could afford no pleasure unless partially concealed by a veil. She now proposes to withdraw that veil, to exhibit all the sores and

ulcers that prey upon the body of the institution, to present the alleged reality in blacker colours than it was exhibited in the fiction, to reply to the doubts and criticisms that have been occasioned by her book, and thus establish the veracity of her former delineation. This contemplated effort is ushered in with the very unnecessary and incredible declaration that 'The writer has aimed, as far as possible, to say what is true, and only that, without regard to the effect which it may have upon any person or party.' If this declaration is sincere, we can only say that the novelty of the attempt has not been rewarded by any discernible evidences of success; but truth is not easily lured back to the perch from which it had been ignominiously and systematically expelled. Yet, we must give her due credit for this rare visitation of a laudable desire, and regret her lamentable failure, when 'She can only say that she has used the most honest and earnest endeavours to learn the truth;' and commends her new book of enormities 'to the candid attention and earnest prayers of all true Christians throughout the world.'

On a former occasion we refused to deny or call in question the particular facts which were woven into the texture of Uncle Tom's Cabin; we denied only the truth of the representation produced by the arrangement and colouring of those facts, and the justice of the inferences proposed to be drawn from them. We are thus relieved from any necessity to reply to or express our entire dissent from the present work, as it is entirely foreign to the only issue which we then made, and, we may add, to the only issue which can be effectually made. Mrs. Stowe limits her present labour of verification to the production of evidence that the facts previously employed were either substantially true, or were so nearly equivalent to the literal truth that they were not unwarrantably assumed in a work professedly of fiction. She shows that there are negro-traders like Haley; that there are quadroons and persons of white complexions, but black blood, who are held as slaves; that there are Shelbys and Legrees; Topsy and Quaker Abolitionists; St. Clares and excellent servants, not quite as good as Uncle Tom; and,—no, she fails to prove the verisimilitude of that Yankee

anomaly, Miss Ophelia. She furnishes abundant evidence to prove that the slave laws of the South are exceedingly harsh and severe in the letter, especially to the ears of those who understand neither them nor any other laws, and that there are instances when they are exceedingly harsh in execution, as is the case with all laws. She exhibits enough to generate a more anxious desire for the amelioration of the servile condition, and to deepen our regret that every effort has been arrested and palsied by seditious intervention, and Northern Abolitionism. She proves that negroes are sold, that they are often taken to the South, and that there are frequent separations of families in consequence of the ordinary business transactions of life—but this is all that she does prove. It is certainly a triumphant vindication of Uncle Tom's Cabin, if the verification of that insidious libel depended upon the general truth of the separate incidents: it is utterly valueless as a confirmation, if the falsehood and pernicious character of the novel were wholly unconnected with the truth of the details, as we alleged them to be. The fact is that our former exposure of Uncle Tom's Cabin remains unassailed and unaffected by this long array of documentary evidence and conjectural interpretation; and that the real issue, which we alleged to have been overlooked by the respondents to Mrs. Stowe, is wholly unapproached by her cloud of witnesses. There was a great error in unnecessarily, and for the most part ignorantly, traversing the mere facts, instead of recurring to the more valid, more just, and more efficacious procedure of demurring to their pretended significance and their mischievous interpretation.

Under these circumstances we might with grace and propriety leave any further notice of Mrs. Stowe and her faggot of delusions to those who have sacrificed the cause of the South, notwithstanding their good intentions, and have afforded to her the prospect of an easy triumph by joining issue with her on the false grounds which her first work very dexterously suggested. The defence proposed by us is unmenaced; the works thrown up by them have been carried without difficulty on the first demonstration, and she will carry this pretence of victory to foreign lands, and

to communities ready to hail with exultation and to welcome with blind credulity every thing which strengthens their prejudices, or is in accordance with them. We might very appropriately leave to those who have injured the South—to the writers of replicant romances and inconclusive editorials—the duty of retrieving their errors, and re-instating the argument on a legitimate basis by defending themselves against the cogency of this rejoinder; but this is no merely literary controversy, and the interests at stake are too serious to be left in suspense for the decision of a wager of battle conducted on one side by those who have so foolishly yielded the vantage-ground before. We are fully aware how insufficient our defence must be, from the want of space, want of time, and perhaps want of ability; but at any rate we can promise that it will not fail from concurrence or collusion of sophistry, or from the occupancy of untenable grounds. We shall, however, so far take advantage of our own exemption from the attack or reply, that we will be exceedingly brief in our remarks, and will only furnish the indications of the argument which others may meditate on, expand, and improve; and will not enter into any detailed examination of the present Key.

The issue formerly presented by us, which we now again propose, is that the evils ascribed to the institution of slavery are incident in a still greater extent to all social organizations whatever, and that they are changed in form only, while diminished in kind and degree by the prevalence of slavery. We illustrated this position before, and we now leave it to be developed by those who may honour our views with their approval. The merits of the question are contained in a nut-shell. The whole defence of the South lies in the single position, that the arguments and the line of reasoning adopted in Uncle Tom's Cabin and implied in the Key, are absolutely destructive of all forms of polity, civilized or savage. This position we think satisfactory and impregnable, but it requires a larger range of view, and greater profundity of investigation than are accorded to the subject by the ordinary assailants or defenders of slavery. However, the whole question must now be thoroughly re-exam-

ined; and we cannot regret that a sufficiently active and general excitement has been produced through the rash intermeddling of Mrs. Stowe, to call for such a complete discussion and exposition of the whole subject as may scatter to the winds the frivolous accusations of the abolitionists, and may tranquillize the weak minds and vacillating fancies of many sensitive slaveholders in the South. It is their lukewarm, shilly-shally convictions, 'blown about with every wind of doctrine,' and their temporizing uncertainty in a case where doubt is treason either to the negro or to the South, which has armed our Abolition adversaries with the fire-brands which they are hurling into the combustible materials in our midst. One way or the other this case of conscience must be decided promptly: this is no time for either hesitation or delay. If slavery be sinful, impolitic, or inexpedient, either with reference to the interests of the slave or those of his master, away with it. Let it be abolished to-morrow, or so soon as may be practicable with safety: but let there be no tampering with so great a subject, to unite the service of God and Mammon, and to frame excuses for ourselves, while living in conscious iniquity. But if, on the contrary, it be, as we are firmly convinced it is, an institution natural, just, and righteous, render this conviction universal, let all know with confident assurance that it is beneficial to both master and slave, but more especially so to the latter, confirm the weak brethren in the faith by sober and thorough instruction, and then neither the powers of earth nor the powers of hell can shake the institution, or seriously disturb our tranquillity.

We are, however, leaving ourselves too little space for even the brief and desultory remarks which we design making on this Book of the Testimonies. Again, we concede the long string of alleged facts—all the stories—all the hearsay evidence—all the tattle of all the ignorant busy-bodies, and garrulous old ladies—all the advertisements treasured up through thirty years—all the slave laws, and judicial decisions—everything, except the use made of them and their interpretation. And this reservation we are assured is amply sufficient for the South. We do not mean to say that these statements

are even possessed of isolated truth in all instances. Mrs. Stowe admits that she may have committed many errors—some very gross ones have already been pointed out; but we think it unimportant to the defence whether these things be literally true or not, and we may entrust to the local newspapers in each vicinage the task of exposing the special mis-statements, hoping that they will not disregard this duty, as they may render good service by exposing the eager credulity, the negligent rashness, and the shameless indifference to truth with which the indictment has been drawn up against a whole people, and the evidences of crime collected. But to our argument, it is a matter of trivial consequence whether these statements be separately true or not, the onus of the offence lies in their false interpretation, and the true defence in the explanation of their limited and real significance. We would venture to assert the partial or complete injustice of Mrs. Stowe's exposition of the evidence adduced by her in at least ninety-nine cases out of every hundred that possess any intrinsic importance.

For example. She has delineated Haley as the worst type of negro-traders:—we have ourselves heard of those who were even worse than he. She has adduced evidence to prove that there are such men. We would never have denied it. And then she charges it not on the callousness and depravity of the individual, but on the institution of slavery. The justice of so attributing it is what we deny, and what is the essential point in her intended proof. Slavery only furnishes the occasion and determines the form of the brutality; it neither generates it, nor would its abolition extirpate it. All that would be effected would be to transfer it to some other channel, perhaps to slime it over with the oily varnish of cunning greed, and compel it to pursue its career of darkness by the more terrible, because more effectual and secret means of cheating and legal oppression. There are worse Haleys in the large cities than on the Ohio river; there are more victims to the greed, the power, the depravity of the coarse-minded and merciless in the unnoted transactions of ordinary life, and in the general routine of commercial or manufacturing oppression,

than are to be found in the pens of the negro traders. Because rascality is practised for gain, because murders, direct or consequential, are instigated by the desire of gold, shall we charge these things to the score of money, and agitate its entire abolition? Because murders can be wrought only on a living subject, shall we get rid of the crime by proposing the entire annihilation of life? Mrs. Stowe's doctrine runs naturally into absurdities. Because the African slave-trade is carried on and perpetuated solely by commerce and navigation, shall we suppress both? It may be said with more than her ordinary degree of truth, that without the existence of slavery there would be no slave-trade, but does the existence of slavery at the South account for the curious and disgraceful fact that nearly five-sixths of the slave vessels sail from Baltimore, and the Northern ports of the righteous free States, and none from the more Southern harbours? We do not think that this is attributable to Southern slavery, but to the greater greed, the more unscrupulous pursuits, the ampler facilities for commercial enterprize in the Northern Cities, and in no slight degree to the ancient and persistent opposition of the Southern States to the African slave-trade, which was manifested at a time when the North was clamorous for its continuance and encouragement. If the vices of Haley and the sufferings of his victims are rightly attributable to the institution of slavery, we have certainly a right and a more reasonable right to refer to the absence of it in England the evictions of the Duchess of Sutherland and company, and the distresses of the poor needle-women on which the London Times has so forcibly commented. The absence of slavery is not the absence, but the certain multiplication of misery among the labouring classes. Yet it is by such grievous abuse and perversion of facts and reasoning that Mrs. Stowe has filled this lugubrious volume with falser facts than ever ornamented her fiction.

We have not alluded to the North and to England with a view to refute crimination by recrimination. And yet, it would be justifiable, not as a defence, but to arrest defamation on the part of those who had greater errors to correct than ourselves. But our

motive has been to show that the evil assigned to slavery is equally or still more incident to societies where slavery does not exist, and that it is only the peculiar form of the evil which is the fruit of slavery. No doubt that form appears horrible to those unacquainted with it, and who see nothing distressing in the multiplied sufferings and crimes which occur every where around them; but this unreasonable horror, thus springing from entire ignorance, which is more alarmed by its own frenzied imaginations than affected by more dismal but familiar realities, is the motive power which secures popular acceptance and gives plausibility to Mrs. Stowe's fictitious delineations and false constructions.

A word is all that we have time to give to each of the leading topics in this compilation of false testimony, and we shall follow Mrs. Stowe into the tangled labyrinths of that lady-like study, the criminal law in regard to slaves. We are only surprised that her peculiar tastes should not have led her attention to the *causes célèbres* in which the trials of negroes for rape are recorded. She might have found them in her ample pile of newspapers. But as these cases furnish stringent evidence on the other side of the question, like a promising apprentice to the law, she has omitted all allusion to them, as well as to the instances of murder, arson, and grave felonies committed by slaves. It is true these are of rarer occurrence among the negroes in Southern States, than amongst the white population in other countries, but they do occur, and might furnish a very pretty counterpart to Mrs. Stowe's juridical researches, and some explanation occasionally of the meaning and propriety of the laws which she cites. Thus she notes with becoming horror the lynching of Cornutt in Grayson, but makes no reference to the seditious and abolitionist doctrines of Bacon, to the insurrection of the negroes, or the murders previously committed by them. We have so little room to say what we wish to say, that we would request the papers throughout the South to take each case reported in Stowe's Reports, vol. III, which occurred and was tried in their respective neighbourhoods, and expose the misconstruction and misinterpretation of their present

position. It should be honestly and impartially done, and executed with care, skill, and logical consideration. The Richmond Times or Examiner should do this in the case of the Commonwealth *vs.* Souther, the spirit of Jefferson in the case of Col. Caseman, the Wytheville Republican in the case of Cornutt. It is only by this division of labour, and by the embodiment of the results of such separate inquiry in some New York or Washington Paper that any effectual refutation of these misrepresentations can be presented to those minds which most require it.

There is not a single available law-book within fifteen miles of us while we write, and under such circumstances we cannot pretend to speak very confidently about any details of legislation. But at one time, we were tolerably familiar with the slave law of both Virginia and South Carolina, and can trust our recollection of the latter at least so far as to state that the greater part of it is obsolete and is almost a dead letter on the books. It is sometimes referred to in aid of the judgment of juries, in order to regulate rather than govern their decisions, but we can safely say that any real or imaginary severity of the law is always mitigated by the verdict, except in obscure corners of the different districts, where ignorant magistrates and stupid jurymen lean with the natural tendency of all coarse natures to cruelty. Every effort is, however, made to bring all negro trials from the country to the Court-houses, where they are protected by the intelligence and good-feeling of an enlightened community. Mrs. Stowe complains of the bitter injustice of denying slaves the benefit of counsel and the advantage of trial by jury; the latter is granted by law, with the right of appeal, in all serious cases; the former is usually employed by the owner with a liberality entirely disproportioned to any pecuniary value of the slave, and is never refused, even without the hope of a fee, by the bar. This complaint of Mrs. Stowe is therefore entirely unfounded in fact. Yet such misstatements on so important a point connected with a question vitally affecting the peace of the Union, and the good name and tranquillity of the South are gravely introduced into these Facts for the People—

which are no facts as interpreted by herself, and are fitted only for those people who invite deception and are prepared to welcome delusion and slander.

But it is not the falsehood of any particular facts that we would now object to, it is the general, and uniform fallacy or sophistry of their interpretation which is fatal to the credibility of the whole work. We wish we had the time to examine her exposition of the case of Mr. Rowand in Charleston, S. C., and to show the perverse ingenuity with which she conceals every thing that conflicts with her predetermined misconstruction, and distorts to wrong everything that admits of such misuse in the pliant hand of fanaticism. We will only remark that Henry Bailey, the Attorney General, was memorable for the undeviating fairness and unwavering justice with which he conducted all prosecutions, neither exaggerating nor extenuating any thing, nor setting down aught in malice; that B. F. Hunt, who appeared for the defence, was born and raised in Massachusetts; and that Judge O'Neill, who presided on the bench, was always suspected of undue leaning to the cause of the negro: and then add, that if Mrs. Stowe can find nothing in a cause tried by such lawyers before such a judge but material for vituperation, the objections alleged must be sought, not in the merits of the cause, but in the moral and mental obliquity, and in the deceiving prejudices of the commentator.

Before we leave this legal division, justice to the Messenger requires us to notice the compendious process by which Mrs. Stowe endeavours to escape from the cogency of an argument offered in the first criticism of Uncle Tom's Cabin in this Magazine. The Editor in that able review had illustrated the inaccuracy of Mrs. Stowe's representations, by adducing the Louisiana Law prohibiting the sale of children under ten years of age separately from their mothers, as a reason why the sale of Eliza in New Orleans at the age of eight or nine would have been entirely invalid. Mrs. Stowe attempts to evade this conclusive objection, by alleging that the owner might misrepresent the age of the child, which would be incapable of proof. The general tenor of Mrs. Stowe's argument in this Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin is that the

slave-laws are so brutally severe, that even the best dispositions on the part of the slaveholders, who are represented as better than their laws, are ineffectual to redress or alleviate the miseries incident to slavery. But here she sails on the opposite tack, and endeavours to exculpate herself by intimating that even good laws are entirely nugatory in consequence of the fraud, the villainy, and the evasions of individuals. She has made a difficult dilemma for herself; either the laws are not enforced, and consequently furnish a defective and erroneous view of slavery, in which case she must abandon her whole train of deductions from the language of the laws: or they are enforced, in which event she must confess the invalidity of her reply to the Messenger, and the misrepresentation alleged. She must take one horn or the other; she cannot recur to either as suits her convenience; or, at any rate, if she extricates herself from her difficulties in this way, she must accord the same privilege to the advocates of the Southern cause, and thereby concede the fallacy of every separate thread in the elaborate indictment. It will not suffice to say that the laws may be sometimes enforced, and sometimes evaded; that position suits the South, and is a truth which the South would urge conclusively against all her attacks; it is the case with all laws, and is the reason that every where crime sometimes escapes punishment: but Mrs. Stowe is not content to test slavery on the incidents common to all human institutions, but will represent the mere letter of the law for the repression of crime, as the development of the spirit in which slaves must be treated. It is amusing to see Mrs. Stowe driven by the merciless consequences of this original fallacy into the horrible necessity of defending the murder of Uncle Tom by Legree—an outrage which every Southern man would reprobate with indignant scorn—and probably punish by the summary application of Lynch law, which may be sometimes profitably applied.

Mrs. Stowe, it is true, condemns Lynch law—without understanding either its nature or operation any better than she understands any other sort of law—and her ignorance of the latter subject is revealed at every step by the bald blunders with which she translates the technical language of jurisprudence on

every emergency into the *miseries* of female tattle. She speaks of the mobs and mobocracy at the South. Such things are a very rare occurrence—and are entirely unknown except in those cities where Yankee influences have crept in. But how are the facts in regard to mobs in the Northern cities? They are of weekly occurrence in Philadelphia, and are most sanguinary and ferocious: we have heard of the Macready and numerous other riots in New York: and even in the land of steady habits, they have not been unfrequent at Boston. The mob does not flourish at the South, it is pre-eminently of Northern growth and culture.

The Fourth Part of Mrs. Stowe's calumnies we leave to the reverend Clergy at the South: they are grossly slandered and abused, but they are able to reply for themselves; and we will not interfere with their legitimate domain, though we confess our abstinence is due to no want of inclination to write in their defence, but simply to the want of room. We will, however, trespass so far upon their sacred office, as to ask permission to participate with them in administering one rebuke.

Mrs. Stowe professes to be a Christian; she talks largely of Christianity, she throws an ultra Christian hue over all her writings; she appeals to all Christians throughout the world, and she arrogates to herself and her party the peculiar distinction of true Christian views and Christian motives. Those who think with her are Christians, those who dissent, or whose practice does not accord with her doctrines, are worse than infidels.

For ourselves, we make no profession of excessive Christianity, and no pretension to extravagant religion; but we are disgusted and dismayed at the recklessness with which the name of Christ is bandied about, and at the audacious blasphemy which assumes a Christian motive as the cloak or excuse for every unlicensed and malignant project, and for every fanatical purpose. While every principle of Christianity is openly set at defiance by the unrighteous aims and calumnious representations of Mrs. Stowe, she glosses over the treacherous deception by the asseveration of a sanctity which exists only in her own imagination, and is cherished into a superficial conviction solely by habitual indolence.

consummate hypocrisy and self-sufficiency. It is revolting to us, who are sensitive Christians like Mrs. Stowe, to witness the sacred name of a religion assumed as a blind by every enthusiast, and every disorganizing agent; and used as a common lure of deceit to tempt the unreflecting favour of the people to every scheme of anarchy or violence. The Abolitionists, the Communists, the Socialists, the Spiritual Rappers, and the confraternity of social humbugs, all pretend to speak as the oracles of heaven, and special messengers entrusted with the authority of Christ. In that adorable religion these fanatics busily prosecute the work of the devil. Like Ananias and Sapphira, they lie in the name of the Holy Ghost. "Whosoever saith Lord, Lord, and entereth not into the kingdom of heaven." Every day, religion has been so mutilated, so degraded, so travestied by the unbridled chicanery of silly and turbulent men, so blasphemed by the unholy lips of self-constituted apostles, male and female, that any peculiar profession of pre-Christianity may be legitimately regarded as presumptive evidence of unchristianity and diabolical purposes. It is enough that people should believe themselves to be in the right before agitating such questions: they are in duty bound to be accurate. It is not enough that they should delude themselves in assigning authority to themselves or their projects: they readily hatch that belief by systematic illusions, and nurture it by artifices and a prolonged course of hypocrisy.

The human mind is easily warped by deceitful manifestations. But they are absolutely and indubitably right, or Christianity professed is a vain and hollow pretence—the more sinful, and the more certain that it cannot be lightly suspected by sensible minds, and is never detected by the intellects. We are very certain that the "unco-righteous" schemes of Mrs. Stowe and her coadjutors, including the men who signed the Christian address of the men of England, are presided over by the evil-spirit of the Infernal Gulf, and are a dishonour to all Christianity, but the shameless substitution of its sacred name; for there

is not a single precept of revelation, which is not disregarded, discredited, and trampled under foot, when it conflicts with the development of their theories, or the execution of their unholy desires.

Mrs. Stowe's demonstration of deceit is suggestive, not so much in consequence of what it alleges, as in consequence of what it omits; not from the cogency and profundity of the argument, but from the depth of the error and the intricacy of the endless web of sophistry which it reveals. We have barely touched on a few salient points, we have not pretended to examine any topic thoroughly: we do not propose this notice as either an approximation to the full defence of the South, or as a refutation of the new volume: we had neither time nor space accorded to us for the performance of this task, and we have not touched it; we have only presented a few brief observations suggested by a cursory examination. We consign the whole subject to other and better hands; but in taking leave of that Christian-minded woman, Mrs. Stowe, we would commend to the serious meditation of herself and her Christian friends "throughout the world" a few verses from the Epistle of St. James, which they have probably never read, or have forgotten:

"If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.

"Pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

* * * * *

"Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you? Let him shew out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom.

"But if ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not, and lie not against the truth.

"This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish.

"For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.

"But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

"And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace."—*St. James: I. vv. 26, 7. III. vv. 13—18.*

G. F. H.

THE TRIUMPH OF SPRING.

BY TENELLA.

The Ice King opened his frozen gates to hold high court one day,
While his servants all were summoned to come, dutiful homage to pay.
His palace was built of icy blocks, hewn in the frigid zone,
And lit with a gleam of rosy light from an Aurora thrown.
His sea green throne was a frozen wave, brought from the Arctic pole,
Which had with its foaming crest congealed e'er it had ceased to roll.
Drest in his dazzling robes he sat, in his council chamber wide,
And cast on its strong and solid walls a glance of haughty pride;
A sceptre of ice in his hand he held which glittered with many a gem,
While the diamond and opal's changeful light flashed from his diadem;
His mantle of snow around him fell in many a frozen fold,
While his vest was lace-work frail and light wrought by the Hoar-frost cold;
He smiled as his warriors round him came, clad all in frozen mail,
Their gleaming swords the icicles sharp—their darts the rattling hail.
"My children," he said, "my liege men hold, hearken to my command,
Meddlesome Spring is seeking again to enter my chosen land;
When last she stole on me unawares and melted my jewels bright,
I swore—'not again in this our home should come the mischievous sprite;
But despite my firm and just decree she would fain be working here.
So I order you all to drive her hence at the point of the sword and spear;
What care I for her bright green leaves, her buds and flowers so gay?
My mantle of snow and my icy gems are lovelier far than they;
And sweeter far is the rushing wind, with its whistle keen and sharp,
Than the softest note that she can draw from the strings of the woodland harp.
Then hang my jewels on every bough and bid my north winds blow—
And lest she hide in the bosom of earth, go! cover it deep with snow;
I'll let her know a king I am—none shall dispute my sway—
I'll bind her fast in fetters of ice and sweep her flowers away."

Then bowed they all at his behest, for a man was he,
And each one swore, before his glance, the Spring should flee;
Old Boreas blew his rudest blast to meet the breeze,
While the silent Sleet, as the rain-drops fell, decked the trees,
The Snow clouds strove to veil the sun lest Spring ride on his ray,
While the Hoar-frost sealed the earth like a stone her thence away.
And over the earth a pall was cast—a pall of snow,
Beneath whose folds all life was chilled as pulse beat low,
And when from his home on the wings of the Ice King forth did ride,
He saw not a nook in all his land where he foe could hide:
Every shrub, and tree, and blade of grass, hid from the snowy pall,
Was cased in a silver sheen of ice, that the Sun shone on all;
The sun was hid by a murky cloud that hung frowning,
While the air was filled with the driving snow like floated down,
And the breast of earth by the frost was raised it heaved a sigh
For the genial warmth of prisoned Spring as King rushed by.
"Ha! ha!" he shouted, and dashed along, "let the life for me,
The beauties of Spring what are they I pray thy sister's boisterous glee?"
And then in his joy he tossed the snow in air and mound.
And rattled the ice boughs, falling fast, with a crashing sound.
But he wearied soon of his stormy sport, and his palace of snow;
"My liege men," he said, "can conquer Spring hold all above and below."
For awhile fast bound in an icy chain the Spring lay,
But she kissed the cold links till one by one she broke them all away;
Yet she dared not then put on her robe of bright green,
Or wreath her brow with buds and flowers, for the night air keen,
But her gentle wiles each day she plied till Boreas blew,
And the snow clouds melted before her smile, one withdrew.
'Tis thus that woman gains her end—in weakness her strength,
By yielding wins her way to power, and reigns at length;
Sweet is the music she can make, if with love she play
And chords will vibrate in his heart, who is open sway;
The chilling frost that round it clings her tender melt,
If like the breath of early Spring, that love, she felt,
Oft by a word, a smile, a look, she prompts to deeds,

While man benignly smiles, and led—still fancies that he leads.
 With timid steps the fairy moved, till lulled in tranquil rest,
 The servants of the frigid King forgot his stern behest:
 The silent Sleet first owned her power, first let his ice-darts fall,
 As gently from the frozen earth she drew its snowy pall;
 The Hoar frost ceased to seal its breast, the fruit trees burst in bloom,
 While the meek eyed violet raised its head and breathed a sweet perfume.
 But alas! one day, in her earnest zeal, she bade her Zephyrs blow,
 And their balmy breath was wafted on to the Ice King's home of snow.
 "Ha, ha!" he cried as he started up, "I felt the breath of Spring
 The lazy Zephyrs fan my brow and birds begin to sing."
 Then he called for a storm on which to ride and swept o'er the startled land,
 While the Hoar Frost worked and Boreas blew once more at his command;
 His ice clad warriors rose from sleep at his chariot's rattling sound,
 They waved their gleaming swords on high and scattered their darts around,
 They shook the trees in their stormy wrath, and the bright-ed blossoms fell,
 With their icy breath each velvet bud they nipt e'er it could swell,
 The Hoar frost lay on the springing grass and scorched its tender blade,
 While the shivering mock-bird hushed its note of the driving blast afraid.
 Ah! once thus 'neath Death's cold hand, our blightest joys decay,
 And like the bursting buds of Spring are blighted in a day!
 Yet the wounded heart can better bear affliction's stormy night,
 Than the lingering death its love must die if cold indifference blight.
 But rouse! ye hearts that mourn o'er this, take courage from the lay,
 And strive like her by loving wiles to melt this frost away.
 She had bravely fought with the sleet and snow, the driving hail and rain,
 She had stilled old Boreas' rudest blast and melted his icy chain;
 With her sunny smile and her balmy breath, she worked with right good will
 Though the Hoar frost keen in the silent night did terrible mischief still,
 And her steps lay blighted buds, withered leaves and flowers,
 Yet she proudly said I'll never yield to the Ice King's cruel powers,
 Or I'll hie me away to his frozen courts in my robe of brightest green,
 And I'll fill his heart with such tender love, he'll woo me for his queen.

The Ice King sat on his sea-green throne and his warriors 'round him came,
 What ho?" he cried, "so the fairy Spring has entered my domain,

Did I not bid ye ward to keep, and guard against each device,
 To bind her fast in the bosom of earth in an adamant chain of ice?
 Ye are faithless servants one and all, go! meet the train once more,
 While I myself, both night and day, will guard my palace door."
 Then all day long, from gate to gate, he wandered up and down,
 While dark and vengeful were his looks, and terrible his frown:
 Like muttering thunder deep not loud his sounding murmurs rolled,
 Through his apacious courts, his vacant halls, his corridors lone and cold.
 He swore, in an iceberg, strong and clear, he'd prison the meddlesome fay,
 And bind her fast to the Northern pole beyond the ken of day,
 But now a soft, slow step he heard—perhaps some warrior bold
 With news that his subtle foe lay dead, pierced by an ice dart cold;
 As he moved through the fluted columns of ice to the massy portals wide
 He little dreamed she was smiling then just on the other side;
 But he knew her not, as there she stood, a maiden young and fair,
 With the dewy buds of the pink moss rose twined in her golden hair,—
 In her tiny hand a harp she bore, and the music from its strings
 Was the joyous song of the forest bird and the hum of the wild bee's wings,
 Like sporting Cupids, by her side, attendant Zephyrs danced,
 While the rugged King forgot his wrath and stood like one entranced.
 Meekly to him she raised her eyes of the deepest violet blue,
 While a mantling blush stole o'er her cheek like the sunset's rosy hue.
 "I come," she said, "from a distant land, whence I fled from a mighty foe,
 A refuge I seek in your icy courts and palace of sparkling snow."
 "Enter, enter," the monarch said "for a beautiful thing art thou,
 With thy robe of bright and living green and the flowers upon thy brow,
 It well may be our foe's the same, the mischievous fairy Spring,
 But she's e'en more wicked than I deemed, if she hurt such a lovely thing.
 Nay, shrink not, fair one, from my touch," he said and kissed her brow,
 "You have asked a home in my icy courts. A home and a heart hast thou;"
 Then he gazed again on the tiny sprite, 'till his heart began to glow,
 For love sprang up in his frozen breast, like violets in the snow;
 The rosy zephyrs from his dress unheeded plucked each gem,
 They bore his sceptre of ice away and spoiled his diadem,
 He did not see that his palace walls were melting fast away,

He could only gaze with passionate love on that bright
and sparkling fay,
She nestled close to his icy breast 'till his frozen heart
did melt,
When he placed her fondly on his throne and at her foot-
stool knelt,
"Joy, joy!" she cried, "I've triumphed now. The Ice
King kneels to Spring!"
He said not a word, but he bowed him low to the tiny ra-
diant thing.
Ah! such is the power of beauty I ween, that oft round
the noblest soul.
She weaves in an instant a gossamer chain that gives her
unbounded control,
And often where Intellect fails to subdue, by the light of
her glorious smile,
A glance from a beautiful woman can bend the proud
heart of man for a while,
But let her not glory too much in the charm which over
his spirit she weaves,
For oft to her sorrow she finds it as frail as the web that is
hung on the leaves.
Cold, cold is the heart that never has felt the magical
thrill of her power,
But if it is only the eye that is charmed 'twill exhale like
the dew from the flower.
For the bright charm of Beauty can never compare with
that of the heart and mind,
The one for a while man's fancy may snare, the other his
spirit shall bind.
Then speak not to me of the love of the slave that Beauty
alone can control
But give me the love the reason may own—the love of
the heart and the soul,
For life gives us here no feeling so pure, so free from all
earthly alloy
As a woman's fond faith in the truth of such love—'tis
truly an Eden of joy.

Sketches of the Flush Times of Alabama.

JUSTIFICATION AFTER VERDICT.

The Fall assizes of the year 184—, came on in the East Riding, and my friend, Paul Beechim, found himself duly indicted before Judge C., for an assault and battery committed on the body of one Philip Cousins, in the peace of the State then and there being. I felt more than ordinary interest in the case; the aforesaid Paul being a particular friend of mine, and, moreover, the case presenting some singular and mysterious features. The defendant was one of the best-natured and most peaceable citizens of the county, and, until recently, before this *ex parte* fighting, had been on terms of intimacy and friendship with the gentleman upon whom the assault was made. The assault

was of a ferocious character; no one knew the cause of it; though every one knew, from the character of Beechim, that some extraordinary provocation had been given him: it was impossible to guess what it was. I was no better informed than the rest. When Beechim came to employ me in the case, I tried to possess myself of the facts. To all inquiries he only replied that he had acted as he had done for good and sufficient reasons—but that he did not choose to say more. I told him that it was impossible for me to defend him unless he would place me in possession of the facts, and assured him that whatever he communicated should be held in strict professional and personal confidence. But nothing I could say produced any change in his determination. I was about abandoning his case, remarking to him that if he felt no confidence in his counsel, or not enough to induce him to tell him the facts, he might be assured that it was no less his interest than my wish, that he should go where he would be better suited. But he persisted that it was from no want of confidence in me that he refused, and that he regarded me with the same feelings of friendship he had always felt for me, and concluded by telling me that if I refused to take his case he should employ no other lawyer, but would let the matter proceed without defence. I told him I did not see any hope of his escaping severe punishment as the case stood; to which he replied that he expected it, but that he hoped I would, if it were possible, prevent his being sent to jail. The case came up in the regular course of things and was tried. The facts were brought out plainly enough. The assault was made in public, on the square, the weapon a large cane, with which the defendant had given Cousins an awful beating, gashing his head and causing the blood to flow very freely over his clothes. The words said by Beechim in the course of the affair were, "Now, d—n you, how do you like *that* pine-apple sop?" spoken just as he was leaving the prostrate Cousins. Of course on such testimony, the jury found the defendant guilty: and the court retained Beechim in custody until some leisure was given to fix the punishment, which, by the statute, the court was bound to impose.

Judge C. was something of a martinet

line. He was a pretty good disciplinarian and kept the police business of the court in good order. There had been of late many violations of the law and a growing disposition was felt by the people and the courts to put down these excesses; but Beechim was so popular, and withal, so kind-hearted and gentlemanly a fellow, that a great deal of sympathy was felt for him, and a general wish that he might in some way get out of the scrape.

Among the peculiarities of Judge C., was an itching curiosity. He was always peeping under the curtain of a case to see if he could not find something behind; and felt not a little disappointed and vexed when the examination stopped short of bringing out all the facts and incidents, the relations of the parties and the like.

He had been struck with the expression used by Beechim—"pine-apple sop," and was evidently uneasy in mind in his present state of inability to unravel it. The first pause in the cause he was next trying gave him an opportunity of calling me to him: I came of course: Said he, "B—, what did that fellow mean by 'pine-apple sop?'" I told him there was a mystery about it which I could not explain. "A mystery, ha! Well, now, here, B—, in confidence—just tell me; it shan't go any farther—of course, you know—just give me item of it." I told him I really was ignorant of it—as was every one else; but I felt sure that it was something that would place my client's conduct in a better light, though he obstinately refused to tell it to me. The judge then assured me I had better see my client, and get him to state it to the court; that he would give all proper weight to it in fixing the punishment, but that, as the case stood, he should have to make an example of him. I took Paul aside, and told him what the judge had said, and added my own counsel to his Honor's, but with no effect. He still mildly but absolutely refused to make any explanation. I felt a good deal vexed at this, as it seemed to me, most unreasonable conduct. Revolving the thing in my mind, I got more and more bothered the more I thought about it. I began to look at the circumstances more narrowly: that it was no sham or trick was very evident;—no man would have taken

such a beating for fun: that the provocation did not touch any domestic relations which the defendant might have desired to keep from being exposed, was apparent from the fact that my client had no relatives in the country, and the only girl he ever went to see was Cousins's sister. There were two facts I made sure of: the first, that this meeting was immediately after Cousins's return from New Orleans, which occurred a few days after Beechim himself had arrived from that city; the second, that Cousins had kept out of the way and had received a note shortly before court from Beechim. I made up my mind that the quarrel originated in something that had occurred between the parties in New Orleans. I happened to know, too, that Samuel Roberts, Esq., one of the 'cutest chaps we had about town, and 'up to trap' in whatever was stirring wherever he happened to be, was in New Orleans at the time these young gentlemen were there; and I determined to get the facts out of him if I could. Shortly after breakfast, on the next day after the verdict,—the judgment still delayed, partly by my request and partly by the judge's curiosity being yet unappeased—I sallied out with a package in my hand as if going to the post office. Sam was on the street. I knew if there was anything to be concealed by him, the only way to get at it was by a *coup d'etat*. So half-passing him, I turned suddenly on him, and, putting my hand on his shoulder, and looking him in the eye, broke into a laugh saying, "Well, Sam, that quarrel between Beechim and Cousins in New Orleans, and the—thing it grew out of—didn't it beat anything you ever heard of?—Wasn't it the qucerest affair that ever happened? I am defending Beechim, and, would you believe it?—he never told me up to last night what was the cause of the fight? Don't the whole thing look curious?" I said this very flippantly, and with a knowing air, as if I knew all about it. Sam's eyes twinkled as he answered, "Well, B—, isn't it the blamedest piece of business you ever heard of?" "Yes," said I, "it is; and we must get Paul out of this scrape—the judge is viperish, and, if we don't do something, six months in jail is the very lowest time we can get Paul off with. Now, Sam, just step here—tell me the particulars of the matter

in New Orleans as *you* understand them; for you know any discrepancy between Paul's statement and yours might hurt things mightily, and I want to know exactly how the case stands." "No," said Sam, "I can't do it. I promised Paul, on honor, that I wouldn't mention it to a soul, and I won't do it unless I am compelled. So, you needn't ask me unless you bring a note from Paul relieving me from the pledge." I saw he was determined, and it was useless to press the point. I had a vague idea that a woman was mixed up in the matter, and was afraid of some exposure of that sort; so I led out blind to find out, "Well, well, Sam, if you stand on points of honor, of course that ends it;—but just explain this thing—how did *the girl* behave under the circumstances?—you know it was calculated to be a little trying, and the thing being so sudden and the parties being strangers, too,—you understand?" and I looked several volumes, and searched narrowly for some answer. Sam merely replied, "Why, as to *the girl* opposite, if you mean her, she behaved very well. She laughed a little at first, but when Paul showed how it hurt him, she seemed to feel for him, and let the rest take all the laugh." I felt better satisfied with this explanation, and determined on my course.

The judge, in the mean time, was on thorns of anxiety. He had been conversing with the clerk, and sheriff, and State's Attorney, but to no purpose; they only inflamed his curiosity the more: the mystery seemed inscrutable. He came to my room twice that night—but I was out—to see me on the subject. Early in the morning, as I was taking a comfortable snooze, his Honor came into my room and woke me up. "Get up, B—, get up—why do you sleep so late in the morning?—its a bad habit." (The judge was in the habit of sleeping until a late breakfast.) I got up, and before I could get on my pantaloons, he opened the conversation. "B.," said he, "this thing about young Beechim distresses me a great deal. I feel really concerned about his case; and if you will tell me now how that difficulty originated I—I—I—shall feel better about it. My mind would—yes, my mind *would* be relieved. Of course, B., *you* know all about the matter, and I assure you it will be to the

interest of your client to reveal the whole affair—de-ci-ded-ly his interest. What is it?" I told him I really did not know, and could not find out as yet; but I thought I had got the clue to the mystery, and, if he would aid me, it could all be brought to light: I was convinced, that if it did come out, it would make decidedly for the benefit of Paul, whom I know to be incapable of making a wanton assault upon any one, especially upon Cousins. The judge told me I might rely on him, and he would see if any one dared to hold back any thing which it was proper to bring out. He was so communicative as to assure me that, generally speaking, he was a man of but little curiosity; indeed, he sometimes reproached himself, and his wife often reproached him, for not knowing things;—that is, he said, he meant by "not knowing things"—personal matters, gossip, and so forth,—and that he never got anything but what was played like a trapball all over town; but, in this case, as a mere matter of speculation, he confessed he *did* feel desirous of unravelling the riddle: in fact, it preyed on his mind; he couldn't rest last night; he even dreamed of a fellow funneling *him* and pouring down *his* throat a bottle of spirits of turpentine, and asking him, as he left him gagged, how *he* liked "that pine-apple sop." His Honor then went into many ingenious theories and surmises in elucidation of the mystery: but I felt assured that his explication was more fanciful than true.

Finding a great indisposition still, to reveal anything, on the part of Beechim, and fearing that, if he were present, he would interpose objections to the presentation of the proof as to the provocation, I arranged it so that the sheriff should detain Paul from the courthouse until I could get the testimony in.

In order to a more perfect understanding of the matter, I had as well state here that Beechim was a young gentleman who had some two or three years before "located" in the county, and was doing a general land-agency and collecting business, surveying lands, &c., having before been engaged as principal in an academy. He had graduated at the college at Knoxville, Tennessee, and cherished sentiments of great reverence for

his venerable *alma mater*, which showed a very lively condition of the moral sensibilities. He thought very highly of the respectable society of that somewhat secluded village, and conceived a magnified idea of the burgh as a most populous, wealthy and flourishing metropolis. I verily believe he considered Knoxville at once the Athens and Paris of America, abounding in all the refinements and shining with the polish of a rare and exquisite civilization—the seat of learning, the home of luxury, and the mart of commerce. Letters, and arts, and great men, and refined modes, and cultivated manners, and women of a type that they never before had been moulded into, there abounded, in his partial fancy prodigal of such generous appreciation. The magnificent self-delusion of dear old Captain Jackson, immortalized by Elia, scarcely equalled the hallucination of Paul *quoad* the sights and scenes, the little short of celestial glory of and about *the city* of Knoxville, as he would persist in calling that out-of-the-way, not-to-be-gotten-to, Sleepy-Hollow town, fifty miles from the Virginia line and a thousand miles from any where else. I speak of it in pre-railroad times. Paul had been assiduous in the cultivation of manners. His model was, of course, *that* he found at Knoxville. He had a great *penchant* for fashionable life, and fashionable life was the life of the coteries, the upper-tens, of Knoxville. Rusticity and vulgarity were abominations to him. To go back to Knoxville and get to the tip of the ton there, was the extreme top-notch of Paul's ambition. Apart from this high-church Knoxvillism, Paul was an excellent fellow, somewhat vain, sensitive to a fault, and thin-skinned; something pretentious as to fashion, style and manners; indeed, the girls had got to regard him as a sort of village Beau Brummell, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form"—a character on which he plumed himself not a little, and, I am sorry to say it, he did not bear his blushing honors as meekly as could have been hoped for under the circumstances. He had written back to the friends of his youth, (as Mr. Macawber hath it,) in Knoxville, that he was growing more reconciled to his fate: his mind was calmer, he said, though his exile had, at first, gone very hard

with him; but the manners of the natives were evidently, he was pleased to think, under his missionary labor, improving, and he must say for these natives, that they had evinced docility—which gave him hopes of further civilization.

That there could be anything beyond the pitch of refinement to which Knoxville had gone, Paul could not believe on less than ocular evidence.

I got out a subpoena and sent the sheriff after Roberts with orders from the judge for his immediate attendance. The court was in session, and I proposed taking up this matter of Beechim's before the usual business of the day was gone into.

Samuel came into the court somewhat discomposed, but on observing that Beechim was not present, became reassured. His Honor drew from his pouch a fresh quid of tobacco, deposited it in his right cheek, wiped his mouth neatly with his handkerchief, seated himself comfortably in his chair, cleared his throat, blew his nose, and spread out his countenance into a pleasant and encouraging "skew," and directed me to proceed with the witness—commencing at the beginning and telling the witness to take his time.

Roberts took the stand. He testified to this effect: indeed, this is nearly a literal transcript of my notes, taken at the time. "Witness knows the parties—has known them for three years—is intimately acquainted with Beechim, being a Tennessean and having been at one time at Knoxville—knows that Beechim and Cousins were on good terms; indeed, quite friendly until May last. In company with witness they went together to New Orleans; went by way of Jackson and the Mississippi river; arrived there the 13th of the month—conversed together a good deal—conversation of a friendly character—quite sociable; Beechim talked a great deal of Knoxville, the girls, fashions and society: Cousins listened attentively: *knows* the parties *must* have been friendly. Arrived in New Orleans on the 18th about 10 A. M., Monday; intended to remain until Thursday; no boat going up until Tuesday night. Took lodgings at the St. Charles Hotel. Heard a conversation going on between the two—subject, *the mode*: Cousins had been

in the city and the hotel, frequently, so he said—knew the rules and the etiquette: Beechim had been at the best hotels in Knoxville, knew *their* rules, but had been from Knoxville a good while, *therefore* was rusty—was not certain but that he might make some awkward blunder—might be fatal to his character; Cousins offered to act as cicerone—said B. might rely on him, 'to put him through;' told him to take item from him—Beechim thanked him kindly. At three the gong rang for dinner—parties were in the gentlemen's sitting room. B. started—thought at first that the steam engine that worked the cooking stove in the kitchen had burst its boiler. C. told him it was the gong: B. asked him if it were not a *new* thing—long as he had been in Knoxville had never heard of such a thing—asked C. if he could believe it. Went to dinner—bill of fare was handed; B. wished to know if there was any *lincister* to translate the French dishes—said there was in Knoxville; got along pretty well until just as B. had taken a piece of pine-apple on his plate, the waiter came along and put a green-colored bowl before every guest's plate with water and a small slice of lemon in it. Beechim asked Cousins what *that* was. C. replied, 'Sop for the pine-apple.' B. said he thought so. Beechim took the bowl and put it in his plate, and then put the pine-apple in the bowl, and commenced cutting up the apple, and stirred it around in the fluid with his fork, and ate it, piece after piece. B. kept his eyes on the bowl—did not observe what was passing about him. Many persons at table—five hundred at least—ladies, dandies, foreigners, moustached fellows;—began to be an uproar on the other side of the table; every body got to looking down at Beechim—eye-glasses put up—a double-barrelled spy-glass (as witness supposed) levelled at him by a man at the head of the table, who stood up to draw a bead on him—loud laughing—women putting handkerchiefs, or napkins, (witness is not certain which,) to their mouths. B. got through with the pine-apple. Cousins had been laughing with the rest—composed himself now, and asked B. "how he liked the pine-apple?" B. answered in these words: 'I think the pine-apple very good, but don't you think the sauce is rather insipid?'—

Spoke the words pretty loud—heard at some distance—great sensation—immoderate laughter—women screaming—men calling for wine—the French consul's clerk drank to the English consul's clerk, 'Ze shentleman from ze interiore, may he leeve to a *green* ole aige,'—drank with all the honors. Beechim seeing the fuss, turned to an old man next him and asked what was the matter—any news of an exciting character? The old man, a cotton broker—an Englishman—replied that he, B., 'had been making an ass of himself—he had been eating out of the finger-bowl.' B's face grew as red as a beet—then pale; he jumped back—tried to creep out by bending his head down below the chairs—rushed on and knocked over the waiter with the coffee—spilt it on a young lady—staggered back and fell against a Frenchman—tore his ruffles—knocked him, head striking head, over against an Irishman—quarrel—two duels next morning—Frenchman killed. Gen. Sacré Frogleggè rose, and proposed three cheers for the gentleman of *retiring* habits; *encored*: wine all around the board—uproarious doings: Tom Placide called on to rehearse the scene—done—applause terrific: Beechim got out—forgot where his hat was—ran bare-headed to the bar (?)—called for his bill—never got his clothes—ran to the steamboat—shut himself up in the state room for two days;—thing out in the Picayune next morning—no names given. B. came home—saw Cousins when he came up—licked him within an inch of his life with a hickory stick. Witness further said not."

"Yes," said the judge, "and served him right. Justification complete! So enter it, clerk."

During the delivery of this testimony, you may be sure that the crowd were not very serious; but knowing how sensitive Beechim was on the subject, I was congratulating myself that he was not present. Turning from the witness as he finished, I was pained to see Beechim—he had come in after the trial began,—poor Paul! sitting on the bench weeping piteously. I tried to console him—I told him not to mind it—it was a mere *bagatelle*; but he only squeezed my hand, and brokenly said, "B., thank you; you are my friend: I shall never forget you: you meant

for the best:—you have saved my body, it you have ruined my character. Good-e, I leave this morning. Roberts will ttle your fee. But, B., as a friend—one quest; if—you—can—help—it—don't—let is—thing—get—back—to—Knoxville."

"Et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos."

Accordingly Paul left—for good and all. hat became of him I don't know. I *did* ar of one Paul Beechim in California; but urther the same one or not, I can't say. s was named in the papers as a manager the first San Francisco ball of 22nd February, 1849.

His Honor made a solemn and affecting arge to the audience, generally, com- ending the moderation of young Beechim. See," said his Honor, "the way that this ing works. Most men would have seized air gun, or bowie, on such terrible aggra- tion, and taken the life of the culprit; but is young gentleman has set an example hich older heads might well copy: he has ntented himself with taking a club and iving him a good, sound, constitutional, nservative licking; and you see, gentle- en, the milder remedy has answered every ood purpose! The Court adjourns for re- shment."

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

In the pleasant village of Patton's-Hill, in he *Flush Times*, there were several resorts for he refreshment of the weary traveller, and or the allaying of the chronic thirst of more han one of the inhabitants of the place and he country adjacent. They are closed now, s are the gaping portals of those who were went in the wild days, to "indulge" in ex- citing beverages. A staid, quiet, moral and intelligent community have supplied the place of many of the early settlers "who left their country for their country's good;" and churches, school-houses and Lodges now are prominent where the "dog- gery" made wild work with "the peace and dignity of the State," and the respectability and decency of particular individuals.

In the old times there came into the vil- age of a Saturday evening, a company more promiscuous than select, who gathered, like

bees at the mouth of a hive, around the doors of the grocery. On one of these occasions a scene occurred, which I think worthy of commemoration: and it may be relied upon as authentic, in the main, as it came regu- larly before the Court as a part of the pro- ceedings of a trial in a State case.

Jonas Sykes was a very valiant man when in liquor. But Jonas, like a good many other valiant men, was more valiant in peace than in war. He was a very Samson in fight—but, like Samson, he liked to do battle with that description of weapon which so scattered the Philistine hosts—*that* jaw-bone—one of which Nature had furnished Jones with. Jones was prodigal in the jaw-work and wind- work of a fight, and he could outswear "our army in Flanders." He had method in his madness, too, as he showed in selecting his enemies. He always knew, or thought he knew, how much a man would stand before he commenced "abusing" him, and his wrath grew the fiercer according as the patience of his enemy grew greater, and he was more fierce—like a bull-dog chained—as he was the more held off.

Jonas had picked a quarrel with a quiet, demure fellow of the name of Samuel Moo- ney, and lavished upon that gentleman's liver, soul and eyes many expressions much more fervid than polite or kind. Sam stood it for some time, but at length, like a terra- pin with coals on his back, even his sluggish spirit could stand it no longer. He began to retort on Jonas some of the inverted com- pliments with which Jonas had besprinkled him. Whereupon Jonas felt his chivalry so moved thereat, that he challenged him to mortal combat.

Now, Jonas, as most bullies did at that time, went armed. Samuel had no *weepins*, as he called those dangerous implements, and gave that fact as an apology for not ac- cepting Jonas's kind invitation. But Jonas would not "hear to" any such paltry excuse; he denounced Sam. for a white-livered pol- troon who would insult a gentleman (thereby meaning himself,) and then refuse him sat- isfaction, and swore he would post him up all over town; regretting that he did not have the chance of blowing a hole through his carcass with his "Derringer" that "a bull- bat could fly through without tetching airy

wing," and giving him his solemn word of honor that if he, (Sam.) would only fight him, (Jonas,) he, (Jonas,) wouldn't hit him, (Sam,) an inch above his hip-bone—which certainly was encouraging.

Sam still protested he was weaponless. "Well," said Jonas, "you shan't have that excuse any longer. I've got two as good pistols as ever was bought at Orleans, and you may have choice." And pulling one out of either side pocket, he produced two pistols very much alike, and, advancing to Sam, put his hands behind him and shuffled them from hand to hand a moment or two, and then held them forward—one rather in advance of the other—towards Sam, telling him to take which he chose. Sam took the one nearest to him, and Jonas called out to Bob Dobbs, who stood by, "to put them through in a fair duel," and called the crowd to witness "that he done it to the — rascal accordin' to law." Bob willingly accepted the honorable position assigned him; commanded order; made the crowd stand back;—measured off the ground—ten paces—and stationed the combatants side-wise in duelling position. Bob then armed himself with a scythe blade, and flourishing it in the air, swore death and destruction to all who should interfere by word, look or sign.

Bob took his position at a right angle between two, and gave out in a loud and sonorous voice the programme of proceedings. "Gentlemen," said he, "the rules are as follows: the parties are to be asked—'Gentlemen are you ready'—answering Yes, I, as mutual second, will then pronounce the words slowly, 'Fire: one—two—three;' the parties to fire as they choose between the words *Fire* and *three*, and if either fires before or after the time, I shall proceed to put him to death without quarter, bail or main prize." Micajah F., a lawyer present, suggested, "or benefit of clergy." "Yes," said Bob, "or the benefit of a clergyman."

Bob then proceeded to give the words out. At the word *two* Jonas's pistol snapped, but Sam's went off, the ball striking a button on Jonas's drawers and cutting off a little of the skin. Jonas fell—his legs flying up in the air, and shouting, "Murder! Murder! he's knocked off all the lower part of my abdo-

men. Send for a doctor! quick! Oh! Lordy! oh! Lordy! I'm a dead the other fellow got the—wrong—pi (And so he had; for on examining J pistol, it was found to have had no l it. Jonas, by mistake in shuffling, l given the *loaded* one to Sam and ke empty one himself.)

The testimony in the case was relate such comic humor by one of the witu that the jury were thrown into convi of laughter; and the case being sub without argument, the verdict was a l one cent only against the combatants.

Jonas immediately retired from the ing business after that time, and as s he could get his affairs wound up, like star of Empire," "westward took his

THE FAITH OF BARTIMEUS

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

"Yrayi nloris deu deant ei."

A new-born island of the sky,
Swims down the broad immensity—
To man it was the radiant sign,
That the new advent did define,
O'erjoyed, the wiser men came to see
The mystery of that ministry,
Which said to earth's dejected ones
A Deity is with thy sons.

By Angel lips his birth was told—
This Lamb of God, in human fold—
An Angel's power to him was given,
To prove his heritage in heaven.
He walked the waves when storms oppo
The laboring ocean's heaving breast,—
The blushing water, turned to wine;
Made iron float the foamy brine.

These things were told at Jericho,
There two blind men were pacing slow;
When all at once a cry was heard—
The mass was like an ocean stirred;
The brazen gate flung open wide,
And poured the crowd, a living tide;
But not a vacant spot was seen,
For lo! it was the Nazarene.

Above all tones that rent the air,
The blind man's was the lustier there;
His faith new fervor gave his tongue
And clearer still his accents rung:

They said, "He calls invitingly."
 But still he cried incitingly;
 "Unseal these sightless orbs for me
 That I thy wondrous deeds may see."

The poor blind man who could not see,
 Is now their curiosity;
 All eyes upon his form were bent;
 All hands assistance freely lent—
 All ears were listening for the word
 Predestined by our tearful Lord.
 "Go forth," he says, "thy trust divine
 Hath made the light of glory thine."

New joys of light were then revealed—
 New founts of beauty were unsealed;
 The day-spring up on high arose
 New forms of being to disclose.
 The blind man from the gate had gone—
 The lustre of his faith still shone;
 But tardy-pinioned are the hours
 That show such fervency is ours.

Oh, Faith, the sunlight of the soul!
 Thy rays about our being roll;
 May thy exploring eye still find
 Exemption for the seeing blind.
 For all abroad, through every bound,
 Like water when the world was drowned,
 Hath been diffused by tongue and pen—
 The story of the sightless men.

IN AND INK SKETCHES IN TOWN.

THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

As the beautiful spring time comes on
 again, with its skies of deepest azure, sing-
 ing birds, and thousand blooms, everywhere
 scattered through the green vales and over
 many hills—as this fine and joyous time,
 whose praises have been sung by troubadour
 and poet through all years, approaches, how
 can I, poor prisoner of the town though I be,
 refrain from feeling in my blood the joy and
 hope and love which seem to animate the
 heart of all things? The very clouds stoop
 down towards the earth at this bright season
 though they would linger, spite of the
 spring winds; the voices of a thousand birds
 thrill and re-echo, with ineffable gladness,
 through the woods, and though this to me is
 but a picture of the imagination, still I al-
 most hear those birds, as I do in truth see
 the clouds, from my dusty window here in
 a dreary city.

Many persons care not for the country—
 for its serenity, its beauty, its tranquil de-
 lights—seeking rather in the crowded and
 bustling haunts of the great city, food for
 their mental cravings. Unhappy organiza-
 tion! mistaken philosophy! Yes, most un-
 happy is that man who finds in the theatre,
 the concert, the novelties of the journals,
 to say nothing of those other more soul-
 corroding pursuits of the men of cities, the
 aliment his mind and heart require: un-
 happy is the man who is willing to exchange
 the silence and beauty and happy calm of
 country life, for the rush and whirl—though
 that rush and whirl even be through golden
 channels—of a great metropolis. There are
 many such, not a few who would expire of
 ennui, if some evil fate condemned them to
 that tranquil life amid green fields and under
 waving trees, which I so covet, so yearn for.
 There are many who live by and through
 the telegraph, so to speak—who incessantly
 cry, as did Charles VI., "Something new!
 something new"—men who must have a
 pile of journals to run over as they sip their
 coffee at breakfast—who must stop before
 the news-boards as they go to dinner—who
 must have their "evening editions" to read
 at tea-time, when, in dressing gown and
 slippers, the day and the outer world would
 seem to have passed for them, and their
 families, one would think, might fill the
 small remainder of their time before retiring
 to their slumbers. However rich such men
 may be I pity them: however famous, I do
 not envy them. But if the lot of such is
 unenviable, what shall I say of those who,
 caring nothing for the pleasures of the city,
 still abjure the delights of the country, to
 spend their lives in the ignoble pursuit of
 wealth?—to pile up, year after year, one
 glittering coin upon another, until the mass
 glitters in men's eyes, and every bonnet
 doffs to the fortunate possessor, what boots it?
 Fine houses, carriages, wines, all luxuries,
 what are they worth compared with their
 cost to those who struggle for them? They
 cost, often, peace of mind and spirit—is the
 exchange quite fair? They blunt the heart
 and dull the very brain—do they offer in re-
 turn an adequate recompense?

Beyond all cavil or dispute, these two
 classes fill the great majority of towns, large

and small. Unhappy favourites of fame! poor millionaires!

MEMORY AND ASSOCIATION.

How singular in its operation is the memory! Some have the *positive* memory, and will be able to repeat to you accurately, without misplacing a single word, an entire page which has been read to them twice or thrice. Others who would commit blunders every moment, even though the same page were read to them a hundred times, may yet possess the *associative* memory, in a degree a thousandfold stronger than the first. And by the *associative* memory I mean that power of the mind which recalls one image or thought from its connection with another image or thought, or with something else.

I never listen to a caged mocking bird, chirping like the robin, warbling like the lark, crying like the plover or kildee, or whistling like the partridge, but the green fields and pleasant woods and long-loved meadows of my boyhood, rise in my vision, and beckon me away from heat and toil to their embrace. The green haunts and gaily dancing streams come to me like a living reality, though I am surrounded by dusty tomes; and while the ever-changing notes of the mocking-bird float through my window, I live for a time once more my country life, and feel the old wind on my cheek.

Many persons keep "journals,"—laboriously entering at the close of each day the sayings and doings of themselves and others—sometimes indeed their thoughts, opinions, feelings—their loves and hates. Perhaps it is profitable to record thus many things—for example, *dates*: the record may be of great service—but feelings, sentiments, antipathies and attractions? It is useless!—if your memory is associative. You have but to listen to a piece of music, even to a simple ballad, frequently repeated, and then forget if you can a single event, a single detail, even a single sensation!

Would you recall the bright eyes which beamed on you so long ago—the red lips which you hung on with such rapt attention in the old old time? Repeat quietly on some quiet evening the ballad or the air which those lips gave utterance to, which

those eyes stamped on your memory ever! Would you have back again, the very color of reality, some gay festal scene of mirth and dancing and merriment? Request your friend who plays the violin to perform the polka, waltz or minuet which still dwells in your recollection, and the whole will come to you again.

Think you that Richard did not stand in his dungeon, when the song of Blondel came to his ears, his swarthy face flushing with hot fire as the English music brought to him again the land beyond the sea? Or did you ever hear that mournful ballad, "O dear and dead and gone, lady," in the afterglow when that fierce tragedy was well nigh forgotten to memory, without recalling the sweet Ophelia, who had sung it so often in her madness?

As with what commends itself to the sense of hearing, so with that which commends itself to the sight, the touch, the smell—all is association. Blind people know their friends or acquaintances by simply touching their hands; the sight of a book, a picture, has often produced in the mind most poignant suffering, as many will testify; and of the effect of perfumes upon the memory what says Mr. Tennyson?

"The smell of violets hidden in the green
Poured back into my empty soul and fraught
The times when I remember to have been
Joyful and free from blame!"

So much for memory and association

ABLE EDITORS.

Some persons consider the editor's position as scarcely part and portion of humanity—are disposed to put "editors" in the place of "Herveys," and make them grammatically assert that men are divided into 'men, women, and editors.' And truly there is some foundation for this opinion: men eat, it is true, and are even famous for it—the legal fraternity—for their prowess as trenchermen, at banquets, dinners, and the like occasions of good fellowship where edibles are a portion of the amusement. Undoubtedly they eat, as well: but do they sleep?

The world is decidedly of opinion

bed is no portion of an editor's establishment—that he snatches short naps, more for amusement than aught else, in his easy chair—that he does not in fact, honestly and truly, like the rest of the species, need refreshment from slumber. There is unfortunately something in this popular impression: they sleep little, and much in their easy chairs. That sketch of the little printer's devil asleep upon the chair, his cap dropt from his hand upon the floor, which adorns one of the chapters of "Pendennis," might, *mutatis mutandis*, not inaptly represent the occupant of the sanctum at whose door he has thus fallen into a doze. Editors nod in their chairs, nap with head upon the table—correct proof between two snores, and manufacture "copy" in their dreams. They do not like beds, and have long since lost count of the hours. They are much like Bedouens sleeping on their arms, with a bag of barley or a horse's shoulder for a pillow. Their enemy is "the paper," which they are ever under arms to contend with—to "get out"—a sleepless enemy, who gives battle every day and every night, and whose challenge they are not at liberty to refuse.

Thus the public are not much out in their suspicions on this point; and the popular idea that these unfortunate mortals generally occupy a high and airy station beneath the leads, is almost or quite as true. Your full-fledged, much more your veteran editor, is not happy unless his sanctum be up four flights of stairs: the more crooked, steep, and perilous they are, the better. He is thus separated from the lower world,—lives in a serene region of immaculate contemplation, possesses an *urbs in urbe*, has for friends the telegraph wires which run within a few feet, the clouds which float, in sunlight or moonlight, by; better still, a refreshing prospect of the far green fields or winding river—the beauty of the landscape unobstructed by the vulgar bricks which shut it out from the unfortunate dwellers below.

This suspicion also is tolerably well founded, and many others: as of their never mending pens, and keeping ready at hand the invaluable classic authority "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy," and being fond of mysteriously covered waiters, and delight-

ing in the refreshment of cigars, and being a set of honest jovial fellows: all this is true in the main.

But in the belief that editors abhor the country and are veritable cockneys—living on the excitement and ever-rushing "news" and bustle of the city—in this suspicion the public are mistaken, egregiously mistaken. Editors are fond of the country—they often in those arm-chair dreams see green and beautiful fields, and rippling brooks, and cloud shadows floating over forest and meadow, and wake up sighing deeply that they did but dream it. They like to take trips into the country—to make those flying excursions which so revive the unhappy city-dwellers. At such times their faces change: the wrinkled brow is smoothed, and the eye lit up with joyful expectation. Either the broad green fields attract them—fields whereon float ever beautiful cloud shadows or the shadows of faster-flying birds; or they are led on by the vision of some old immemorial pond, "waving its lazy lilies" in the golden morning, under which lilies whole tribes of fish repose in calm delight,

"Quickened by touches of transporting fear,"

or dart about in search of food, which food the editorial angler is ambitious to supply them with. Or the soft evenings are for them, a fairy picture of great orange clouds, flooded with sunset; or the clear cloudless days bring to them thoughts of shady trees, green grassy knolls, where they may lie and pass the long sunny day in reading pleasantly, or with a dear companion in calm quiet talk of the old Tuscan or great English poets, till the sun slopes to the west, and evening marches forth in soft majesty and beauty!

And thinking of these attractive objects, the editor, believe me, often sighs in his city prison, asking himself that question so often presenting itself, "What is the use? Why should I toil and moil here in the city, while the spring time is so bright and soft yonder under the trees and clouds? Why should others enjoy life so much—I find it such a mere treadmill?"

Console yourself, good friend: all is for the best. You worthily perform the task you were born to apply your hands to, here

in the great city, with the roar and whirl of life around you—the flash and glitter of the conflict in your eyes—the surging of the great life-billows in your ears! Yours is not an unimportant rôle in the great drama of existence—you at least do not “fester in provincial sloth,” or die ignobly, without in anywise affecting the destinies of your race. And if an oblivious generation do not accord to you the praise and the worldly profit justly your due—care not! but still toil on, and do not fret and worry at the chain which holds you to your task; do not complain of the grievous weight of the great hammer you are forced to wield, in shaping for the use of men upon the anvil of life those iron thoughts which, heated in the glowing fires of genius, and cooled in lonely watches of the dim night, shall go forth to change the aspect of the world! Fear not! shrink not! Every trace of your pen upon that yellow sheet shall impress itself upon the minds of tens of thousands. You shall see around you, in the silent night, a host of listeners, and those faces all turned to you shall cheer you on, and be powerful enough to turn aside every wind of obloquy, to console you for every buffet from the waves of fate.

—Truly a mighty mission! A sentence ruins or preserves a thousand families, who read the fiat in a thousand places! The Cæsar throned in the middle of a mighty host of armed soldiers, feels those arrows, forged in editors' studies, pierce his triple guarded breast.

—Faint not, then: nor think that Heaven has cursed you in giving into your hands the reins that guide the world in its ever rushing course. Sigh not for the green fields and rural pleasures others are at liberty to enjoy. For yours is a mightier mission than to exhaust life in a sweet do nothing, a nobler task than even making the soil richer and more fruitful! To each his part: if it is well performed what boots it in the end?

—
ON A MAY AFTERNOON.

Will the slow afternoon *never* die away into the cool evening hours? Must this intolerable splendor and this trying heat still dazzle my eyes and set my temples throbbing, and make all work a mere idle jest?

Well, let us be content. Happy the man who, resolutely refusing to be gloomy, languid, sallies forth, and looking in the face of every annoyance with a smile, can bid it do its worst: happy the “cheerful man,” who, in the midst of the glare of bricks, can still force his thoughts to other scenes and times, and, combining memory and imagination, go out of the present and live in the fairy bowers of thought. Since, then, nought is left me on this hot afternoon but reverie, I will even dream; certainly nothing gloomy or sad can approach that mind which is determined to be cheerful.

Combining memory and imagination then, the writer of these idle lines finds no difficulty in painting for himself a Titian picture, in which, as in his life picture, his own figure lies on the canvass. Long ago—a long long time ago; in fact, when he was a boy, and loved dearly a child like himself, a child who is now a fair and beautiful browed woman, and who smiles with a dreamy thoughtful expression when his face comes to her—long ago flowers were very bright in the bright May day by a country brook side. The buttercups were over all the hills, for children to put under their chins, and pea blossoms, very much like lady slippers, swayed prettily in the wind. Beneath the feet of the boy and girl—she was a merry, bright-eyed child! how I love her still!—broke crocuses and violets, and a thousand wild flowers, fresh, and full of fairy beauty. The grass was green and soft, and the birds rose through the air on fluttering wings, singing and rejoicing, and the clouds floated over them, as only clouds in May can float—quickly, hopefully, with a dash of changeful April in them; not like those of August. For the May cloud is a maiden, a child, full of life and joy, running and playing, and looking playfully back at the winds as they float on: the cloud in August, however, is a thoughtfully matured beauty—large, lazy, and contemplative—whose spring of youth has passed, whose summer is come in all its wealth and power and languid splendor.

Well, they wandered—the boy and girl—on the bright May day, pleasantly across the hills, and along the brook, which ran merrily over the pebbles as bright as diamonds. That boy has now become a man,

has vainly sought in the strife of
and the sweets of victory an adequate
sense for the death of those soft hours.
gone, as all things must go, they
equivalent in the future—but not
re in sadness does he write this—
in deep joy, and as though he had

Give me a golden pen, and let me lean
On heaped up flowers,"

lly flooded is his heart with the me-
of that young frank face. She wore
dress, he remembers—all children
wear either pink or white—and her
as in long bright curls, and her eyes
diamonds full of light. He thought
ds were envious of her singing, when
rolled clearly in the bright May
g.

rove her a garland of flowers for her
and she blushed as she took it from
ids. She had on a small gold ring
red bracelet, and since that time he
ed red bracelets—considering them far
r than the more elaborate ornaments,
they should be heavy with "bar-
earls and gold." In those times the
ere greener than at present, the birds
ore sweetly, and the streams ran far
nerrily. They thought so at least, as
t down under a large oak, reaching
he brook, and he read to her, with
ry, loving eyes, nearly full of tears,
gs that

"Dallied with the innocence of love,
As in the olden age."

ell, well! It was a bright hour and
nd scene: may it never die for him
. Very sad, too, to recollect. He is
—though joyful also. It is well to
f it in the dazzling afternoon here,
he night is so long dragging the sun
e west. Come, cool night, and bring
ams of youth and love! Come, soft
and open my heart with memories!

now my sketches end. Brief as they
ey have not been in vain. It is well
a tangible form, "a local habitation
name," to scenes and recollections of
ages which shone for us long years
d have come down full of light to the
t day and hour. Such memories

soften one; for in the great din of life, where
we are compelled so often to contend with
inimical forces—to strike mortal blows upon
those whose religion is hatred, malice and
all uncharitableness—the heart becomes
often very much hardened, and needs these
soothing recollections. What matters it if
the mind yearns for a whole universe of
contempt to pour out on some hypocritical
Pharisee, and in the yearning is, spite of
itself, embittered and subdued to what it
works in, "like the dyer's hand"—what
matters it if, banishing these corroding ha-
treds and contempts, the heart can take re-
fuge in dear memories of some soul, the
purest and noblest that ever dwelt for a
space upon our earth? Those memories
console us—that light floods all the gloomy
present:—for my past, so full of those happy
and inspiring recollections, and dear images,
thanks! thanks!

P. I.

Va., May, 1853.

Thoughts on following a Child to the Grave.

We followed in silence the confined clay,
From which sadly in death we had parted;
And we felt we had tasted that bitter cup,
That is drained by the broken-hearted.

We thought of the precious little form
That so lately in tears we had shrouded;
And we thought of the bright and happy home
Whose light was so darkly clouded.

We thought of the mother whose heart was torn
By a double stroke of sorrow;
And we thought that the lonely grief of to-day,
Might be lonelier still on the morrow.

We thought of the father who soon must bear
His loss in the land of the stranger;
Who perhaps was then deeming his beautiful child
As safe from every danger.

We thought—of his bearing his grief, afar
From her who was wont to cheer him;—
Of his lonely pillow wet with tears
Where she could not be near him.

And we thought of the forms his eye would miss
As he came to his darkened dwelling,
And we thought of the tones that death had stilled
Which Memory then would be telling.

But we also thought as we turned away
From the narrow couch where we laid her,
That her gentle spirit was now at rest
Where sorrow would never invade her.

We thought of the sainted ones she had met,
On the banks of the crystal river;
And we thought of the ties that bound them now
In gladness and love forever.

And we thought of the home that awaits us there,
That now was to us but brighter;
And we thought of the loved ones gathering there,
'Till we felt our hearts grow lighter.

And then as we thought that its brightest gems
Were formed of our tears of sadness;
Our throbbing and sorrowing hearts grew still
With a calm of holy gladness.

T. V. M.

Richmond, Va.

EPILOGUE.

The following lines by Thackeray, being the conclusion of the little volume of 'Dr. Birch and his Young Friends,' seem to us a sufficient refutation of the charge, that he is devoid of feeling. A more touching strain we do not recollect.—[*Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.*]

The play is done; the curtain drops,
Slow falling, to the prompter's bell;
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,
Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As fits the merry Christmas-time.
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
That Fate ere long shall bid you play;
Good night! with honest gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go away!

Good night!—I'd say the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age.
I'd say, your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain, than those of men;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen,
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say, we suffer and we strive
Not less nor more as men than boys;

With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve, in corduroys.
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven, that early Love and Truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say, how fate may change and shift;
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift.
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast piteously down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blessed be he who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave?
We bow to Heaven that will'd it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit:
Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, below him sit,
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
Confessing heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen! whatever fate be sent,—
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the heart with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter-snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses, or who wins the prize?
Go, lose or conquer as you can:
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman,

A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays);
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas-days:
The shepherds heard it overhead—
The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to heaven on high it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas tide;
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

GLEAMS AFTER GLOOMS;

OR "JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING."

A COTTAGE CHRONICLE OF CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH.

BY A SOUTHRON.

(Concluded.)

IX.

It is a great and virtuous secret to know how to crouch to Fortune. She likes submission. Sylla knew this, one of the few great men who did; and never claimed any of his successes as his own. It is also a great secret to accommodate one's self readily to one's situation, so as to extract from even what is a mishap a wholesome advantage; and to make inconvenience and adversity the source of a new strength. William Downton had possession of both these secrets. They were due equally to the natural constitution of his mind and body, and to the habitual training of his youth to *patient labour*. He had enjoyed but little of what the world, too often unjustly, describes as learning. From schools and books he had gleaned but little. But he knew a great deal of himself, and a good deal of other men. This knowledge, with his training, brought him patience, forbearance, circumspection, energy, and a frank readiness to serve and be useful; and here in brief, we have pretty nearly the whole social requisites for a good man, and a proper citizen. He had been baffled by Fortune, but he complained not. He could endure, and he did so, in the only manly way, without a murmur. He had been disappointed; but he was not querulous; and he hoped and he prayed,—cheerfully and with equal faith and resignation. To wait *patiently* is one of the great secrets of success. But not to wait *idly*. It was a part of William Downton's wisdom—rather a habit with him than a principle—perhaps—to be doing and acquiring. On shipboard, where he would be, probably, for several months, his instinctive question of himself was, what he could do, and what he could learn. The way he took to answer the question, was to see in what way he could be useful. He assisted the sailors at the ropes. He learned to climb

the rigging. He served at the pumps. He became servicable in many ways; so that, when, from sickness, the vessel became short-handed, the Captain, who had noticed his efforts and performances, readily engaged him as an assistant-seaman for the rest of the voyage. The consequence was, that he not only worked his passage free, and got a little money besides, but made several friends, to whom he felt that he might safely look in any future emergency.

The voyage was a long, but, to William Downton, not a tedious one, for the simple reason that he was patient, and was employed. San Francisco was at length reached in safety; and from that place his father received the first letter from his son. It was written in good spirits, and reported him as already engaged to set out with a party for the mines. This party was composed of several of his fellow passengers, who had been pleased with the proofs which he had given, on shipboard, of his strength, manliness, industry, and cheerful courage. The party were joined by some whom they found in San Francisco and who were known to them in the States. These latter already possessed of some knowledge of the mines, the people, the climate and the country, were of eminent use to the new comers. William, as he wrote his father, "*had felt his way* among them." This, also, is one of the great secrets of success, enabling a person always to set down his feet firmly. He did not enter into many details, but he gave sufficient clues to enable the father to arrive at very fair conclusions as to his companions, his progress and his hopes. In the latter respect the youth was cautious, and, whatever might be the extent of his own anticipations, he took care to avoid any thing which might lead to extravagant anticipations at home. Another, and another letter, at intervals between them of a month or six weeks, written hurriedly and as occasion offered, continued very cheerful in tone; and the family rather inferred the favorable prospects of the adventurer from this cheerfulness of tone, than from any actual facts which he stated. After this, however, all tidings of him ceased for a long while. Week after week was the boy despatched to the neighboring post office, but without receiving any letters. Some-

times the old man, suspecting the neglect of the postmaster, whom he knew to be indifferent and incompetent, rode to the village and insisted upon looking over the letters for himself,—a privilege, by the way, which, whether illegal or not, was readily granted him. But he looked in vain; and days and weeks, and months,—the interval at last approaching years—went by, and the old man and his daughters began to dread lest the noble youth had only gone to the land of gold to seek an unknown burial place. Their hopes utterly died away during his absence and continued silence.

—
X.

Meanwhile, what of the progress of affairs at home? The father roused himself up after the departure of his boy. He had been a successful practical farmer in years past, and he felt that his right hand had lost nothing of its cunning. He resumed his occupations with his wonted vigor, and took off the keener edges of his griefs, by the activity of his life, and the earnest prosecution of his labors. His first act after the opening of the New Year, was to ride over to his creditor, Peter Barclay, and pay up the interest upon his bond. He found Peter beside his hall fire in close communion with the young physician, Lanham, who had become an almost daily visiter either to the old lady or the young one. He was prosecuting his suit to both ladies with the vigor of a young conqueror. At first Jacob Downton was received rather coldly by both Peter Barclay and his guest: and when he said, "I've come, Peter Barclay, to pay up the interest on my paper," the latter replied, rather quickly—"Aint it nigh time, Jacob Downton, that you paid up some of the principal?"

Old Downton, at these words, drew back, and clutched his pocket-book, with the air of one about to hurry it from sight, as if apprehensive of robbery. His look, keenly fixed on his creditor, was very calm, but very sad and stern. He replied slowly, as if after deliberate reflection—

"When people speak of 'old friends,' Peter Barclay, I reckon they only mean to

say that there's something very wor that one ought to get rid of; and old f may mean, therefore, only such wor articles as have lost all their value. It a-nigh going on forty-five years since been a-living alongside of one another. I been reckoned pretty good friends a time, and I'm thinking I aint been a-w to good neighbourship, whenever ther a chance for me to help you. You've l me in my troubles, and I thought you friendly in doing so: but if you, living side of me, and seeing the misfortune been eating up my field for the last years, now need to be told that I hav means to pay any thing on your pri why then I see there's precious little telling you any thing; and all that I h do is just to fold my arms, look on, a you work your will on me. I have a say to you, now, that I've brought th interest on the bond, and am ready to down; but unless I sell lands or negr can just now pay you nothing on the pal."

"Well, well, sit down, Jacob Down answered the other, with a rough s good humour in his manner—"Sit dow a neighbour, and put your feet to the l if you felt neighbourly."

"'Taint so easy for an honest man and behave so, Peter, if the real feelin there to make him do so without teach but, even as he spoke, Downton took th that was offered him. His hat he laid on the floor beside his chair: his glo woollen and home-knit were put ca into it: his hickory staff, with buck's resting between his thighs; and, his freed, he thrust his fingers thoughtfull the long, thin, streaming locks of his white head, just as he would have d midsummer, his forehead streaming wi spiration. The solemn calm of his mann movements—the subdued dignity and ness of his voice—the quiet, grave, rel glance of his large blue eyes, had se impressed Peter Barclay and his comp the doctor. When fairly seated and posed in his chair, Jacob Downton res

"God has put his hands heavily old head, Peter Barclay, for the la years, and I'm sorry to think that

, like yourself, should have thought it rather right to try to give HIM help, (as needed it,) to crush down a poor, broiled man such as me. You've driven your boy, as I may say, into the land of ignorance; yet you won't be denying me, Peter Barclay, that once upon a time, you did engage him, and wasn't unwilling that he should have your daughter, Ellen."

Peter Barclay fidgetted a little in his chair, seemed disquieted. He looked confused round at Dr. Lanham, who sat with his eyes and head thrown back, apparently no ways interested, smoking that cigar in a unique fashion, vulgarly called the "long nine" of which he always carried with him a bunch of some dimensions. Jacob Downton's eyes followed those of Peter Barclay, and the latter glanced in the direction of the doctor, and his look instantly changed from sympathy into contempt. But he said nothing, and fixed his eyes again upon Barclay, and waited for the latter to deliver himself in. He did so, after a few moments hesitated.

Well, Jacob Downton, to say I drove your son away to Californy, aint just right, you know.

All I wanted of him was to keep away from Ellen. It was because he would be talking about Ellen constantly that I was vexed. If he'd agreed, as I asked him, to go elsewhere for a wife, I'd never have parted with him."

But you can't deny to me, Peter Barclay, that you, one time, wanted the match."

Why, I remember some three years ago, we did say something together about it, something that might happen when the young folks got old enough."

It was you spoke to me, Peter, and I only agreed you. You brought up the subject yourself; and when nature, in the boy and girl did what, mayhap, we never could have made 'em do,—made 'em turn their hearts to another,—you said you were glad, and encouraged the boy constantly at your heart. He pleased you then, Peter; and afterwards he vexed you only because he was not faithful to your child! If you get on with those who are true and faithful, do you mean to do with those who are not?"

And now, whether its money that has brought you to the sorrows of your child and

mine, or some foolish notion of a higher sort of person for her husband, you drive from her a man who cleaves to her honestly, and thus gives you the best security for her happiness hereafter."

"Well," said Peter Barclay, making a bold effort, "the long and short of it, neighbour Downton, is just this:—I've changed my mind in regard to your son, and I'm thinking of quite another person for my daughter. It's no use to talk about it any farther. Things have changed: that's all. I'm not going to be hard upon you for your principal: I'll give you time; and give you credit for interest on the bond."

"There's your money, Peter Barclay,—and I thank you for the time you give me. I'll pay you the principal some day, like an honest man, though I leave my children beggars. You called my son the son of a beggar already, Peter. 'Twarn't kindly said, Peter;—'twarn't like an old friend, or even an old acquaintance. William Downton is no beggar; nor, unless God so decrees in spite of him, will his father even be a beggar. But I forgive you the offence to me. You were angry. But I can't forgive you the wrong that you're a-doing to the two children. You give up my William, and turn him off, as I hear, for this young doctor here. Now you don't understand human nature, or woman nature, Peter. Woman nature thinks through its eyes, pretty much; and where it fastens upon a man like William Downton, who is, to common persons, pretty much what a full blood is to a mule or a tacky, why it can't give up the feeling for him. The mind of the woman sets with the heart; and the heart goes with the eyes;—and though this young doctor may be quite honest and good and skilful in physic, yet as he's only a half sort of a man, without any personable appearance for a woman's eyes—indeed, they mostly call him little and ugly,—how can you expect Ellen to give up William, and take"—

Here the plain spoken old man was arrested by an outburst from Dr. Lanham. The peppery little fellow jumped to his feet, dashed the remnant of his "long nine" into the fire, and, with cheeks red as a boiled lobster, and foaming at the mouth, cried out:

"You impertinent old rascal, do you mean

to insult me! Nothing but your old age protects you; I would otherwise lay my whip over your shoulders."

"What!" cried Jacob Downton—rising also to his feet. "Lay your whip over *my* shoulders! You poor, mean, little, weazel-faced puppy!—Do you threaten me with your whip? Talk of my age! My age! It may protect *me*, though I don't ask it;—but it shan't protect *you*! I'll see what my age is worth! I will!"

With these words, brandishing his hickory cudgel with the air of one who had practised for twenty years at the Fair of Donnybrook, he advanced upon the young physician. The position of the latter was, for the moment, quite uncomfortable. He was armed only with a riding whip. It was in a moment of fury, at the contemptuous estimate put upon his manhood, that he had uttered words of violence which he did not really mean; and, though no doubt brave enough in any issue with a *young* man, he decidedly shrunk from the struggle with an *old* one.

"Lay your whip over my shoulders!" quoth Jacob Downton, moving briskly towards the doctor. Lanham passed hastily around the dinner table, which stood in the centre of the hall. Peter Barclay followed Jacob, in vain efforts to mollify his anger.

"Don't mind it," said Peter; "he didn't mean it! he didn't mean it!"

"I'll make him mean it! No man has a right to say what he don't mean! He's a rascal if he does. I'll make him mean it."

"I'm not afraid of you!" cried the doctor, at the opposite end of the table; "but you provoked me. I did not mean it for *you*, but if it had been *your son*"—

"My son!—My son's not here to fight his own battles; but if he had been, it would have been so much worse for you! He'd have shaken you out of your breeches. I can't do it so well as he, but I'll make you know the taste of hickory, if you never know'd it before."

And the old man, with an agility that astonished all the parties, making a single bound, threw himself upon the table and darted over it before the doctor could change his position. Lanham backed to the wall and threw up his whip to receive the impending blow, which another moment would have been delivered;

for Peter Barclay moved but to rescue, and was rather cowed by the sudden exhibition of his prowess, when relief came from an unexpected quarter. A side door was the fortunate moment, and Ellen was, in another instant, beside the doctor. The affair would not suffer delay, and she hung upon it with all her might. Her sweet voice crept, like that of an angel, into his almost deafened ears.

"Oh! don't, dear father Jacob, for Ellen's sake! Don't you hurt her!"

The fierce spirit was subdued by the sound of her voice.

"What, Ellen, dear child, and he took her into his arms and she wept while the big tears fell from his eyes and heavy drops upon her own. He opened the door, Peter Barclay Lanham out, whispering, "There he is, when he'll rouse again! I know it. He's a devil incarnate when you get him on his feet!"

XI.

Old Downton drew Ellen to the table and seated himself as composedly as if it were his own, and as if nothing had happened. He then took the damsel on his knee.

"Ah!" said he, "Peter Barclay, that you would be breaking the heart of such a sweet child as this! Do you love her, *you* the heart for it?"

"I shan't break her heart, Jacob, be sure of that! I'll do the best I can."

"You can't do any best for her. You expect to give her to that poor doctor. She and my William will be each other. Think better of it. Let her keep herself for my son. When he comes home, we'll be happy just as one family."

"We'll talk of that some other time. Here's the entry upon your bond for the interest you've paid. See it for yourself. You shan't be wanting any of the money for the present, Jacob Downton; so you may be quiet for another year. But you must raise me a part of it by next

Downton eyed the speaker solemnly for a few seconds in silence, then with great gravity replied—

"Next January is in God's hands, Peter Barclay, and so are we! May he prove merciful to us both as we neither deserve. Ellen, my child, kiss me! God bless you. I wish I could hold you so at my own fireside. This fireside of yours, I find rather cold for me now."

"Cold!" cried Barclay, looking at the immense fire of oak and hickory, inflamed by lightwood, which was even then roaring up the chimney, and from which he himself was scorching on one side, "cold!"

"Yes, cold, in spite of the fire!"

"It's old age creeping fast upon you, Jacob."

"No, Peter! It's the ice in your heart that won't let me feel any warmth at your fire. I must go, Ellen. God bless and keep you, my child, and make you happy, whatever happens! That's William's prayer, now, I know, while he's gone down to the sea in the ship. May the Lord look down lovingly upon both of you, my child. Peter Barclay, there's my hand. Good bye."

"Good bye, Jacob, good bye!" And so the two parted for the time; Barclay very glad to be rid of one whose very presence was a reproach to him.

Meanwhile, stimulated by manly resolution, by the thought of what his son was even then probably suffering, of human toil and danger, in the hope to renovate the drooping fortunes of the family, and with the strong desire to pay off and be relieved of every pecuniary obligation to a man he had learned to despise, Jacob Downton addressed himself with wonderful energy to the business of his farm. He was up with the sun every morning. Morning and evening he was in the fields, following up and directing the labours of his hands (negroes) and suffering nothing to escape his sight that was necessary to his interests. The neighbours passed round and wondered at the energy he displayed. They said he even excelled his son, and he generally surpassed all the young men about them. Old Downton extended his improvements and ventured upon new ones. Manures he really made wonderful additions to his resources, and paid more atten-

tion to the food and improvement of his stock than was common among his neighbours. He set a full crop early in the season, and had the satisfaction of finding himself in possession of a better *stand* than any body in the same precincts. And so things continued, looking well, until June, when there was a drought, which was followed by a *fresh*, and then a burning sun, under which his corn shrivelled, became yellow, and ceased to grow. Then his cotton took the *rust*;—then the worm and caterpillar made their appearance; and some of his best cattle perished of murrain. A favorite mule was bitten by a rattlesnake and died in ten minutes, and there were other misfortunes, big and little, which fell heavily upon the fields, the hopes and the hearts of the Downton family. It seemed with the crops as with the earlier children of the old man. They flourished, up to a certain period, were considered uncommonly promising, and then, to the surprise of everybody, suddenly died out. But old Jacob bore up stoutly. He set his teeth together firmly; tried his best to smile; never once complained; never murmured, but continued to pray as fervently, and to resign himself more devoutly to the will of God.

"Though he should destroy me, yet never will I cease to cast myself upon his mercy."

His girls felt and shared his sorrows and his prayers. They wept in secret; and knowing how natural and deep must be his grief, they were at more pains than ever to solace him, at coming home, with their cheerful and affectionate attentions. They toiled incessantly to keep things together, spun and wove all the clothes of the family, while Betty, the youngest sister, undertook the tuition of little Robert; who, by the way, now began to do petty labours about the farm, and was sometimes dispatched to the post office, whenever it was thought time to look for a letter from "Bubber Willy." All took their places, with cheerful love, in the harness of necessity; and the sweet sympathies of the humble household, thus working together, constituted the only sweet seasoning in the bitter of the cup from which they drank. Old Downton found it so.

"God," said he, "hath not abandoned us quite. Let him take all,—so that he leaves

this dear love of children which is more precious than any fortune—than any frankincense and gold!"

The year drew near to its close,—the first year after the departure of William Downton, and the cloud deepened over the little homestead. The winter opened upon it gloomily. The crop, as was to be expected, was short—shorter even than was feared. Instead of making twenty bags of cotton, as he had calculated, Jacob Downton made but nine; which, at an average of forty dollars a bag, yielded little more than enough to liquidate the interest on his bond to Barclay. Fortunately enough corn had been made *to do* (serve) the family; though it required to be *stinted* in feeding the cattle. In January Jacob took the interest money of his bond to Peter; but the latter was not satisfied with this only. He demanded a part, at least, of the principal.

"You know, Jacob," said he, "I warned you that I should want some of the debt paid up."

"But what do you want with the principal, Peter, when you get the interest promptly paid?"

"Well that's for me to judge. Every man knows best what to do with his money."

"But, Peter, it's impossible! You see what a short crop I've made!"

"I see that you've been doing nothing but make short crops for the last five years, and I'm afraid you'll keep on so. Either you don't manage rightly or your farm's worn out. Hadn't you better sell it and look out for another?"

"Sell *my farm*, that come to me from my father!" exclaimed old Downton indignantly—"you might as well ask me to sell my children."

"Well," continued Barclay doggedly, "I can't advise you only, you must find some way of paying me up a part of my principal,—I want it, and I must have it."

"Why, Peter, do you want to break me up root and branch! Will you force me to sell a negro?"

"No! But why not sell some of your land. There's a corner now, making about a hundred acres, butting upon my bottom lands. It's no use to you. You never plant it. It'll

suit me, and I'll allow you as much as you can get for it from any body else."

"Sam Ferguson wanted that piece more than a year ago, but I wouldn't sell it. I don't like to part with my land."

"Better part with your land than part with your negroes."

"Yes, if one or tother *must* go. But—"

"What did Sam Ferguson offer for the piece?"

"Four dollars an acre."

"That's high!"

"It's cheap! It's a first rate piece, and I won't sell it for that. If I have to sell I can get *five* for it any day."

"Can you? From whom?"

"Ferguson; and, perhaps, a dozen more. But it's of more use to Ferguson than to any body else, since it's the only way he has to his pine land fields."

"I'll give you *five* dollars for it, and take it in part payment of the bond."

"I can't let you have it, Peter, 'till I've made the offer to Ferguson. He must have the preference."

"And will you sell it to him at that?"

"If you require me to pay an instalment on my bond, I *must* sell. There's no help for it."

"Well, I do require it! I must have it; and I'll tell you what, Jacob, if Sam Ferguson is willing to give you five dollars for it let me know, and I'll allow you *six*,—just to show you that I'm not willing to be *hustled* upon you."

The simple-minded Jacob was, indeed, persuaded to think that this offer was a proof of Peter's disposition to favor him. He did not know that there had been a long standing grudge between Ferguson and Barclay, which, at last sale day, had broken out into a downright quarrel at the court house, when the former threatened to break every bone in the body of his enemy. Barclay suppressed this fact, and only added—"of course you musn't tell him what I offered you; that wouldn't be fair; for then you might be working between me and him, and making us rise upon each other."

"But I suppose I may tell him *I think* I can get six."

"Yes—you may do that, I reckon."

And so, for the time, the conference ended.

once proceeded to Ferguson, and an offer of the track. Ferguson his old offer of four dollars.

"I'll do, Sam; you must go over that more."

Sam was selfish; he knew that Downton was needy: he suspected that Barclay was using him; and, with worldly policy, and he had the old man in his power. He thought that he could command at even a less price than four dollars. He began to claw off from his first pro-

"I'll give you the *four*, if you take the money, right away; but, if not, you won't be so ready to give that to-morrow."

"Sam, I'm sure I can get *five*."

"Name the man that'll be the man?"

"I can't do that; but, I tell you, as to that man, Sam, I *can* get it."

"It's aint no man's business when a man's to be made;" responded the moralist with a chuckle. "Perhaps you do as Jacob; perhaps *not*. It's enough for me that I *don't* think so. Once more, I'll give you the *four* dollars, as I offered you; but I won't back out from what I said; but the offer stands good for to-day. Wait 'till to-morrow, and it'll be done."

Sam rose. "Sam Ferguson," said Downton, "I'll be sorry by to-morrow that you have taken my word. Good evening to you. God be with you!"

"God be with you, Jake, and the same to you! Good evening."

Downton went directly back to Barclay.

"The land's yours, Peter, at *five* dollars, but I won't go higher than *four*."

Barclay laughed merrily. The devil had been with him faithfully. He had blank titles to sign, and a couple of neighbours were ready to witness the signature. Jacob was credited on the principal of his estate with a payment of \$585, being the price of the acres of land at five dollars an acre; and the deed done, poor Jacob Downton was on his way homeward at a snail's pace, when an avalanche of water seemed to come down his heart. He murmured as she

"All going, little by little; lands now, and soon the negroes! Oh! my poor son, where are you? Lord, Lord! why hast thou abandoned me, in mine old age, into the hands of mine enemies!"

The very next day Peter Barclay contrived that Sam Ferguson should know of his purchase. Then it was that the latter, rushing round to Downton, to get the news confirmed, was taught how blind a thing is cupidity,—how base a thing is that selfishness which believes no neighbour honest in his speech, where his interest is concerned. The repentance and the fury of Sam Ferguson were fruitless. He swore bitterly, and could almost have torn his hair with vexation. He anticipated all the annoyance which was to ensue to him from the land falling into the hands of an enemy. That very week Peter Barclay proceeded to enclose it with a strong fence, making it a pasturage, and forbidding all trespassers. This turned Sam Ferguson from a short cut to his pine land fields, which, hitherto, he had enjoyed without embarrassment. A law suit was the consequence, Sam contending for the right of way; but, as it was shown that he had only enjoyed this privilege through the indulgence of Downton, and that he had another, though a much longer road to his fields, the case was decided against him. He had only his labour and vexation for his pains, to say nothing of the costs of suit. The lawyers alone had found their profit from the cupidity of the one and the revengeful spirit of the other party!

XII.

We must hurry over the events of another year. It was relieved to the suffering Downtons, by a letter from William in California, which had been months upon the route. He wrote in good spirits, and said that his profits had been pretty good, and that his prospects were encouraging. His health, it rejoiced them particularly to hear, had been uniformly excellent. But he said nothing of his return home, and his utter silence on this subject somewhat dashed their satisfaction with the rest of the letter. The Downtons had need of the consolation which it brought

them. Things were looking just as ever on the luckless farmstead. In vain did the old man toil and think, and think and toil, day and night, in the vain hope to extract prosperity from his unprofitable acres. He did not prosper, and his heart was daily more and more humbled by the continued adversity of fortune. The season had been like the preceding. His crops again fell short. Of corn and provisions he barely had enough. Of cotton, he made barely a fourth of a crop, as in the past year. It brought fair prices, however, and he congratulated himself that he had still made enough money to liquidate the interest on his bond to Barclay. But Barclay's temper, in regard to him, had undergone no change. He now required another instalment of his principal. In fact, the old miser had become rather hostile to his debtor. He had become more earnest in his desire to promote the marriage of his daughter with the young doctor who continued to grow in his esteem; particularly as he now assiduously ministered to that new-born vanity of the old man, which pleased itself with the idea of exercising the power of money which he possessed in order to pass into a sphere of society to which he was not born. The sister of Dr. Lanham came from the neighbouring district on a visit to Ellen, and brother and sister both labored, and skilfully, to pamper the late-born vanity of the father. They descended from their pride of place, having become pecuniarily reduced, in comparison with their former position and resources; and the desire to regain the means of familiar luxuries, led them to concessions to the old farmer's follies and vanities, which were in the last degree degrading. When aristocracy thus descends to court wealth, for its own sake, it usually shows itself one of the meanest things in nature. But they humbled themselves without scruple—they waited on the sick mother, they cringed to the old miser, they strove to conciliate the young maiden, and, with all but her, they were successful. But Ellen kept her faith with her lover and despised heartily the finely-bred people, whom she saw resorting to the basest modes of flattering her ignorant and rough old father. She was meek, however, not passionate; bore in silence many things which pained her; submitted quietly

to many things which might have vexed her; and, though she gave them no encouragement of a positive kind, her meekness and forbearance yet left upon the minds of all the impression that she would finally be persuaded to give up the absent, and yield to the present lover. Her father frequently scolded and quarrelled with her on this theme. Sometimes he even threatened; but in our forest country few persons are ever really forced to marry against their will. Society and public opinion interpose to protect the daughter from the sacrifice of herself to gratify the ambition and the vanity, or appease the anger of a parent; precisely as the same society and public opinion interpose to rebuke the maiden who perversely marries against the parent's consent. It was this sort of influence which, tacitly, shielded Ellen from absolute persecutions, on the subject of her suitor. For the present, therefore, the burden of persecution fell upon the venerable sire of the man she favored. Old Barclay had him in his power, and determined to punish him for his own daughter's obstinacy. Accordingly, when Jacob Barclay came to pay his interest, he was rudely asked for another instalment of the principal. He again referred to his unprofitable fields, his wasted years, his numerous disappointments and misfortunes.

"I can't help all that, Jacob Downton. I lent you my money expecting to be paid, and I will be paid, I tell you. If the money is not forthcoming by next sale day, look to it, I shall foreclose, I warn you."

"What am I to do, Peter Barclay?"

"Sell! sell land. You don't want the half that you've got."

Downton groaned in his bitter agony. He saw that Barclay would never be content 'till he obtained complete possession of his farmstead,—that farmstead, which, having received from his father, he felt should properly descend to his children. He saw, also, that, made insolent by prosperity, flattered by the attentions of people in higher station, and conceiving that his debtor was in his power, his creditor was prepared to throw off the mask of old and neighbourly sympathies, and to show himself, in his true colours, as a hard and griping tyrant of the poor. He now felt himself strong enough in power to

rave the opinions of the community. Jacob Downton saw all this, and forebore all enterprises. Next sale day found him at the village with a favorite negro fellow, to whom, with tears in his eyes, he had communicated the necessity for selling him. The negro was greatly agitated and wretched; and leaving him at the door of the court house, Jacob paid a visit to lawyer Caughman, the friend of his son, to explain to him the cruel necessity before him. The lawyer heard him with commiseration, and talking together, the two went forth to the court house where Tony, the negro, had been left. But the fellow was no longer there. Search was made for him in vain. The truth at length flashed upon poor Jacob Downton, that Tony, in escape being sold, had taken to the woods. "He never run away in all his life before!" cried the distressed old man, who prepared, nothing could be done, to ride back with haste to his farm, in order to supply his place with another. There were several buyers wishing to buy, and some agreed to wait for his return that very day. But lawyer Caughman stopped the old man just as he was about to mount, and took him back to him to his office. When there he said to him kindly—

Jacob, you say that Peter Barclay requires a payment of five hundred dollars. He is worth all that money. Now, look here, I'll take a mortgage of him, *as he runs*, let you have the five hundred. I fortunately have that sum to spare, and all that I shall do, to secure me, is to give me the mortgage and insure the fellow's life for me. No fear but that Tony will come in as soon as he hears that he's not to be sold, and send him back to you, or he'll go himself, and you can pay me the interest on the five hundred instead of paying Barclay."

The old man could have kissed the hands of the benevolent lawyer. He wept his gratitude and joy; and, riding home with the lawyer, he said aloud, as he wound his way through the solemn pines of God's own forest—

"O how I have been so sinful, oh! Lord, as to think that thou hadst abandoned me. Lo! thou hast raised me up a friend in this hour of my greatest tribulation!"

After Barclay was paid his instalment and

thus baffled for another year. But as the new year begun and advanced, the familiar aspects of evil fortune once more peered in at the humble cottage of Jacob Downton. A hail storm swept over his young corn and infant cotton, which, up to that moment, had flourished with wonderful promise and luxuriance; and it was evident, as early in the year as June, that it would scarcely be possible for him to make even the half crop of the preceding year. These successive disasters, the continual recurrence of failure, obviously had their effect upon the old man, though they did not lessen his exertions, or appear to subdue his spirits; but he felt and suffered in secret, and his form gradually seemed to yield beneath its burden. The stoop in his shoulders increased; there was now a slight tremor in his limbs as he moved; and his eye had lost much of the brightness which had lightened it up only the year before. Sometime in May, however, there was an event which seemed to encourage him for a while. He heard a report of one Samuel Faill, a young man of a neighbouring district, who had returned with a handsome sum of gold from California. The distance to Faill's from the farm of Downton was fully forty miles; but the very day after hearing this intelligence, the old man got upon his horse and proceeded to visit Faill. He saw the youth who had been comparatively prosperous in "the diggings" and had come home tolerably contented, with about four thousand dollars. Old Downton was quite repaid the trouble of his journey when he learned from Faill that he had seen William, though not recently; and that, when last seen, about seven months before, he was hard at work and healthy. Faill did not report William as particularly prosperous; said he was doing pretty well then; had gathered some gold, and was toiling on with hope, sanguine of profits yet to come. He had been sick once, for a week, and had been robbed while in that condition of all that he had previously accumulated; but had quite recovered his health, and, perhaps, had made up all his losses. Faill did not think very highly of the particular *placer* in which William worked, but added that gold could be got anywhere if one would dig for it. This William could do as well as any man, and he

had no doubt he would come home some of these days with full pockets. His report, though not enthusiastic, was encouraging, and gave a new warmth to the old man's spirits. As to his not writing, Faill said that could not be true; that he knew, when they worked in the same neighborhood, that William wrote regularly every month; but the country was in such a condition and had such a population, that letters from persons at the mines were received and forwarded with great irregularity. The old man lingered all day at the farm of Faill, listening to the youth's details, prompting them, and proposing question after question, until his own ingenuity was quite exhausted and he felt that he could ask, and Faill yield him nothing more. With many thanks for his information, Jacob Downton made his way home to share his intelligence with his daughters and little Robert. For a time these tidings kept them up. They were relieved of the fear that the beloved exile had gone to the grave, and the hope grew active which promised that they should see him, or at least hear from him again soon. But the days sped as before; no letters, no gleams of fortune, and their sad hearts again sickened with the hope deferred. Their sufferings and anxieties were destined to increase. As the season advanced, corn was broken in, and, as he feared, Jacob Downton now discovered that his failure in the crop was greater than it had ever been before. Hitherto, while his cotton crop was short, and that of corn was scant, he had always made enough to suffice his plantation. It was now evident that he should be compelled to buy some three hundred bushels. This was a new burden on the camel's back. The cotton which he raised might afford him, as before, the means of paying their interest upon his bonds to Barclay; and supply his current wants; but, even this would depend upon the fact that the season should be a protracted one. An early winter would be fatal to this hope even. And, true to the old man's apprehensions, there came premature frosts. The events of a year ago are quite too fresh in our memories to render it necessary to remind any one of the fact that this season, December 1851, took the place of October in our calendar. The cotton was killed every where that month in Carolina.

The prospects of old Downton perished with his cotton. His crop was cut off two thirds.

XIII.

Every body sympathized with the brave old farmer who had so nobly struggled against Fortune, and who was so relentlessly pursued by Fate!—every body but Peter Barclay, his creditor. His feelings had been daily growing more and more hostile to the old man. That they should do so was quite natural in the case of one conscious of his own wrong doing. We are usually unforgiving in the degree in which we have offended. Besides, another cause of the increased hostility of Barclay to Downton arose from the firm and continued rejection, by dear little Ellen, of the addresses of Dr. Lanham. She solemnly kept her faith to William Downton, and pleaded her troth before heaven, whenever she was assailed by the requisitions of her father. His persecutions, and those of the young Doctor himself, had been unwearied and unceasing. The mother had been, at length, brought in as an ally; and made to plead her own wishes to the poor child, and thus to work upon sympathies which had never before been touched. Sick, sad, suffering, the unhappy girl wept in secret, and, sometimes through very exhaustion and hopelessness felt like giving up the contest, and yielding to any fate that might occur. Until the return of young Faill, with news of William they had almost succeeded in persuading her that he was dead. But when, returning from church one Sunday, Jacob Downton himself came up to her, and, in the hearing of her father, communicated the intelligence saying:—"I have heard of William, Ellen he is well and doing well; and I hope he will soon be at home to comfort us"—her courage and her strength revived; and the father, provoked that all he had done, should be rendered in a moment useless, then better resolved to pursue his debtor with the utmost severities of his power. Accordingly, when he beheld the meagre harvest of Jacob Downton, and learned the extent of his misfortune from every lip, he prepared for finally pushing him over the precipice.

which he tottered. He congratulated himself now, that the long coveted farm was in his power. He would foreclose his mortgage: there was but little money in the county; he would buy lands and negroes at his own prices, and still hold a claim upon the debtor which might hereafter serve for his profits, or his revenges. Such were the cruel and selfish calculations of the arrogant and avaricious creditor. He hastened to put them into execution, and scarcely had Downton picked in his small crop of cotton, when he received a letter from Barclay's lawyer advising him that he now required full satisfaction on his bond, and that, if not paid by the first of January 1852, the mortgage upon lands and negroes should be instantly foreclosed.

The blow came stunningly upon the senses of the old farmer. He staggered to his accustomed seat like one mortally wounded. Little Robert happened to be in the hall, and hurried immediately to his father's side, crying, "What's the matter, daddy, are you sick?" Then, without waiting for an answer he darted to Sally's chamber and informed her of what had taken place. The sisters were all together, and they at once rushed to the assistance of the old man. But he recovered himself as he saw them enter, tried to smile in answer to their earnest and excited inquiries, and broke down in the effort; sunk back again into his chair, and sobbed aloud; the tears streaming from his aged eyes. Sally picked up the paper which lay at his feet, and read its contents. "The cruel, cruel man!" she exclaimed. Soon the import of the dreadful epistle was known to all, and the house, in an instant, became one of lamentation. But the cries and terror of the girls brought back to Jacob Downton all his manhood.

"Cheer up, girls," he said; "cheer up my children. God has helped us through so far; he will not deliver us now into the hands of the enemy! I will ride to Moses Pruitt, who has money by him to lend. He will take my mortgage himself, and take me out of the hands of this persecuting man."

The old farmer spoke with more confidence than he felt; but the plan was the only obvious one for his extrication, and he once proceeded to put it in execution. His

horse was instantly ordered, and he rode away. He was gone all day and at night came back, showing a tolerably cheerful face, but in truth, utterly dispirited. Moses Pruitt had only a week before invested all his idle money in negroes; an application to John Clymer, another farmer of supposed wealth, had the same results; and the poor old debtor was at the end of his tether. Sorrowful, and sorely cold, was his heart that night. Brightly blazed the oaken fires in his chimney; lovely, and good, and dutiful, in high degree, were the children that surrounded him; but his joys seemed wholly to have departed; for how should these children, who had hitherto been well, and fondly, and even luxuriously cherished,—how should they find shelter; in what strange habitation; in what unfriendly keeping; reduced to what painful humiliations? Such were the thoughts that racked his soul; yet he forgot not, ere Robert retired to his bed, to take the boy as usual between his knees, while he said his nightly prayer, in the simplicity of a childish tongue. And he patted the boy on his head, and kissed his cheek, and in cheerful accents bade him go, and be sure to get up with the sun! Then he called to the youngest of the girls, to bring the Bible, the old family Bible, from which he was accustomed nightly to read a chapter. The girl placed it before him, brought him his spectacles, placed the light in the proper situation, and the old man drew nigh to the table. But it so happened that, in opening the holy volume, the leaves parted at the well-filled pages of the family record. The old man looked up and laid the spectacles upon the open page. He muttered something inaudible. Then putting on his glasses, he stooped over the familiar record and read of births, and deaths, and marriages, while long by-gone events floated up dimly before his memory and fancy, and then, with the sad and thoughtful girls hanging about him, he repeated the old chronicles, and told of his youth, and his youthful loves; of their mother; of the thirty years which they had lived together in joy and sadness; of the children they had buried; how they looked; how they grew, and what particularly distinguished each.

"And they are gone; and he who still lives is gone from us, my children! Shall

these eyes ever again behold him, Father of many mercies! Send him to me, I pray thee, that his hands may close these weary eyes!"

And, speaking thus, the old man seemed to subside upon his knees, from the chair to the floor, while his face sank down upon the Bible, and his arms were spread, enclosing it upon the table. The girls immediately drooped also upon their knees, while the father prayed in silence. His "amen," only was audible. Then, when they rose, he said—

"Surely, Sally, it was to remind me that in two days more I shall be seventy years old, that my hands opened upon these pages. Thinking of other things I had quite forgotten how old a person I am!"

"But we had not forgotten your birthday, papa," responded one of the girls. "It comes day after to-morrow."

Sally gave the girl a rebuking look; but the old man patted her affectionately upon the head, as he answered,—

"In these days of sorrow, when all the skies are so cloudy for us, it's of no use to remember such matters. It's more natural to think of death days than birth-days, when one is so near to the grave as I. Take away the book, my children, I feel that I cannot read for you to-night."

XIV.

The next morning Jacob Downton was up betimes. He swallowed a bowl of coffee hastily, but ate nothing. Then, with a good humored farewell to the girls, he mounted his horse and rode at a smart canter to the court house. His purpose was to see lawyer Caughman, who had been a friend of his son from boyhood, and was at once a worthy and intelligent person. The old man had no definite idea of any particular advantage that might accrue to him from this visit. But he found it necessary to cast the burden of his troubles on some other shoulders, and to seek in every possible direction, the succour which he needed. Caughman he knew could do nothing himself for his extrication, but he might have clients quite as well disposed, and better able than himself to serve him. Thus he went. But the revelation of his

affairs, which he made to the worthy lawyer, had no other effect than that of making him unhappy. Caughman really felt for the old man, and had a sincere regard for the one, his son. He was really anxious to help the unfortunate family, but he lacked means of doing so.

"If we could get the bonds transferred to some other person, the punctual payment of the interest might be sufficient; and meantime, something might turn up. Have you tried Moses Pruitt? He had money to lend three weeks ago, quite enough, I think, to buy up the mortgage?"

"Yes; I've tried him: but he's got seven negroes, and used up all his money."

"There's John Clymer, by the way. Have you seen him also: he's bought land and rail road stock."

"Ephraim Bell is now in the village. Tell him to pose, Mr. Downton, you step out and see him."

The suggestion was immediately acted upon, but in an hour, the old man returned disappointed. Bell had made his investment in a steam mill.

"Let me go over and see Ellis, the son of old Barclay," said Caughman. "Perhaps I may persuade him to getting your money from his client. Keep your seat, Mr. Downton and keep up the fire 'till I come."

But Caughman also returned disappointed. "Ellis says that Barclay is ready to sell, but he won't have his money or foreclose the mortgage."

"I told you so, squire. It's no use looking in that quarter. He hates me, and he'll push us to the wall if he can."

"Well," said Caughman, "don't despair, Mr. Downton, we have still two weeks before the first of January, and time is one of the most precious things to the lawyer as to the politician. It's a bad chance I grant you, but something may be done in that time. Let me think over your list of friends and acquaintances and I'll do the same of mine. It may be that we shall find somebody willing to make an investment, and I am fully prepared to say that this is a safe one."

This was all the consolation poor old Jacob Downton got from his visit. He rode homewards with a heart heavier than ever.

the boundary line between his farm of his persecuting creditor, the recollection of his poor girls, and their probable ruin which threatened him, took away his courage. His feelings were such, that for the moment, he did not venture to approach them. He turned in

the highway accordingly, among the trees and without any design, took his way through the poplar grove, and the spring, which, in former and more friendly years, had been the favorite haunt of the children of the two families.

Here they had played together without a care or apprehension; their countenances untroubled by any evil feeling. The old man

drew up his horse just above the old poplars, scored every where with unknown dates and initials. He stopt, without any definite purpose, alighted. His thoughts and memories crowded upon him. As if he were in communion with the spirits, he felt that they were about him. He threw himself upon the ground in a sitting posture, his head drooping and pressing against the tree-trunks, almost between his knees.

He murmured aloud beneath the sudden pressure of thought and feeling, working towards a crisis.

A light hand rested upon his shoulder. A sweet sad voice filled his ears,—“father Jacob, is it you here?”

He looked up and saw Ellen Barclay.

“Ellen only me; but it will not vex you were to say that you wish it had been William, rather.”

“I do say that, and feel that too, dear father Jacob, though I won’t have you think me very, very glad to see you. I see you seldom now!”

“With good reason, too. Ellen, my dear daughter, your father, Peter Barclay, is bent upon having the earth heaped upon this old man.”

“Don’t say so! Oh don’t say so, if you can help it.”

“True, Ellen;” and he then told her the cruel history. The poor girl sat beside him and wept bitter tears.

“Nothing I could do, or could ever make for you but as the wife of my William,” continued the old man, “nothing but as the wife of my William, child, you’re not going to be married to William? They tell me that this doctor is to marry you—”

“Oh! no! never! never!”

“Do you say that from your heart, Ellen, with all your soul and with all your strength!”

“With my whole heart, and soul, and strength, father Jacob. As I live I will never be the wife of any man but William Downton.”

The old man rose partly, then sunk upon his knees and said—

“Kneel with me, Ellen, kneel.” She did so.

“Look,” said he,—“look, Ellen, you see almost the whole sky above us is darkened by dull, gloomy clouds. The sun is nowhere to be seen. Now, Ellen, do you doubt that God is still behind those clouds?”

“No, father Jacob, he is surely there.”

“Yes: do you see that little break yonder in the West, as if the sun were trying to make an opening for himself. God is probably just now looking through that opening at us two here,—you a young creature just beginning to tread the earth with a free footstep;—me, an old broken down man, tottering only in the one direction, to the grave.”

“Don’t speak so sadly, father Jacob.”

He did not heed her, but continued:

“God is there in that opening! God is **HERE!**” speaking with great energy, “standing over us and beside us now.”

The girl started, and looked around her, as if really expecting to see the awful Invisible, of whom he spoke with such vehemence, actually looking down upon her.

“He sees us—sees our hearts—hears the very voices in our soul. The whole earth is but the great ear of God—and the trees are his witnesses. Repeat, then, that he may hear, Ellen, that you will marry no man’s son but mine,—my son, William!”

The girl, thus suddenly adjured, rose up and lifted her hands to Heaven, as she spoke in accents solemn as his own—

“They may kill me, father Jacob, but I will marry none but William Downton!”

“Thou hearest, oh! Inscrutable God! Thou hearest! Be thou the witness, and in thy own good time help these children with thy smile and blessings!”

He took the girl into his arms, as he rose slowly from the earth, and said:

“Ellen, it may be that when William Downton again sets foot upon his native earth,

these old eyes may be dark beneath it ; yet would I not go to my grave in peace did I think, after all his toils, and cares, and perils, he might come back to find you another man's wife. Ellen, it would be the dread-fullest doom of death that my poor boy could ever know ! Oh ! Ellen, let your love receive him still, though he may never more hear the voice of mine."

And the two wept together, till the approaching shadows of night compelled the girl to tear herself away.

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XV.

Let us now return to the Court House, and to the office of Lawyer Caughman. We will suppose that night to have passed, and another day to have begun—begun in sunshine, though, as yet, many a suffering and sore spirit is unconscious of its beams and warmth. Caughman was sitting at his desk, brooding sadly over the affairs of the Downtons, doubly sad, as he could revolve no method for their relief. It was about eleven o'clock, and already he had resorted to one or two persons from whom he fancied the money for the relief of his client, might be procured. But the time was one of great monied pressure. Cotton had not yet freely gone forward. The banks were stringent—*tight* is the word—and were required to use all their spare funds in bolstering up their friends and special favorites. Under the circumstances of the country, *cash* was not to be had. Downton could easily have sold the property on a credit ; but it was not his desire to sell, and unless Peter Barclay would have been willing to substitute the bonds of another for those of Downton, credit could have served the latter nothing. Caughman had just returned from a visit to his brother lawyer, Ellis, to see if that person was willing, and could exercise any influence over Barclay in arresting his cruel resolution. But from Ellis he received no encouragement, and, in absolute despair he sat brooding at his desk, vainly endeavoring to extort from thought some new suggestion upon which to build and act. While thus he meditated, he heard a modest tap at the door of his office.

"Come in."

The door opened, and Caughman absolutely started to his feet with sudden surprise, at the object that met his glance. This was a tall, powerfully made man, more than six feet in height, with a massive beard and moustache—the beard, of a rich brown, hanging down upon the bosom with almost patriarchal profusion. Over his shoulders he wore the Mexican blanket, a beautiful and picturesque robe of ample dimensions and gorgeous colours. A fur cap was lifted from his head as he entered and displayed a shock of hair even more full and flowing than the beard. Not knowing what to make of such a visitor, Caughman yet civilly asked him to enter and take a seat.

"What ! Caughman !" cried the stranger, "do you not know me ? Have you forgotten your old friend and playmate, Willy Downton !"

"Willy Downton, old fellow—God bless you ; is it you ?" and the lawyer embraced him with a deep sense of equal joy and relief. Then they seated themselves, and William got from the lawyer all his intelligence.

"I dared not go to the farm till I had seen you and heard every thing. I feared so much."

He was soon informed in all particulars. When told of the proceedings of old Barclay, he exclaimed—

"Well, thank God ! I am able to settle that matter for ever. I have been fortunate, Caughman, in my enterprise. I have brought home a clear sum, after all's paid, of eleven thousand dollars. Let me get rid of some of it at once. Here, my dear friend, is the five hundred I owe *you*. If there's any interest due on the note, you shall have it : and here, my dear fellow, take these bills and go at once to Ellis and liquidate the bond, and take the mortgage out of his clutches. I was pretty sure the old man would never be able to raise the money, so I procured the full sum, as it was when I left home, from the banks in Charleston. Count that roll and pay the debt at once."

Caughman did not need to be urged upon this duty. Never did lawyer undertake one with more satisfaction. He was not long absent, and soon returned with the fatal instrument fully cancelled and shorn of all its

terrors, which had vexed the peace of the family for five dreary years and more. We have not space to record the narrative which William gave to Caughman of his fortunes during his absence. We must content ourselves with the results. Enough to say here that he had received few or no letters from home, though he had written every month. For nearly a year he had been without any intelligence. He consented to dine with Caughman that day; borrowed a horse from him soon after dinner, and hurried below in the direction where lay equally his heart and home. With a natural feeling—a vague hope that he might not look in vain upon the once so sacred spot, he fastened his horse at the entrance of the poplar grove, and stole forward to the favorite spring, where he had so often met his beloved one. Was it an angel whisper that guided the footsteps of Ellen thither almost at the same moment? She took down the little gourd from where it hung upon a branch of the tree which shaded the water and stooped to drink. Suddenly she starts, and looks about her. She hears her own name, and in accents that seem as familiar as they are fond. She sees the strange equipment, the massive beard, the majestic form, and tries to fly.

"Ellen—it is I—it is William Downton!"

With a cry of joy she rushed into his arms.

"And you have not forgotten me, Ellen, and you are still true to your pledges."

She did not answer: she only clung closer to his neck, and looked up into his face with a smile that needed no words for his assurance. When they parted, he said—"Say nothing of my coming, Ellen—nothing at home. I mean to see you there."

It was dark before they parted, but we need not report all that was said between them.

XVI.

William Downton did not too rapidly approach the dear little old cottage and the well remembered home. Darkness grew around him as he slowly walked his horse over the narrow pathway through the woods. At length he reached the entrance of the

avenue leading to the dwelling. He distinguished the house at a distance by the little glimmering light from the hall windows. How many thousand times had he approached the avenue and seen that welcoming light at the same hour? But never under such circumstances as now—never with the same emotions. He rode on slowly, chewing as he went the cud of sweet and bitter thought. Not even the bitter now was unpleasant to his taste. It was a bitter of memory only; which, when fortune smiles, becomes an agreeable tonic rather than a bitter medicine. At about a hundred yards from the house, he came to the gate of the little pale fence which surrounded it. Here he dismounted and advanced on foot: he now discovered a faint glimmer of light from the chamber in the wing of the house—what, in cottage *parlance*, is the *shed-room*, where his father slept. By this he knew that the old man had retired for the night; and he suddenly resolved that he should not be disturbed. He knew that if he made his appearance the house would be in an uproar, and the old man would probably get no sleep for the rest of the night. Sleep, precious to all, is particularly so to the aged; they obtain its blessings with difficulty; as if Nature, conscious of the long sleep which is approaching, had resolved to spare as little as possible of the time allotted to life in the consumption of it in this manner. William looked to the dim firelight, through the unclosed shutter of his father's window and saw the faint outline of the old man's person where he lay. Breathing an ejaculatory prayer he turned aside, and with cautious steps ascended to the piazza; he stole gently to the windows and looked in at the hall. The girls, all three, were busy beside the fire—each with work in hand. Never was shown more devout industry. The young man gazed till the tears filled his eyes, and then he stole away as he came. His, perhaps, were somewhat unwonted feelings under the circumstances, but he resolved not to disturb any of them that night. He had, besides, an object. Returning to the gate where his horse had been fastened, he remounted and took his way to a little cottage half a mile distant, which was occupied by a good-natured, half-vagrant, squatter-hunter named Moore, whom

he knew well, and with whom he resolved to take his bed. Let us suppose him there, safely installed by the fire, with Moore, open-mouthed, listening to our hero's California adventures, and wondering why he had never thought to go with him. Long before daylight, William was up and away. But we leave him for the present to return to the homestead of his father.

The next day was the birth-day of Jacob Downton, and the manufactures upon which William had seen his sisters engaged were designed by each as birth-day gifts for the good old father. They consisted of homely trophies, gloves, stockings, handkerchiefs curiously wrought, with the initials of the old man in some snug corner, probably wreathed in vines and stars after a very domestic fashion. With the dawn of day, the three girls were up; and closely followed by little Robert, all without shoes, and each bearing her pretty petty gifts of love, might have been seen stealing into the old man's chamber, and quietly depositing them beside him on his pillow, where, upon his opening his eyes, he must immediately see them. Dear, young, artless things, they dreamed not that even while they performed this pretty drama of filial love, he witnessed it all, but through his half-shut eyes. Having gone to bed soon the previous evening, from fatigue, he had slept in the early part of the night, was awake when they entered the room, and only feigned to sleep, watching with fond emotion all their actions. Little did he dream that, even at that moment, other eyes were beholding them and him also. In half an hour he arose and came forth into the hall where the girls and little Robert were all assembled and preparing for breakfast. He brought the gifts of love in his hand.

"My dear children," said he, "would you believe it?—but I had a dream in the night of certain angels coming into my room and laying gifts upon my pillow. And, when I awoke, lo! what I found there!"

And, with the words, the old man caught them severally in his arms and kissed them.

"Ah! my children," he said, mournfully, "your love is now all I possess! and I—I am now too poor to give you any thing! If William were only here now, to take care

of you, I could lie down and sleep the last sleep that this old head can know!"

He sat down and took little Robert between his knees. The boy looked up—

"But, papa, what is in that pretty box?"

He pointed to a small mahogany case that stood upon the table. Nobody before had seen it. It was equally a surprise to the girls.

"That, my son! Why, where did that come from? What box is that, Sally?"

"I don't know, father: I never saw it till now."

The old man rose up, took the box into his hands and found a little silver key hanging to the handle. He opened it with trembling curiosity, and a large folded paper was displayed before his eyes. He was greatly agitated, laid the box down, tore open the paper and found it to contain his bond and mortgage to Peter Barclay. He threw up his hands to heaven.

"It is William that hath done this—my son, my own son William! Willy, my son, my brave son, my noble son—where are you?"

The next moment, and the person summoned stood before him, and was clasped within his arms. They all knew him in spite of his wild beard and Mexican blanket. Oh! the embraces, and the sweet tears and kisses that followed.

"Joy cometh in the morning!" cried the old man. "Oh, Lord, I bless and praise thee, since the son that I have mourned as dead hath been restored to me in life and safety. Now may thy servant depart in peace since mine eyes have seen this day!"

XVII.

Our story is drawing to a close. That day Peter Barclay was confounded by a communication from his lawyer, Ellis, informing him of the satisfaction of Downton's mortgage. It was a subject of long consultation with Dr. Lanham, by what process and from what source the money had been raised. It never entered into the heads of either that William Downton had returned from California a rich man! The mystery was still further increased to the mind of Barclay, by

ich Lanham made, to the effect only that morning seen at the sundry boxes and barrels just the city containing, very evil and *wet*," and addressed to "Ja," &c. Old Barclay scratched the floor, looked occasionally with a very dubious countenance on wondering. The doctor cigar with a very philosophical in his eyes, threw his heels up to replace, and puffed at vacancy. were thus engaged when the suddenly thrown open, and in personage, the very appearance seemed to fill both of them with. Who could he be? They of the Great Magyar, Kossuth, the country, wearing a strange and making collections; and immediately possessed both minds. The other was the very person, though of his latitude as regarded the

But the frank, manly voice found its proper owner. William only advanced, offered his hand to Barclay, and spoke as gently as if given him cause of complaint. There was a profound policy in the thing which we need not stop now enough to say, that it was highly probable William Downton should show to his father's persecutor, that he did not consider the breach irreparable. Barclay took the matter with a corresponding civility and kindness. In an instant he conspired a source from which the money was drawn which paid off the mortgage on the father. The same conjecture suggested the probability of more money found in the strong box whence it had been drawn. William was then to take a seat, which he commenced while Dr. Lanham, somewhat suddenly, rose from his seat, gathered up his notes, medical saddle-bags, and his camp—the personal contrast between himself and the formidable Magyar, furnishing a sufficient reason for his departure. No effort was made by old Barclay to restrain him.

"Are you off doctor?"

To which the other answered quickly,

"Yes! I must ride to see a patient. Good morning."

With his disappearance Peter became chatty and inquisitive. William answered him frankly, coolly anticipated any special question touching his successes, by saying that, with ten thousand dollars clear, he was content to quit and give up his *gulches* to poorer or more greedy adventurers.

"Ten thousand dollars!" exclaimed Peter, "ten thousand!"—

"Eleven, in fact, and a fraction over," said William; "but why don't I see mamma,"—so he used to call Mrs. Barclay—"and Ellen? Where are they all, that I do not see them?"

The old man rose at the words very submissively, to call them in, and instead of doing so, shouted aloud with the utmost power of his lungs—

"Eleven thousand dollars!"

William saw immediately that the case was gained. The imagination of the miser was possessed. The citadel of his affections was taken by storm. William followed the old man to the passage way, and himself called out, "Mamma! Ellen! where are you?"

The daughter gladly, but tremblingly obeyed the summons, and was caught in the embrace of the Californian, in the very sight of the father; and—he was silent.

"Eleven thousand dollars," quoth he; "eleven thousand and a fraction—in three years!"

The old lady made her appearance; a phial of physic in her hands.

"Why, mamma, how thin and pale you are looking," William exclaimed, as he kissed the old lady and shook her hands; "but it's the physic you're taking: its enough to kill any body. Let me throw it out of the window."

"Ay, do," quoth Peter; "do; she's been growing worse and worse ever since she's been taking the doctor's stuff."

"Oh! don't—don't; I shall die without them drops," cried the old lady. But the deed was done. Dr. Lanham's medicine followed himself and his hopes. William

had acquired a rare resoluteness, as well as rare wealth, from his adventures.

"I'll give you something better, mamma: I've become a doctor too; and have brought a box of the most glorious physic for you, which will cure you in one week, make you young in two, and in three the happiest woman in the world! You shall take your first dose to-morrow, as soon as I get my things from the depot."

And the old couple and the young, sat down around the fireside; and at dinner, about the table, as if they were all of one household already; and as if they had never known separation. Ellen looked to her bold lover, and laughed and cried with the same eyes at the same moment! Never was revolution in civil state so sudden and complete. He had taken the town by surprise. He spoke of his betrothal and marriage as a matter of course, and as coolly, as if there had never been an interruption of the original arrangement.

"And if it suits you, father Barclay, you and mamma here, we'll have it on Christmas night. I've brought and sent up the fruits, the cakes, some excellent wine, nuts, raisins and almonds, so that we can make the whole neighbourhood rejoice.—Yes, it must be on Christmas night. The better day the better deed!"

Ellen was the only one to murmur; but she was overruled by papa.

"What would you have? I agree with Willy that Christmas is the very best night in the year for a marriage! It is. So none of your mouthing, Ellen."

The reader may guess the sequel. Of all the guests invited, Dr. Lanham and Miss Sophia Elphenstone Lanham were the only persons who did not appear, and sent no answer. The winter that overhung the Downton family was past and gone, and the voice of the turtle was heard among its rooftrees. The night was dark to them, and long; but the promise was verified to faith—that "Joy Cometh with the Morning!"

THE PINE.

Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam
Im norden auf kabler Hoeh.—H. Heine.

It was night and winter. In the far off Norway kingdom stood, wearing an undaunted crest, a solitary Pine. Around there stretched, as far as the eye could reach, as far as it could have reached, assisted by one of Frauenhofer's best perspectives, an unbroken winding sheet of snow; on it rolled into the regions of the fable and the north.

The Storm howled by, lifting up the loose snow and driving it before his march as if spirits in gravecloth and pall were hastening to the pole for some ghostly revel. The great Whirlpool roared and shrieked, sucking down its agony with a fearful gulp, for it had hungered sorely, and its giant purveyor the Gulf Stream could bring no food, but ever came bounding on unladen with prey.

To the right the fantastic Northern Lights flickered and crackled, shooting up on high, then dwarfing down again. Oh! but they were beautiful things, all coloured and flaming, and dancing their mystic measures upon the gemmed and blazing floor of heaven.

And sullen, with a dull red glare, the highly inflamed eye of Day watched moodily, but majestically over all. Low on the horizon it lingered, overlooking the scene with a reflective air.

The noble old Pine was the last of his race. He had weathered the changes of innumerable centuries; he had seen the tiny Lapland move stealthily eastward with his sledge, and heard the reindeer hoofs patter away, for the returning hum of those mailed insects which the northern hive had let loose, stung the timid dwarfs in their pleasant usurpation, driving them back to the dreary mark. He was the last of his race, his elder brother had been the prow of the galley which bore the stalwart Norsemen to their Vinland. He had seen the strange bearded old men come down his beloved brother, and he groaned in his core, as far and near fell his relatives, friends and acquaintances. He feared a secession, too brave for that he hoped it, at a thought, waving his branches upward, to look taller and more ripe for the axe; but even other of his genus being hewn down, the wa-

bore them away in solemn march, then singing chaunted their runic rhymes, to the rude cadence they danced around our

He, in silent horror, reflected upon his desolate condition. Ah! none but a decrepit old Pine, sprung from good seed, could experience that agony. To fall was nothing—to die alone; not for him the comforts of regular and decent death and burial; no young ones to sigh to the evening, and with a surge and moan utter his requiem substituting him in proper and customary manner.

He was left. The last faint sound of the battle hymn to Freda reached his most forward leaves, and then all was silent. He was alone, for him life had no hope, no purpose—to him to exist was but to vegetate, yet the heartless Storm waged his hereditary war with unchanged malice, grudging

the bare continuance of life to the last of his stout and hated foes. Braced upon his ancestral rock the Pine still battled with the storm, disputing passage to the angry creature.

Vexed as was his existence, his nature remained unwithered, and beneath his rough bark he wore the same resinous heart. Eagerly social he sought for company; pride forbade sympathy, but he yearned for some common feeling. Where was now his circle? Too remote and too eccentric were the auroral lights. The gusty tenants of the mid air were his sworn foes. The aboriginal Whirlpool winked her great green voracious

eyes, thirsting for his sap, for, leagued with the storm, she awaited his fall with an eager expectation. There was but one being who was not his enemy. The chattering Gulf Stream had been an old though humble friend to his untimely cut down family. There-fore, in his intervals of battle with the Storm, he could not refrain from cultivating the society of the Stream unpolished as it was.

Pages the Stream had been telling of a land beyond the seas, but proud upon his ancestral rock, the Pine had been too elevated a character to give much heed to such gossip. Only a wondrous tale did the ever-flowing rock of the talkative water communicate. Eagerly he heard them and viewed carefully the odd things which one after another provoked the Stream washed up. Yielding to a natural feeling he inquired about his relatives. The Stream sighed—they have

steered beyond my realm, it moaned, the billows have borne them far away from my sources.

The Stream would talk extravagantly about sunny savannahs, and bright golden sands over which it flowed transparently—the old Pine looked contemptuously down upon such twaddle, and surveyed his snows with a self-satisfied creak. The Gulf Stream spoke constantly of a Palm. Now, the wood-god help him! the Pine knew no more about a Palm than he did about the other marvels of this southern land, but whether the academic doctrine extended to his race, and in the Dryad and Oread time, there had been a commixture and subsequent separation of sap, or whether there was a botanical affinity, or whatever reason might be assigned, the word Palm fell upon his auditory knots like a well-remembered tone, and he inquired of the Gulf Stream what it meant.

“Ah,” blubbered the susceptible water, “it is a beautiful thing, all green and gold with a garment of rarest texture, long, soft, smooth, graceful, silky leaves, and upon its virgin brow a gorgeous crown, for it is Queen of the South.”

Thus spoke the Stream, and the Pine listened, at first from custom and afterwards with a half-curious, half-bashful interest. And oh how he felt one day when the roguish Stream laughed out and said, “I have been talking of you to the Palm and see what she sends you, and bids you wear in your crest when you do battle with the wicked Storm,” and a flying fish leapt on the cliff with a delicate and beautiful thing, a palm leaf. Never returning knight from Holy Land placed the consecrated emblem upon his helm with greater pride than the gallant Pine, who, calling the Stream to witness challenged the Storm. And down it came on demon wings. The cold Polar star saw fair play, and when the baffled Storm howled off, shone down with a smile even on its pale face. The Pine was proud as not a Laurel on earth, and with reason, had he not conquered in a combat where the imperial star itself sat umpire? And the Stream came jubilant. “Your Palm sends blessings to her Pine, for know you as I come from South to North so fly the Storms from North to South, and every one you drive back can work for her no danger.”

And thus through many a year the Stream would bring the Pine sweet words of love, and then leaping into the Maelstrom, pass back in his eternal circuit laden with all manner of soft and foolish things from the smitten Pine, who paid now the greatest attention to appearance, every burr he could boast shining with metallic lustre, smooth and dark.

The Stream, in his accustomed gossip, spoke one day of men from a land it passed in its course called Spain; some of the inhabitants of this land it related had steered for the distant Palm land. The old Pine had of course inquired from time to time about his brethren, but the Stream could tell him nothing. Softened by the tender feelings which now filled his heart he procured from the surplised icebergs the proper masses. Farther than this he did not show that the tidings of the new ocean searchers had affected him. No foreboding fell upon him, though he might have noticed the troubled appearance of the Gulf Stream. One day, however, this shrieked aloud—"alas! alas! they have uprooted your Palm, they have placed her on board a ship." The Pine swung despairingly his branches upward and might have tottered and fallen, had not the Stream immediately cried out merrily, "they bring her to this land and say she shall have a palace to live in, and shall reign even in your hemisphere." The Pine was drunk with joy and creaked out an old song, whose refrain the Stream hummed to the Palm and the Palm sent greeting, and even the Storm melted into rain at the sight of the venerable and good old tree's happiness.

"Could not I too live in that palace?" he inquired.

"You live there!" blustered the Storm, recovering from his momentary condensation with a ten-fold accession of rancour, "*you* live in a conservatory! you rusty old stick, you dirty Pine trash. How would you look in a tub, drivelling old fool, stir your stump out of this place at any rate."

The Pine was in the main good-natured, but enraged at such coarse insolence and wroth at hearing the efforts of the Gulf Stream to repress a laugh, he taunted the Storm to attack him. Then uprose the Storm, and the Pine saw that his death day was at hand, did

he not bear himself with all his pinehood. The Storm beat, and roared, and struck—but all in vain, when it called to the Cloud, under which dastard cover it assaulted the Pine with all its winds. But although the Pine could not see his dire enemy, he stood impregnable, guarded at all points. Most suddenly, however, the wicked Storm stopped its efforts. It lulled, the darkness disappeared, and the mighty Star shone benignly upon the Pine's victory. But to the southwest crept off a black speck as large as a man's hand, and sailed away on midair. It faded at last.

The Pine was oozing at every pore, but he asked of his love. The good Stream sobbed woefully—"the Storm, the wicked Storm!" "What of that puny and impotent foe?" demanded the old warrior proudly.

"Alas! alas! it has swept to the South, for it had leagued with the Cloud, and under cover of that traitor, has flown to the southern seas, where even now it spreads terror and desolation, raging in search—woe! woe! it hath found the Spanish bark, and the sailors sleep, and the captain is praying in his cabin, and they watch not, deeming that in the warm, soft southern seas no harm can come. It towers above—woe—woe unutterable! it has burst upon the pinnacle and the waters foam, and the heavens darken, and—"—the Stream was silent with a gush of foam.

It sobbed and sobbed. The agitated Pine, who trembled so much in every fibre, that he could not rustle articulately, bent over and heard the Stream praying to the foul Whirlpool—"Suffer, oh dread mother, this bright being of another clime to escape thy awful clutch; oh, she is too young and gentle to die so soon—to die this death. Her home is far away beneath the southern skies. Suffer me, oh good mother, to bear her back to her own beautiful Floridas; and trust me, it will be joy to see the Storm's hate baffled again. It is so cold here, and mother, thy terrible mouth—oh, grant to thy child this her only prayer; ever I pass into thy being and forever re-issue, and I swear to search through out all the unilluminated caverns of the depth I must traverse to return to light. Oh, I will bring thee food."

The fell Maelstrom ever answered by

this—"I hunger," and its sombre eddies rushed impatiently.

The Storms howled above in savage glee, and arranged themselves as if to do battle with the Pine, but still they stood in array, and did not sweep down to the combat as of old.

The Pine felt a vague horror and chill. Alas! he did not know that the Gulf Stream must bring all that floated wrecked upon its breast, to the maw of the hideous Whirlpool. He did not know this, yet his dauntless heart felt an undefined horror creeping over it.

"Tell me," implored he of the stream, "where is my beautiful beloved?"

The Stream wept so bitterly, that its briny spray dashed up even on the rock whereupon rose the mailed warrior. Ah, with no armour now of proof. Anguish can penetrate triple steel. There was a pause—a dreadful silence. The venerable tree could not comprehend fully the terror of his faithful friend, but so awful was the sudden hush that he dared not ask more.

From the south came on high the cloud; it had arched its blackness over the stream's broad path. Before it flew the Storm and the remorseless monster snorted and hoarsely laughed. The Stream had curved itself and rolled onward slowly, mournfully. On either side was a ripple of white foam, but otherwise it was sombre and silent. The sea-birds shrieked and wailed to each other as they flew above some object which the Stream was bearing along.

The strange procession came on, but upon the bosom of the Stream was a thing borne tenderly, and the billows curved up on either hand so that upon the smoothest middle surface floated a wondrous creature of beauty and grace; long, broad leaves moved up and down with the rise and fall of the heaving bosom of the weeping Stream, rich, green and gorgeous gold mingled in its foliage; its garb was indeed a robe of rarest and most cunning device, and upon its brow was the crown of the South. Perfume exhaled from the lovely tree, and on it rested still the softer light of other skies.

The Storm whirled up before the Pine, enclosing what lay beneath the Cloud's arch upon the Stream's curve. It whirled up and lined the boisterous tribe arrayed above.

The Cloud brooded darkly repentant over the beautiful one he had now irreparably injured; the sea-birds screamed and clanged around it. The agony of grief, and the fearful attempt to repress it, was awful in the Gulf Stream, but it brought the Palm gently and soothingly.

The Whirlpool opened wide its horrid jaws, and its bottomless gorge yawned abysmal. The poor Palm! she had dreamt of such wild polar scenes, and waved up imploringly her arms to her hero and lover.

How gone his power and pride! How impotent and weak he stood! What could he do? Stunned by the overwhelming fate, what resource was left? Still there was one wild thought in his magnanimous core.

It was Night and Winter; and the marshalled Storms stood innumerable upon the slope of Heaven wailing for the battle-cry of their father, the old Storm: and the great Whirlpool gasped impatiently, for it had hungered long: and the Northern Lights danced a funeral measure around the red-lit horizon, for the last of Odin's race was nearing his extreme hour: and the great eye of Day hung bloodshot between the lids of Night, and ere it closed for its long rest the Pine would be wrapped in a more enduring slumber.

The Palm came on slowly. The Pine called to the Storms to hurl him down beside his bride. An assenting blast rang through their ranks as they stepped forward proudly in measured march to victory at last. But then the great Star, that ever watches, and never sleeps, outspoke and bade the caitiff crew to halt. "Not by such as ye shall the noble Pine meet his doom. The consecrating fires of Heaven shall unite him to his bride."

As the Star's solemn words rolled down from his throne of light upon the axis of Earth, the red thunderbolt flashed from the vault of Heaven. The Pine opened wide his branches. Full upon his crest the lightning struck; blasted by it he yielded his firm hold upon his native rock, tottered and sank into the outspread waves of his friend, the Gulf Stream, who folded him lovingly to its own true heart. There in death lay the Palm and the Pine—united in one common fate—united in extinction,—but still united. The

Whirlpool closed over them with a tremendous roar.

The Gulf Stream flows from South to North. The bright Floridas look up in beauty to the warming sun. Perfume floats upon every land-breeze, painted birds hover around its course, dolphins disport in its translucent waters, all around it is the South and peculiar beauty—but the Palm hath for ever left that land. She returns no more. The Gulf Stream flows from South to North, and there the Storms are raging unchecked, and the repentant cloud is darkening over some memory of the past, and the sun has disappeared, for the Winter is at its midnight; and the Pole Star beams down serene and calm upon the unepitaphed snows which roll like a vast funeral tablet over one unliving surface. The Pine hath gone to his Death-Bridal, and the good Gulf Stream murmurs his story unheeded, for save that faithful heart none care for the matchless lovers; by all else are the Pine and Palm forgotten.

ISMARA.

Charleston, S. C., April, 1853.

TO E. H. L.

I think of thee.

Morning and eve the thought
Comes o'er my mind, like distant music stealing
Upon the sea, waking each holier feeling—
Thus thou art brought
To memory.

I think of thee

As pilgrim far and worn
Will find his fondest thoughts forever tending
To the pure shrine to which his step is bending—
So doth my nature turn
To thought of thee.

I think of thee

As one whom I have known,
And knowing, could not well abstain from loving,
And that my love had met with no reproving—
So all my hopes are borne
Upon thy argosy.

I think of thee,

And tell thee of that thought,
Though it may be that I am but provoking
A laugh from thee—my passion lightly mocking—
It may be that it ought—
Yet still I think of thee.

A...

AN ANGLING REMINISCENCE.

"Sing sweet thrushes, forth and sing,
Wile us with a merry glee
To the flowery haunts of Spring,
To the angler's trysting-tree.
Tell sweet thrushes, tell to me,
Are these flowers 'neath our willow tree—
Spring and flowers at the trysting tree?"

STODDARD.

Happy is that man who lives in his recollections, and finds in the very darkest days some memory of other days that were full of light and mirth. Such a man is never wholly alone, for wherever he may be, these reminiscences come to him for companions, and dreaming of those past days, he loses sight of the gloomy present, and lives the happy life of old.

I recall my memories best in the spring—on those soft, warm, sunshiny days which come like a blessing to the earth, and expanding hearts as they expand the germ beneath the soil, make the sluggish pulse of humanity beat with new joy and gladness. To-day the spring has fully arrived—its suite of buds, and leaves, and grasses has wound into sight, and all things smile and look happy: to-day the air is pure and soft, and the sunshine lies like a benediction on the world. To-day I cannot but recall other springs and other merry scenes.

Carrabas and myself had arranged it all days beforehand: we were to leave town on foot and go to an old immemorial lake, called by common mortals a pond, deep in the country, and there spend the day, or as much of it as we desired to, in angling. We started at five in the morning, I think,—possibly as late as six—after emptying each a cup of excellent coffee. In those days I kept bachelor's hall, and nothing was easier than to coax the rich liquid from the ebon dust in my small coffee pot: no wife was there to be called upon, thus early in the morning, to rise and 'get breakfast' for her sultan and his friend—no sleepy servants to hurry in their tardy movements. The spurt of a match, the rattle of a spoon in the small gilt cup, the addition of a French roll and an egg—there was breakfast. After that a cigar, and with long fishing rods, slim and tapering, on shoulders

the town and struck into the green
the Marquis and myself.

Marquis? Yes, the Marquis of Car-
we had dubbed him; and now that
away among other scenes and faces,
we will never read these lines, let
us trace briefly his outline, as
; swaying rod upon his shoulder, he
through the forest, on which the
of the sun were rained in dusty
gold.

encing at his lower extremities,
had on a pair of lady's slippers:
may call foppish, but still there is
extenuation to be offered. French
th lofty heels, and fitting as tightly
glove—is Pacalin your artist?—are
gs to walk in over rough ground;
re the foot, they are uncomfortable,
ey are frail. Slippers, on the con-
e very comfortable, have no heels,
ined by the tramp—as the Marquis
me his were—cost far less than boots.

far there was nothing in Carra-
ess which any one could take um-
. Above the slippers fell in ar-
swelling folds, the tubes of a pair
w pantaloons—frog-color was then
:—above, farther still, a rather fan-
st nestled under a brown plaid coat,
mounting all, a brown grenadier's
tassel completed the owner's attire,
off fitly the insouciant face beneath.
singing that fine air from "Il Pi-
and then "Old Uncle Ned" and
e" and "Elfin Queen," we came to

l. It was a very old, a very noble
ll over grown with lilies, which
eir long broad leaves upon the gently
surface: and as we approached, my-
bright-finned fish glided with gentle
beneath the green curtain of those
lt slept—the ancient pond—like one
dim meres of Greece, the haunt of

Oread and Dryad in the olden time
from man, and cities in the vales of
: it had slept thus from the times of
n, perchance, and dusky warriors
haps, drawn fish from it, and had
barous "fires" upon its banks. Who

so we came to it and "loosed our
from the wooded marge. The little

boat had been attached to a huge oak root
by a single rope; not locked as is the wont
of river boatmen, fearful of trespass; and
so we found no difficulty in loosing it, and
paddled indolently out into the glassy water,
and threw in roach and pike lines.

Upon the roach lines we had put balls of
meal—you will find it the best bait for roach,
friend angler—I should rather say, brother
angler, since in the gentle art we are all
brothers, from the shoeless urchin who wan-
ders by the brookside with his pin hook and
shapeless float—stolen from his mother's
yeast jug—to the scientific artist of mature
years who whips the roaring northern streams,
with jointed rod and reel, and killing artifi-
cial fly. The bait for pike was different, as
the hooks and lines and all were different.
That was a small minnow whose diminutive
back was ploughed up by an enormous hook,
and the line above this hook was thickly
coated with wire—rather in truth was wire
itself, if I remember rightly.

And so having thrown in lines we betook
ourselves to conversation, idly, languidly,
and laughing luxuriously at all things: the
birds flew over the water, the shadows lay
on the surface, the winds came gently to us,
and all the face of nature smiled, and seemed
to be "amused"—whether at myself, or Car-
rabas, or other thing, does not appear.

"The soul," said the Marquis, with thought-
ful dignity, as he took from his hook a bright
finned roach, "the soul in its immortal yearn-
ings after—extraordinary circumstance that
this fish should jump about so discontentedly
only because he is transferred from water to
air: I am sure any reasonable animal would
prefer the air."

"Yes, certainly; any animal—but a fish."

"The soul," continued the Marquis,
thoughtfully, "or as the Greeks called it,
psuchè, in its yearnings among the dim city
haunts, often asks for some such retreat as
this, far from din and noise. I would never
thwart those longings; and it is my purpose
to build on the shores of this fairy lake a
summer cottage for myself."

"To fish all your days I suppose."

"No, my friend, to enjoy nature—you
have a bite!"

I pulled up two roaches—two shining
water-travellers who had taken my bait, and

caused the bright cork to dart like magic beneath the surface. They come up flapping their tails, and gazing with popped, wide-distended eyes on Carrabas. Doubtless they had never seen anything as *distingué* in all their travels in the under realm. One of them must have been a learned fish—a corresponding member, probably, of some scientific society—for even when he was gasping in the agonies of death, he kept his eyes fixed on Carrabas, and seemed to lament bitterly his incapacity to take notes of his outward semblance: unfortunately he had left his memorandum book behind.

The Marquis, leaning on his paddle, continued, thoughtfully speaking—

“The immortal part of man,” said he, “yearns ever for some retreat in the wilderness. My friend, I have seen the world, I have tasted all its multifarious pleasures—I find that a cottage ornée is the summit of worldly desires.”

“Well suppose we include luncheon in those desires: I feel a lively inclination to try some.”

“It is here,” said the philosophic Carrabas; and unwrapping a roll of paper he revealed to sight a number of slices of excellent ham and beef, and a small vessel resembling a basket, but very curiously shaped.

“Brandy,” said my friend, taking from his pocket a patent-leather drinking cup, flat, but easily opened, “the water of the pond is fresh, thanks to the stream yonder. Come.”

And so we made an excellent meal; and thereafter lit each as excellent a cigar which I produced. I took from my pocket also a copy of “Walton’s Angler.”

“A charming writer,” said Carrabas, leaning on his paddle; “listen what fine, strong English.” And he read aloud.

“You are to note that there are twelve kinds of artificial made fly to angle with on the top of the water: the first is the dun fly in March; the body is made of dun wool, the wings of the partridge’s feathers. The second is another dun-fly; the body of black wool and the wings made of the black drake’s feathers, and of the feather’s under his tail. The third is the stone fly in April; the body is made of black wool, made yellow under the wings.’ Excellently written—you know I am a connoisseur, my friend.”

And so the time passed indolently; reading, smoking and talking, not fishing now; it could not pass otherwise. Your cigar is a great promoter of the body’s ease—and indeed the mental ease also. Thus we passed the day—now on the water, now on the bank, singing, reading, idling—until the shades of evening began to fall upon the old pond, and the birds waked up from their noonday nap, and sent their clear notes ringing through the forest. They hopped from branch to branch and seemed to greet the oncoming of the summer;—the oriole, the thrush, the red bird, the pewit, all were happy it seemed in the great wood through which the sun’s rays poured a mild and melting splendor.

The long shadows began to steal across the water—the shadows of the stately oaks and haughty pines which stood like giant warders on the banks: the lilies stirred in the gentle wind and shook their leaves together, and a murmurous laughter came from them, which added itself, like the whisper of some fairy music, to the low sighing of the lofty pines. At times a rustling in the thicket told that a rabbit had risen and fled at some fancied noise—and evening came on slowly.

“Come, my friend,” said the Marquis of Carrabas, ending his duet from Norma, which had issued forth in a low whistle for some moments, “come let us get into the boat again; we have enough of Walton and the woods. Let us go yonder to that bosky nook, and try our luck again for pike.”

Agreed, and getting into the shallop boat which lay upon the water like a dream, we glided gently onward over the bright surface to the spot. We baited our pike hooks and threw in; then quietly waited—gazing meanwhile on the lofty stems that stood in long rows upon the bank, lifting their heads to the lovely azure skies above—those beautiful skies over which floated from time to time small golden cloudlets, to the golden west.

“A scene,” said the Marquis, “which calls to me many reminiscences of my boyhood—that halcyon time, my friend, when all the world was bright, and when the better portion of all natures rise and show themselves in their pure”—

“You have a bite!” I cried.

“I have!”

And clutching the pole, Carrabas placed one foot on the boat's side and tugged with might and main. Plainly a giant fish, and as plainly the hook was in his throat! Long time the Marquis tugged, and with great animation of mien; the fish just showed his huge fin—then disappeared again!

"Even in this crisis," said the Marquis, pensively, "the beauty of the scene is not lost on me. The yearnings of the soul—the cravings of the heart"—

Unfortunate Carrabas! In making a change in his position his foot slipped, and he fell into the water! But he still held tightly to the pole: and when he had made his way to the bank, he had the satisfaction to pull out the monarch of the race of fishes. It was a huge fish with jaws like a steel trap, and he had half-bitten in two the thick wire.

"You laugh at me," said Carrabas, dripping with water, "but the honor remains—does any brandy?—of my victory."

Thus ended our fair day's sport. The clothes of Carrabas were soon dried, and we took our way, as night came on with slowly dying orange in the west, to town. The day had been gone through with pleasantly in sylvan idleness, and now recalling that bright day I see the old pond sleeping with its lilies far away, but not as far as pleasant Marquis Carrabas! So ends my angling reminiscence.

L. I. L.

DIRGE TO THE BEREAVED.*

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

The Angel of thy life hath fled,
Through the green portal of the tomb;
And thus to tears and sadness wed,
The memory of his early doom.

No warning came; his little life
Was bright and beautiful as flowers,
Which know no struggle and no strife,
So brief were his unconscious hours.

Weep not; the bird hath flown away
Where many as bright a bird hath flown—
Weep not; the seraphs are at play
With him around the burning throne.

* Lines on the Death of Benjamin Pierce, only son of the President of the United States, killed by a Rail-Road accident in New Hampshire, January, 1853.

Sad contrast! when he left his home,
How few did dream that he would die;
Now to his silent couch we come
Where he forevermore must lie.

The blooming firstlings of the spring,
You plucked for him, and freely gave;
Now to his place of rest you bring
And plant them on his silent grave.

He lived, he died, perchance to take,
To our own life a "better part,"
And every day shall memory make,
A fresh, green grave, within the heart.

The voice of Mother, Father, Friend,
Shall chaunt like lutes his early praise,
And to their pure affection blend,
The music of his living days.

The pure and gentle way he trod,
Gives hope the bright expectancy
This floweret in the vale of God
Will bloom to a celestial tree.

Both ripe and early fruit must fall,
When death shall wield his sickle nigh;
But Angel voices gently call
When pure and sinless children die.

The fleeting of the dial's hand
Was but a reflex of his powers,
As travellers in the holy land
Measure the distance gained, by hours.

'Tis hard to know, that life hath made,
The Rainbow arch our being spans;
Like some cold, blue, dividing blade,
'To sever folded hearts and hands.

No solace can such loss restore,—
Unless the Greek's be now revived,
Rejoicing when this life is o'er,
And weeping when a child survived.

We know, and we repress the pain;
We yet shall meet in other guise
When on the broad celestial plain,
The armies of the dead arise.

POETRY AND RELIGION.

No. XIII.

(CONCLUSION.)

The Special Adaptation of Christianity, in its provisions and hopes, to men of refined taste and poetical genius.

The provisions and hopes of Christianity are adapted to *all* men—are offered to all—are needed by all—and would assuredly be heeded by all, if men were fully aware of their need, and were honestly disposed to embrace the appropriate remedy. But Chris-

tianity encounters obstacles in its approaches to the human heart. The most prevalent and powerful of these, is a habit of indifference to the whole subject. Most men live entirely regardless of their immortal destiny; and consequently are subject to a practical delusion, as to the capacity of this world to satisfy the desires of the soul, and to impart substantial happiness. Hence they fail to appreciate that interposition of divine mercy, which procures "peace on earth," and "brings light and immortality to light." That state of the moral character, so comprehensively described by the term *worldliness*, is the uniform cause of this melancholy indifference. The world, in its pleasures and pursuits, its interests and prospects, is chosen as the chief good; and the soul clings to it as a sufficient substitute for that glorious and immortal scene which is unfolded to the vision of faith. The faculties, the affections and the hopes of the soul are all circumscribed by this visible earthly horizon—all revolve and centre within the compass of the present life—and everything above and beyond the circumference of this diminutive sphere, becomes practically an infinite blank. When this character of worldliness is established, a necessity is laid upon the mind to accommodate itself—to shape its habits and limit its excursions according to the nature of the scene it occupies. Its sensibilities and affections must be *acclimated* to the condition in which they are placed, and its discursive thoughts must be tamed and drilled to tread with undeviating step in the narrow walks, which lie within the walled enclosure of a prison. Nay, the mind itself must be duped into the delusion, that the prison in which it dwells is a spacious and splendid palace. This necessity grows out of the very formation of such a character. It constitutes the only possible condition, on which life itself could be endured with any degree of satisfaction when thus isolated in its interests. Not that such a life attains true peace or real satisfaction. But in the main, the variety of passing scenes and events, the excitement and ardor of pursuit, and the false, but flattering radiance of hope, so far assist the infatuation of the soul, that it continues to dream of earthly delight, not as a present actual possession, but as a possible

future attainment. This state of constitutes the groundwork of that habit of indifference, with which the eager desires of the world meet the proffered consolations and hopes of religion—indifference upon delusion, and that delusion is produced by voluntary blindness of mind. It is in an important sense, that Christianity is adapted to such, as it is to all men. They need its interposition to attain true peace in this life, and an indispensable preparation for a life to come. But they do not feel that need. They are not conscious of the need of adaptation. They do not appreciate or seek the possession of such a preparation. They imagine themselves already supplied with a preferable portion: and when the gospel offers its "gold tried in the fire," its "white raiment" and "eye salve," they say, "we are rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing; and know that we are wretched and miserable, and blind and naked." To such a state of mind all the glory of its revelations, its hidden gospel. Its immortal radiance is hidden in perpetual eclipse. They are "blind as the god of this world."

When, therefore, we speak of the adaptation of Christianity to any condition of human character, we mean those who are not so much subject to the state of indifference, delusion and blindness—those to whom the light of truth has a readier access—those who feel that there is something beyond this world to satisfy their spirits—those, in a word, who are conscious of wants in their nature, to which the gospel of Christ may make a proper appeal. They may not be so easily satisfied more readily disposed to embrace the gospel. But they are less easily satisfied with any earthly substitute. They are liable to sink under the tame, sluggish and sordid spell of worldliness. And their nature, unsheltered by the cloudy veil of delusion, stands more openly exposed to the unobstructed rays of heaven.

In this sense of adaptation, there are three general classes of mankind to whom the visions and hopes of Christianity are specially adapted. They occupy the extremes of the scale of humanity—the high—the *intellectually exalted*

ally oppressed: not the exalted in
 fate and grandeur; but exalted in
 h forms the true stature of man—
 —for under the glare of prosperity
 more entirely subjected to the spell
 liness. This world forms the great
 intervening obstruction between the
 the gospel and the soul of man. The
 mankind, the sordid multitude, live
 he shadow of this dread eclipse. The
 ntellects are able, from their elevation,
 belight above and beyond it. The poor
 : lowly, over whose outward state the
 of this world rests but thinly, they also
 eath its lower verge that distant light
 is hidden from the proud and pros-
 multitude above them. Thus, when
 rvening cloud covers the rising sun
 company of men stationed on a me-
 vation of table land—he who stands
 ummit of an adjacent mountain, and
 walks in the lowly vale beneath,
 id the shadow of the cloud and meet
 bstructed rays of the god of day.
 pecial adaptation of Christianity to
 class—the poor and lowly—will be
 admitted; since the testimony of
 and the facts of history both sus-
 supposition. But that there is also
 adaptation to the other class, will be
 ed, if not denied—since both scrip-
 history *seem* to oppose such a con-
 It will be asked how can we claim
 l adaptation in Christianity to men
 ghest order of intellect, when Christ
 the prediction, and the whole his-
 is church has conformed to the fact,
 t many wise, not many noble, not
 ghty of this world are called.” In
 o this, we reply, first, there may be
 adaptation, even where there is no
 readiness to embrace the gospel.
 ortion of success is not always ac-
 to the degree of adaptation. The
 ally exalted may rise superior to
 d spell of worldliness; may see
 rly the evils and dangers by which
 surrounded; may feel more deeply
 ds of sin and the wants of the soul;
 nflamed passion, prejudice or pride,
 reject that divine remedy which is
 o their necessities.

reply again, that there are different

kinds of wisdom and different degrees of
 greatness; and that those endowed with po-
 etical taste and genius are not wise or great
 after the fashion of the world; and conse-
 quently they are not properly included in
 the class above described. That worldly
 wisdom, which is represented throughout
 the Bible as antagonistic to truth and piety,
 is evidently not the sterling coin, but a spe-
 cious counterfeit; notwithstanding it bears
 the image and superscription of Cæsar, and
 circulates in the high places of worldly
 commerce. It is a false science—a superfi-
 cial, short-sighted, and therefore a proud and
 arrogant wisdom, which opposes the career
 of Christianity, and the same science and
 wisdom oppose the interests of poetry. It
 is another proof of the affinity between the
 two interests for which we have contended,
 that the poet as well as the Christian en-
 counters reproach and contends with a sense
 of unmerited shame in assuming his profes-
 sion; for the self-complacent wisdom of the
 world pronounces the character of the one
 to be superstitious and sanctimonious, and
 that of the other romantic and sentimental;
 while it sneers at both as equally beneath
 the dignity of reason. The true poet is not
 wise after such a model. The loftiest intel-
 lects are unappreciated by the world: they
 do not ape the airs, or assume the dress, or
 seek the sympathy of the worldly wise. They
 are independent in their habits of thought
 and feeling; they do not consult the oracles
 of taste and fashion; they do not echo the
 cant of popular prejudice; they do not bow
 down before the dumb idols worshipped by
 the multitude;—they inhabit a higher sphere
 above the narrow prejudices and the stupid
 pride of the world—their vision commands
 a wider range—they judge not after the sight
 of the eyes or the hearing of the ears—they
 can perceive the beauty of truth under the
 disguise of obscurity, and trace its glory
 under an eclipse of shame. Such minds at
 least are exempt from one common pre-
 judice against the religion of Christ, viz:
 that it is not the religion of the great and
 noble of the earth. The gospel does not
 become *vulgarized* in their estimation be-
 cause the poor and humble are found wil-
 ling to embrace its consolations and hopes.
 Under all the abuses and perversions, which

human weakness and corruption have cast upon the system of divine truth, they can perceive its radiant features undimmed and untarnished; they cannot "lightly speak evil" of the Redeemer's name, because he was "despised and rejected of men;"—they can see the traces of his divinity through the veil of his humanity, and catch the gleams of his glory in the depths of his humiliation. Amid the scorn and persecution of the world, their appreciative genius kindles with admiration, as it surveys the perfect symmetry of his character, the spotless purity of his life, and all those features of moral beauty and sublimity which cluster around his wonderful career. Are we reminded again that comparatively few of this class are found among the followers of the Saviour? We answer, that the class itself is not numerous. They are the rarely gifted—the prominent few—that tower up, in every age, above the multitude, with faculties which nature does not lavish abroad with a prodigal hand. And who shall determine what proportion of these are found walking in the narrow way of immortality? Who shall say, until the day of final revelation discloses the fact, what comparative number of such gifted spirits shall stand redeemed and radiant on the right hand of the throne? We fondly hope to see a far larger accession of such among that "multitude which no man can number," than many seem now to anticipate. We find some such true to the attractions of heaven in every age; and who shall say that these are not the brightest and the best? The first worshippers of the Son of God on the earth were a company of lowly shepherds, who, as they watched their flocks by night on the plains of Bethlehem, were directed by the angels, who sung his advent, to the humble scene of his birth; and a band of Eastern sages, termed with no vague significance "wise men"—a bearded brotherhood of rapt, prophetic, mysterious Magi, who followed the guidance of a star until it paused trembling over the scene, where they found the infant Saviour, and bowing down before him, they offered up their costly sacrifice of gums and spices, and the worthier homage of their gifted spirits. This opening scene of the Christian dispensation stands as a fit type of its future development. While

the humble, the poor, and the oppressed have found here their best consolations and their brightest hopes, yet the loftiest intellects, the most gifted sons of genius, the true Magi of the mind, have, in every age, felt the attraction of the cross, and followed the guiding star of immortality! If not—if they close their eyes on this only light, that beams from heaven on the darkness of earth—"if in this life only they have hope, they are of all men most miserable!"

And this is what we maintain. Not that by a necessary law men are inclined to become true Christians, in proportion to the degree of their intellectual capacity; but that, above a certain point of elevation, men do realize wants, and stand in need of those remedies which the gospel supplies in proportion as their gifts and talents are exalted; whether they may be cordially disposed to embrace those remedies is another question.

The poet, (and the same reasoning applies to others, in proportion, as they approximate the character of the poet,) is denied, by the very gifts of his genius, those conditions of satisfaction in life which are possessed by the mass of mankind. The multitude, who live engrossed in the pursuit of this world, retain their present happiness, as we have seen, by indulging a habit of indifference with regard to those causes which are calculated to disturb their serenity. This habit is incompatible with the genius of the poet, and consequently his nature is left exposed to the full power of such distracting influences, unless he finds relief in the consolations and hopes of religion.

There are three features which distinguish the character of the poet, and which forbid his finding satisfaction and peace from the ordinary sources.

1st. *He has a more intense and far reaching mental vision.* 2nd. *He has tenderer sensibilities and more ardent affections.* 3rd. *He has purer tastes and loftier aspirations.* Each of these attributes proves a source of dissatisfaction and distress in his earthly experience, and opens a wound in his nature which nothing can heal but the "balm of Gilead."

1. The poet is said to possess "the vision and the faculty divine;" by which the world understands nothing more than a large endowment of the wayward faculties of imagi-

fancy, which leads him to scenes of beauty and sublimity, of romance and heroism, and to poetic images in the visions of his

But is this all? Does the high include nothing more? True—its are of such a calibre—mere scene-painters, and picture frame true also that the genuine poet de beautiful and sublime wherever and this capacity, while it finds are in its gratification, realizes in its disappointment; and amid and desolation which mar the ure, and the deformity of death, ens the scene of human life, such ust often prove a source of misery ssor. But true genius delights in land the infinite, as well as the ad sublime. Indeed it appreci- atter mainly as types and indica- former. There is, so to speak, ity of vision, and a universality y, in such a mind. It looks not he colours that lie on the surface it pauses not merely to observe orms and isolated fragments of rveys the mighty system itself d relations and combined result: es the nature of the great Ar- e design of its different apart- significance of its varied pro- d the grand, final purpose of its The meditations of the poet reach e spiritual and the infinite. He with the veiled spirit of the uni- feels the beating of the great ature. His mind stretches the etric wires of its sympathetic in- om point to point in every direc- the material world, and far into t lie beyond; and these mystic ole with perpetual communica- abroad, that transport the soul d hope, or torture it with anguish . His pervading sympathy as- joyment or distress with every ontemplation. His clear, com- sion embraces the vast scene of a all its intervening variations; utive soul vibrates to all its vicis-

out of view the consolations and

hopes peculiar to the religion of Christ, let us ask how the happiness of the poet will be affected by his deeper communion with the scenes of nature? What high reward shall he reap in his experience from the rare endowment of genius? Alas! one who possessed the gift has answered the question.

"The wise

Have a far deeper sadness; and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift—
What is it but a telescope of truth,
Which strips the distance of its phantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real?"

We suppose the poet to be destitute of the hopes of immortality, and a stranger to the consolations of piety. He has no trust in God and no treasure in the skies; he takes this world as his home; and he seeks to gain from its uncertain sources, and to hold in his possession, amid its unceasing fluctuations, the final fruition and crowning glory of his nature. What is the inevitable result?

He looks abroad over the surrounding scene—not with the stoical gaze of stupid indifference, but with the intense kindling and capacious vision of a gifted genius; and his sensitive spirit is bound to earth by tender chords that tremble to every touch of sorrow and respond to every sigh of wo by which it is agitated—he looks abroad over nature, and amid its loveliness and smiles, its beauties and wonders, over which he lingers with delight, he yet beholds traces of a curse in its blasted features—in its wild solitudes—its sterile deserts—its uncongenial climes—its unpropitious seasons and unfriendly soil. He hears from the groaning tribes of its animal kingdom, and feels in the warring elements that inwardly convulse its frame, and outwardly desolate its surface, a fearful testimony of its visitation by the wrath of God; he looks within his own nature, and while proudly conscious of its wonderful capacities, he observes its broken ties, its wounded affections and its blasted hopes, its feverish desires and restless passions, its fond illusions ever colouring the distance, and its longing aspirations ever struggling toward the future. He looks abroad over the scene of human life: he sees in one region whole nations sunk in ignorance, degraded by superstition and groaning under the yoke of political oppression. In another

he sees vast communisies visited by some desolating calamity—thousands swept by war, or famine, or pestilence, into the grave. In another he beholds large cities involved in sudden and universal ruin—desolated by the violence of elements let loose for their destruction—overwhelmed and buried by the volcano or the earthquake. He looks at the diversities of individual experience, even under the most favorable circumstances. One pines under poverty, and lingers away a loathsome life of pain and disease; another sees his possessions vanish, and mourns over the wreck of his earthly prospects: another survives to feel in succession the tenderest ties severed from his heart, as friend after friend is laid in the grave, and hope after hope is extinguished in darkness; while on every hand the tearful eye, the heaving bosom, and the mourning attire, disclose the victims of disappointment and affliction.

But leaving out of view these dark spots in the general scene of life, he yet knows that there is one dread event “which happeneth alike to all,” and which, happening when it may, though it terminates the most fortunate career, converts the whole scene into vanity; but which happening as it generally does, at the end of a vain career of faded hopes, and unfulfilled expectations, and unsatisfied desires, verifies the mournful descriptions of the preacher, and life itself becomes the great “*vanity of vanities*.” He beholds the triumphs of this last and terrible enemy of man—resistless in his approach, relentless in his ravages, and indiscriminate in his victims—stilling the faint flutterings of the infant’s heart; extinguishing the glowing hopes of youth; despoiling in mid career the schemes of worldly enterprise, and crushing the feeble energies of declining age. Emphatically the great king of terrors, the shadow of whose dark throne casts a gloom over nature—the chilling atmosphere of whose wide dominion subjects the warm currents of life to the icy bondage of perpetual fear! He may not forget that there are alleviations in the lot of all—that the goodness of God is displayed on the earth—that the smiles of a merciful providence illuminate the present scene. He may remember that many of the sufferings that men endure, are brought upon them-

selves by their own agency, as the natural consequence of their want of prudence and their ungoverned passions—that many of these might be avoided by the exercise of proper foresight, or removed by the use of appropriate remedies. But he knows there are wounds which no earthly balm can heal—there are events beyond the sagacity of man to foresee and beyond his power to control—there are a thousand inevitable calamities to thwart the schemes and desolate the prospects of man. “The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;” nor riches to men of understanding; nor is it in man that walketh to direct his steps to certain success. It lies not within the compass of human power to form a shelter from the storms of adversity, or to build a tower that will resist the assaults of the king of terrors.

True, he sees the rapid advance of human knowledge: he beholds science making a succession of brilliant discoveries, exploring the secrets of nature, and subjecting the mighty elements, one after another, to the will of man; so that, at one time, they waft his treasures from nation to nation over the deep; at another bear his person with winged speed from point to point over the surface of the earth; and at another, whisper his very thoughts with electric tongue from city to city throughout the land. But the advancing discoveries of science have not lengthened the span of human existence, nor rendered permanent the possession of human happiness. They have increased the luxuries of the body, but have not removed its susceptibility of suffering, nor taken from it the seeds of mortality. Even the elements which yield compliance to the mind of man do at the same time triumph over the weakness of his body; and while speeding on the messages of his will, may, by a single explosion, send him in a moment an unwilling messenger into eternity. Remedies have multiplied; but diseases have increased in the same ratio. The ravages of death keep pace with all the improvements of society, and amid all the monuments of human skill and all the palaces of human pride, the tower and glitter upon its surface, this blasted earth still groans and labours under the curse of sin!

How shall these scenes, so vividly realized

on of his genius, affect the happiness of a poet? How shall he harmonize discordant elements? How shall he give the voices of Nature and Providence? How shall he solve the brooding mystery of life? And amid these groans, sighs, and signals of distress on every side, what shall be his faith in the present, and what his hope in the future? Let him who pondered the mighty problem answer the question.

Life is a false nature—'tis not in
 of things. This hard decree,
 cable taint of sin,
 as Upas, this all-blasting tree,
 earth, whose leaves and branches be
 hich rain their plagues on men like dew,
 h, bondage, all the woes we see,
 he woes we see not, which throb through
 able soul, with heart-aches ever new!"

Iron! endowed with a lofty genius, when he was on the mountain wave, when he was on the deep," but launched a perilous voyage without the compass of a Christian faith, or the anchor of a heavenly faith; no divine pilot at the helm, and the stars of heaven all covered with mists on the gloomy waves of doubt, the dark storms of passion; when far from the promised haven, he was in the warring elements, what a vessel was wrecked! O, had he but persevered the wounds of his nature until he sought the presence of that divine power of the Great Physician! O, had he sought the presence of that divine power on the voyage, whose voice the waves obey, He would have spoken, be still" to the threatening elements, and guided the vessel safely to shore! But above all others needs the redemptive and harmonizing light of the gospel to give inward satisfaction and peace of mind in surveying the scenes by which he is surrounded, and to avoid sinking into darkness and despairing unbelief with regard to the future. He cannot turn away with indifference from such themes of contemplation; he cannot shroud his mind in a habit of ignorance and blindness. He cannot rest in a stupid slumber of a worldly spirit. There is a blight and desolation within, a confusion, disorder and darkness

without, he seeks in vain a satisfactory solution of these oppressive mysteries. Christianity alone provides that solution. It alone traces the evils which exist to their true origin, reduces the discordant materials to a harmonious plan, and points onward to a consistent and worthy result in the future. This world is now blasted with a curse, but brightened with a hope that lies beyond it. The origin of that curse is sin. The end of that hope is the heaven, which the gospel reveals. "The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against sin;" but he has also revealed his mercy to the sinful. Prompted by infinite compassion he sent his eternal Son to reclaim and reconcile his rebellious children; to bear our sins and sorrows in his own person; to suffer and die in our behalf; to wash away the stains and heal the wounds of our nature; to silence all our fears and conquer all our foes; to triumph over death and the grave and ascending up on high to leave an open way, cleared of every barrier for our safe return to our reconciled Father and our immortal home. Around the cross of that glorious Saviour, the attributes of God, the aspects of nature, the scenes of providence, the events of human life and the issues of immortality all meet together in mutual harmony, and conspire in the order and symmetry of one vast and accordant system. The world as it now exists contains nothing complete, nothing final, nothing permanent within itself. Viewed alone in its present position, it exhibits both with reference to God by whom it was created, and with reference to man, to whom it was designed to be subservient, the wreck of an abortive enterprise. The blight of sin has fallen upon the soul of man and upon the surrounding scenes of the originally fair creation. But it is not a hopeless doom which prevails. The present is not a scene of final retribution or unalleviated punishment. The goodness as well as the severity of God; the smiles as well as the frowns of Providence, rest upon the earth. While the system is impaired so as to forbid the fruition and perfection of man, it is yet not forsaken and given over in entire despair. While disease, desolation and death have fallen upon it, it yet shows signs of recovery and restoration. God has graciously interposed to effect a de-

liverance from the impending curse. He is now in the person of Christ "reconciling the world unto himself." And this scene, subject to vanity as it is in its present form, is at the same time subject to hope in its final issues and results. And after awaiting a period of sufficient experiment, and undergoing a series of appointed changes, it will at length emerge from every incumbrance and defect and shine forth in all its proportions a scene of beauty, perfection and glory. This blasted and broken edifice shall at length fall into ruin. Its useless materials will be thrown aside; its mouldering rubbish will be swept away; but from its ruins will emerge a new structure; cemented in a more enduring form; adjusted on a more commodious plan; towering in more beautiful and majestic proportions, without a single defect or blemish; all pure, perfect and permanent, "a building of God, a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." The cross of Christ stands as the great central attraction in the midst of the surrounding desolation, the reproducing nucleus of a new moral creation, collecting around itself every thing congenial; drawing the best and brightest things of earth within its own circle; assimilating, purifying and perfecting all its collected materials until at length the glorious result of its universal triumph shall appear in "the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." Happy for the gifted son of genius if he be led to bow in true contrition and humble faith before that cross! No longer a wretched prodigal in a far country feeding on husks with the swine. No longer "the wandering outlaw of his own dark mind." No longer the wild demoniac, wailing among the tombs, rending his garments and lacerating his flesh. But "clothed and in his right mind sitting at the feet of Jesus." There he finds peace. Hope dawns upon his spirit. Clouds and darkness roll away from the scene. Light, order and harmony prevail around him. Above him is the smile of the reconciled Father. Before him the visions of an immortal paradise.

2. Another source of peculiar suffering in the experience of the poet, and consequently a reason for the peculiar adaptation of the consolations and hopes of religion to his necessities is found in the fact that *he possesses*

tenderer sensibilities and more affections than ordinarily pertain to mankind. It is true such refined sensitivities of nature afford a higher degree of joyment when placed in circumstances favorable to their gratification. But it is true that they inflict keener anguish on the spirit when they encounter disappointment and affliction. For

"Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe."

In the sanguine anticipations of such refined capacities, the poet fancies before him a paradise adapted to their gratification, every companion is every friend a hero, every mistress a friend, and society at large a scene for interchange of noble sentiments and virtuous actions. But the fair delusion is dispelled before the confiding poet finds, perhaps, in his actual life, friendship to be false, love faithless, kind sordid and selfish, and society corrupted and corrupt—disguising, instead of generous and cordial feeling, envy, malice, slander and "all uncleanliness." In the violent revulsion caused by the discovery—in the operation of his wounded spirit he rushes to the opposite extreme in his opinions. He becomes disgusted, weary of the world—renounces his dependence in mankind—wraps himself in gloomy seclusion of his own thoughts and becomes a stern, solitary, scowling throe. It is of no avail to urge that the result is owing in a measure to his having been that he was too sanguine in his anticipations and too suspicious in his disappointments. Such sensitive natures are conspicuous for refined and rapturous feelings. Hence they naturally form their judgments according to the standard of their consciousness. And under the shock of disappointment their anguish is so intense that they have neither the power to console nor the patience to endure until they can form a new image from the broken fragments of its early vision.

But even if the poet is so happy as to escape such revolting disclosures in his

if he is so rarely blessed in his social relations as to know nothing of the treachery of pretended friends, or the malice of secret enemies; if he has never found love inconstant and false; if no fair viper has ever nestled in his heart to pierce it with a poisonous fang; if no cloud of alienation has ever darkened the light of his fireside and no tones of discord disturbed its harmony; if hitherto he may have found in society only the congenial appreciation and spontaneous sympathy of kindred spirits, yet in the dark hour of affliction and in the stern presence of death, when this scene of rare delight vanishes away, when the idols of his heart one after another fall under the final stroke of the destroyer, then these luxuriant affections which have flourished under the former sunshine until their thousand tendrils have encircled the object in a close and clustering wreath of fondness, will be crushed and broken by a deeper desolation and will continue to bleed with a keener and more enduring anguish. O how shall such wounded spirits be healed? How shall such rooted sorrows be plucked from the memory? Where shall such distressed and despairing minds look for comfort and hope, but to that faithful and sympathizing Saviour Friend "who sticketh closer than a brother," "who can be touched with a feeling for our infirmities," and who is as able to console as he is willing to sympathize? Who with every cause of scorn mankind, still loved, and pitied and abored to bless, and when they heaped their blackest outrage upon his innocent head willingly died for his enemies, crying "Father forgive them, they know not what they do!" and who seeks to inspire his disciples amid the wrongs and injuries of an evil world with the same serene and blessed charity.

3. Again, *the poet possesses purer tastes and finer aspirations, than pertain to ordinary minds.* Christianity alone presents a scene in which such attributes may find corresponding objects and realities. Those visions of beauty and of bliss—those aspirations after the sublime and the infinite—those intense longings for some vast and visionary good—these radiant forms and images of ideal perfection with which the mind of the poet is familiar forbid his finding satisfaction in the pleasures and interests of this world. The

wealth, the fame and the splendours of this life can never fill his desires. The busy multitude scorn his devotions, and the rude realities of life throw mockery on his visions. But vain as such aspirations are with reference to this world, and worse than vain if this world is the only scene of man's existence; yet in a life to come—in that scene of glory and immortality revealed in the gospel, they find their reality and their fulfilment. We are told that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God has prepared for those who love him." More beautiful than any earthly scene the eye has ever admired—sweeter than any strain of earthly music the ear has ever caught—nay, brighter even than the brightest imaginations of poetry—loftier than the loftiest aspirations of genius, are the beauties, the melodies and the glories of that better world. If earth displays such scenes of beauty, and the mind is capable of forming still brighter visions, even in its present state, under the overshadowing curse of sin and amid the abounding wickedness of the world, what shall be the scenery of that world where sin, and death, and sorrow, and tears are unknown—where perfect purity reigns supreme—where faith is exchanged for sight, hope for fruition, and the dim image of a glass for a vivid and glorious reality, and where the unclouded smile of an approving God beams over all who rejoice in his presence?

But not only will the scenery of that world surpass our present capacities of conception. Our natures will then be endowed with higher capacities and mightier energies. The soul, released from its present enthrallment, refined, enlarged and exalted in all its faculties, and associated with "a glorious and spiritual body," shall be capable of nobler activities and richer delights. It will be surrounded by pure, harmonious and congenial society. None of the foul passions which darken the circles of human life will there intrude. None of the defects and blemishes which mar the present scene will there be witnessed. No feeling of want, no sense of evil, no fear of change, no dread of death, will there be realized. Nor will this sense of security and this consciousness of eternal

duration to itself and its joys throw around the soul a dull and slumbering monotony in its emotions. The far spreading serenity of that immortal scene will not rob heaven of its animation and energy. No, all that we know of rapture in this life is tame and torpid compared with what shall then be felt. The pulse will beat with a stronger bound, the heart will swell with deeper emotions, and the ecstasies of joy and the energies of action will be far more intense and thrilling, for our natures, nerved with immortal vigor, shall feel no weariness in exertion, and as each period of eternity revolves and brings with a new series of joys, wonders and employments, these shall be the appropriate sustenance of the soul which shall forever hunger but without pain, and forever feast but without satiety. In this life the soul is like a vessel launched on a narrow bay, beset with rocks and quicksands, and tossed by continual tempests. From fear of sudden ship-wreck, the sails are all taken in before the fury of the winds, and the vessel floats to and fro at the mercy of the waves, tossed and broken in its wavering career. In a life to come that vessel will have passed into the tranquil and boundless ocean of eternity. But because the tempests have ceased and dangers no longer threaten, will it float dull and lifeless on a slumbering tide? No, even in the tranquillity which prevails around, a gale stirring and strong strikes upon the vessel, and refitted in every part, complete in all its proportions, freighted with immortal treasures, with every sail expanded to the wind, it will spring with a lighter bound and glide more swiftly and gracefully over the yielding surface of that shoreless deep which, in its infinite expanse, shall ever unfold new scenes and wonders to the view, and which, though sailed forever, shall never be fully explored!

Here we find the consummation of our brightest hopes and the crowning prize of our loftiest aspirations. The gospel of Christ is adapted to man's deepest necessities. The proud and stupid world, in its delusion and blindness, may disregard this heavenly light. But the largest and loftiest minds whose clearer vision surveys the real features and true limits of the present scene, and comprehends the significance of its indications,

whose sensitive spirit feels more keenly its adverse influences, and whose higher aspirations rise above its poor rewards, they at least are conscious of facts in their experience and wants in their nature, to which the provisions of the gospel are adapted. This adaptation to man's necessities is one of the strongest proofs of the divine origin of the system itself, the self-disclosing light of truth. The gospel stands not merely on the evidence of the miracles which attested its truth in the first period of its proclamation; but it is supported by the testimony of nature and providence through all ages of the world. The cross of Christ not only awakened the sympathies of the surrounding universe as the mighty atonement was finished on Calvary, in the darkened heavens, the quaking earth, and the opening graves. But "the whole creation which groaneth and travaileth in pain until now" still vibrates to the mighty touch there given—is darkened by the same curse—shudders at the same grief—and shadows forth the same immortal hope! The wisdom of this world may pronounce it foolishness, but the gospel stands accredited from on high, attested by the signature of all His visible works as "the wisdom and the power of God unto salvation." Infidel science may wander to remote regions of the universe—may consult the nebulae which float in the firmament above or penetrate the strata which lie buried in the earth beneath for testimony against "the record which God hath given of his Son." But here on the broad surface of the earth—among the tribes of its living inhabitants—in the felt necessities of a fallen but immortal nature—here on this actual scene of providence *there are nebula visible to the naked eye which recognize no other hypothesis, and there are strata imbedded in the human soul more enduring than the granite formation of the earth which conform to no other plan but that which brings 'life and immortality to light.* And while this earth remains blasted by the curse of sin, while pain and sorrow and disappointment attend the career of man, while the human soul has a conscience to tremble under a sense of present guilt and dread the result of a future reckoning—or while it owns an aspiration that rises above a clod, or a desire that swells beyond a moment, or a fe

that recoils from annihilation—while death desolates the happiness and the grave swallows up the hopes of man, so long will be sent up from this groaning earth that mighty argument which all the vain speculations of science can never suppress, "*Lord to whom then shall we go? thou alone hast the words of eternal life!*" Eternal life! Here the voices nature find their harmony—the mystery of life, its solution—the mind, light to dispel its darkness—the heart, a balm to heal its wounds—and the soul, a prospect to fill its capacities. Here the visions of poetry find their paradise, and the aspirations of genius their immortal home.

W. C. S.

LINES.

The following beautiful verses, now for the first time published, were written, some years since, by a young girl of seventeen, who subsequently, it is painful to know, was bereft of reason and is at this time an inmate of a Lunatic Asylum. They were submitted to us with no view to their appearance in the Messenger, but the friend, who sent them, will pardon the liberty we take in giving them publicity.—[*Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.*

The star-beams fell lightly on Galilee's breast,
And the lake hushed its waters, in stillness, to rest;
For the cloud that erewhile on its fair bosom lay,
With daylight departing, had vanished away.

In the Hall of the Rabbi that evening were seen
The lofty of heart and the stately of mien;—
The stars of Judea, its learned and brave,
For a feast unto Jesus the Pharisee gave.

On the arabesqued floor a light footstep doth fall,—
Still onward it cometh, unswerving through all;—
Nor turns she, nor pauses, till humble as meet,
All lowly she falls at the Nazarene's feet.

Stern glances are bent on that sorrowing one;
Through the hall their loud murmurs indignantly run.
What knows she? what cares she? she sees but her Lord,
She feels but his presence—she hears but his word.

Those dark eyes, all sadly, to Jesus she turns,
While the deep blush of shame on her fair forehead burns.
To the feet of her Saviour despairing she clings;
Like a shining veil round him her waving hair flings.

At that moment of agony, doubts, and of fears,
She rose not from kneeling—she dried not her tears,
Till sweet to her ear came those accents of Heaven,
Oh! well hast thou loved me;—thy sins be forgiven!"

O thou who hast wandered in error so free,
Here not a warning, a lesson for thee?
O thy Saviour return; oh, with tears do thou come,
And an anthem of gladness shall welcome thee home.

And the tears thou dost shed in the strength of thy love,
As pearl-drops shall shine in the kingdom above.
Ah! the smile is all lovely, but sweeter to me
Is the tear that flows humbly, dear Saviour, to thee!

A PAUL EPIC.*

A Paul Epic! *Qu'est que c'est que cela?* Precisely, good reader, that's the very thing we wish to find out. Every body knows what an Epic is—that it is a narrative poem, devoted to the praise of some mighty personage, real or imaginary, man, god or devil, (whose glorious achievements, perils, sufferings, triumphs and scrapes generally, it rehearses in a pompous old fashion,) the design of which, with all its characters, episodes, flirtations, fables and other machinery, is to wake the soul by tender strokes of art—to mend the morals and improve the heart, and that sort of thing. But what is a Paul Epic? The title at first very naturally suggested to our mind the apostle, and we supposed that some daring poet had laid his irreverent hand upon the majestic virtues and sorrows of the great martyr, but a moment's reflection assured us that, monstrous as have been the offences of poets from the days of Horace to the present time, no one of the 19th century would have presumed to deal with so sublime a subject. Besides neither in the Acts nor any of the Epistles are we informed that Paul, though a famous navigator, at any time visited "the true blessed island of Poesy." What then can it mean? If we refer to the context our perplexity is only increased; for there we find that this "Paul Epic" is embraced "in Three Lustra." Now a *lustrum* was, according to the Roman division of time, a period of five years, hence 3 lustra = 15 years. Applying the last term of this equation to the proposition before us, we shall have "a Paul Epic in Fifteen Years." Whether this period is supposed to elapse during the Progress of the poem, (like the melodramas in which the obdurate old uncles go to India, get rich and

* ATLANTA: Or the True Blessed Island of Poesy. A PAUL EPIC. In Three Lustra. By T. H. CHIVERS, M. D. (Copy Right Secured.) Macon, Georgia: Printed at the Georgia Citizen Office. 1853.

come back with bad livers between the second and third acts,) or whether we are to take so long to arrive at a just appreciation of its merits, we are altogether at a loss to conjecture.

But perhaps we shall be enlightened as to the true intent and meaning of the whole, as we pass from the title-page to the body of the work. *Allons donc.* Not so fast, however, for the "Preface" first demands our consideration.

"Why is it that a strain of music, on being heard for the first time thrills us with an unearthly joy? *Because we hear it, of course.*" So writes the author by way of preliminary to a grand universal recipe for writing "a pure poem," by which he understands one "that will give us the greatest amount of pleasure with the least tedium in a given time." Poetry, therefore, is to be judged by the time necessary for its perusal, and the poet that "puts us through" the soonest, is of necessity to be ranked highest in the scale of excellence. Estimated by this criterion, the "Paul Epic" comes out finely, and Dr. Chivers must be written down a bard of the "2.40 Shell Road" class; for the poem is comprised in 18 pages 12mo. and may be read by an able-bodied man in less than half-an-hour—as to its being comprehended, that's quite another thing. But mark this metaphysical reason which rules my lord Byron, Milton, Shakspeare and a few others out of the peerage of poesy. The poet, (*vates*) or seer, speaks—

"As all impressions are made upon the soul in time, which are subject to the mutations incident to it while in this life, it is obvious that no long-continued effort can last without a loss in those pleasurable sensations which are consequent upon freshness of nervous energy, and always attend first impressions. It is, therefore, clear that no poem of any considerable length, from the very nature of the relations subsisting between the power of the soul to receive, and the impressions to be made, can be pleasing to any well-educated person for any length of time."

A few lines further on we have this standard measure given whereby we may form instantaneous and infallible judgment in regard of the qualifications of poets.

"No person was ever yet pleased with the

whole of Milton's *Paradise Lost*—nor, indeed, with any Epic of great length—the beautiful or select passages only giving him delight. The fact is, these are the only really poetical passages, the others being only the relatively connecting links of the whole. It is, therefore, obvious that the idiosyncratic merits of any poet depend entirely upon the manner in which he has realized his dreams of the *crystalline revelation of the Divine Idea.*"

This 'crystalline revelation' is really so fine a specimen of translucent opacity, that it could not be rendered plainer if it were made 'clear as mud.' But the Dr. goes on to tell us that his inspirations are uttered for the benefit of the "*Chosen Few*," (who, we think, will turn out to be also the *precious Few*), and then comes a passage which for learning and sublimity "takes the hat," (as they say in Texas,) of any thing we have seen. Allusion is made to Homer and his *Iliads* (we have heard of many Homers but never before of but one Iliad) which according to our author were gotten *from Egypt*—let Wolfe and Payne Knight rest content! and then we are told of the "*Hieratic Papyrus*" of "*Romeses the great*"—of Thoth who was the same as Hermes Trismegistus—all of which pleasant "literary intelligence" is merely preparatory to the following final sweep of the poet's vision—

"From the Pisgah-top of the present. I look abroad upon the far-reaching fields of the Future, into that Promised Land of Beauty, through whose verdant Valleys the rivers of milk and honey flow, and behold the Angels with their ploughs of Pearl breaking up the fallow-lands of the Oriental Fields of Heaven into Auroral furrows.

"As the penitent Pilgrim, on his way to Mount Zion, reclines, at the noontide hour of the day, from the burning heat of the tropical sun, in the cool refreshing shadow of the Rock of Rimmon, so does my wearied soul hide itself away into an ecstasy underneath the odoriferous dove-wings of the Divine Queen of Heaven."

We wonder what sort of husbandry carried on by means of "auroral furrows." The matter is worthy of the attention of Agricultural Associations, while the fact he stated that Heaven is an *eastern* locality ("Oriental fields,") should not be permitted

the notice of the Royal Geographical Society.

have nearly done with the Preface—has given us no satisfaction whatever in the meaning of “Paul Epic”—and only to remark that this species of comedy does not seem to have been appreciated by the gentlemen of the Book Trade, as it would appear from the date to the completion of the poem, (July) and that of its publication (1853,) poet was some two lustra in finding it.

Now, as some pilgrim having surveyed under the propylon, enters admiringly the staid interior of the temple, or as a gentleman dining at the St. Nicholas, at the solid portion of the feast to *à la crème*, let us approach the subject itself.

the “Lily of the Land of Love,” told in small capitals, is beloved of a, who, though a count, does not lose the dignity of lower-case. IANTHE, her lover may anticipate, returns the affection. But the course of true love with this stinging pair (so mismatched in type—runs any thing but smoothly, by the way) an individual named Lamorah, a (?) of his tribe.” This person, “led mighty men to fruitless war” in all places with hard names to sever with harder,* for some reason best known to himself, has sworn “never to use a calumet of Peace with man.” Lamorah had two sons—the younger and the elder Yanassa, the latter of whom white men like blazes, and was much in favor with the “governor.” An example had not been wanting to Yanassa how to express this hatred, and an interesting and amiable little story in Lamorah’s habits that he often found in his ire”

“Saw the White-Man’s children in the air,
Them falling on his pointed knife.
When he was doing this, he saw one smile,
Those laughing eyes, right in his face,
At that fatal hour, until his death,
Smiled, but hell raged in his heart—”

From Oostanalla to the Chestalee,
Talapoosa rolls her Mountain rills—
And Echota’s Holy Land above
Chilacoochee’s silver Vale below.”

and so Lamorah went to battle against an apocryphal Simighan, whom we hear of once for all. A ‘tarnation scrimmage’ ensues, and Lamorah comes out rather badly, having lost his whole tribe except Yanassa, who is bound fast with chains and “borne to the white man’s tents.” But Lamorah went out at the midnight hour with torch in hand, “and fired the old man’s house—that good old man” (he used to wear an old blue coat, &c.,) and when the folks began to travel, he caught the old gentleman’s “moon-daughter” (our fair friend, IANTHE, wearing the “small caps” as before) and ran off “to some far distant land unknown to man”—where he appears to have done his best to promote her happiness, contrary to the generally received notion of the vindictiveness of savages.

Count Julian, (we wonder who issued his patent of nobility,) is disconsolate—for “his soul grew white to image back her (IANTHE’S) form,” and “she was the very first that made him see the young Hind in his dreams.” We give up all hope of ascertaining what is meant by this, and leave the passage to more acute commentators for explanation. While Julian thus mopes in solitude, IANTHE in the distant land consoles herself with training up a pair of doves, and succeeds in bringing one of them to a degree of intelligence which puts all learned pigs and Monsieur Donetti’s dogs and monkeys to shame. One day (it must have been Valentine’s Day) she bethought herself of sending the dove with a billet-doux to Julian, and accordingly she “wrote on white satin with her own heart’s blood,” and having tied the amorous effusion to the wing of the messenger, (a sort of southern literary messenger,) “she bade it fly to her dear Julian’s bower.” This astonishing performance is accomplished before you could say Jack Robinson—indeed “quicker’n fight’n”—Count Julian reads the letter and replies “by return of post,” “on paper of the purest silk.” Hide your diminished heads, De la Rue, Rhoads & Son. Moinier and the rest of you, the proper material for lovers’ correspondence is not cream-laid or damask-laid, but silk and satin of the purest texture!

The second Lustrum discloses Lamorah “beneath a Jupiterian oak”—and Count Ju-

lian, having indued the garments of Yanassa, goes to him and represents himself as Yanassa's ghost. Lamorah and he embark in a canoc, and after a prosperous voyage arrive at an island abounding in pine trees, swans and muscodines. Here they find IANTHE, who "EDENED all the isle" with her brightness. Julian instantly recognizes her, but he "has the advantage of her," being taken for Ostenee, who suddenly comes to life here, after having been exterminated in battle. After some chat she cries, "What! Julian! is THIS you?" On being informed that "'taint nobody else," they get on very well (though rather indecorously) together. They appear to subsist on "damson cheese," "conserve of roses," and other delicacies, and close the third Lustrum rather obscurely—old Lamorah, Ostenee, Yanassa and the rest of them being altogether forgotten. We remark that in Atlanta (*not* Georgia) the objective case may be used for the nominative as e. g.

"But *whom* Lamorah thought was dead."

We are glad to see that the copyright is secured and we hope that the proprietor will punish with the utmost rigor any invasion: we *think*, however, that this copyright would secure itself in most Territories and States of this Union.

Notices of New Works.

POEMS. By ALEXANDER SMITH. Boston: Ticknor, Reed and Fields. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

If, in the present age of the world, it be not a bold thing in any man bearing the name of SMITH to put forth a volume with the simple title of "Poems," then are we at a loss to know what boldness is. "Poems" have been "slow, with little demand" in the world's price-current for many a day, and when a descendant of TUBAL CAIN becomes a producer of the drug, instead of working at the great larid forge as did his mighty progenitor, we may well consider it a marvellous misdirection of energies. Yet would such judgment be premature and incorrect, for this SMITH is in very truth a born poet, whose productions will be 'quoted' far and wide, as among the best of their day. His rise in the world of song has been almost unprecedented—ascending by one flight into mid-heaven with newly fledged pinion, and if not displaying the strength and poise of the Theban eagle in his soarings, certainly challenging our wonder at the height he has attained.

The characteristics of the new bard as displayed in these Poems, are intense love of nature, felicity of diction almost Shakspearean, and, above all, abounding imagery. His images follow one another, like the miscellaneous and rapidly-moving figures of a holiday crowd—we have no time to regard the foremost ere its immediate successor demands attention—and all are tricked out in brave apparel whose varied colors inevitably please the beholder. A page of Mr. SMITH's verse is as densely thronged as was the nave of the Crystal Palace when the Queen made her usual visits there, and as one at last becomes fatigued with jostling against so many persons, so does he tire after awhile of the populous realm of fancy into which Mr. SMITH conducts him. If this be a fault, it is one natural to a young writer and facile of correction: the opposite defect—poverty of imagination, is absolutely fatal to all poetical effort.

We do not recognize in these Poems any profound insight into human passion or emotion—*cetera vincula*. An author so fond of introspection and of revealing his inmost sentiments to the world, will turn from successful self-examination to the study of his fellow-beings with a certainty of acquiring an intimate knowledge of their hidden motives and of qualifying himself to stand forth as an interpreter of our being. Bravo! young votary of the Muse—why should the name of MILTON be sounded more than yours? Write them together, yours is as fair a name; sound them, it doth become the mouth as well; weigh them, it is *almost* as heavy; conjure with them, SMITH will start a spirit as soon as MILTON.

The principal poem in the volume before us, occupying 156 out of the 190 pages, is entitled "A Life-Drama." The substance of it is slender enough, the author having merely employed the half-dramatic form as a vehicle of conveying his own beautiful fancies to the reader. Walter, who does most of the dialogue, a young poet, burning up with a desire for fame, thus laments his inability ever to attain the wreath which encircles the brows of the great minstrel—

"Oh, that my heart was quiet as a grave
Asleep in moonlight!
For, as a torrid sunset boils with gold
Up to the zenith, fierce within my soul
A passion burns from basement to the cope.
Poesy! Poesy! I'd give to thee,
As passionately, my rich-laden years,
My bubble pleasures, and my awful joys,
As Hero gave her trembling sighs to find
Delicious death on wet Leander's lip.
Bare, bald, and tawdry, as a fingered moth,
Is my poor life, but with one smile thou canst
Clothe me with kingdoms. Wilt thou smile on me?
Wilt bid me die for thee? O fair and cold!
As well may some wild maiden waste her love
Upon the calm front of a marble Jove.
I cannot draw regard of thy great eyes.
I love thee, Poesy! Thou art a rock,
I, a weak wave, would break on thee and die.
There is a deadlier pang than that which beads
With chilly death-drops the o'er-tortured brow,
When one has a big heart and feeble hands,—
A heart to hew his name out upon time
As on a rock, then in immortality
To stand on time as on a pedestal:
When hearts beat to this tune, and hands are weak
We find our aspirations quenched in tears,
The tears of impotence, and self-contempt,

That loathsome weed, up-springing in the heart
 Like nightshade 'mong the ruins of a shrine;
 I am so cursed, and wear within my soul
 A pang as fierce as Dives, drownd with wine,
 Lipping his leman in luxurious dreams;
 Waked by a fiend in hell!—
 'Tis not for me, ye Heavens! 'tis not for me
To fling a poem like a comet out
Far-splendouring the sleepy realms of night.
 I cannot give men glimpses so divine,
 As when, upon a racking night, the wine
 Draws the pale curtains of the vapoury clouds,
 And shows those wonderful, mysterious voids,
Throbbing with stars like pulses.—Naught for me
 But to creep quietly into my grave."

This impossible poet—the hero of the life drama—
 passes through the usual incidents of mortality, loves,
 struggles, suffers, and sees his brightest hopes and fond-
 est aspirations shattered and crushed around him, when
 he begins to recognize more clearly the mission of his
 life and learns to value performance rather than fame.
 This moral supremacy of deeds over noisy pretension is
 the lesson taught by the poem, as will appear from the
 following passage—

"My life was a long dream; when I awoke,
Duty stood like an angel in my path,
And seemed so terrible, I could have turned
Into my yesterdays, and I wandered back
 To distant childhood, and gone out to God
 By the gate of birth, not death. Lift, lift me up
 By thy sweet inspiration, as the tide
 Lifts up a stranded boat upon the beach.
 I will go forth 'mong men, not mailed in scorn,
 But in the armour of a pure intent.
 Great duties are before me and great songs,
 And whether crowned or crownless, when I fall
 It matters not, so as God's work is done.
 I've learned to prize the *quiet lightning-deed,*
Not the applauding thunder at its heels
 Which men call fame. Our night is past;
 We stand in precious sunrise, and beyond
 A long day stretches to the very end.
 Look out, my beautiful, upon the sky!
 Even puts on her jewels. Look! she sets
 Venus upon her brow. I never gaze
 Upon evening but a tide of awe,
 And love, and wonder, from the Infinite,
 Swells up within me, as the running brine
 From the smooth-glistening, wide-heaving sea
 Grows in the creeks and channels of a stream
 Until it threatens its banks. It is not joy
 'Tis sadness more divine."

From the extracts we have here given, the reader will
 be at no loss to discover the crowning graces of the poet—
 the music of expression and wealth of imagery. We
 cannot refrain from adding a few more random quotations,
 which seem to us very forcible. Takes these two sen-
 tences descriptive the first of irresolution, the second of
 fixed and heroic purpose—

"My drooping sails
 Flap idly 'gainst the mast of my intent.
 I rot upon the waters when my prow
 Should grate the golden isles."

"I will throw off this dead and useless past,
 As a strong runner, straining for his life,
 Unclasp a mantle to the hungry winds.
 A mighty purpose rises large and slow
 From out the fluctuations of my soul.
 As, ghost-like, from the dim and tumbling sea,
Starts the completed moon."

What a power is not exhibited in this wonderful por-
 trait, drawn with the strongly marked lines of Rem-
 brandt:

"Poor child, poor child!
 We sat in dreadful silence with our sin,
 Looking each other wildly in the eyes:
 Methought I heard the gates of heaven close,
 She flung herself against me, burst in tears,
 As a wave bursts in spray. She covered me
 With her wild sorrow, as an April cloud
With dim dishevelled tresses hides the hill
On which its heart is breaking. She clung to me
 With piteous arms, and shook me with her sobs,
 For she had lost her world, her heaven, her God,
 And now had nought but me and her great wrong.
 She did not kill me with a single word,
 But once she lifted her *tear-dabbled face*—
 Had hell gaped at my feet I would have leapt
 Into his burning throat, from that pale look.
 Still it pursues me like a haunting fiend:
 It drives me out to the black moors at night,
 Where I am smitten by the hissing rain,
 And ruffian winds, dislodging from their troops,
 Hustle me shrieking, then with sudden turn
 Go laughing to their fellows. Merciful God!
 It comes—*that face again, that white, white face,*
Set in a night of hair: reproachful eyes
 That make me mad. Oh, save me from those eyes!
 They will torment me even in the grave,
 And burn on me in Tophet."

Of the minor pieces in this volume, we can only say
 that that they are compact with riches of fancy, and linger
 in the memory after reading like the strain of a great com-
 poser. Read this sonnet with which we must dismiss the
 author, commending him to all who consume poetry in
 1853.

"Beauty still walketh on the earth and air,
 Our present sunsets are as rich in gold
 As ere the Iliad's music was out-rolled;
 The roses of the Spring are ever fair,
 'Mong branches green still ring-doves coo and pair,
 And the deep sea still foams its music old.
 So, if we are at all divinely souled,
 This beauty will unloose our bonds of care.
 'Tis pleasant, when blue skies are o'er us bending
 Within old starry-gated Poesy,
 To meet a soul set to no worldly tune,
 Like thine, sweet Friend! Oh, dearer this to me
 Than are the dewy trees, the sun, the moon,
 Or noble music with a golden ending."

TALES. By the COUNTESS D'ARBOUVILLE. Translated
 by Maunsell B. Field, M. A. New York: Harper &
 Brothers. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

The readers of Blackwood will recollect the "Village
 Doctor"—that most affecting story of Continental life,

which was presented to them in that magazine, some two or three years ago. It is now brought out, with two other novelettes by the same author, in book form and in a more full and satisfactory translation. We thank Mr. Field for his acceptable labour in introducing to us a writer with so ready a command of pathos and invention as the Countess D'Arbouville.

THALATTA: A Book for the Sea-Side. Boston: Ticknor, Reed and Fields. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

We always open one of Ticknor, Reed and Fields' brown-covered and fair paper volumes, with the conviction that a mental treat awaits us. The press whence has emanated the choicest works of Hawthorne, Longfellow, DeQuincey and Holmes never gives forth trash. It is the most select fountain of literary refreshment. Under the above title this tasteful firm have just issued a choice selection of poems having reference to a "life on the ocean wave," the sights, the sounds and the influences of the ocean. Its pages distil a briny odor; gems as pure as the foam, and as pellucid as the sunlit billow are there garnered. All the favorite lyrics—American and English—that celebrate the wonders of the deep and the beauty of the sea-shore are here brought together. A delectable array of titles and authors greet the eye as it skims over the table of contents. Those who at this season haunt the rocky shores of Nahant, walk the sands of Cape May, revel in the billows at Newport, imbibe the cheering breeze at Old Point Comfort, or enjoy the roar of the deep at Sullivan's Island, will do well to take with them "Thalatta;" and those who are prevented from realizing those delicious sojourns will, through its charming rhymes, be transported at once, in fancy, to the scenes it so beautifully depicts.

HISTORIC DOUBTS.

There have been very few illustrations of Logic which have attained the popularity of Archbishop Whateley's celebrated little book—called *Historic Doubts* relative to Napoleon Bonaparte. We advise all debaters, lawyers, and men fond of argument for its own sake, to read this book. It will be to them an intellectual treat and a good practical lesson. It is the best instance we know of wherein a logician has undertaken to test his art in the abstract by analysis of a popular subject. James Munroe & Co., of Boston, in bringing out the fourth American edition, have embodied the author's postscript and latest emendations.

POPULAR WORK ON HEALTH.

As a general rule we question the utility of hygienic books intended for common use; they are apt to be superficial and misunderstood. Some exceptions, however, and noble ones too, may be cited. Combe's "Constitution of Man," and his brother's treatise on "Mental Cultivation and Health," have done incalculable good. Lindsay & Blakiston of Philadelphia are judicious publishers of medical works, and we find that the neat vol-

ume they have issued—"Elements of Health and Principles of Female Hygiene"—is written with much grace and spirit, sound practical sense, and an excellent tone. It really contains hints of great value, admirable rules for bringing up infants, and conveys in delicate and pleasing terms a vast amount of intelligent counsel to women on the subject of natural laws. It is a work adapted to the wants of wives, mothers and maidens, inculcating sound views with care and wisdom. Dr. Tilt, the author, has long been connected with popular institutions for the treatment of disease; and by experience and sympathy proves himself equal to the task he has undertaken.

BOTANY.

Now that the season of flowers approaches, many persons will be lured to the study of botany; and as an initiative book we can recommend a little manual published at Philadelphia, by Lindsay & Blakiston,—*The Principles of Botany, as exemplified in the Cryptogamia*. It is a clear exposition of the function and organization of plants—in their elementary forms—with apt illustrations. It is brief, scientific, and to the point.

REASON AND FAITH.

This title gives the clue to a volume of remarkable contributions to the leading British Review, written by Henry Rogers—a man of great religious sentiment and theological knowledge. The acuteness and scope of these Essays commend them to all thinkers. They popularize, as far as can be done, discussions which refer to the deepest problems of the age. The style is clear and vigorous, and no treatises of the kind have recently appeared, which have so high a claim not only upon religious minds, but upon all philosophical readers. The volume is very neatly printed, and is published by Crosby & Nichols of Boston.

DR. ALCOTT.

This venerable and philanthropic vegetarian has, after publishing many popular books on Diet, Exercise, and other kindred topics, brought together into a single volume the results of his life-long observation and studies. The "Lectures on Health" are very sensible, adapted to the popular mind, pervaded with reverence for God and love to man. What the good Doctor says about Ventilation and Ablution needs to be proclaimed everywhere. Phillips, Sampson and Company, of Boston, have published, with a portrait, this excellent book—the cream of Dr. Alcott's many years' devotion, as missionary of health, to the physical well-being of his countrymen; and we doubt not they will possess themselves of his Lectures in this neat shape.

Many Book Notices designed for the present number of the Messenger, have been unavoidably deferred.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

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VOL. XIX.

RICHMOND, JULY, 1853.

NO. 7.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.*

It is only in the rare seasons of moral convulsion and universal agitation that we are enabled to detect clearly the profound truth contained in the remarkable observation of the latest of the Roman poets, that, if once a channel is opened for the reception of prodigies, all manner of portents will hasten to avail themselves of the favourable opportunity presented.

Utque semel patuit monstris iter, omina tempus
Nacta suum properant.†

We have a full exemplification of this profound doctrine before us in the rapid dissemination of Spiritual Manifestations and spiritualistic theories. An increasing disposition to believe in the incredible, to tamper with secrets beyond the province of science or the reach of reason, to yield to ignorant credulity or the wild frenzy of the imagination the assent which would have been refused to sober investigation, had gradually prepared the world for the reception of the most startling revelations, and the result is now exhibited in the growing cordiality with which "Spiritual Manifestations" of all sorts are welcomed. This appetency for communion with the dead, and the credence which is accorded to the practitioners and mediums through whom the secrets of the

nether world are disclosed, are characteristics of the current years, which as chroniclers and critics of the times, we cannot wholly overlook. It is no longer the impostures or buffooneries of the Foxes and Fishes which invite our ridicule, or provoke our censure; but large numbers of both sexes, persons frequently of decent position and respectable education, have yielded to the seductions of superstition, and rendered us apprehensive that the torrent of delusion will flow on with increasing volume, if not promptly arrested. The necromantic, and other arts of divination, now rising into favor, have extended beyond the circles of mere mountebanks and deceivers; and the diablerie of spiritualism has spread through the much wider and less manageable classes of arrant zealots, weak-minded enthusiasts, and gullible dreamers. The pretence of supernatural intercourse and the belief in transcendental reveries are no longer confined to those who were quaintly charged by the recanting arch-magician, Henry Cornelius Agrippa, with pampering on vice the spirits through which they falsely claimed prophetic power—"qui . . . spiritus pascunt in vitio, per quos se prophetare mentiuntur."* Thank heaven, we are not responsible for such Latin. The expanding circle threatens in these late days to embrace not merely the votaries and natural victims of deception, but to absorb into its ranks members from all classes of society and of all degrees of mere intellectual culture, attracting the frivolous and unthinking, enticing the lovers of novelty, staggering the enlightened whose attainments overbalance their judgment, and coercing those who are ordinarily sceptical, but who are governed by no fixed principles which might enable them to resist the contagion. Many are avowed acolytes or secret believers in the doctrines of the spiritualistic creed, who are sincere in their new faith, innocent of other guilt than the lack of sobriety and

* Putnam's Monthly. No. 1. January, 1853. "Modern Spiritualism."

Semi-Weekly Tribune. New York. April 7.

Springfield Republican. April 9. "The Spiritualists in Convention."

Rochester Weekly American. April 14. "Discourse of the Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church."

National Intelligencer. May 4. "The Spiritual Rappers."

The Mountain Cove Journal and Spiritual Harbinger. Mountain Cove, Fayette county. Virginia. 1852-3.

A Review of the "Spiritual Manifestations;" read before the Congregational Association of New York and Brooklyn. By Charles Beecher, Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Newark, New Jersey. New York. E. P. Putnam & Co. 10, Park Place, 1853.

† Claudian. In Eutropium, lib. I., v. 40-1.

* H. Com. Agrippa. De Incert. 8 Van, Scientiarum, c. xlv., p. 121.

discretion, and who are intelligent and sagacious on all points where intelligence is but the echo of received conclusions, and sagacity the counterpart of popular opinion, and not the ripe or spontaneous fruitage of self-sustained and independent thought.

We are by no means assured that we should have troubled ourselves with examining this revival of ancient follies and iniquities, if their indulgence were only the bare-faced imposture which required to be exposed, or the shallow concurrence or collusion which needed rebuke. We might have contemned the former too much to dwell upon its deformities, and have left the latter to the merited mercies of general ridicule. But no such indifference is now permitted to us; the disease is spreading and is likely to spread; the violence and the danger of this complete intellectual disorganization spring not from the mummeries and deceptions of the original hierophants, but from the multitudes of the deluded puppets which have been awakened into spasmodic activity. Though not solicitous of agreeing with the Rev. Charles Beecher, or any member of the Beecher or Stowe families, we are afraid that we must assent to the proposition with which that erudite gentleman commences his "Review of the Spiritual Manifestations," and "omit as outgrown the theory of collusion:" for we are compelled to admit that whatever the extent of the self-deception, there are many votaries of the new lights whose characters and past career, as well as their general intelligence, place them wholly beyond the reach of any suspicion of conscious co-operation in the propagation of deceit. They may be themselves most grossly deceived, but they cannot be accused of deliberate deception, or we must withdraw our faith and confidence from every member of society. If we cannot, consistently with our present views and purposes, handle such persons gently, we will at any rate do justice to their integrity at the outset. We cannot think of reprobating as mere imposture a new fantasy which is advocated by Senators Simmons and Tallmadge, and other individuals of equivalent social standing. We may nurse our own incredulity to our own satisfaction, we may imagine a thousand explanations of the current error, but it would be neither right nor

rational to recur to the summary process of refutation, which is contained in the logic of abuse.

A still stronger inducement to take cognizance of the spiritual superstition than is furnished even by the innocence and ordinary intelligence of its choir of believers, is supplied by the manifest danger to social and intellectual order, and the peril to individuals which must spring and have sprung from its prevalence. The instances are numerous at the North—which, like ancient Egypt, and Libya, is a land fruitful of monsters—of the access of the spiritual frenzy being not limited to merely mental insanity, but resulting in confirmed physical lunacy, and ultimately terminating in death. The most trivial sentiments of philanthropy, the commonest charities of our nature are strongly appealed to by this appalling and frequent catastrophe, and it becomes our duty to search for some remedial measures which may remove, or at least allay the plague. So far as we can judge there is no hope of redress from that quarter of the country whence the disease originated. "There is no balm in Gilead—there is no physician there." We have always considered it useless to look northwards for any thing but the swarm of novel delusions which annually issue from that choice locality of their hybernation.

In looking over the northern responses to these manifestations we have been struck with the absence of any thing like fixed principles of judgment, and with the consequent propension towards their credulous acceptance. The article in Putnam's Monthly was attributed to Horace Greeley at the time of its appearance, and it would be only in consonance with that gentleman's whole career that he should welcome the new superstition with avidity, after having run through the enlarging circle of novel fantasies. It is quite in character that the hero of Slievengammon and the apostle of Fourierism to the Gentiles, should complete his cycle of hallucination by accepting in the lump the new creed which links itself to all fallacies and incorporates all superstitions. But, if Mr. Greeley is the veritable author of the essay in question, he is more moderate at least in his expression, than his antecedents would have led us to suppose. He

does not repeat the creed; he only endorses the evidence, and illustrates the impossibility of disbelief. He opens his argument or *plaidoyer* with a dexterous enumeration of the multitudinous follies of ancient and modern times, and endeavors to effectuate a prestige in favour of error by announcing the numerous similar errors that have gone before. He has no theory of his own to propose, no special interpretation to offer, he only moulds the minds of his readers into a plastic dough ready to receive the impression of any theory or interpretation which may accredit the claims of the "Spiritual Manifestations," and at the same time satisfy the excited and dreamy imaginations of his disciples. He teaches no doctrine: he only communicates the whole art of believing. He insists very properly on yielding to no adverse preconceptions which may be at war with facts: but by the tenor of his whole utterance he intimates that the "Spiritual Manifestations" are facts, and that all adverse opinion is unfounded preconception. Mr. Greeley's essay is very much like the Church of Ephesus; it is neither hot nor cold; and to all students of the new or the old revelation, it will seem highly probable that the devil is thus served in the name of heaven.

Mr. Greeley's credulity has as large a gullet as the natural orifice of the great giant Gargantua, who came very near swallowing six pilgrims in a leaf of lettuce without being aware of it. There is no reason, therefore, for being surprised at his unconscious deglutition of all the prodigies which he reports; but there is no necessity for others to follow his example, or to yield their convictions to the persuasive simplicity with which he accords his own belief to the wonders he narrates. Before any tissue of events can be received as facts, it is necessary to separate the bare occurrences from the implicit theory in which they are enveloped in narration. This is a labour which is rarely taken by the promulgators or the recipients of new creeds. The alleged facts are devoured in the lump, with all their accessories of theory, fiction, and conjecture. It is amazing what a very little nucleus of reality often serves as the kernel for a vast agglomeration of imaginary fact. And it is in just such cases as these

"Spiritual Manifestations" that this disproportion between the actual and the supposed phenomenon, is most frequently and most strikingly exemplified. But the existence of this abundant fountain of delusions is seldom suspected by the disseminators of novel wonders.

Such facts as are alleged in the Essay in Putnam's Magazine and in Mr. Beecher's Review, have been of constant, though not common, recurrence in all periods of history. They have been sometimes explained by one theory, sometimes by another, and after having been abandoned by all in turn, as each was successively repudiated, they are now picked up as the main-stay of the new delusion of "Spiritual Rappings." They are not likely to render any more valid or legitimate assistance to the dream they are now conceived to support, than they did previously to their former conjectural interpretations. In the early East such phenomena as are now considered conclusive evidence of spiritual communion were attributed to the friendly or hostile intervention of *Peries* and *Genii*; in the classic lands of antiquity, to the visible or invisible coöperation of the Gods: in the Middle Ages to patron saints, or fairies, or other figments of the sort, and if they were able to sustain the existence of none of these imaginary agencies, is it not absurd to expect from them the authentication of the modern conjecture?

It is only the miserable arrogance of superficial knowledge, lulling itself into the silly fancy of its own omniscience, which will refuse to believe in the existence of facts and phenomena beyond the reach of present science, and beyond the prospect of human attainment. But it is nothing else that the counter direction of the same scio-lous spirit, which would tempt us into the premature endeavour of explaining every real or supposed novelty by reference either to some received theory, or by the invention of a new theory to embrace every new discovery and every apparent anomaly in the operations of nature. Both excesses are characteristic of the current age: but they are only the opposite aspects of the same intellectual weakness and presumption. There is a manifest tendency among a large and cultivated class to repudiate and ignore all

that is not alluded to in our text-books of science, or not readily deducible therefrom. But there is also a coincident tendency to erect theories on the basis of a few phenomena, to invent chimerical generalizations on the strength of isolated facts, before they are half understood. The impatience of scepticism and the impatience of credulity are twin brothers, as nearly allied, and as closely linked to each other as the Siamese Twins. Both hurry into immediate and equal error, though the one blunders from believing too little, and the other from believing too much. Those who are subject to the first imperfection will reject the whole farrago of the "Spiritual Manifestations," facts, inferences, statements, and theories, and will cashier it as empty humbug and legerdemain. Those who are the victims of the second distemper will receive not merely the pretended facts, but will welcome the facts as explained; that is to say, they will swallow the theory along with the facts, under the supposition that the two elements are inseparable or identical.

The writer in Putnam's Monthly approximates very closely to the latter course. His esophagus is large enough to swallow the whole structure of blood and bones without mastication, after it has been duly lubricated with his tongue; but it sits uneasily on his stomach, and he feels a little squeamish in going publicly through the process of digestion. This is nearly the whole amount of either the incredulity or the suspension of judgment that we are able to discover in this brief discussion. But the same facts, which appear so convincing and unanswerable to him, were, when repeated with slight variations of form, and place, and person, a clear demonstration only of unblushing imposture to Mr. G. H. Lewes of London. Mr. Lewes occupies no very prominent rank in the literary world, but it is infinitely higher than that of Mr. Greeley. He does not enjoy in Europe any very flattering estimation for intellectual profundity; but he is acute, sagacious, and clear-sighted; and in the composition of the Biographical History of Philosophy, had ample opportunities for studying the long chronicles of ancient and modern delusion, and mastering the whole learning of human superstition. To him "Spiritual

Manifestations" were a mummery and a humbug, to be exposed and reprobated without mercy and without reservation. But Mr. Lewes is a worshipper at the shrine of scientific infidelity.

We abstain from any denial or suspicion of the facts, which are supposed to evince spiritual agency, for two very sufficient reasons. First, we have never witnessed any of them, and have had no opportunity of examining, analyzing, or criticising them; and, secondly, it is entirely unnecessary to reject them, as the whole question rests not upon the facts, the equivalents of which have been in all ages acknowledged, but on their spiritual interpretation, which alone gives them their present questionable significance. Mr. Beecher refers to the numerous well-authenticated instances of remarkable occurrences, similar in kind and often in circumstance, to the modern Spiritual Manifestations, as excluding the notion of collusion or deception: the writer in Putnam refers to recent examples of the same sort as requiring an earnest, unprejudiced, and, if we rightly construe the spirit of his article, a complaisant examination. We would concede nothing new, and nothing available for the argument, if we granted the truth of all such instances produced, or to be produced. Their prototypes may be found scattered through our libraries, and they are part of the learned lumber of all educated men. But, as hitherto received they stood disconnected from any particular theory, and isolated from each other; it is the revived effort to combine them together, and to harmonize them by a merely conjectural theory into a system, that demands criticism and provokes censure.

There is one sufficient objection to the whole project of Spiritual Manifestations, as now obtruded upon us, though it is one apparently so simple that its real cogency will not be readily appreciated by all. That objection is that the theory is premature. It is no induction from nicely apprehended facts, but it is a hasty suggestion loosely united with the instances which might lend a doubtful support to it. Nay, it may be suspected of having preceded the facts, by which it is more immediately sustained, and of having dictated the mode of their reco-

tion, as it has certainly inspired the manner of their interpretation.

Closely allied to this objection is another. The absence of known paternity for the theory is itself suspicious, and justifies an unfavorable presumption. The value of any new theory is determined in the first instance by the ability and the competent knowledge, general or special, of the professed discoverer. Its validity must be ultimately tested by its accordance with fact; but in advance of such a comparison, and for the large majority who have not the opportunity of making any such comparison, its probable truth must rest upon the scientific attainments and credibility of the propounder and his endorsers. There is only one question to be asked in regard to the discovery of a simple fact or body of facts. All that we require to know is whether the witness is honest and entitled to belief or not. But it is very different with regard to the theoretical interpretation of facts, when the testimony can be safely received only after the satisfactory response to many questions. Here we require to know, not merely whether the witness is honest, but also whether he is intelligent, whether he is discriminating, whether he is cautious, whether he is untempted by the illusions of fancy, and whether he has sufficient acquaintance with the subject about which his alleged discovery is concerned. As soon as it was known, by experience or otherwise, that M. Francis Guenon was credible, his declaration that there was an agreement between the milking properties of a cow and the growth of the hair on her udder, was entitled to our assent; but if he had pretended to furnish a theoretical or rational explanation of this agreement, we might with propriety have whistled him down the wind, and gone any where else in preference for the theory.

These remarks are of course not designed to be applied to such a work as Baron Reichenbach's curious researches into the phenomena of Vital Dynamics, which has been violently seized, and appropriated by the spiritualists to their own rash uses. If the discoveries of the Austrian speculator, which are still open for discussion, should be eventually substantiated, they have no necessary finality, so far as can yet be determined,

with the reveries which they are supposed to authenticate. Reichenbach has detected, or fancies that he has detected a force, which he designates the odic force, distinct from magnetism and electricity, by which many of the more recondite phenomena of nature are apparently effected. In advance of his investigations it was reasonable to believe that there were powers in action around us, more efficient in all likelihood than any we had been able to discern, which concurred in various operations with other agencies, or produced separate results. Such we suppose was the belief of the large majority of reflecting men; such will their belief continue to be even if these singular researches should be fully established. The merit of Reichenbach consisted in the detection and appreciation by scientific methods of a part of these agencies, of tracing a portion of their probable effects, and of bestowing a name upon the new force which he had recognized. The existing belief was exemplified and illustrated by Leibnitz nearly two centuries ago, when he attributed to all the atoms of matter a spontaneous activity, termed by him the *vis viva*. But the living force of Leibnitz has been attenuated and sublimated in the lapse of time into a mere logical hypothesis of modern mechanics. Reichenbach has advanced further than Leibnitz: he has substituted scientific observation and induction for conjecture; and he has circumscribed his odic force with the processes of science. He has advanced one step beyond his precursors; he has won a narrow strip of territory from the world of chaos: but the darkness beyond still remains as gloomy, and to all intents and purposes, as impenetrable as it was before.

There is a great but habitual mistake in supposing that the novelty of a name, or the precision of a new term, is of itself a real addition to our knowledge. It renders the particular subject more apprehensible and more manageable; it gives point and method to our inquiries; it facilitates the treatment of a recondite topic, by conversation or discussion; but this is the only service which it is capable of; and it is counterbalanced by the tendency which it generates to believe that there is an actual increment of our knowledge accompanying the reception of

the new designation. If there be really such an agency as is implied in the expression of the odic force, it is only a small portion of the unknown which is introduced into the sphere of our terminology: the large remainder remains unnamed and obscure as before. It is therefore a most rash and unwarrantable presumption which instantaneously seizes upon the discoveries of Reichenbach as if they supplied a guiding thread through the entire labyrinths and mysteries of the unknown. His researches have their own special value, but only if rigidly isolated from all independent or conjectural theories; and to use them as the foundation stones for modern spiritualism, is completely to vitiate whatever truth they may possess, without adding any real strength or logical confirmation to the imaginations they are intended to bolster up.

These considerations reveal the invalidity of the train of reasoning by which Senators Tallmadge and others have been induced or encouraged to give their assent to the alleged wonders of supernatural influences. Mr. Beecher, on the other hand, perceives that no difficulty is removed by the introduction of the Odylic element, and that it only changes the form without affecting the essence of the dispute.

We are now prepared to estimate cursorily Mr. Beecher's pamphlet, which is a remarkable one in many respects. We have no predilections for him or any of his name or breed; and are perhaps somewhat predisposed to judge harshly any thing purporting to come from a bird of such evil omen. But no prejudices will authorize an unjust judgment, and candour compels us to declare that amid all the superstition, the uncertainty and the quaint or nonsensical neologisms of his *Review of Spiritual Manifestations*, we have discovered more learning, more reasoning, and more sobriety of thought than we ever expected from a Beecher. It is true the learning is of that second-hand character which is readily picked up from a good library, and which appears in this instance to have been provided by those whose works were under his cognizance. It is equally true that the reasoning is no independent production of his own mind, but is gathered from the general contrast of conflicting opin-

ions. And it is also true that his sobriety of thought is due in a great measure to the mortal apprehension of falling into theological heterodoxy by stepping to either one side or the other of a distinctly marked line. But he is entitled to the frank recognition of these qualities, when we notice their entire absence in the writer in *Putnam's Monthly*; and when we see the licentious vagaries of the imagination indulged by that canonical medium of *Spiritual Manifestation*, *The Mountain Cove Journal* and *Spiritual Harbinger*, of Virginia. Mr. Beecher apparently follows in the footsteps of the sensible pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Rochester, but he recreates himself with a wider flight, to return, however, like him, to the strict letter of scripture. The Presbyterian of Rochester does not pretend to give any explanation positive or negative of the alleged phenomena; but, in the earnest discharge of his duty, contents himself with warning his flock against the dangers of the delusion, and labours, in the city where the superstition was cradled, to concentrate their attention on the clear prohibitions of the scriptures. The procedure of Mr. Beecher is by no means as assured, as unostentatious, nor as limited; but he arrives at the same result. He seems to accept the statements of the spiritualists, and to admit their pretensions to supernatural communion with the dead, but he saves his orthodoxy by a daring reference to the Apocalypse, and an eloquent excommunication of Satan and his host. The practical value of his pamphlet is confined to the brief conclusion, or last chapter. All that precedes may be curious, but is useless in consequence of that indistinctness and indecision which proceed from the uncertainty or vacillation of the writer's mind.

It is but right that we should acknowledge our obligations to Mr. Beecher for recalling our attention to those pleasant and dreamy books, Isaac Taylor's *Physical Theory of Another Life*, and Cicero's treatise, *De Divinatione*. They are old favorites, which were petted, without yielding any credence to them, for the Academical scepticism of Marcus in the latter production, was as inconclusive to our minds, as the artificial dogmatism of Quintus. Both books, however, present themselves with fresh point and significant

with the recent outburst of spiritual divination.

er has, however, but little real-
ulate himself on having tempted
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ion from paganism to Christi-
the recent introduction of Baron
s Odyle. The striking analogy
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Chapter of the Review of Spir-
stations with the following re-
tus Cicero, the advocate of di-
It is the opinion of Posidonius
ivation in sleep is due in three
influence of the divinities. Ac-
e first, the mind is provident of
sequence of its affinity with
rding to the second, the air is
mortal spirits, in whom are
as if stamped upon them, the
ruth. The third mode is by the
union of the Gods with the

Mr. Beecher states that two
n explanation of Spiritual Man-
re offered for our option. I.
gency, or Natural Law with the
of Spirits. II. Apneumatic,
without Spirits. The second
admits two subdivisions; auto-
al, or the spontaneous action of
automatic, or involuntary men-
As far as we can discern, for Mr.
guage is never perspicuous, in
of the Apneumatic hypothesis,
iate agency of Odyle, the newly
orce, is supposed. The Pneu-
etation corresponds exactly with

ecory of Another Life. c. xvii. p. 230. Ed.

i. c. xxx. §64.

the last of the three modes suggested by Po-
sidonius, for the gods of the heathen, are
once more explained by Isaac Taylor and his
confrères on the old and easy theory of dis-
embodied spirits and dæmons. The invol-
untary mental action agrees with the first
supposition in Cicero's remark; and the spon-
taneous action of the brain,—(his terms are
not happily chosen or distinguished by Mr.
Beecher,)—is almost identical with the sec-
ond hypothesis of Posidonius. The agree-
ment in the last case is rendered more curi-
ously obvious by collating the expression em-
ployed by Cicero, "*in quibus tamquam insig-
nitæ notæ veritatis appareant*," with the lan-
guage of the Review. "As to events so far
in the past that they cannot exist in the form
of impressions on any living brain, it is only
necessary to conceive that they have re-
corded themselves eternally upon the all-
pervading odylic medium."* We suppose
Mr. Beecher must be acquitted of all par-
ticipation in the nonsense of this wild con-
jecture, and we are not certain whether it
ought to be attributed or not to Prof. Hitch-
cock of Amherst, whose name appears in
the note referred to at the place. He has
great and deserved eminence in his own spe-
cial branch of science, but, if he is respon-
sible for this random conjecture, his Religion
of Geology must exhibit only the stratifica-
tion of dreams. We conceive, however,
that we may fairly attribute to Mr. Beecher,
if not the acceptance of the doctrines, at
least the invention of the expressions on the
page which precedes the precious specimen
of *niaiserie* which we have cited. He there
speaks of the "human countenance photo-
graphing itself on the sensitive silver plate,
which it does not touch," and then suggests
that, in the same way, "the human brain may
odylize itself upon the sensitive cerebral
plate of the medium." But the human face
is passive in the production of the daguer-
reotype, and has no more agency in photo-
graphing itself than the wall behind it, or
the chair which supports the body to which
it is attached. Because we see a house by
the impact of light thereon and its due re-
flection therefrom, we would hardly consider
ourselves justified in declaring that the house
lifts itself to our eyes. But it is just such

* Beecher. Rev. Spir. Manifest. c. ii. p. 15.

an abusive figure of speech which is here employed to give colour to an illusion. And is it not a singular jumble of gross materialism with semi-spiritualism to fancy that, "as in every cranium two brains unite to form a double cerebral unit, so in space two brains filmily meshed together by odylic threads may virtually unite to form a double cerebral unit?" Such fantasies we might expect to find in Iamblichus and Plotinus, or even in the mystical books of the Rosicrucians, but they are startling from their profound absurdity in the Nineteenth Century.

We do not attribute these particular doctrines to Mr. Beecher, for he rejects all half way measures which attempt a compromise between science and fiction, and receives only the greater enormity of the pneumatic explanation of Spiritual Manifestations.* There was an old saying in the Schools, '*serpens, nisi serpentem ederit, non fit draco.*' Mr. Beecher has tried the prescription with success, and prepared himself for the digestion of the larger fable, by confuting and consuming the two smaller fictions. But, as it is our purpose to expose the more obvious follies of Spiritualism, it matters little to the general tenor of our criticism whether he or the authors he repeats are the inventors of the strange verbiage we notice. Thus, the following passage remains equally ridiculous, whoever may have compounded it, and whatever may be its place in Mr. Beecher's exposition. "The brain of the medium, or its odylic co-efficient, or other half, comes into such a susceptible state that all these phantoms held in odylic suspension, as it were, type themselves thereon, and are given forth as before explained in automatic discharge." There was one Bernard of Chartres, Bishop of that place, and highly commended by John of Salisbury, who wrote some poems about the commencement of the Eleventh Century, wherein he applies a similar notion to astrology.

*Præjacet in stellis series quam longior ætas
Explicit, et spatium temporis ordo suis.*

So Mr. Beecher says, possibly on behalf of the author of the Philosophy of Mysterious Agents, or of Prof. Hitchcock before mentioned: "And even future events, in some

such way, may be sensed by the brain." The parts of speech, and the definitions of words have fallen into a serious distemper, since subjected to Spiritual Manifestations, nor are they likely to recover shortly in the hands of the present practitioners. We knew that the Spiritual Rappers had long restricted their literary pursuits to the spelling book; and we might have hoped that their long attention to that elementary exercise might have enabled them to make more rapid proficiency in the employment of the vocabulary, and in the application of the parts of speech. But the more advanced Spiritualists make sad havoc with both dictionary and grammar: and we have reason to apprehend that our nouns may blossom into verbs, and our passive verbs become active, while our active will be beguiled into "mediums," under the action of Odyle, or some other Spiritual Manifestation. The unclean spirits in the New Testament stuttered and spoke very incoherently, and the new spirits seem to speak no more correctly through their interpreters.

It may appear ungenerous to dwell on the absurdities embalmed in Mr. Beecher's Review, when the columns of the Spiritual Harbinger overflow with much grosser extravagances. But there is a wide difference to be recognized between the tortuous ambiguities of a professed seer and the voluntary nonsense of pretended antagonists. We read the unmeaning rhodomontade of the Mount Cove Journal without disgust, even while it excites our profound commiseration. It frequently indeed amuses us by the exhibition of the singular success which may attend an earnest and sincere endeavour to transcend the limits of language and the realm of sense. It tempts us back to the Particruegian Cream of Philosophy, lends a fresh zest to a renewed perusal of the outrageous excesses of that rich satire, and supplies pointed illustrations for all the humorous vagaries of the riotous imagination of Rabelais. There is one of those Encyclopædical Questions, argued in the Decretal Schools of Paris, which we should be glad to see discussed a second time in the columns of the Harbinger. We are certain that the new debate would evince as much profundity and not less perplexity, though not as much wit and learning, as were exhibited before. T

* Beecher. Review. ch. v. p. 35.

knotty problem referred to, is this untranslatable thesis. "*Ultrum, les ratepenades voyans par la translucidite de la porte cornée, pourroyent espionnitiquement decouvrir les visions morphiques, devidant gyronnicquement le fil du cresse merveilleux, enveloppant les atilles des cerveaulx mal cafretez.*"

A partial discussion, indeed, of this momentous difficulty may be discovered in those earlier chapters of Mr. Beecher's Review, from which we have taken those bricks of Babel, already offered by us to the curious inspection of our readers. But we desire an ampler investigation on the part of the initiated, with the canonical employment of all the most approved cabalistic phraseology of Spiritualism. That the author or authors of "The Disclosive Encyclopædia," published serially and seriously in the Mountain Cove Apocalypse, are fully competent to do justice to the subject, both from acquaintance with its essential characteristics, and also from the possession of the requisite rhetorical ability, is sufficiently apparent from many manifestations, of which the following may be taken as one specimen. "Now behold, every orb planet is unfolded from three degrees of substance; mechanical substance of the first degree unfolded from the external or globular enclosure of atomic formations; mental substance of the second degree unfolded from the globular curvilinear intermediate of atomic formations; and moral substance of the third degree unfolded from the globular vortical interior of atomic formations."* For further illustration and elucidation we may make a general reference to the entertaining papers on the several planets, in successive numbers of that original journal. What renders these extravaganzas more tantalizing, and at the same time more diverting, is that there are occasional glimpses of latent sense playing bo-peep through all theabyrinths of this crazy locution, amid the various antics of this spasmodic and galvanized vocabulary. We cannot resist the suspicion that there is a hazy glimmering of meaning in the writer's mind: it might be impossible for us to detect and lay hands on it, but it provokes us by appearing to be there. When we attempt "to comprehend

the vagrom," it escapes us like the Frenchman's flea: we put our finger on him—and he not dere!

In justice, however, to the editors and contributors to the Mountain Cove Journal, we must admit that the folly and the nonsense, and the impenetrable obscurity of their utterance are attributable strictly to the delusion which they promulgate, and not to any original and inherent incapacity or imbecility in themselves. On the contrary, when we get beyond the limits of the spiritualistic exposition, we discover in this journal an intelligence, a discretion, a range of information, and a vigour of thought, united with a general propriety of expression, which are not often vouchsafed to the local newspapers in our mountain counties. The editorials sometimes offend against Priscian, but not as grossly or as frequently as many of their country cotemporaries. We discover, too, in this Spiritual Harbinger a discernment, a moderation, and a propriety of reasoning, which are not equalled in the more ostentatious review of Mr. Beecher. The editorial on "The Excitement of the Times"* exhibits more penetrating sagacity and more accurate comprehension of the age, than we have discovered in any of the larger and more noted papers of our great cities. And a Baltimore correspondent in the same number, recognizes the intimate connection of these modern Spiritual Manifestations with Swedenborgianism as well as with clairvoyance,—an analogy which has escaped Mr. Beecher, and all the other adverse expositors and commentators of the new doctrine, so far as we are aware. If the Spiritualists could only forego the temptation of rhapsodizing in the clouds, and could confine themselves to known tongues and the language with which our ordinary walk and conversation have rendered us familiar, they might wage their polemical warfare with equal success against Mr. Beecher and his colleagues. We think, indeed, that most of the rampant excesses in the journal may be legitimately assigned to the Spiritual associates who have forgotten in the nether world what little sense and English they might have possessed in life, and who transfuse through the appointed "mediums" the cloudy shimmer which

* God manifest in the Degrees of Heaven. §2. Mountain Cove Journal, vol. I., No. 9. 14 Oct. 1852.

* Mountain Cove Journal, March 10, 1853.

floats around them in their present habitations. Let us add, too, that the poetical contributions and selections manifest more fervor, taste, and poetic feeling than usually fall to the lot of the weekly press, and evince the affinity of Spiritualism for poetry and fiction to be infinitely greater than its natural appetency for either sense or fact.

We have now run rapidly through our Spiritual materials, touching merely on the more obvious objections and absurdities, and never pretending to dive below the surface in order to discover the more hidden ramifications of the roots of the new delusion. We have massed all sects, and classes, and types of Spiritualists together; the Rochester Rappers, the clairvoyants, the miscellaneous seers, the half-believing asseverators of natural agency: and the repudiating doctors of the church, who "believe and tremble." We have not dissected the superstition, nor anatomized it into its several members; we were anxious at present only to expose so much of the folly or premature credence as all these parties agreed in. We did not desire to examine any of the special theories; because in order to do so we might have been betrayed into too protracted and serious an inquiry to be appropriate to the present occasion. We have offered no theory of our own: we have none to offer. The time has not arrived for any legitimate or sensible theorizing. This is the season for the examination and assaying of the facts; for the collection of a larger and more varied array, if any definite and precise truth should be found in those already brought forward. In the mean time, every judicious man will consider that, as far as a theory is concerned, he is just in the position of Canning's knife-grinder:

Story, God bless you! I have none to tell, Sir!

Let that be remembered, which we have previously noted, that every successive age has had its little budget of prodigies similar to those now reported with such an air of mystery and miraculous wonderment; and it will be acknowledged that, if we desire an ulterior explanation of facts, which may after all be inexplicable, our first concern must be with the criticism of the facts themselves; our next must be the endeavour to garner, according to the method prescribed by Bacon,

our vintage of varying instances; and not till then can we venture to indulge in any theory, and even then must enter upon the indulgence with a cautious sobriety wholly foreign to the rabid and precocious practices of our recent dreamers. In the mean time, however, we must keep what facts we collect, or imagine we have collected, wholly unalloyed and untainted with any theory whatever, which as yet must be necessarily premature. It is no less ridiculous than distressing to witness persons of average sense hurried into absolute lunacy by the torment of refurbished conjectures about facts, which have been received for ages, and which have been tranquilly believed for centuries without inspiring either frenzy or alarm. Considering that all generations, the more recent as the more ancient, have been believers in the phenomena which now excite so sudden a revulsion of sentiment, the present fury is in the moral world what St. Vitus's dance is in the body, a spasmodic contortion and nervous irritation, without immediate cause or reason. If we will only refrain from recourse to "intoxicating spirits," and keep our minds cool and sober, we can certainly prolong without any uneasiness the quiet doubt and entire suspension of judgment, which have characterized the late centuries, though passed in the presence of similar portents. Has not Shakspeare's declaration, that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy," passed into the commonplace of the schoolboy? This was no novel discovery of "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling:" but both before and since it was the frequent theme of prose. Old Morhofius only gives utterance to the common belief, when he remarks, "*Plus est miraculorum in natura quam vulgo credimus. Quo oculos vertimus, quo pedem movemus, in illa incurrimus.*"* There are more wonders in nature than we habitually suppose; wherever we direct our eyes, or turn our feet, we stumble upon them. Can we not live on quietly, as our forefathers lived before us, without denying the alleged facts, which in many instances would be equally unwarrantable and presumptuous, but without accepting any proposed theoretic explanation, which must be both unfounded

* Morhofii Polyhistor. Ps. I. lib I., c XII. § 16.

and premature? Or has an irresistible wave of revolution passed over the world of intelligence, and are we compelled to follow the new delusion, like sheep after a bell-wether? Are we under any compulsion to credit Mr. Beecher's luminous suggestion that "three unclean spirits like frogs," mesmerism, odylism, and Spiritualism, we suppose, "have come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet," to take possession of the earth and work miracles thereupon? Or, if we must yield to the reflux superstitions, is it not much simpler to conclude with our ancient friend, Morhofius:*

"Redeunt omnia humana in orbem, et cum negotiis civilibus ingenii commenta reviriscunt. Annon hoc oculo omnes veterum vel errores, vel bona etiam dogmata, novis Autoribus in crustata vidimus?" In the cycle of human change old dreams and old delusions reappear.

* Morhofii Polyhistor. Ps. I. lib. I., c. II. § 18.

LINES

*On the Death of Miss Isabella Stuart Waller, of Wil-
Hamburg.*

BY SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY.

Bring lily-bells to twine amid her dark and glossy hair—
Bring stainless flowers meet to deck a brow so young and fair;
And gather round her in the bloom of youthful beauty's pride,
With blessings and with smiles for her so soon to be a bride.

But marble pale beneath the veil gleams up the lovely brow,
And the lips that were so musical are still and silent now;
There is no color on her cheek—no gladness in her eyes;
And on the fair and settled face a solemn stillness lies.

Oh not for him, the loved, the true—for whom she waited long,—
Not for the joyous festival—the happy bridal throng;
But for a sterner, sadder scene, those stainless lilies bloom,—
That blossomed for her bridal wreath to fade upon her tomb.

Yet bear her in her beauty down unto her dreamless rest—
Give gently unto Death's embrace the beautiful, the blest;

And mingled with the solemn dirge, let songs of praise arise,
That earth hath from its treasures given an angel to the skies.

And thou, whose dearest hope is crushed untimely to the dust,
Look up in pure and holy faith—in high and solemn trust;
For in the far unfolding years a blessing waits thee yet,—
A love on whose unfading truth a deathless seal is set.

For to that stricken earthly love immortal bloom is given,
And the vow she should have spoken here is registered in heaven:
She hath but gone in beauty's bloom—in love's triumphant power,—
As fades a pure unfolding rose at morning's dewy hour.

A little while—a little while—and thou, with sorrow tossed,
Who mournest by life's dreary sea—thy beautiful—thy lost—
Upon that far and happy shore where death can ne'er betide.
Shall find again thine angel love—shall claim thine angel bride.

Richmond, May, 1853.

MAITRE ADAM, OF CALABRIA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH. BY S. S.

I.

THE SPEAKING MADONNA.

Our readers, if they have any curiosity in regard to the future events of the very voracious history which we are going to relate to them, must have the complaisance to follow us to Calabria.

Calabria is a magnificent country. In summer it is hot as Timbuctoo; in winter cold as St. Petersburg;—moreover the Calabrais do not count time by centuries, lustra or years, as they do in other countries, but by earthquakes.

Nevertheless, there are few people more attached to their soil than the Calabrais. Owing, doubtless, to the fact that the crust which covers it is most picturesque; its valleys are fertile as gardens, its mountains woody as forests, and here and there, above the groves of chestnuts which crown them, may be seen, rising like a tower of granite shivered by lightning, a reddish peak which makes the traveller believe that he is approaching some Cyclopean village.

It is true that in this lucky country, you can never count on anything. Etna and Vesuvius have never taken in earnest the separation between Sicily and Calabria; so that these two old friends have preserved subterranean relations sufficiently frequent to show that the best understanding exists between them. Hence it results that whenever they put themselves in communication with each other, the peninsula leaps, like the hills mentioned in scripture, not from joy, but from terror; then the valleys rise into mountains—the mountains sink into valleys, and the towns disappear in some chasm, closed almost as soon as opened; so that the eagle rising above all this surface, which is as changing as the surrounding sea, no longer recognizes to-day, the Calabria of yesterday. In one day it has changed its face from Reggio to Pæstum: it is the kaleidoscope of God.

Thanks to this mobility of the soil on which they live, not only have the Calabrais no history, (for rarely are the archives of one age transmitted intact to another,) but there are some of them even, who know neither their ages nor names. A child may have escaped, like Moses, almost alone, from a convulsion which has swallowed up an entire village. If the barber who presided at his birth, or the priest who baptized him, has not survived, there are no means for him to get any information about himself. He collects here and there among the neighbouring inhabitants, some vague notions about the epoch of his birth, or the family to which he would have belonged; but his true age dates from the Earthquake, and his true family is that which has adopted him.

Maître Adam, the hero of our story, was a living example of the very strange fact which we have just related. If our readers desire to make the acquaintance of this estimable personage, to whom we request their whole attention, they have only to cast their eyes on the scarped road which leads from Nicotera to Monteleone. There they will see journeying under the burning August sun, a man of about fifty-five years, clad in a vest and pantaloons of velvet, whose primitive color is hard to recognize under the different layers of paint which have from time to time ornamented them with stripes of various dimensions. From his pockets, instead of the

knife which his countrymen commonly wear, project instruments more pacific, viz: a double bundle of brushes and pencils of all kinds; instead of pistols, his belt contains a choice assortment of those bright and gaudy colors which are preferred by primitive people to graver tones; the gourd which he wears suspended by a belt, contains not the nectar of Lipari or Cantanzaro, but the gum water, which serves at the same time to quench his thirst in a milder manner and to fix more solidly his vermillion and indigo; lastly, the stick with which he is armed, and which, like the national carbine he carries in so formidable a manner on his shoulder, is only the innocent rod which painters call a *rest*.

This man of athletic form, of step still light and active, of look bright and careless, was found on the 21st July, 1764, naked and crying, at a quarter of a league from the village of Mafda, which had just disappeared, houses and inhabitants. Picked up by the peasants of Nicotera, who found him on the side of the road, without being able to guess how he had been transported thither, he received from them the name of the first man, no doubt, in commemoration of the obscurity which attended his origin. It only remains for us to explain his magisterial prefix.

The young Adam, whose age therefore dates from the catastrophe of 1764, (at which time he must have been about a year or eighteen months old,) had at first been destined by his friends, to the keeping of flocks—a post of confidence,—for it is well known that wool, oil and wine are the sole riches of Calabria; but he had not been tardy to show his slight vocation for the pleasures of the pastoral life, so poetically described by his compatriot Theocritus. On the contrary, like Giotto, he had a strong propensity to draw on the sand, figures of men, trees, and animals, and had the studio of some Cimabue been opened to him, he might have become a great painter. Unluckily the pupil had no master to direct him, and no course of study to strengthen his natural genius, and the young Adam remained a daub.

But we here fall into the error of our times, in judging every thing from the point of view of our own civilization; the worthy image-painter whom we have but now irreverently called a daub, and who would have in fact

deserved this title at Paris, London or Rome, was, for the country which he inhabited, an artist of great reputation, and whose productions had enjoyed an instant of reputation such, that the Neapolitan police had thought themselves obliged to interfere. We shall relate how this care fell upon that paternal institution.

Maître Adam had already, by the manufacture of a number of signs, more or less picturesque, deserved the title which precedes his name, when the counter revolution of 1798 broke out. Ferdinand and Caroline, driven from their throne by the French invasion, had retired into Sicily on the ship of rear admiral Nelson, and removing the seat of government to Palermo, had abandoned Naples to Championnet, who had there proclaimed the parthenopean Republic. Unluckily for the new freemen, the half-de-throned king and queen had about them a man of resolution called Cardinal Ruffo, who undertook to reconquer the throne of his lawful sovereigns. With this view, he disembarked with two others in Calabria, and at the name of the Holy Faith, he collected around him all those who had remained faithful to the old royal principles. Five or six hundred men came together at the first call. The bold leader considered this number sufficient, and as he only wanted, before taking the road, a banner around which he could rally his soldiers, he demanded an artist to paint on his standard Our Lady of Mount Carmel, under whose protection he had placed his enterprise.

Maître Adam was then in the flower of youth and genius. He presented himself confidently before Ruffo, received the programme, and executed the desired Madonna with so much promptitude and expression, that he satisfied at the same time the churchman and the warrior. The Prelate-General offered to grant him in his double capacity every thing he might desire, whether spiritual or temporal. Maître Adam demanded under the first head his blessing, and under the second the exclusive right to paint on all the white walls for ten leagues round, Madonnas and souls in purgatory. This double demand, ambitious as it appeared to the bystanders, was instantly granted, and Ruffo having reconquered the kingdom, and recalled Ferdinand

and Caroline to their throne, Maître Adam, who had contributed to this event all that lay in his power, enjoyed without dispute the privilege which had been granted him as a reward for his patriotism and fidelity.

Those of our readers who have travelled in Italy, and have seen the devotion of the Neapolitan and Calabrian peasants to this kind of images, will easily understand the importance of such a monopoly, to Maître Adam; for every convent which desired either to have a new Madonna, or to repair an old one, was compelled to apply to him. Being the only authorised operator, he imposed his own conditions, which were in general the right to take up a collection before the holy image, conjointly with the sacristan of the commonalty, during a lapse of time, more or less extended, which was made the subject of special agreement between the parties. As to the souls in purgatory, that was an entirely different matter. As soon as a rich peasant died, whatever might be the intentions of Heaven in regard to his soul, Maître Adam put him, *pro tem.*, in purgatory. To the numerous heads which stood forth from the flames, raising their suppliant hands to heaven, this pitiless Minos added a head and two hands; but a head so like, and hands so agonized, that the relatives would have had no bowels of compassion, if they could have left without prayers and alms, a soul which claimed relationship with them so openly and in the face of the whole population.

Hence it resulted that the heirs, for their own honor, rather than the alleviation of the defunct, caused the curé to say a great many masses, and gave the painter a great many alms. And each of these worthies performed his duty most conscientiously; every morning the curé said mass, and every night the painter extinguished a flame or effaced a contortion; so that in proportion as the heirs accomplished their charitable duty, they had the satisfaction of following its effect on the physiognomy of the sufferer, which passed successively and by visible progressions, from the despair of the condemned, to the beatitude of the elect. When the masses had been said, and the alms given, some fine day the departed would assume wings;—the friends would make another sacrifice, and on

the morrow the place would be empty. Delivered by the piety of those whom he had left on the earth, the blessed man was gone to heaven.

For ten years had Maître Adam been loyally following this innocent employment, without having experienced any other difficulties than those raised by his pious associates, who sometimes maintained that the souls in purgatory wanted only masses, and had no need of alms, when Fra Bracalone, sacristan of the church of Nicotera, came from the prior to look for him, in order to renew on the wall of a vast garden before the church, an old Madonna of plaster, which had once been very miraculous, but, discontented no doubt with the neglect exhibited towards it, had ceased for more than ten years to give any sign of existence.

The prior's motive for thinking of this holy image, was the fear inspired in all lower Calabria, by a certain brigand named Marco Brandi, who was suspected of having taken up his quarters in the vicinity. The churchwardens of Nicotera had therefore decided to do something for the saint, that she, in gratitude, might do something for the village; at the same time, for more certainty, they had dispatched an express to the Judge of Monteleone, informing him of the state of affairs and demanding some gendarmes.

Maître Adam had set to work with a most Christian ardor. Under his pencil the face of the Madonna had recovered its freshness, her forehead its *aureola*, and her vestments their colors. During the entire work he had had around him a circle of curious individuals, whose sustained attention indicated the importance attached by the village to the national work which was going on under their eyes. When the image was finished, each one felicitated the painter, who replied to their compliments with a modesty truly artistic, that his opinion, in harmony with that of his fellow citizens, was, that he had just completed his master-piece.

On his side, the Judge of Monteleone had responded to the cry of distress from his constituents; so that Nicotera could count as well on temporal as on spiritual protection. The brave gendarmes had no sooner arrived than they took the field, roused Marco Brandi out of an excellent situation, (where

he had made all his arrangements in view of spending the winter,) dispersed the troop and hunted the chief with activity, that, hemmed in between the forest and the village, he only had time to slip himself into a little grove of chestnuts. Immediately, by a movement as rapid, the wood had been surrounded and traversed lengthwise and crosswise with no purpose. Marco Brandi had disappeared. They examined the wood tree by tree, bush by bush; but their researches were fruitless, although they had not passed a tuft of grass without giving it a close thrust. It seemed that there must have been some sorcery in all this.

Eight days passed by and Marco Brandi had not been heard of. Meanwhile, perceiving the imminent danger, the gendarmes doubled their watchfulness and intensified their devotion. Never had a Madonna been entreated, coaxed and flattered so much as the Madonna of Maître Adam. The peasant women of the vicinity came and brought her their ear-rings and lace-trimmed dresses, which, indeed, they intended to claim so soon as Marco Brandi was caught, but which they lent for the occasion. A lamp burned night and day before the image, and the care of this lamp was entrusted to the hands of Sister Martha, a good man, who went every morning to the house taking up a collection for the lamp, which was always so abundant that the man had no necessity to contribute; on the contrary, every body took pleasure in slightly increasing their alms, asking at the same time a place in her prayers; Sister Martha was in the odor of sanctity, and leagues around. Like Saint Theresa, she had visions; sometimes for one or two days she remained stretched on her bed, motionless, but with eyes open and vigilant. The physician said it was ecstacy. Fra Bracalone said it was ecstacy.

Now it happened that meanwhile Sister Martha had one of her ordinary attacks and remained for forty-eight hours without performing her accustomed function of the Madonna. But such, in Italy, is the custom for the industrial rights of every body, that no woman, however confident of her

to replace Sister Martha; thus for quarters of the forty-eight hours, the had no oil and the Madonna no light. was the end of the second day; the was advancing fast and darkly; the *Maria*, the last song of twilight, had ascended to heaven; the streets were deserted, and with the exception of a few children playing before the Madonna, every body was going home, when a voice was heard, apparently from the niche of the Virgin, distinct and sonorous, calling to the nearest of the little rogues. The deserted children turned—

"Paschariello!" said a second time the voice.

"What do you want, Madonna?" said the

voice to tell Sister Martha," replied the voice, "for two days past she has forgotten to light the lamp."

Paschariello did not wait for this to be repeated; he took to his heels, and, followed by the children, crying "Miracle!" "Miracle!" he arrived, covered with sweat, pale with want of breath, at the house of Sister Martha, just as the holy woman, after a trance of forty-eight hours, had recovered her senses.

Sister Martha listened to what the children said, and, as though in gradually returning to herself, she regained her memory, she appeared before her neighbors, (who were gathered about her bed by the strange news,) and the Virgin had in fact just appeared to her, and said the same as Paschariello. Then the children alone, but the whole village, crying "Miracle!" Sister Martha arose in the midst of a concert of acclamations, cries of praise, and approached the miraculous image. Paschariello, become the object of general veneration, was borne in triumph on the shoulders of two vigorous Calabrais. When the cortége arrived before the Madonna, it stopped at the suggestion of Sister Martha, and commenced singing the litanies of the Virgin; and whilst Fra Bracalone on the one hand and Maitre Adam on the other were improving the occasion by taking up a psalm—the one for his convent, the other for himself—the chosen woman approached the image alone and conversed for some time in a low voice with it. At the conclusion of

this conversation, the result of which was awaited with general impatience, Sister Martha turned towards the auditory and declared that the Madonna was unspeakably mortified at the want of faith in the inhabitants of Nicotera, inasmuch as they had thought it necessary for their protection from the enterprises of Marco Brandi, to associate with the omnipotent Virgin, so terrestrial an aid as a squad of gendarmes. She altogether refused such alliance, declaring that the inhabitants had to choose between spiritual and temporal means; that they could not be, at the same time, for the gendarmes and for the Virgin; that, therefore, the bystanders had only to say the word; if they were for the gendarmes, she had not the smallest objection—not desiring to force their consciences; only she would give up the business to them, and would not be responsible for any thing. If, on the contrary, they were for her, she would undertake the whole matter, and would guarantee that for three years from that day, Marco Brandi should not be heard of.

There was no hesitation about the decision. Cries of long live the Madonna! down with the troops! resounded from all sides, and the unlucky gendarmes, recalled from the different stations where they had been on guard for eight days, with a courage and a tenacity worthy of a better recompense, departed the same night for Monteleone, accompanied by the scoffs of the populace, several of whom in a public spirit proposed to stone them.

Thus the Madonna of Maitre Adam remained in possession of the place, and mistress of the field of battle. To her honor be it said, she did not promise falsely; and from this time the terrible Marco Brandi was no more heard of in Nicotera and its environs.

II.

THE POST OFFICE.

Meanwhile the news of the miracle had spread from Reggio to Cosenza, and had excited a great spirit of devotion to the holy image. The surrounding Madonnas would have been very glad, on their part, to show that they were not altogether unworthy of attention; some had raised their arms, some turned their eyes, and others moved their

lips, but none had spoken: so that the victory remained definitely with the Madonna of Nicotera, to which were made pilgrimages from all the corners of Calabria. Next to her, the three most important personages were Paschariello, to whom she had first addressed herself; Sister Martha, who had conversed face to face with her; and lastly Maitre Adam, who had restored her after a fashion so triumphant, that, in her joy, no doubt, at being thus made as good as new, she had worked the miracle which we have just related. As to Fra Bracalone, he found himself entirely eclipsed in this whole affair. His collection also had shared his failure, and this diminution of his receipts had inspired him with a certain dislike for Maitre Adam, whose popularity had thus for a moment overshadowed that of the worthy sacristan.

In other respects, the triumph of the three illustrious personages was as complete as possible; Paschariello, who, up to this time, had never obtained from his fellow-citizens the least attention, except, indeed, when some brave peasant, weary of his tricks, would apply his foot or his hand to the rear of his person; Paschariello, who hitherto had traversed the streets of Nicotera, covered with tatters, which must be seen on the body of a Sicilian or Calabrian beggar, to understand that there are unlucky fellows who are draped with holes and fringes, so that they seem to have borne off, after a long struggle, the toils of some gigantic spider; Paschariello, habited from head to foot at the public charge, in the finest velvet which could be found at Monteleone, was exposed to the general curiosity on a species of scaffold erected before the Madonna, the source of his fortune. Here every body threw him oranges, pomegranates and chestnuts, the peelings and hulls of which being thrown back by him, were much coveted and contended for by the faithful as relics; Paschariello saw unrolled before him a bright future into which he threw himself careless and confident, certain that he was now, after being a canon, to arrive sooner or later at a saintship.

Sister Martha had not been forgotten in the public gratitude. The favor which she evidently enjoyed with the Madonna, had

entirely refuted some injurious reports which certain wicked and incredulous individuals had essayed on several occasions, to spread about her. They had gone so far as to say that this excellent female had once had business relations with the band commanded by Marco Brandi's father, a venerable old gentleman who had retired to Cosenza, where he was spending the evening of his days in the enjoyment of the public confidence. We shall hereafter relate how, and under what circumstances, this respectable operative left the career in which his son had succeeded him with honor. We shall not, however, just now, leave our subject, but shall return to Sister Martha, whose reputation had finally triumphed over all slanders, thanks to the Madonna who had chosen her to pour oil into her lamp; she also shared with the holy image the privilege of performing certain cures, and she had to perform most of the miracles of the second order.

Maitre Adam had risen to the highest degree of glory to which an artist can aspire. Since he had made a Madonna who spoke, there was no church, however poor, which did not want one of his manufacture; he had fixed the price at ten crowns apiece, and notwithstanding this exorbitant charge, he had more commissions than he could execute. Hence there had resulted a wonderful improvement in the humble home of the poor painter; an improvement which pleased him chiefly on account of his daughter, on whom he had concentrated all the ardor of his affections. Gelsomina never went out without being dressed so as to excite the envy of the Madonna herself. This was always great scandal to Fra Bracalone, who did not fail to remark on all suitable occasions that it would end badly, and that the devil would be very awkward, if he did not take advantage of the pride of the body to ruin the soul forever.

The prediction of Fra Bracalone was soon accomplished, at least in part. The report of the miracle had spread, on one side, Naples; on the other to Palermo. The only thing talked about in the kingdom of the two Sicilies, was a pilgrimage to the Madonna of Nicotera; so that the government, seeing the number of passports that were demanded for Monteleone, began to suspect that devotion was not the only cause of so general

It was not slow to perceive that *ari* had profited by the circumstance that among the ten or twelve passports made out for Calabria, a thousand had been demanded by the different revenues of the kingdom. It was in 1817; Europe in a state of revolution. Ferdinand, just come back from exile, had not the desire to return to it; he sent men and men to Monteleone, and three to Tropeia; and, to strike at the evil, he had Paschariello placed in a house of correction, compelled Sister Martha to enter a convent, and intimated to her by his express orders not to perform another miracle without his permission.

Great astonishment of the inhabitants. The Madonna obeyed. Moreover—she, which has a mania for explaining things, even things the most inscrutable—told that Sister Martha had concealed the Superior of the convent, that she was viewed with the troop of the son, as which she had formerly had from the father. Thus it would appear it not impious to believe such a thing. That Marco Brandi, pursued as we have seen, and compelled to throw himself from the wall, had climbed the wall and hid himself in the convent garden, so that no one's thinking of looking for him in such a circumstance must have been impossible. Sister Martha, who, every evening, pretended to pour oil into the lamp, reached the Madonna, and availing herself of the darkness, passed, through an opening in the wall, provisions to the bandit, so that he might not regain the mountain, on account of the sentinels posted on every side. Sister Martha fell sick the previous day, and suddenly cut off. Marco Brandi lived for two days; but, at the third day, fearing that he had escaped, he only to die of hunger, he had conceived the plan of reminding Sister Martha of the name of the Madonna, that in eight hours she had forgotten to mention. We have seen how it chanced that Sister Martha was able to respond to the name of the Madonna, and how the latter, a worthy woman, manifested her

aversion for the respectable body of gendarmes; an aversion which, on the part of the Virgin, did not astonish any body—the gendarmes being generally known in Italy, as in France, by the popular denomination of "*Grippe-Jésus*."

The foregoing story was not credited, because related by the police, and the narratives of the police are never believed; but false as it was, it did a no less real damage to the Virgin. This injury naturally rebounded upon Maître Adam, her painter in ordinary. A sentry was stationed before the image, with the express injunction to disperse any assembly of more than three persons. This knocked the collections on the head;—and moreover, the convents, for fear of compromising themselves, countermanded their orders. In vain did Maître Adam lower his price; this only depreciated his pictures the more. Thus as the honest artist had not had, in the day of his prosperity, any more providence than a grasshopper, he soon found himself as poor as ever, to the great satisfaction of Fra Bracalone, who, as we have said, had prophesied this calamity.

Had Maître Adam been alone, he would have taken this change of fortune with the carelessness of an artist and the calm of a philosopher; but he had a wife, a son, and a daughter. It is true, that his wife, as good a creature as ever lived, the living echo of all that was said before her, the last words of which she would repeat, disturbed him very moderately. Maître Adam owed the good Babilana only a share in his good and bad fortune, and he acquitted himself religiously, on this score, of the engagement which he had made at the foot of the altar; so that the poor woman had nothing to say and said nothing. As for the son, he had felt, while very young, a great vocation to serve the king; therefore he had enlisted in the foot artillery, and after eight years passed in the service, as his intelligence equalled his enthusiasm, he had arrived at the eminent rank of corporal, and had substituted for his family name, which was too pacific, the more formidable and expressive one of Bombarda. On this side, then, Maître Adam had no concern for his first-born; he got along gloriously under cover of barracks or in the smoke of the cannon, fed and clothed by the govern-

ment which kept him in garrison at Messina, and in return for the three *sous* per day which he received, he had only to answer in decent apparel to the call of the morning and evening drum, and, in his leisure moments, swap a few sabre cuts with the bandits who surrounded the town, with the recommendation to give the most and get the least that he could conveniently, especially on account not of his skin but his uniform.

But Gelsomina, Maître Adam's cherished daughter—the model of his Madonnas, for whom in his artist-dreams he had thought of all the riches of earth and all the happiness of Heaven; Gelsomina, who, for an instant had tasted that intoxicating life which is desired when not possessed and regretted when lost; Gelsomina, the fantastic, the wilful, the capricious child; what was to become of her without her golden needles, her pearl ear-rings, or her coral necklaces, which were the food of her pride. It was from her that Maître Adam desired especially to conceal his poverty; he was afraid, poor fellow, that she would charge his indigence on him as a crime. Thus whatever sorrow he had in his heart, if Gelsomina called him he came with a lively countenance fearing only that she might demand something which he could not give her. How sad a day it would be, when she should demand bread.

The poor artist had finally arrived at this point. The morning of the day when we met him on his way to Monteleone, Gelsomina had arisen with the most touching dispositions of fraternal love. It had been a long time since they had heard from corporal Bombarda, and with one of those caprices so common to her, Gelsomina experienced a desire to hear from him. Scarcely had she manifested the hope that a letter might be at Monteleone, and the desire to know what that letter contained, when Maître Adam embraced her, gave his wife the five or six *sous* he had left, in order that she might make the best of them for dinner, and departed fasting, too happy that his Nina had expressed a wish that only cost ten leagues of travel.

He had advanced so rapidly while we were giving these details of his past life to our readers, that he was already arrived at Monteleone, and involved in the steep streets which led to the Post Office. Having ar-

rived within some steps of the house he was looking for, he took off with one hand, his *bonnet grec*, and with the other he rubbed his heated forehead and appeared to be buried in a profound meditation. Those who were not acquainted with the state of his finances would have thought that the venerable artist was in ecstasy before the fanciful architecture of this curious monument. In fact the Post Office resembled one of those miraculous houses, transported by angels, like the temple of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette. As if it had been suspended from the sky by strings of iron wire instead of holding on to the earth by roots of stone, it had resisted all the efforts of all the earthquakes since its foundation. Twenty-times had it trembled in the general convulsions with a mortal dread; twenty times had the lightning rent its battered façade; twenty times had the tempest shaken it, like a storm-beaten ship, from its top to its base, and always its riven stories had become firm, its gaping fissures had closed, its volcanic fever had passed away, and it remained rickety and crooked, it is true, but still standing in the midst of the surrounding ruins.

After an instant of that wandering contemplation which indicated that Maître Adam was looking without seeing, a ray of genius illuminated the artist's face, a joyous light shot from his eyes and a smile of scornful superiority played around his lips. He raised his head as one who felt that the world was the domain of the strong or the crafty; he advanced, twirling his *bonnet grec* on his fingers, and climbed up by his hands to the grating, which surrounded the building just described. He had been for an instant in this attentive posture, when a clerk looked at him, and raising his spectacles from his nose, sharply demanded what he wanted there.

—"Have you not in the office," said, with a honied voice, the person whom he addressed, "a letter from Messina for Maître Adam, artist, at Nicotera?"

—"Here," replied the *employé*, after a short search, holding to the old man the object required.

—"Would you be pleased to read it to me, my good gentleman?" replied Maître Adam with a marvellously polite tone, "for as

like you, to decipher such my good man," replied the n to recognize in his interlo- nel Angelo of Calabria. "It n your son, Corporal Bom-

the dear boy! He manages better than a pen, and as my g, I generally lose one half es to me."

writing is not so bad for a d the complaisant clerk, low- cles, "and I shall read it like sten—ahem! ahem!" am made a sign of the deep-

father," said the clerk— he is a respectful and sub- interrupted the artist. ade a sign of assent and pro-

her, we have enjoyed here o magnificent, that if it had o last only five minutes lon- ll be this moment in Para- Heaven defend us. I have on against the brigands of re not so brave as those of labria, and I cut two of them ter than yesterday. I have furlough for six weeks. I mediate and pass them with then certainly, even if you this letter, and save for me d some of those Palma figures v, I like so much.

devoted son, "CORPORAL BOMBARDA." u, my brave gentleman," said 'that is all I wanted to know. the letter when I have some

left the grating to which he ed during the reading, put ead, turned on his heel and and the corner of the neigh-

ney, when the poor clerk recovered from his surprise. As he had said, he knew all that he desired, and proceeded with a light and joyful step. The letter which he had just heard, took off ten years from his age.

Maitre Adam was a happy old man, one of those organizations easy to enliven, and which open themselves to hope, as naturally as flowers to the sun. Seeing him pass thus, humming an old song and cutting the air with his stick, more than one rich man would have envied him that tranquillity of soul which indicated an unshaken trust in Providence. In fact, at the moment, he thought, himself, that he had nothing more to ask of Heaven. "Bless me," said he, "I am a man predestined for good. I have an incontestable talent which is glorious if not profitable; I have a son, brave as Judas Maccabeus; I have a daughter, pure and beautiful as the Virgin; my two children will be reunited. All that I love in the world, will be in my arms to-morrow, perhaps to day. How happy Gelsomina will be at the news which I am carrying her; how she will leap to my neck and thank me for my trouble, and with what good appetite we shall sup."

At this last word, or rather thought, Maitre Adam stopped short and struck his forehead like a man suddenly awakened. He had just remembered that in the morning he had given his wife for dinner the last of his money, and that he was not carrying back any for supper. As he remembered that his dear Gelsomina would not, perhaps, have anything to eat for supper, the old man remembered that he was hungry himself.

He drew a deep sigh and continued his walk with his head down. It had not been a moment since he had wished for wings, and now it seemed to him that he would get home too soon. He therefore retarded his gait, following his path mechanically, and endeavouring by some means to escape the difficulty in which he was. Along his road, he saw two or three of his pictures, either souls in purgatory, or madonnas, but they served only to make him feel yet more profoundly the instability of things human and divine. Three years before, in the day of his glory, he would have found the population intently praying before these holy pictures, and he would have had only to say, "I am the paint-

III.

TRA BRACALONE.

was already far on his jour-



er," and to make the circuit of the assembly, to take up a collection sufficient not only to furnish provision for eight days, but to give his Gelsomina wherewithal to buy a dress to be envied by the girls of Vina and Triolo. But now, what a change! Since the government had forbidden Maître Adam's madonnas to perform miracles, and the ungrateful madonnas themselves had obeyed, the productions of his pencil had lost all of their credit, so that they were solitary and abandoned. Even the souls in purgatory felt this depreciation, and Maître Adam had the grief to see a peasant with more compassion than respect, doing all in his power to extinguish the flames which were devouring one of them.

It was a final blow to his resignation. He passed from dejection to despair, and when, from the summit of a hill, he saw the white houses of Nicotera grouped on the sea shore like swans by the margin of a lake, and further on, the little isolated cottage embowered in olives, where he was expected by Gelsomina and his wife, instead of going on, he sank rather than sat down at the base of a new wall, which, at any other time would have afforded him a canvass worthy of receiving the "Last Judgment."

He had been there nearly a quarter of an hour, with his elbows on his knees, and his head between his hands, absorbed in the saddest reflections, when he heard himself called by name. He raised his head and perceived before him Fra Bracalone, and his ass, who were on a foraging party to the neighbouring village. Maître Adam had been so much preoccupied that he had not even heard the tinkle of the bell by which the honest animal announced the approach of his master, to persons of a contemplative or abstracted disposition. The sacristan was standing before him, and looking at him with that air of jeering compassion, so readily assumed by a cowed face.

—"Well, Maître Adam," said he, "what are we doing here? We are dreaming of some subject for a picture, are we not, my brave fellow?"

—"Alas, no!" replied the poor painter; "I am warm and tired and I sat down here to rest a moment."

—"Here is, however, a fine wall, Maître," continued the sacristan, pointing to that

against which he was leaning, and a madonna would go marvellously well there."

The artist heaved a sigh.

—"Yes, I understand," pursued Fra Bracalone, "the time is passed, and the madonnas no longer perform miracles. Bless me! If you had lived among them as I have, you would know what madonnas are made of. Things are always changing; you need philosophy, my good fellow."

—"It is very easy for you to say so," murmured the old man; "you have breakfasted this morning and you will sup this evening."

—"Well!" answered Fra Bracalone, with his most patronizing air, "I am not a great painter; I do not seek earthly glory; I confide in Providence, and I should be tempting it, were I to work with my hands. I am only a poor sacristan, and there is my ass, who is only a poor ass, but neither I nor my ass have ever wanted anything, thanks to the good Saint Francis who protects us. We are both empty just now; well—if you stay here an hour, you will see us return, me with my wallet plump, and him with his panniers full. Take a pinch, Maître Adam?"

Fra Bracalone produced his snuff-box and offered it to the old man, who shook his head in token of thanks and refused.

"You are wrong, Maître," said the sacristan, smelling the pinch which he held between his fingers. "This snuff has wonderful powers; it cures the headache, dissipates the vapors, and is good for the blue devils."

"You lose time in boasting to me of your specific," sharply interrupted the old man. "I have not wherewithal to bestow alms on you, and I do not receive anything without giving an equivalent."

"One more humiliation to lay at the feet of the blessed Saint Francis," said the sacristan, piously raising his eyes to heaven. "Adieu, my brother; God grant you patience, as he has granted me humility."

At these words Fra Bracalone clucked. His ass started, and he followed his ass. Maître Adam watched him, as he receded with contempt mixed with envy, for what Fra Bracalone had told him was circumstantially true. The worthy sacristan and his prior had alone survived, of a large convent of Franciscans, scattered or destroyed during

of 1809. They had themselves expelled to hide at that time, and it was at the second return of Ferdinand, after the fall of Joachim, that respectable persons had come forth, in company, taken possession of the two chambers of their abbey, where they were on a fraternal footing entirely Christian. There were even those who said in contempt of the established hierarchy Gaetano was indeed the prior, but Bracalone was the master. However, fact supported this strange assertion. One could say, (though it would not offend anybody,) that he had seen Gaetano ring the bell, and Fra Bracalone say mass. We must then reckon among those popular rumors, which serve not only of the belief, but of the attention of the historian.

The real truth in all this, was that instead of his hopes, like Maître Adam, on a mundane, and therefore changing and variable, Fra Bracalone had chosen, as we saw, one of those solid patrons of well-earned reputation, whom a human revolution could not roust out of heaven. Hence it was that though the Madonna of Nidol had lost her credit, Saint Francis had not, and the worthy Fra had not received any diminution in the fervor of the devotion. On the contrary, the devotees to the site of Assises,* had been recruited in legions from the Madonna. For the people, full of faith, must always have something to believe or to adore, and is content and happy, provided it believes or

the recruit of Fra Bracalone was much more than that of a tax-gatherer levying an ass that of a monk taking up a cross. He and his ass went out every day; he with his wallet empty, and his panniers void; he made the circuit of the neighboring markets and took his share of every thing, fish and fowl, vegetables, bread and wine. All that he did was to walk near the merchant and only pronounce the sacred words "San Francesco." When he heard these words, the mer-

chant would rise and remain standing with his hand to his hat, like a Russian soldier in the presence of his officer, and would leave Fra Bracalone free to choose anything from his wares. Only in regard to those commodities whose prices change at different seasons, as, for example, fish and fruit, the merchant had the precaution to indicate his course to Fra Bracalone. Thus at the words "San Francesco," he would answer, remaining immovable and with his hand on his hat, "twelve sous," or "fifteen sous per pound." Then the sacristan showed himself discreet, and took only a small fish or a spotted orange. In this way he preserved that conventional right, which greater exaction on his part would have changed to abuse; moreover he always returned something for what he took; sometimes it was an image of St. Francis receiving the brand; sometimes it was one of those little cakes called *tarallini* about the size of a six franc piece; sometimes it was a pinch of that famous snuff which he had offered Maître Adam, a single pinch of which was sufficient to cure headaches, dissipate the vapors and insure a quiet rest. A perfect intelligence, resting on confidence on the one side and discretion on the other, reigned between Fra Bracalone and the neighboring peasantry, and the only thing for which they sometimes blamed him, was his want of pity for his ass, not only in loading his panniers beyond all conscience, but in sometimes throwing over the animal's neck his own wallet, which he ought to have carried himself. Fra Bracalone had said then nothing but truth when he told Maître Adam that if he would wait one hour, he would see him return with round wallets and full panniers.

The sacristan pursued his road, as we have said, but the words which he had dropped as he passed before Maître Adam, had not fallen to the ground. That white wall, which seemed all ready for his pencil; that ass, which was soon to return laden with provant, had awakened the fire of his genius, and the hunger of his stomach. Yet one more moment the old man remained pensive, but not dejected. He was engrossed, doubtless, by some grand conception, and his hand, with which he divided the air in circular and diagonal lines, was tracing an invisible sketch, already glow-

* Francis, who founded the order of gray friars, called Minims, Franciscans, &c., was born at Calabria.—T.A.

ing in his imagination. After an instant of this pantomime, Maitre Adam raised his head and turned toward the wall. His composition was complete; he had only to execute it. He detached his gourd, took out brushes and colors, and drew back an instant, crayon in hand, to measure with his eye the space necessary for his work. Then drawing near, he boldly commenced the sketch, which, in ten minutes was entirely traced, and sufficiently complete to leave no doubt as to the subject of the fresco.

It was another soul in purgatory, but distinguished from the common run, by particular and personal details. It was clothed in a Franciscan dress, which showed that the body which it had animated belonged to that order; and while devoured by flames up to the knees, its shoulders were bending under the weight of a double pannier, surmounted by a wallet, which were laid upon them by a devil who was a sort of cross between a man and a jackass. It was one of those compositions in the style of Dante or d'Or-cugna, half grotesque and half terrible; its intention was obvious, for it alluded to the only truly founded reproach ever addressed to Fra Bracalone, viz: the want of pity for the poor animal which he humbly called his companion, but treated as a slave.

Maitre Adam had betaken himself to his task like a man who has not a moment to lose, and was going on at a rate of zeal and genius which gave promise of the completion of the picture within two hours. According to the principles of fresco he did not pass his brush twice over the same place, but finished at one dash each bit of flame, of clothing, or of flesh, that he undertook. It was a firmness and precision of touch worthy of Michael Angelo; and the whole piece was progressing gloriously to its completion, when Fra Bracalone, preceded by his ass, appeared at the turn of the road.

The sacristan's prediction had been fulfilled to the letter; the ass was loaded until he bent under the weight, and Fra Bracalone with joyful countenance followed him remorselessly, urging on his tardy gait with a bunch of thorns. Maitre Adam had seen them as soon as they passed the turn of the road, but pretending to be absorbed in his occupation he did not turn his head, being

warned of their approach by the tolling of the bell. The nearer they came, the more did Maitre Adam work. At length the very sound ceased, and a moment of silence succeeded, which was broken by a trembling with astonishment and alarm which demanded behind the artist—

"What are you at there, Maitre Adam?"

"Ah! it's you, is it, Fra Bracalone," replied the old man, without turning his head.

"Well—you see I am following your ass. I could not pass by so fine a wall without availing myself of my privilege which authorizes me to paint souls in purgatory ten leagues around. If you will wait a moment, I have only the head of the picture to finish—I shall then have done, and we will proceed in company."

In fact, the figure wanted only the finishing touches for the execution of which there was still an oval space. Maitre Adam quitting the wall for the crayon, set about sketching, with accelerating speed, and at the same time a touch almost fantastic, the eyes, the beard, and the beard of the unlucky wretch. With the same rapidity resuming his palette, and making a skilful combination of orange of vermilion and three of Spanish white, which he added a sixteenth of terra di Siena, he gave the first touch to the picture. Fra Bracalone saw that there was no time to lose.

"Why! Maitre Adam," said he, at that time, in a tone in which anger predominated considerably over astonishment, "it is not the portrait that you are painting!"

"You think so?" said the artist gently, as he put with the tip of his finger on the countenance of the sufferer, those touches of genius which are the distinguishing marks of great painters.

"I, *think* so?" cried Fra Bracalone, raising his arm to interrupt him in time, if possible; "I more than think so—I know."

"You mistake," said Maitre Adam, disengaging his arm, and striving to resume his work.

"What! No, I do not mistake," replied the friar, again catching the culpable artist. "I am so little in error, that if my portrait could speak, I am certain he would denounce his master."

The ass began to bray.

!" said the sacristan, "you see not make him speak."

so much the better," replied Maître Adam as he released his captive member; "the resemblance of my as always been contested, and by : than by you, Fra Bracalone;—way that genius replies and aven-

continued the sacristan, more and turbed, "with what view are you s, Maître Adam?"

a very important one, I must con- id the artist. "I no longer earn g by burning the dead, and hence- hall burn the living; perhaps that g me in something. Moreover, do rb yourself, Fra Bracalone; for, in- putting you in purgatory, I might you in hell, and once there, you urself very well no amount of masses would get you out."

is a fact," replied the sacristan, the force of the reasoning, and began to consider the situation not it might have been. "Well, my id, let us see if there is no way to matters."

inly there is," said the artist; "and sure that fifteen days hence you heaven. You are too much be- the neighboring peasants to be left situation so cruel;—you do not am sure."

e words Maître Adam, with a touch sh, twisted the mouth of the pa- ch a way, as to leave no doubt of ings. Fra Bracalone shuddered to foot, and seemed to experience all those tortures of which he saw ary representation.

certainly—I do not doubt it," re- poor sacristan, after an instant of but do you think that after having purgatory, and rescued me, they e for me the same respect and ven- Do you think they would?"

' quoth the artist, as with a touch il he made a tear roll down the cheek of the sufferer, "nobody is sure of his salvation, and even while he may open the gates of others, yet, when the question is

about himself, is obliged to give the keys to his successor. But seeing it's you, I shall abridge the business as much as possible, and commence taking up a collection to-morrow morning."

"But, without having recourse to others," ventured Fra Bracalone, with a timid voice, "might we not arrange the matter among ourselves."

"I think that would be very difficult," said Maître Adam, shaking his head. "A man can not be gotten out of purgatory without alms and masses."

"As to the masses, I shall attend to them myself," said the sacristan, joyfully seeing that the matter was becoming clearer; "I shall ring them, and the prior will say them from habit, without inquiring for whom they are."

"Then there are the alms, part of which belong to me," continued Maître Adam, "and one of the rules of your order, forbids you to buy or sell anything for gold or silver. You see the matter is difficult to settle."

"How so?" said the sacristan, putting as much vivacity in his reply, as his antagonist did in the attack. "We cannot traffic for silver and gold, it is true, but we can give in exchange things much more precious."

"Well, let's see—what are those things?" said Maître Adam, interrupting his labor for the first time.

"You have a pretty daughter?"

"My Gelsomina! I know it: she is an angel."

"She is old enough to be married?"

"She will be sixteen next Saint Mary's day."

"We shall say her nuptial mass gratis."

"That is something; but not enough."

"You have a son who is a soldier?"

"That is, a corporal."

"No matter; the question is not of grade, but of profession; in his trade, the soul is in great danger, seeing he is oftener at the wine shop than at mass."

"Alas! you speak truth, and it is one of my troubles."

"We will give him indulgences that will keep him in a perpetual state of grace."

"That's tempting. What more?"

"You are no longer young, Maître Adam?"

"I am nearly fifty-five."

"That is an age at which we cannot count on living long."

"The days of man are fixed beforehand by his Maker."

"True; you may die at any moment."

"Well."

"I will bury you in a blessed coat; I will light six tapers around your bier, and I will watch by you myself, which I don't do for anybody."

"This last offer decides me," said Maître Adam, pretending to be no longer able to resist the advantageous propositions made to him; "but as, instead of going after provisions, as my wife desired me, I have amused myself here by painting this picture on the wall, and as it is too late now to repair my fault, you must throw in half of your ass's load."

"With the greatest pleasure in the world!" cried the sacristan, enchanted to get out of purgatory so cheaply, and you shall choose the finest and best I have."

"Is it a bargain?" said Maître Adam, offering his hand to Fra Bracalone.

"Take the whole load!" cried the friar, in his enthusiasm.

"Well," said Maître Adam, effacing with a sigh the fresco, now three quarters done, "one more *chef d'œuvre* lost! but my daughter will have some supper."

(To be Continued.)

EPIGRAM.

Though far from the least, of a race I'm the last;
Whose service to men is incessant—
Whose labours impartial present a repast
To the Noble, the Prince and the Peasant.

That my fate is unmerited all must concede,
As I most indignantly feel;
For when we are called upon duty to speed,
I always am foremost in zeal.

In the front of a battle I never appear;
But when there's occasion for warring,
I cheer up my comrades who lag in the rear,
And loudest am heard in huzzaing.

Charlotte, Va.

TO JOHNNY BULL.

The following playful lines were written with no view to publication, but they were handed to us by a lady who desires to see them in print, and who regards them with a mournful interest inspired by the recent death of the author.—[Ed. Mess.

Ye men of merry England
Who for negroes weep and moan,
Who see all others faults so clear,
Yet blink at all your own;
You hypocrites, cast out the beam
Ere you begin to try
To wipe away the mote that dims
Your Yankee neighbor's eye.

Nay, Johnny Bull, no longer roll
Your eyeballs up to heaven,
Nor elevate your hands begrim'd
With Pharisaic leaven,
Till you have given to the poor
A portion of your pelf,
And stopt the voice that cries, "For Shame,
"Physician, heal thyself."

Who most encouraged slavery
Upon this western shore,
And from the sands of Africa
The helpless negro tore?
The father that begat thee, John,
He did the deed commit,
And thou wast nourished on the spoils,
Thou canting hypocrite.

You say our land is frowned upon
For sins most huge and dark,
But see the crowds that quit you, John,
In every Yankee bark—
Your toiling, starving flesh and blood,
By tens of thousands come,
And, that they may get negro fare,
Quit kindred, friends and home.

In Africa the negro man
May roam as free as air,
But native here, though much contemned,
You cannot coax him there.
While free and merry England
Holds millions in her sway—
Who, could they quit their fathers' graves,
Would land and bless the day.

The papers say that you have asked
Mistress and Mister Stowe
To come and see you, and that she
Has said that they will go:—
They'll go and show their handsome knobs,
And if you like their features,
Pray send your invitation next
To them and all the Beechers.

We'll all confess, then, Johnny dear,
You are more kindly grown
To shift this burden from our backs
And lay it on your own;
But ere it has been long there,
Trust me you'll all agree
That you resemble Sinbad; they
The Old Man of the Sea.

Sketches of the Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi.

HON. S. S. PRENTISS.

The character of the bar, in the older portions of the State of Mississippi, was very different from that of the bar in the new districts. Especially was this the case with the counties on and near the Mississippi river. In its front ranks stood Prentiss, Holt, Boyd, Quitman, Wilkinson, Winchester, Foote, Henderson, and others.

It was at the period first mentioned by me, in 1837, that Sargeant S. Prentiss was in the flower of his forensic fame. He had not, at that time, mingled largely in federal politics. He had made but few enemies; and had not "staled his presence," but was in all the freshness of his unmatched faculties. At this day it is difficult for any one to appreciate the enthusiasm which greeted this gifted man, the admiration which was felt for him, and the affection which followed him. He was to Mississippi, in her youth, what Jenny Lind is to the musical world, or what Charles Fox, whom he resembled in many things, was to the whig party of England in his day. Why he was so, it is not difficult to see. He was a type of his times, a representative of the qualities of the people, or rather of the better qualities of the wilder and more impetuous part of them. The proportion of young men—as in all new countries—was great, and the proportion of wild young men was, unfortunately, still greater.

He had all those qualities which make us charitable to the character of Prince Hal, as it is painted by Shakspeare, even when our approval is not fully bestowed. Generous as a prince of the royal blood, brave and chivalrous as a knight templar, of a spirit that scorned every thing mean, underhanded or servile, he was prodigal to improvidence, instant in resentment, and bitter in his animosities, yet magnanimous to forgive when reparation had been made, or misconstruction explained away. There was no littleness about him. Even towards an avowed enemy he was open and manly, and bore himself with a sort of antique courtesy and knightly hostility, in which self-respect mingled with respect for his foe, except when

contempt was mixed with hatred; then no words can convey any sense of the intensity of his scorn, the depth of his loathing. When he thus outlawed a man from his courtesy and respect, language could scarce supply words to express his disgust and detestation.

Fear seemed to be a stranger to his nature. He never hesitated to meet, nor did he wait for, "responsibility," but he went in quest of it. To denounce meanness or villainy, in any and all forms, when it came in his way, was, with him, a matter of duty, from which he never shrunk; and so to denounce it as to bring himself in direct collision with the perpetrator or perpetrators—for he took them in crowds as well as singly—was a task for which he was instant in season or out of season.

Even in the vices of Prentiss, there were magnificence and brilliancy imposing in a high degree. When he treated, it was a mass entertainment. On one occasion he chartered the theatre for the special gratification of his friends,—the public generally. He bet thousands on the turn of a card, and witnessed the success or failure of the wager with the *nonchalance* of a Mexican monte-player, or, as was most usual, with the light humor of a Spanish muleteer. He broke a faro-bank by the nerve with which he laid his large bets, and by exciting the passion of the veteran dealer, or awed him into honesty by the glance of his strong and steady eye.

Attachment to his friends was a passion. It was a part of the loyalty to the honorable and chivalric, which formed the sub-soil of his strange and wayward nature. He never deserted a friend. His confidence knew no bounds. It scorned all restraints and considerations of prudence or policy. He made his friends' quarrels his own, and was as guardful of their reputations as of his own. He would put his name on the back of their paper, without looking at the face of it, and give his *carte blanche*, if needed, by the quire. He was above the littleness of jealousy or rivalry; and his love of truth, his fidelity and frankness, were formed on the antique models of the chevaliers. But in social qualities he knew no rival. These made him the delight of every circle; they were adapted to all, and were exercised on all. The same histrionic and dramatic talent that gave to

his oratory so irresistibly a charm, and adapted him to all grades and sorts of people, fitted him, in conversation, to delight all men. He never staled and never flagged. Even if the fund of acquired capital could have run out, his originality was such, that his supply from the perennial fountain within was inexhaustible.

His humour was as various as profound—from the most delicate wit to the broadest farce, from irony to caricature, from classical allusion to the verge—and sometimes beyond the verge—of coarse jest and Fallstaff extravagance; and no one knew in which department he most excelled. His animal spirits flowed over like an Artesian well, ever gushing out in a deep, bright, and sparkling current.

He never seemed to despond or droop for a moment: the cares and anxieties of life were mere bagatelles to him. Sent to jail for fighting in the court-house, he made the walls of the prison resound with unaccustomed shouts of merriment and revelry. Starting to fight a duel, he laid down his hand at poker, to resume it with a smile when he returned, and went on the field laughing with his friends, as to a picnic. Yet no one knew better the proprieties of life than himself—when to put off levity, and treat grave subjects and persons with proper respect; and no one could assume and preserve more gracefully a dignified and sober demeanor.

His early reading and education had been extensive and deep. Probably no man of his age, in the State, was so well read in the ancient and modern classics, in the current literature of the day, and—what may seem stranger—in the sacred scriptures. His speeches drew some of their grandest images, strongest expressions, and aptest illustrations from the inspired writings.

The *personnel* of this remarkable man was well calculated to rivet the interest his character inspired. Though he was low of stature, and deformed in one leg, his frame was uncommonly athletic and muscular; his arms and chest were well formed, the latter deep and broad; his head large and a model of classical proportions and noble contour. A handsome face, compact brow, massive and expanded, and eyes of dark hazel, full

and clear, were fitted for the expression of every passion and fitting shade of feeling and sentiment. His complexion partook of the bilious rather than the sanguine temperament. The skin was smooth and bloodless—no excitement or stimulus heightened its color; nor did the writer ever see any evidence in his face of irregularity of habit. In repose, his countenance was serious and rather melancholy—certainly somewhat soft and quiet in expression, but evidencing strength and power, and the masculine rather than the light and flexible qualities which characterized him in his convivial moments. There was nothing affected or theatrical in his manner, though some parts of his printed speeches would seem to indicate this. He was frank and artless as a child; and nothing could have been more winning than his familiar intercourse with the bar, with whom he was always a favorite, and without a rival in their affection.

I come now to speak of him as a lawyer.

He was more widely known as a politician than a lawyer, as an advocate than a jurist. This was because politics form a wider and more conspicuous theatre than the bar, and because the mass of men are better judges of oratory than of law. That he was a man of wonderful versatility and varied accomplishments, is most true; that he was a popular orator of the first class is also true; and that all of his faculties did not often, if ever, find employment in his profession, may be true likewise. So far he appeared to better advantage in a deliberative assembly, or before the people, because there he had a wider range and subjects of a more general interest, and was not fettered by rules and precedents; his genius expanded over a larger area and exercised his powers in greater variety and number. Moreover, a stump speech is rarely made chiefly for conviction and persuasion, but to gratify and delight the auditors, and to raise the character of the speaker. Imagery, anecdote, ornament, eloquence and elocution, are in better taste than in a speech at the bar, where the chief and only legitimate aim is to convince and instruct.

It will always be a mooted point among Prentiss's admirers, as to where his strength chiefly lay. My own opinion is that it was

jurist that he mostly excelled; that it consisted in *knowing and being able to show others what was the law*. I state the opinion with some diffidence, and, did it rest on my own judgment alone, should not hazard it at all. But the eminent chief-justice of the high court of errors and appeals of Mississippi thought that Prentiss appeared to most advantage before that court; and a distinguished judge of the Supreme Court of Alabama, who had heard him before the chancellor of Mississippi, expressed to me the opinion that his talents shone most conspicuously in that forum. These were men who could be led from a fair judgment of a legal argument by mere oratory, about as readily as Lord Playfair could be turned from a true criticism upon a mathematical treatise, by being furnished over with extracts from the 4th of July harangues. Had brilliant declamation been his only or chief faculty, there were plenty of his competitors at the bar who, by their learning and powers of argument, would have knocked the spangles from him, and sent his cases whirling out of the court, to the astonishment of hapless clients who had trusted to such fragile help in time of need.

It may be asked how is this possible? How consistent with the jealous demands of the law makes of the ceaseless and ever-renewing attention of her followers as the lion of her favors? The question needs no answer. It is to be found somewhere else than in the unaided resources of even such intellect as that of Sergeant Prentiss. In form or other Prentiss *always was* a great lawyer. Probably the most largely developed of all his faculties was his memory. He gathered information with marvellous rapidity. The sun-stroke that makes its impression upon the medicated plate is not more exact in transcribing, or more faithful in fixing the image, than was his perception in taking the place of facts and principles, or his power to retain them. Once fixed, the impression was there forever. It is true, as Aristotle observed, that genius must have leisure to work on. No man, how magnificently soever endowed, can possibly be a great lawyer, who does not have leisure to study the facts and law of his case. Few men may understand them much

more readily than others. There are labor-saving minds, as well as labor-saving machines, and that of Mr. Prentiss was one of them. In youth he had devoted himself with intense application to legal studies, and had mastered, as few men have done, the elements of the law and much of its textbook learning. So acute and retentive an observer must, too—especially in the freshness and novelty of his first years of practice—"have absorbed" no little law as it floated through the court-house, or was distilled from the bench and bar.

But more especially, it should be noted that Mr. Prentiss, until the fruition of his fame, was a laborious man, even in the tape-string sense. While the world was spreading wild tales of his youth, his deviations, though conspicuous enough while they lasted, were only occasional, and at long intervals, the intervening time being occupied in abstemious application to his studies. Doubtless, too, the supposed obstacles in the way of his success were greatly exaggerated, the vulgar having a great proneness to magnify the frailties of great men, and to *lionize* genius by making it independent, for its splendid achievements, of all external aids.

With these allowances, however, truth requires the admission that Mr. Prentiss did, when at the seat of government, occupy the hours, usually allotted by the diligent practitioner to books or clients, in amusements not well suited to prepare him for those great efforts which have indissolubly associated his name with the judicial history of his State.

As an advocate, Mr. Prentiss attained a wider celebrity than as a jurist. Indeed, he was more formidable in this than in any other department of his profession. Before the Supreme, or Chancery, or Circuit Court, upon the law of the case, inferior abilities might set off, against greater native powers, superior application and research; or the precedents might overpower him; or the learning and judgment of the bench might come in aid of the right, even when more feebly defended than assailed. But what protection had mediocrity, or even second-rate talent, against the influences of excitement and fascination, let loose upon a mercurial jury, at least as easily impressed through their passions as their reason? The

boldness of his attacks, his iron nerve, his adroitness, his power of debate, the overpowering fire—broadside after broadside—which he poured into the assailable points of his adversary, his facility and plainness of illustration, and his talent of adapting himself to every mind and character he addressed, rendered him, on all debatable issues, next to irresistible. To give him the conclusion was nearly the same thing as to give him the verdict.

In the examination of witnesses he was thought particularly to excel. He wasted no time by irrelevant questions. He seemed to weigh every question before he put it, and see clearly its bearing upon every part of the case. The facts were brought out in natural and simple order. He examined as few witnesses, and elicited as few facts as he could safely get along with. In this way he avoided the danger of discrepancy, and kept his mind undiverted from the controlling points in the case. The jury were left unwearied and unconfused, and saw, before the argument, the bearing of the testimony.

He avoided, too, the miserable error into which so many lawyers fall, of making every possible point in a case, and pressing all with equal force and confidence, thereby prejudicing the mind of the court, and making the jury believe that the trial of a cause is but running a jockey race.

In arguing a cause of much public interest, he got all the benefit of the sympathy and feeling of the by-standers. He would sometimes turn towards them in an impassioned appeal, as if looking for a larger audience than court and jury; and the excitement of the outsiders, especially in criminal cases, was thrown with great effect into the jury-box.

Mr. Prentiss was never thrown off his guard, or seemingly taken by surprise. He kept his temper; or, if he got furious, there was "method in his madness."

He had a faculty in speaking I never knew possessed by any other person. He seemed to speak without any effort of the will. There seemed to be no governing or guiding power to the particular faculty called into exercise. It worked on, and its treasures flowed spontaneously. There was no air of thought—no elevation, frowning or knitting of the

brows—no fixing up of the countenance—no pauses to collect or arrange his thoughts. All seemed natural and unpremeditated. No one ever felt uneasy lest he might fall; in his most brilliant flights "the empyrean heights" into which he soared seemed to be his natural element—as the upper air the eagle's.

Among the most powerful of his jury efforts, were his speeches against Bird, for the murder of Cameron; and against Phelps, the notorious highway robber and murderer. Both were convicted. The former owed his conviction, as General Foote, who defended him with great zeal and ability, thought, to the transcendent eloquence of Prentiss. He was justly convicted, however, as his confession, afterwards made, proved. Phelps was one of the most daring and desperate of ruffians. He fronted his prosecutor and the court, not only with composure, but with scornful and malignant defiance. When Prentiss rose to speak, and for some time afterwards, the criminal scowled upon him a look of hate and insolence. But when the orator, kindling with his subject turned upon him, and poured down a stream of burning invective, like lava, upon his head; when he depicted the villainy and barbarity of his bloody atrocities; when he pictured, in dark and dismal colors, the fate which awaited him, and the awful judgment, to be pronounced at another bar, upon his crimes, when he should be confronted with his innocent victims; when he fixed his gaze of concentrated power upon him, the strong man's face relaxed; his eyes faltered and fell; until, at length, unable to bear up longer, self-convicted, he hid his head beneath the bar, and exhibited a picture of ruffian-audacity cowed beneath the spell of true courage and triumphant genius. Though convicted, he was not hung. He broke jail, and resisted recapture so desperately, that, although he was encumbered with his fetters, his pursuers had to kill him in self-defence, or permit his escape.

In his defence of criminals, in that large class of cases in which something of elevation or bravery in some sort, redeemed the lawlessness of the act, where murder was committed under a sense of outrage, or upon sudden resentment, and in fair combat, in

spirit upheld the public sentiment, it did not justify that sort of "wild" could not be brought to punish it easily. His appeals fell like flame

a made of fire, and children of the sun, whom revenge was virtue."

ve never heard of but one client of) was convicted on a charge of homicide and he was convicted of one of its degrees. So successful was he, that expression—"Prentiss couldn't clear" was a hyperbole that expressed the ation of a criminal's fortunes.

P. was employed only in important and generally as associate counsel, as thereby relieved of much of the ary preparation which occupies so f the time of the attorney in getting ripe for trial. In the Supreme and y Courts he had of course, only to e the record and prepare his argu-

On the circuit his labors were much rduous. The important criminal and uses which he argued, necessarily consultations with clients, the preparapleadings and proofs, either under his ion, or by his advice and direction; , from the number and difficulty of as, must have consumed time and reapplication and industry.

re time of which I speak, his long nd continued excitement did not enhis energies. Indeed, he has been to assert, that he felt brighter, and in reparation for forensic debate, after up all night in company with his than at any other time. He reless sleep, probably, than any man in te, seldom devoting to that purpose an three or four hours in the twenty- After his friends had retired at a late the night, or rather at an early hour morning, he has been known to get ks and papers and prepare for the of the day.

iculty of concentration drew his enas through a lens, upon the subject im. No matter what he was engaged ttellect was in ceaseless play and modike comprehensive and systematic rangement of his thoughts, he re-

produced without difficulty what he had once conceived.

Probably something would have still been wanting to explain his celerity of preparation for his causes, had not partial nature gifted him with the lawyer's highest talent, the *acumen* which, like an instinct, enabled him to see the points which the record presented. His genius for generalizing saved him, in a moment, the labor of a long and tedious reflection upon, and collation of, the several parts of a narrative. He read with great rapidity; glancing his eyes through a page he caught the substance of its contents at a view. His analysis, too, was wonderful. The chemist does not reduce the contents of his alembic to their elements more rapidly or surely than he resolved the most complicated facts into primary principles.

His statements—like those of all great lawyers—were clear, perspicuous and compact; the language simple and sententious. Considered in the most technical sense, as forensic arguments merely, no one will deny that his speeches were admirable and able efforts. If the professional reader will turn to the meagre reports of his arguments in the cases of *Ross v. Vertner*, 5 How. 305; *Vick et al. v. The Mayor and Aldermen of Vicksburg*, 1 How. 381; and *The Planters' Bank v. Snodgrass et al*, he will, I think, concur in this opinion.

Anecdotes are not wanting to show that even in the Supreme Court he argued some cases of great importance, without knowing anything about them till the argument was commenced. One of these savors of the ludicrous. Mr. Prentiss was retained, as associate counsel, with Mr. (now Gen.) M—, at that time one of the most promising, as now one of the most distinguished, lawyers in the State. During the session of the Supreme Court, at which the case was to come on, Mr. M— called Mr. P.'s attention to the case, and proposed examining the record together; but for some reason this was deferred for some time. At last it was agreed to examine into the case the night before the day set for the hearing. At the appointed time, Prentiss could not be found. Mr. M— was in great perplexity. The case was of great importance; there were able opposing counsel, and his client and himself had

trusted greatly to Mr. P.'s assistance. Prentiss appeared in the court-room when the case was called up. The junior counsel opened the case, reading slowly from the record all that was necessary to give a clear perception of its merits; and made the points, and read the authorities he had collected. The counsel on the other side replied. Mr. P. rose to rejoin. The junior could scarcely conceal his apprehensions. But there was no cloud on the brow of the speaker; the consciousness of his power and of approaching victory sat on his face. He commenced, as he always did, by stating clearly the case, and the questions raised by the facts. He proceeded to establish the propositions he contended for, by their reason, by authorities, and by collateral analogies, and to illustrate them from his copious resources of comparison. He took up, one by one, the arguments on the other side, and showed their fallacy; he examined the authorities relied upon, in the order in which they were introduced, and showed their inapplicability, and the distinction between the facts of the cases reported and those in the case at bar; then returning to the authorities of his colleague, he showed how clearly, application and principle, they supported his own argument. When he sat down, his colleague declared that Prentiss had taught him more of the case than he had gathered from his own researches and reflection.

Mr. Prentiss had scarcely passed a decade from his majority when he was the idol of Mississippi. While absent from the state his name was brought before the people in Congress; the state then voting by general ticket, and electing two members. He was elected, the sitting members declining to present themselves before the people, upon the claim, that they were elected at the special election, ordered by Governor Lynch, for two years, and not for the called session merely. Mr. Prentiss, with Mr. Word, his colleague, went on to Washington to claim his seat. He was admitted to the bar of the house to defend and assert his right. He delivered then that speech which took the house and the country by storm; an effort which, if his fame rested upon it alone, fits its manliness of tone, exquisite satire, gorgeous imagery, and argumentative power

would have rendered his name imperial. The house, opposed to him as it was by political sentiment, reversed its former sentiment, which declared Gholson and Claiborne entitled to their seats, and divided equally the question of admitting Prentiss and Word. The speaker, however, gave the casting vote against the latter, and the election was referred back to the people.

Mr. Prentiss addressed a circular to voters of Mississippi, in which he announced his intention to canvass the state. The applause which greeted him at Washington and which attended the speeches he called on to make at the North, came thronging back to his adopted state. His friends and their name was legion—thought that his talents were of the highest caliber, and when their judgments were thus confirmed—when they received the endorsement of such men as Clay, Webster and Calhoun, they felt a kind of personal interest in him: he was *their* Prentiss. He had first discovered him—first brought him out—first proclaimed his greatness. His excitement knew no bounds. Political considerations, too, doubtless had their weight. The canvass opened—it was less a campaign than an ovation. He went through the state—an herculean task—making speeches every day, except Sundays, in the months of summer and fall. The people of all classes and both sexes turned out to hear him. He came, as he declared, less on his own errand than theirs, to vindicate a sacred constitution, to rebuke the insult to honor and sovereignty of the state, to hold the sacred right of the people to their own rulers. The theme was worthy of the orator, the orator of the subject.

This period may be considered the prime of the genius of Prentiss. His effective greatness here attained its culminating point. He had the whole state for his audience, the honor of the state for his object. He came well armed and well equipped for the warfare. Not content with challenging his competitors to the field, he threw down the gauntlet to all comers. For ambition, or some other motive, caused several gentlemen—famous before, not afterwards,—to meet him. In every

of such temerity, the opposer was to bite the dust.

Ladies surrounded the rostrum with carriages, and added, by their beauty, zest to the scene. There was no element of oratory that his genius did not supply. It was plain to see whence his boyhood had drawn its romantic inspiration. His imagination was colored and imbued with the light of the shadowy past, and was richly stored with the unreal but life-like creations, which the genius of Shakspeare and Scott had evoked from the ideal world. He had lingered, spell-bound, among the scenes of medieval chivalry. His spirit had dwelt, until almost naturalized, in the mystic dream-land they peopled—among paladins, and crusaders, and knights-templars; with Monmouth and Percy—with Bois Gilbert and Ivanhoe, and the bold McGregor—with the cavaliers of Rupert, and the iron enthusiasts of Fairfax. As Judge Bullard remarks of him, he had the talent of an Italian improvisatore, and could speak the thoughts of poetry with the inspiration of oratory, and in the tones of music. The fluency of his speech was unbroken—no syllable unpronounced—not a ripple on the smooth and brilliant tide. Probably he never hesitated for a word in his life. His diction adapted itself, without effort, to the thought; now easy and familiar, now stately and dignified, now beautiful and various as the hues of the rainbow, again compact, even rugged in new strength, or lofty and grand in eloquent declamation.

His face and manner were alike uncommon. The turn of the head was like Byron's; the face and the action were just what the mind made them. The excitement of the features, the motions of the head and body, the gesticulation he used, were all in absolute harmony with the words you heard. You saw and took cognizance of the general effect only; the particular instrumentalities did not strike you; they certainly did not draw off attention to themselves. How a countenance, so redolent of good humor as that of his, could so soon be overcast, and express such intense bitterness, seemed a marvel. But bitterness and the angry passions were, probably, as strongly implanted in him as any other sentiments or qualities.

There was much about him to remind you of Byron: the cast of head—the classic features—the fiery and restive nature—the moral and personal daring—the imaginative and poetical temperament—the scorn and deep passion—the deformity of which I have spoken—the satiric wit—the craving for excitement, and the air of melancholy he sometimes wore—his early neglect, and the imagined slights put upon him in his unfriended youth—the collisions, mental and physical, which he had with others—his brilliant and sudden reputation, and the romantic interest which invested him, make up a list of correspondencies, still further increased, alas! by his untimely death.

With such abilities as we have alluded to, and surrounded by such circumstances, he prosecuted the canvass, making himself the equal favorite of all classes. Old democrats were seen, with tears running down their cheeks, laughing hysterically; and some, who, ever since the formation of parties, had voted the democratic ticket, from coroner up to governor, threw up their hats and shouted for him. He was returned to Congress by a large majority, leading his colleague, who ran on precisely the same question, more than a thousand votes.

The political career of Mr. Prentiss after this time is matter of public history, and I do not propose to refer to it.

After his return from Congress, Mr. Prentiss continued to devote himself to his profession; but, subsequently to 1841 or 1842, he was more engaged in closing up his old business than in prosecuting new. Some year or two afterwards, the suit which involved his fortune was determined against him in the Supreme Court of the United States; and he found himself by this event, aggravated as it was by his immense liabilities for others, deprived of the accumulations of years of successful practice, and again dependent upon his own exertions for the support of himself and others now placed under his protection. In the meantime, the profession in Mississippi had become less remunerative, and more laborious. Bearing up with an unbroken spirit against adverse fortune, he determined to try a new theatre, where his talents might have larger scope. For this purpose, he removed to the city of New

Orleans, and was admitted to the bar there. How rapidly he rose to a position among the leaders of that eminent bar, and how near he seemed to be to its first honors, the country knows. The energy with which he addressed himself to the task of mastering the peculiar jurisprudence of Louisiana, and the success with which his efforts were crowned, are not the least of the splendid achievements of this distinguished gentleman.

The danger is not that we shall be misconstrued in regard to the rude sketch we have given of Mr. Prentiss in any such manner as to leave the impression that we are prejudiced against, or have underrated the character of, that gentleman. We are conscious of having written in no unkind or unloving spirit of one whom, in life, we honoured, and whose memory is still dear to us; the danger is elsewhere. It is two fold: that we may be supposed to have assigned to Prentiss a higher order of abilities than he possessed; and, in the second place, that we have presented, for undistinguishing admiration, a character, some of the elements of which do not deserve to be admired or imitated—and, indeed, which are of most perilous example, especially to warm-blooded youth. As to the first objection, we feel sure that we are not mistaken, and even did we distrust our own judgment we would be confirmed by Sharkey, Boyd, Wilkinson, Guion, Quitman, to say nothing of the commendations of Clay, Webster and Calhoun, "the immortal three," whose opinions as to Prentiss's talents would be considered extravagant if they did not carry with them the *imprimatur* of their own great names. But we confess to the danger implied in the second suggestion. With all our admiration for Prentiss—much as his memory is endeared to us—however the faults of his character and the irregularities of his life may be palliated by the peculiar circumstances which pressed upon idiosyncrasies of temper and mind almost as peculiar as those circumstances,—it cannot be denied, and it ought not to be concealed, that the influence of Prentiss upon the men, especially upon the young men of his time and association, was hurtful. True he had some attributes worthy of unlimited admiration, and he did some things which the best men might take

as examples for imitation. He was a noble, whole-souled, magnanimous man: as pure of honour, as lofty in chivalric bearing as the heroes of romance: but, mixed with these brilliant qualities, were vices of mind and habit which made them more dangerous than if they had not existed at all: for vice is more easily copied than virtue: and in the partnership between virtue and vice, vice subsidizes virtue to its uses. Prentiss lacked regular, self-denying, systematic application. He accomplished a great deal, but not a great deal for his capital: if he did more than most men, he did less than the task of such a man: if he gathered much, he wasted and scattered more. He wanted the great essential element of a true, genuine, moral greatness: there was not—above his intellect and the bright army of glittering faculties and strong powers of his mind—above the fierce host of passions in his soul—a *presiding spirit of Duty*. Life was no trust to him: it was a thing to be enjoyed—a bright holiday season—a gala day, to be spent freely and carelessly—a gift to be decked out with brilliant deeds and eloquent words and all gewgaws of fancy—and to be laid down bravely when the evening star should succeed—the bright sun and the dews begin to fall softly upon the green earth. True he laboured more than most men: but he laboured as he frolicked—because his mind could not be idle, but burst into work as by the irresistible instinct which sought occupation as an outlet to intellectual excitement: but what he accomplished was nothing to the measure of his powers. He studied more than he seemed to study,—more, probably, than he cared to have it believed he studied. But he could accomplish with only slender effort, the end for which less gifted men must delve, and toil, and slave. But the imitators, the many youths of warm passions and high hopes, ambitious of distinction—yet solicitous of pleasure—blinded by the glare of Prentiss's eloquence, the coruscations of a wit and fancy through which his speeches were borne as a stately ship through the phosphorescent waves of a tropical sea—what example was it to *them* to see the renown of the forum, the eloquence of the Hustings, the triumphs of the Senate associated with the faro-table, the midnight revel, the drunken carouse, the

loose talk of the board laden with wine and cards? What Prentiss effected they failed in compassing. Like a chamois hunter, full of life, and vigor, and courage, supported by the spear of his genius—potent as Ithuriel's—Prentiss sprang up the steeps and leaped over the chasms on his way to the mount where the "proud temple" shines above cloud and storm; but mediocrity, in essaying to follow him, but made ridiculous the enterprise which only such a man with such aids could accomplish. And even he, not wisely or well: the penalty came at last, as it must ever come for a violation of natural and moral laws. He lived, in pain and poverty, drooping in spirit, exhausted in mind and body, to lament that wasting of life, and health, and genius, which, unwasted, in the heyday of existence, and in the meridian lustre of his unrivalled powers, might have opened for himself and for his country a career of usefulness and just renown scarcely paralleled by the most honored and loved of all the land.

If to squander thus such rare gifts were a grievous fault, grievously hath this erring child of genius answered it. But painfully making this concession, forced alone by the truth, it is with pleasure we can say, that, with this deduction from Prentiss's claims to reverence and honor, there yet remains so much of force and of brilliancy in the character—so much that is honorable, and noble, and generous—so much of a manhood whose robust and masculine virtues are set off by the wild and lovely graces that attempered and adorned its strength, that we feel drawn to it not less to admire than to love.

In the midst of his budding prospects, rapidly ripening into fruition, insidious disease assailed him. It was long hoped that the close and fibrous system, which had, seemingly, defied all the laws of nature, would prove superior to this malady. His unconquerable will bore him up long against its attacks. Indeed it seemed that only death itself could subdue that fiery and unextinguishable energy. He made his last great effort, breathing in its feeble accents but a more touching and affecting pathos, and a more persuasive eloquence, in behalf of Lopez, charged with the offence of fitting out an expedition against Cuba. So weak as he, that he was compelled to deliver it

in a sitting posture, and was carried, after its delivery, exhausted from the bar.

Not long after this time, in a state of complete prostration, he was taken, in a steamboat, from New-Orleans to Natchez, under the care of some faithful friends. The opiates given him, and the exhaustion of nature, had dethroned his imperial reason; and the great advocate talked wildly of some trial in which he supposed he was engaged. When he reached Natchez, he was taken to the residence of a relation, and from that time, only for a moment, did a glance of recognition fall—lighting up for an instant his pallid features—upon his wife and children, weeping around his bed. On the morning of — died this remarkable man, in the 42nd year of his age. What he *was*, we know. What he *might have been*, after a mature age and a riper wisdom, we cannot tell. But that he was capable of commanding the loftiest heights of fame, and marking his name and character upon the age he lived in, we verily believe.

But he has gone. He died, and lies buried near that noble river which first, when he was a raw Yankee boy, caught his poetic eye, and stirred, by its aspect of grandeur, his sublime imagination; upon whose shores first fell his burning and impassioned words as they aroused the rapturous applause of his astonished auditors. And long will that noble river flow out its tide into the gulf, ere the roar of its current shall mingle with the tones of such eloquence again—eloquence, as full and majestic, as resistless and sublime, and as wild in its sweep as its own sea-like flood,

——— "the mightiest river
Rolls mingling with his fame forever."

The tidings of his death came like wailing over the state, and we all heard them, as the toll of the bell for a brother's funeral. The chivalrous felt, when they heard that "young Harry Percy's spur was cold," that the world had somehow grown commonplace; and the men of wit and genius, or those who could appreciate such qualities in others, looking over the surviving bar, exclaimed with a sigh—

"The blaze of wit, the flash of bright intelligence,
The beam of social eloquence,
Snak with his sun."

IDA.

"O Ida, Countess Ida, put on thy broidered vest,
Smooth thy long ringlets' paly gold; obey thy sire's be-
hest,
Come down with gracious courtesy, welcome his noble
guest."

So called the ancient nurse to her, but called she in vain,
The lady Ida neither turned, nor answered again,
A cold and rigid gravity, her features pale retain.

"O mistress mine, and angel child," did the old nurse re-
sume,
"If that thy stately father see thy mien's unaltered gloom,
It will but hasten fatally thee to thy bridal-doom."

No respite will he grant us then, but ere to-morrow's sun;
Thy fate and that of Emeric, will blended be in one.
And might of misery will kill, when life is scarce begun."

Then turned the lady Ida, her very lips grew white,
And on her forehead stood cold drops of agonized affright,
"Saw ye," she cried, convulsively, "yon little thread of
light?"

Bend low thy head; Brennhilda, bend and watch, but an-
swer not,
It streameth from the rocky shore, the lonely fisher's
cot,—
O dost not thou remember well who parted on that spot?"

"Ah! well aday! Remember I? When shall I ere forget
That brave young stranger fisherman, with burning eyes
of jet?
Asleep or waking he doth seem before my vision yet."

But put aside thy fancies wild, for he can come no more,
Laid he not down and died for thee on the far English
shore?
The surging sea his requiem gives in its sepulchral roar."

Upon her lips a pressure light, but firm, fair Ida laid.
"Even stone walls have ears and tongues, therefore be-
ware," she said,
"That thread of light his signal is, or a message from the
dead."

Loud stormed the angry Baron; but Ida gave small heed,
She only donned with quiet haste a yet more sable weed,
And nerved her woman-soul to dare all that should be
decreed.

"Descend thou from thy chamber high," the grim old no-
ble cried.
"By thy father's name, and memory, this eve shall see
thee bride,
Of Emeric, the mirror bright, of chivalry and pride."

Spoke then the lady Ida; "O father, come I never,
To one now gone my heart I gave, forever and forever.
My love and faith united are, from him they cannot sever."

Forth from her bower her father then the lady Ida bore,
The ashen hue of parting life her lovely features wore.
Wringing her hands the aged nurse for mercy did im-
plore.

Yet staid he not his step upon the turret's winding stair,
Her robe of blackness heeded not, nor her dishevelled
hair,
But swiftly to the altar of the chapel did repair.

There stood the priestly minister in vestments fair ar-
rayed,
There jewelled Dames and belted Knights a mimic sun-
light made,
But the proud bridegroom stood apart, 'neath purple drap-
ery's shade.

Now stole he close to Ida's side, and whispered one low
word,
No other ear the meaning caught, if it the whisper heard,
Trembled within her breast the heart, like a poor flutter-
ing bird.

Her brow its pallid terror lost, her eyes their look of woe,
Like sunbeam on a stormy cloud, came to her cheek the
glow.
And round her father suddenly her white arms did she
throw.

Up to that moment, never tear had been upon his cheek,
But in his daughter's mute appeal the father's heart grew
weak,
And vainly from the crowd to hide emotion did he seek.

Clasping her close in his embrace he dashed aside the dew,
That o'er his dark grey eagle eyes its misty mantle threw.
"My Ida of her father's heart and love but little knew."

Fast then out spake Brennhilda old, "oh! blessed day
of pain
Which turns the losses of the past only to richer gain.
And love and truth, and life and joy, uniteth fast again."

For surely as mine aged eyes retain their perfect sight,
The nameless fisher of the coast is this same stalwart
knight,"
Let minstrel harps more skilled than ours sing of the
bridal bright.

M. L. W. H.

Notes and Commentaries, on a Voyage to China.

CHAPTER XX.

Notes ; Signs of nobility ; Macao ; Residence of foreigners ; The Albion ; Streets ; Style of architecture ; Rule of visiting ; A dinner ; Style of sleeping apartment ; Domestic watchman ; Proof of civilization ; Position and population ; Climate of Macao ; Sedan chairs ; Sail for Whampoa ; Boat traders ; Water nymphs ; The steamer Fire-Fly.

The sight of Macao in the distance reminds me of the circumstances under which I visited this port more than ten years since. I arrived in a sickly ship, and almost in a dying condition. Here are some of the notes I wrote at the time.

There is no picture of desolation equal to that presented by an empty hen-coop, that has been washed out more than two weeks, ready to receive a new colony. Salt beef and salt pork, water and rice, and nothing else besides ! Live thus for two or three weeks, and then look into an empty hen-coop—and if it don't put you in mind of the "Deserted Village," or bring tears in your eyes, you are a good deal harder of heart than I am ; or, what is the same thing, your heart is not so low down. The avenue to a king's heart is down his throat—and the same is true of a good many right worthy men ; but you know the stout-heartedness of an Englishman, it is asserted, depends altogether upon the vacuity or plenitude of his stomach.

It was after taking many a daily look at the said coop—my eyes wandering insensibly from it ahead, straining to see our destined port—that we at last reached Macao. It was under these circumstances that I sat down before a famous fatted capon of China, the day after my arrival, with an old friend—who you cannot possibly guess—and, in several glasses of choice Sherry, washed away all recollection of sorrow. That Macao is a pretty place—but I shall never think of it without pleasure, and bear an indistinct taste of the first capon I ate there to my grave. It is served there by the Chinese *en prince* ;

say, *en roy* ; that is, they feed you well, charge high, and cheat you into the bargain. I did not see much of the place, however—for it showered, and thundered, and lightened almost every day ; but, sir, I did exploits of the table during this time, which made as much impression on me as if they had been exploits of the field, which carpet knights contend are equally hazardous. I grew fat : but I am getting egotistical.

Soon after our arrival, the fleet surgeon opened a hospital on shore, where he had all the sick removed. The establishment was a large, airy mansion, that had been just vacated by some Portuguese nabob, and was as clean and comfortable as a palace. Most of the men speedily improved ; and two of them, who were bedrid when they went, returned stout, athletic looking fellows. A ship is but a poor place for sick folks. In spite of the comforts, two gentlemen fell victims to disease.

* * * * *

Their remains lie side and side, and two monuments mark the spot in the British burial ground. They have gone ! We sorrowed for them. Time rolls on—our grief is ended—the world continues its diurnal revolutions—and the ship, unmindful of the past, breasts the surge, and as gaily spurns the crested wave from her bows, bounding forward over the vast waste of waters rejoicing towards her home ;—and let me add, no ship, no people, have such a country—such a home as ours.

I was fortunate enough to visit Canton for a short season, but I will tell you about it some other time. They are a curious, cunning, demi-civilized sort of people. They are ignorant of geography, but pretty skilful diplomatists—for they carried their point with Lord Napier, as you heard, by empty reasoning—they starved him, sir ; on which account he got sick and died, and the English charge the Chinese with his murder ; but some of the knowing ones on the spot say folly and chagrin killed him. During the events of that time, the governor was disgraced by losing his two-eyed peacock's feather, which the emperor afterwards very compassionately restored to the old gentleman. It is remarkable how many irreconcilable things we meet with in wandering about

the world ; indeed, I have seen some things this jaunt which you would not believe, were any body else than myself to tell them to you. I have often read about the kings of England giving gentlemen a garter, and the kings of France giving their subjects ribbons, as honorary distinguishing marks ; but in China, the emperor gives his nobles a peacock's feather, which they wear as proudly in their bonnets as the bird did in his tail. In Siam, the magnificent king makes nobles and knights in a very different way. To judge him from this one custom, you might fancy his "magnificent highness" was an old maid, or an old woman at least. When any individual of his realm merits favour, the good king presents him with a tea-kettle, a tea-pot, and tea-cup of enameled gold or silver, according to degree ; and, on all occasions, you see the princes and nobles followed by slaves bearing these badges of distinction, or rather patents of nobility. At the king's audience, there were present tea-kettles enough to have supplied hot water to all the maiden tea-drinkers in Philadelphia. This is the most rational distinction of them all, and shows that "his magnificent majesty of the magnificent kingdom of Thai" has an eye to domestic comforts in bestowing his favours.

* * * * *

How refreshing we found the breeze blowing over the vast bosom of the waters. Those who were worn down with fatigue and sickness revived—the gloomy silence that had reigned on the fore-castle, since leaving Batavia, was overthrown by a general revolt, led on by a gay young tar, beneath the soft silver smiles of mother moon, as she waded through the blue heavens to bear light to other regions. It was a splendid night ; the song rose upon the breeze, and feet moved gaily to the notes of the merry fife. I would have anchored time, if the happiness of the tars could have been prolonged by it. When the watch was set, the song and dance ceased ; but the spirit of tranquil pleasure was seen in the several little groups gathered round a shipmate "spinning a yarn," which absorbed the attention of all the rest. While I watched the scene, I thought of Lamartine's lines—

"O temps ! suspends ton vol ! et vous heures propices,
Suspendez votre cours !

*Laissez-nous les rapides délices
Des plus beaux de nos jours !*

"Assez de malheureux ici-bas vous implorent,
Coulez, coulez pour eux ;
Prenez avec leurs jours les soins qui les dévorent—
Oubliez les heureux !"

But now we may look to passing events which touch the heart with pleasure. Several of our countrymen, sojourners here through the attraction of thriving trade, visited the ship, before her sails were well furled, to bid us welcome, and to offer us individually the hospitalities of their temporary homes. At this season of the year, it is a custom of the foreign merchants at Canton to resort to Macao for a time to seek relaxation from toil, and to recuperate bodily health and strength, often too freely expended at the desk. Here dwell their Lares and Penates ; the wives and children of those who have been blessed, as all deserving men should be, for without these treasures of the affections, all worldly wealth is mere dross. In Macao there are many happy, elegant homes of American and European gentlemen, whose enterprising spirits have led them to seek fortune among the celestials on earth : and many of them are accompanied by their families whose presence cheers and beguiles them in many hours which might be sad and weary enough, if passed far from their native soil amidst those who embrace none of their kin or lineage. Rivalry in trade dams up the current of the heart's affections amongst men, when unassociated with females ; the presence of ladies smoothes and encourages the stream to flow.

The diary is broken in its sequence ; but let us fill it up as well as we can, on a hot night, contending with headache. By the way, few readers of travels estimate fairly the labor of noting at the time the passing events which make up the author's story of what he observes.

Our ship is at anchor about four-and-a-half miles from the landing : when the wind and tide are in opposition the pull on shore is fatiguing. I was of a party of officers who landed on the 17th, and, designing to pass the night on shore, I carried with me a valise which was deposited at a hotel called the Albion, whose host was a Portuguese. The hosteleries in eastern countries, generally

speaking, are small establishments; and from being small are apt to be mean, because the customs of hospitality to strangers by their countrymen resident, interferes with the custom and consequently the profits of mine host. The Albion of Macao is a tavern.

The cleanliness of Macao is remarkable, because a notion commonly prevails that Portuguese towns are dirty. The site of the town, which fronts upon a sickle-shaped shore, is hilly. The streets are narrow and paved with slabs of granite: they are kept clean by heavy rains, which are frequent. The structure of the houses is solid, and their style of architecture is Moorish, or rather Portuguese. The ground floor or first story, which is grouted, is arranged as a great vestibule to the house, and for the exhibition of sedan chairs, carriages and other vehicular signs of quality. Here is usually posted a servant whose duty is to announce visitors, and receive their cards. When the parties sought are accessible, this servant commonly declares that they may be found "top side," and invites the visitor to mount "top side," or in plain Saxon, to go up stairs.

It is a general social custom among foreign residents in Eastern countries, for the stranger, or he who has last arrived at a place, to make the first visit to those persons with whom he desires to associate. This fashion is judicious; it saves time and enables the most punctilious stranger to despatch calls and business much more successfully than when compelled to wait for social attentions to be extended first by residents to him. This custom is worthy of imitation in all towns, great and small. A stranger, coming to a large city, should not assume that his arrival must be known at once to all his acquaintances; he should visit those whom he may desire to see, and then wait for reciprocation.

We dined at the house of one of our countrymen, and by way of indicating the gastronomic capabilities of the country I enumerate the materials of the dinner: Mulla-galawny, fish, roast-beef, capons, ham, curried fowls, rice, ockra, egg plant, potatoes; puddings, peach tarts; then toast, raddishes, cheese, mangusteen, bananas, pine-apples. Ale, porter and wines, (quiet as well as sparkling,) mingled freely through the sev-

eral courses; currie being followed by ale, and cheese and raddishes by porter. Viewing food in the light of animal fuel in a measure, it is quite manifest that there is no danger of the body's temperature sinking too low with such supplies, while the thermometer ranges from 80° to 87°F. in the shade. But the punka swung over head to keep us cool outside, while "firing up" within.

In the evening we were hospitably entertained at the princely mansion of another of our countrymen, where tea and music carried us through to the eye-lid-closing time of night. One of my ancient acquaintances found me here, and made me his guest; he despatched a messenger to the "Albion" and deprived its master forevermore of the pleasure of seeing my valise.

I retired to bed. What an expansion of feeling and thinking one falls into when for the first time he transfers himself from a ship's bunk or cot, in a dark box measuring little more than six feet, to an Eastern bed-chamber in a sultry clime. A cool tile floor five and twenty feet square, and a ceiling fifteen feet above it, banishes all notion of suffocation, or perishing in the night from lack of air. Then the hard upholstery of sofas and chairs and bed removes all ground for apprehending that one may perish in a bag of feathers or down. Every article of furniture is of liberal dimensions; and then to think that a great china basin and ewer on the toilet-stand with water *à la discretion*, to quote the *carte* of Parisian restaurants, awaits to give "due salutation to the morn," makes one good humored with himself, and brings him to the very agreeable conclusion that there are at least some people in the world who have a proper consideration of his worth, and of his importance to society. He may find himself wakeful for awhile after he has arranged himself safely beneath the mosquito bar; but he must be sleep-proof, if he can very long refrain from slumber.

I was kept awake sometime by the monotonous swash and roar of the surf breaking upon the beach not more than fifty yards from me, and by sounds, frequently repeated for five minutes together, which reverberated through the whole house. Every half hour these sounds were renewed: they seemed to convey a solemn meaning of some kind, but

I could not construe it. At last I ceased to hear. At breakfast mine host, when asked what those knockings all meant, remarked—"Did it disturb you?—I rather like it." He related that some three weeks previously two Chinese burglars had entered the premises, and, after carrying out from the chamber where he was sleeping, two large chests, and lifting them over the garden wall, returned for a box containing some silver. He awakened, and, upon calling aloud for the servants, the burglars fled, leaving their intended booty in the street. To guard against similar untimely and unwelcome visitations, a Chinese watchman had been employed; and to guarantee that he is on the alert, he strikes together two bamboos, in different parts of the house, once every half hour.

Here we have the evidences of civilization thrust upon us at once. Fine houses, hospitality, perfect cooks, abundance of good things to soothe the appetite, architectural adaptations to suit the climate, burglars and watchmen, which no one can imagine to have existence in barbarous or uncivilized communities. There must be magistrates, courts of law or justice, prisons and executioners: in a word, a complete skeleton of civilization covered up in that tissue of virtues and vices which pervades most social communities.

Macao, (pronounced *Macow*,) is a Portuguese settlement on a small peninsula projecting from the south eastern end of Hiangshan. Its Chinese inhabitants are governed by a *tsotang*, or lieutenant of the district-magistrate of the town of Hiangshan, aided by a sub-prefect, called the *kiun-min-fu*, who resides at Tsienshan, or Casa Bianca, a few miles from Macao. The circuit of this settlement is about eight miles, and its limits landward are defined by a barrier wall running across the isthmus, where a small guard of Chinese troops is stationed to prevent foreigners from trespassing upon the Inner land. The position of Macao is very agreeable; nearly surrounded by water, and open to the sea breeze on every side, having a good variety of hill and plain even in its little territory, and a large island on the west called Tui mien shan, or Lapa, on which are pleasant rambles, to be reached by equally pleasant boat excursions; it is also one of the healthiest residences in south eastern Asia.

The principal drawbacks upon its advantages so far as a residence for foreigners goes, are the want of carriage roads, and a choice of society—for the Portuguese and foreign population, generally speaking, are debarred from mutual intercourse by the ignorance of each other's language.

The population of the peninsula is not far from 30,000 of whom more than 5,000 are Portuguese and other foreigners, living under the control of the Portuguese authorities, and the Chinese under the rule of their own magistrates. The Portuguese pay an annual ground rent for the settlement, and are not allowed to build dwelling-houses without the walls of the town; the houses occupied by the foreign population are built on the plan of those in other eastern cities, large, roomy, and open, and from the rising nature of the ground on which they stand, present an imposing appearance to the visiter coming in from the sea. Since the conclusion of the late war with the English, the Portuguese have obtained some additional unimportant privileges from the Chinese, but their own bigoted, short-sighted policy, and narrow-minded regulations, are the chief obstacles to Macao becoming again the place of wealth and trade it was an hundred and fifty years ago, when it was incomparably the richest mart of Eastern Asia.

There are a few good buildings in the settlement; the most imposing edifice, St. Paul's church, was burned in 1835. Three forts on commanding eminences protect the town, and others outside of the walls defend the waters; the governor takes the oaths of office in the Monte fort; but the government offices are mostly in the Senate house, situated in the middle of the town. Macao has been the usual residence for the families of merchants trading at Canton, and during the English war most of the business was conducted there; since the peace the trade has returned to the city, and many of the families have removed to Hong Kong, but the authorities are endeavoring to revive the prosperity of the place, by making it a free port. The Typa anchorage lies between the islands Mackerara and Typa, about three miles off the southern end of the peninsula; all small vessels go into the Inner harbour on the west side of the town. Ships anchor

ing in the Roads, on the east, are obliged to lie about three miles off the Praya Grande or Key, in consequence of shallow water, and large ones cannot come nearer than six miles.

Few cities in Asia exceed Macao in respect to climate, though it has been remarked that few of the natives attain a great age. The maximum temperature at Macao is 90° F., and the average summer heat is 84° ; the minimum is 50° , and the average winter weather is 68° , with almost uninterrupted sunshine. Fogs are not of very long continuation at Macao, but on the river they prevail, and at Whampoa are more frequent than at Canton. Northeasterly gales are common in the spring and autumn, often continuing to blow three days. During the rainy and foggy weather of March and April, the walls of houses become damp, and if newly plastered drip with moisture. Silken and woolen dresses mildew, and great care is required to prevent them, and books, and cutlery, and paper from spoiling.*

The settlement of Macao by the Portuguese began in the year 1537.

August 18th. After breakfast we visited several of our countrymen, and from all received a kind greeting. A pleasant dinner-party closed the day's pursuits, and at sunset we embarked for the ship, quite weary, though we had ourselves been carried in sedan chairs, during the hottest part of the day. These vehicles are very convenient and agreeable, except for a notion that it is indecorous for one man to require two of his fellow citizens, if not his Adamitic brothers, to bear him upon their shoulders through the streets, in sunshine or rain, like beasts of burthen. This notion made the sedan chair repugnant to me at first; but I was very soon sweated into a notion that the chairmen were not dishonored by receiving pay for carrying weight; and the labor of carrying an hundred and fifty pounds of humanity, being less than that of bearing a barrel of flour, while the recompense is larger, led to a train of thought which reconciled me to be carried, seated in a comfortable arm-chair, swung on two poles and nicely curtained from external observation as well as from weather, borne be-

tween two stalwart Chinese coolies, who were doubtlessly proud of their long queues, and never thought there was any thing to admire in the full, round, hard muscular development of their legs. The "chair," as it is familiarly called here, is probably a Portuguese contrivance; it is indispensable to every house of pretension to the smallest degree of respectability. A lady could not well go abroad at night or visit in the day without a "chair;" because the streets of Macao generally are too narrow to permit the passage of vehicles drawn by horses or mules.

19th. The wind blew so freshly to day that we had only one boat-communication with the shore. The roadstead is uncomfortable.

Sunday, August 20th. Temperature of the morning delicious; breeze fresh and fair. By nine o'clock, A. M. the ship was underway, and at seven o'clock, P. M. again anchored at Whampoa. Ten hours is a short time to occupy in passing over the distance, about seventy miles in a straight line between the two places in a ship-of-war. Here we are after having sailed, since our departure from New York, 17,123 nautical miles.

I cannot attempt to describe the objects of interest observed along the river. The forts at Boca Tigris which offered very ineffectual resistance to the passage of the naval force of England in the unholy opium war, are pleasant to look upon. The crowds of boats, and junks of various dimensions and form and rig, differing in all respects from those used by Christian nations are striking to him who beholds them for the first time. The low meadow-like lands through which the river flows, and the high hills in the background, form together an agreeable, though tame landscape; but the pagodas, about which there is much conjecture and very little if any thing certain, are remarkable objects in the scenery.

Whampoa is a Chinese village twelve miles from Canton, where all foreign ships lie to discharge and receive cargo. Foreigners are not permitted to reside on shore at this place. For this reason, there is a sort of floating town, consisting of rows of hulks, fitted up as shops or stores in which traders reside. There are Americans and Englishmen here,

* *The Middle Kingdom.* By S. Wills Williams. New York. 1848.

who find profit in furnishing supplies of ship chandlery and sea stores to the many vessels engaged in the Chinese trade.

21st. By day dawn the ship was surrounded by boats freighted with all things imaginable for sale. The chattering and contention of the women rowing the boats, in the competition to get along side the ship, entertained us; to keep them from boarding in a body, it became necessary to threaten to sink their boats by dropping shot into them. Some of the women were bold enough to clamber into the cabin through the ports, where their laughing, smiling and generally good humored behavior secured them from the rude expulsion their uncerimonious entrance had won. The blandishments of these Chinese water nymphs are not of a character to captivate any but the most susceptible old sea-dogs; and it is believed the gentlemen of the cabin were all too hard-hearted to be affected by the very amiable glances of their morning visitors.

At nine o'clock, A. M., with a party of officers I left the ship in the Fire Fly, a tiny steamer, commanded by an enterprising American, which plies between Whampoa and Canton, for the accommodation of passengers at a dollar a head, and of smugglers on terms which were not communicated, though presumed to be agreeable to the high contracting parties. We puffed along amidst tea-junks and salt-junks, sampans and fast-boats which might number thousands, and in about an hour and a half landed in front of the foreign factories, in one of which we were hospitably received, and entertained for very many days. The "fire-fly" was built in Boston and brought here on freight. This fact indicates the dimensions of the vessel as well as the appropriateness of her name; in size she compares to sea-going ships in the manner that a fire-fly compares with the largest beetles. The energy and activity of our country are manifest in this first attempt to establish a steam line on the Canton river, which will do more to extinguish local prejudices, and extend correct notions about European power and civilization than any system of teaching heretofore attempted. The agency of the steam engine in moral and social improvement is a theme worthy of a night lecture.

CHAPTER XXI.

Dietetic routine among foreign residents at Canton; Comprador; Looking-glass street; City gate; Thinness of Chinese glass; Square in front of the factories; First fruits of millet as an offering; Tea-tasting; Effects of a typhoon; Street decorations; Fa-ti garden; Sha-ming; Propitiation of the fire-god; Chinese dinner; Beggars; Languered ware; Flies; Dr. Parker's hospital.

The manner of living in the East differs so much from our customs that it is worthy of a note. The large commercial houses established here employ many clerks, so that each one includes a tolerably large family. It is not unusual to find from fifteen to twenty at table. A substantial breakfast is served at eight o'clock, A. M.; at one o'clock a lunch, called the "Tiffin," which is a very pleasant meal, consisting of steaks, chops, and cold joints, with wine, cheese and beer; and half past seven or eight o'clock, P. M. is usual time for dining. The work of the day is over, and the company, faultlessly dressed in white, assembles to dine deliberately and to enjoy, and it has not been my fortune to see in any part of the world diners more systematically composed, better cooked, or more elegantly served than at the houses of foreigners resident in different parts of Asia. The number of well-trained attendants at table is always a subject of remark by newly arrived strangers.

The *menage* of American and European merchants in China is under the direct management of a steward, termed *comprador*, who is held responsible by his employer for all household affairs. He acts also as cashier or banker for the establishment, and is the common medium of intercourse with shopmen, small traders, and servants. The *comprador* is consequently a man of importance, and often acquires considerable property through the perquisites of office. He commonly receives a small percentage of all monies which pass through his hands, deducted from the face of bills paid by him. A stranger who visits Canton for a few days on becoming a guest in a mercantile house

deposits his money with the comprador, who pays his cheques given in payment for whatever he may purchase in the streets. From these cheques the comprador deducts about one quarter of one per cent, and pays the shopman the balance. When the visitor departs the comprador settles the account. The advantage of this custom is very considerable, and is both a convenience and a protection to the stranger visiting the celestial city, the denizens of which are famed for ability in making bargains, with ignorant travellers.

When the climate is considered, one who reflects upon the subject, cannot fail to conjecture that the dietetic habits of foreigners in China are not well adapted to the preservation of health. The consumption of meats, of various distilled and fermented liquors is very much greater than the body requires in hot climates. The organs are exposed to excessive stimulation, and consequently to fall into diseased conditions. It is not doubted that the habits in question are more deleterious to the health of foreigners than the persistent high temperature or other qualities of the climate, which is commonly supposed to be enervating, and therefore to require the use of stimulants to counteract its influence. Those who have the power to resist temptations of the palate and to live abstemiously, generally speaking, endure a tropical climate very well and enjoy good health.

August 29th. After tiffin, accompanied by a friend sojourning here and a cooley to serve as interpreter, I set out in pursuit of very thin glass plates to cover objects viewed under the higher magnifying powers of the microscope. We were led through crowded streets about six feet wide, paved with slabs of granite. The houses on each side are two stories high, and most of them are occupied as shops for the sale of different kinds of wares. Oblong strips of white cloth, about a foot wide, marked by Chinese characters, hung from above each one, supposed to be the sign-boards of the dealers. Our walk led us to one of the city gates, which was simply a narrow passage through a thick wall, beyond which the street seemed to be simply a continuation of that in which we stood. Wherever we stopped we were surrounded by Chinese, who seemed to regard

us with much curiosity, which, I doubt not, we reciprocated.

A street, occupied almost exclusively by manufacturers and dealers in mirrors and glass ware is known to foreigners as Looking-glass street. Here we saw some very gaudy and some pretty paintings on glass, used in the decoration of lanterns of various forms and dimensions. Every article differs in form or color from the same thing in the United States. The glass of Chinese mirrors is wonderfully thin; it is often not much thicker than a coat of varnish might be. I obtained some plates not exceeding an hundredth of an inch in thickness.

We saw shops filled with articles manufactured of nickel, called here white copper, and with us German Silver.

August 21st. This is the new year day of the Pursees, who are celebrating it by exploding fire-crackers and fire-works of various kinds. The Chinese are preparing for the feast of lanterns. There is so much presented to the eye, the weather is so hot, and I am so unwell that I despair of making notes of interest.

Since my visit to Canton in 1836, the space in front of the factories has been extended; a sea wall has been built, and the square has been handsomely laid out and planted with trees. Among other things, there is a little bunch of millet growing, which is daily visited by a pious Hindoo merchant. He carefully watches the progress of its growth that he may be sure to gather the first fruits as an offering to his God. This morning every head of millet is carefully enveloped in paper that not a seed may be lost.

This square is very beautiful. The walks are covered with chunam, a composition of lime, oil and sand, which becomes very hard. Foreigners walk here of afternoons under the shade of the trees for exercise; and very many of the clerks as a means of relaxation and exercise pull in boats for an hour before dinner. The boats are very long, very light, and of very graceful form. They are built by Chinese workmen after American or European models, under the direction of members of the several boat clubs.

I visited to-day a professional tea-taster. Tea tasting is a very important vocation; upon it rests, in a great measure, the pur-

chase of entire cargoes. The decision of the tea-taster regulates the price the merchant pays to the manufacturer. The tea-taster examines the qualities of tea in several ways. He judges of its sensible properties first by the eye, observing its colour, the thickness and curl or twist of the leaf, and then by its odour. Lastly he infuses a definite quantity in a definite quantity of boiling water for five minutes, measured by a sand-glass, and tastes the infusion. By these means he determines the quality of the tea offered for sale.

A physician of eminence long resident here informs me that tea-tasters are very subject to consumption of the lungs, which he attributes to the quantities of tea-dust constantly inhaled by them while inspecting teas. They have a repugnance to tasting green teas which are regarded by them to be very poisonous. Tea-tasters of experience receive for their services from two to three thousand dollars annually.

September 1st. I was called early this morning to observe on the river the effects of a typhoon which has been raging all night. The storm is terrible. Many of the trees in the square are prostrate. The first-fruit offering so carefully watched by the Hindoo has disappeared. Boats and junks are adrift and driving against each other, producing havoc and destruction. Many are upset. It is estimated that not less than a thousand persons, men, women and children have been drowned within reach of our sight; we have not the power to afford to the poor exposed wretches the smallest assistance. People are navigating through the square in boats.

2nd. The weather is again pleasant. It is reported that the typhoon has caused great destruction of life and property at Hong Kong, and at Cumsing-Moon. At the latter place an English ship, having on board opium valued at \$400,000, sunk at her moorings, and nine English and American ships were stranded. High praise is awarded on all hands to the officers and crew of the United States ship Plymouth for their exertions to save life and property. They rescued from destruction one cargo of opium valued at \$600,000, and saved many from drowning. At Hong Kong not a vessel escaped dam-

age, and some were totally wrecked. The loss of life in the Chinese boats and junks during the gale has been very great. The shores of the river through its entire length to the sea are strewn with wrecks and the bodies of those drowned.

On visiting old and new China streets this morning we found an awning or canopy of muslin stretched between the eaves of the houses on opposite sides; and many large glass chandeliers are suspended from above over the centre of the streets. At short intervals, festoons of various colored silks and crapes are stretched from side to side, and before every house are hung variegated lanterns. There is also a display of many beautiful flowers, and plants trained to grow in the shape of dragons and various animals. At the end of each square or crossing a stage extends across the street, at a sufficient elevation to permit pedestrians to pass beneath. These stages or orchestras are decorated in the most gaudy and fantastic manner that Chinese ingenuity can devise. At intervals of about twenty yards are suspended across the street, about ten feet above the pavement, oblong boxes or frames which contain figures about fifteen inches high representing dramatic positions. They are heroic, warlike, amatory and comic. Some of these representative figures of fierce heroes have the eye-balls rolling in a most ridiculously extravagant manner. One of the frames exhibits a boxing match between a man and horse, the latter having been just felled by the fist of the former. The preparations are still incomplete.

The sedan chair of a rich silk merchant, passing through the street, struck against and demolished a chandelier. The vehicle was immediately stopped. The merchant and little girl of about eight years old got out and walked off, leaving the chair coolies to do battle with the outraged mob of Chinese.

After tiffin we pulled up the river in a long boat, which might be likened, in the opinion of some, to the body of an omnibus decorated in Chinese taste, set upon a boat. Our destination was the fa-ti (fatey) gardens, which are situated on a creek about two miles above the factories or residences of foreign commercial factors. The destruc-

tive effects of the gale were very manifest. Very many boats were employed in dragging the bottom of the river in order to recover property lost, or the bodies of drowned friends. Men were hard at work repairing the damages of their tiny vessels, while the women were rowing and sculling them. While sculling they commonly stand at one side, slightly inclining towards the oar, and often assume very graceful attitudes. To prevent them from drowning, in the event of falling overboard, children of two or three years old wear buoys (life-preservers) of gourd or cork strapped to their backs.

The gardens had been flooded during the gale, and very considerably injured. They contain many specimens of dwarfed trees, and of plants trained into the forms of dragons, birds, beasts, and various fantastic shapes.

On the way home we passed through a section of a boat-town called Sha-ming, where there is a very dense population consisting of the lowest orders of people. Many of the large boats are very elaborately carved and gilded. Many of them, inhabited by public women, are the resort of opium eaters and smokers at night, which is usually spent by the Chinese in dissipation. The *coiffure* of the women is very peculiar. Foreigners are not permitted to enter these floating temples of debauchery.

It is quite impossible to describe the compact masses of boats, or the skilful manner of threading the passages amongst them. No jehu in Broadway exhibits greater dexterity in avoiding collisions with vehicles and wheels than do the Chinese boatmen in shooting past each other without contact, though often almost near enough to strip off the paint or varnish.

We stopped at the "pack-house" of Gowqua, a manufacturer of floor matting, fans, rattan wares, &c. Matting is sold here at from nine to fifteen cents the yard, according to the width and quality.

After dinner we visited the streets to see the celebration, some of the preparations for which I have noted above. Hundreds of thousands of glass cups of oil were burning in the chandeliers. All the shops were brilliantly lighted. Musicians were seated in rows on each side, looking perfectly passive

while they played and sang in a shrieking falsetto voice, accompanied by wooden drums, gongs, and stringed instruments: one resembled a lute in form, and one yielded sounds like those of a hautboy. At one corner were two giant statues in papier maché, surrounded by some smaller figures, designed to represent gods. The street might be compared to an immensely long call-room: though crowded with men, some of them half-naked, not a female of any age was seen. It seemed strange to me that such amusement should be enjoyed by men alone; without women to participate in the festivities.

I asked a shopman the meaning of all this demonstration. He replied, "oh! this some jos pigeon—chin-chin jos, he no makey burn up in winter time," that is, literally rendered, this is a god-business; to propitiate him to prevent us from being burned up when the fires are lighted in winter.

Sunday, Sept. 3rd. The Chinese are keeping up their festival. Little girls with little feet, dressed in the most gaudy manner are carried about to see the show.

4th. Visited "Curiosity street" and "Physic street." The latter is occupied by Chinese doctors, and the former by shops for the sale of fancy articles, consisting chiefly of carved buffalo horns, wood, jade stone, bronze, and various materials.

A friend residing at the hotel invited us to a Chinese dinner at three o'clock, P. M. It was served in pint bowls, and consisted of thirty dishes, among which were turtle, turkey stuffed with nuts, beehe la mar, snails, shark-fins and other articles to us unknown, all of which we tasted. A deficiency of salt characterized the cooking, and every thing was done to rags. We were supplied with chop-sticks instead of knives and forks. The attendants were amused that we did not find every thing palatable. I asked one if a dish was not chicken. "No" said the boy, placing himself in attitude and leaping along the floor like a frog.

6th. The system observed by street beggars is worthy of note. The class is numerous. One is elected king who assigns his subjects to a particular beat or street every day in which they may beg. Each beggar carries a small gong, or two pieces of bamboo

with which to make a noise. They have a right to enter any shop and keep up a din on the gong or sticks until they receive a gratuity, but must depart on receiving a single "cash," equal to about one mill. But until he pays such gratuity; the shopman cannot eject a beggar from his premises. The beggar seizes on an occasion when customers are in the shop to commence this importunity.

7th. Twenty-eight fast-boats were destroyed in the late typhon, and sixty dollars are demanded to-day to convey a passenger to Macao.

10th. Visited an establishment on the river where laquered ware is manufactured. The laquer is prepared from sumach and is said to be very poisonous, and even dangerous to visitors. All the painting and gilding is done by hand. We visited the house of Pontinqua, recently a very wealthy Chinese merchant. It has been frequently the site of negotiations with foreign ministers, and for this reason is regarded with interest. The establishment, though much out of repair, is still pretty. It has a private theatre, and many ponds and gardens about it. We were shown several models of steam engines and steam boats, which indicate that the proprietor is a lover of mechanical invention. The temperature is too high to write.

We visited a tea-factory near Honan, where they convert old black-teas into green by roasting them with prussian blue and gypsum—sulphate of lime.

13th. Although the weather is very hot, I see no flies, even about the fish and meat shambles in the streets: none in the house; indeed, I have not noticed a single fly. I am told, however, that flies are abundant about the shops where sugar and sweetmeats are sold.

14th. At Dr. Parker's hospital I saw two men who had been shot yesterday in a conflict with pirates on the river about sixteen miles from Canton. One of them died immediately; from the back of the other an iron ball was cut out from beneath the skin. The ball was an inch in diameter and rough. It had been cast in a mould with several, from which it had been broken, as the points of connection indicated.

17th. Sunday. Listened to a religious

discourse in the Chinese language, delivered by Dr. Parker at his hospital to an audience of fifty or sixty natives, men and women, who were attentive and orderly in their deportment. A Chinese attached to the institution delivered a prayer extemporaneously, and afterwards religious books were distributed to the congregation. In the opinion of the writer, the union of the palpable benefits conferred by the practice of medicine and surgery upon the Chinese, with religious instruction constitutes one of the most efficacious missionary means yet devised for diffusing knowledge of christianity. To appreciate justly the labors of Dr. Parker in this field requires but a single visit to the Ophthalmic hospital under his direction at Canton.

In the afternoon we walked through some of the back streets, which were still in gala dress, consisting of dramatic effigies, lanterns and flowers. Banks of Chinese musicians performed at the corners, screaming in falsetto voices more piercing and dissonant cries than caged canaries in a bird fancier's garret.

We visited an old man who deals in curiosities and articles of *virtu*. Pieces of old china are much prized, as well as the laquer of Suchau and Japan, which is admitted to be superior to any manufactured in the province of Canton. Jade stone is also very highly valued. A large sized bed-screen of ebony inlaid with jade was exhibited to us and offered at the price of \$600.

TO MARY.

Mary! my love is not the vulgar flame
That kindles twilight in a lukewarm soul;
Nor doth it vainly seek itself a name
In the poor world of words; whose lifeless whole
When ransacked, yields but what is cold and tame.

Unmov'd could I behold the locks that stream
In auburn currents down thy neck of snow,
And only view thee as a lovely dream,
Or peerless flower that Nature bids to blow;—
Yea, lie unmelted 'neath the soft'ning beam
Of the pure blush, that spreads with tint so warm,
Its rosy mantle o'er thy fairy form.

But there's a spirit, thine unearthly part
Proclaiming kindred with the realms of day,
Extorts that homage from my prostrate heart,
It ne'er had rendered to a thing of day.

Charlotte, Va.

LAYS OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY THOMAS BIBB BRADLEY.

THE EXECUTION OF ANDRE.

INSCRIBED TO NICHOLAS DAVIS, JR., OF ALABAMA,

The treason of Benedict Arnold and the consequent execution of the unfortunate Andre constitute the most mournfully interesting portion of American history. So young, so gifted and so brave, it was indeed a bitter death for him to die upon the gibbet. Upon the romantic and chivalrous American youth Major Andre's doom acts most powerfully, and often the heart of the young man exclaims, "Would that the tears of mercy had outweighed the sword of justice!" The calm and dispassionate judgment of man since the revolution, however, has justified the decision of the court martial; and, while it has vindicated the great Washington from the aspersions of those ignorant of his character, has awarded to him the noble praise of the truest sympathy with the ill-fated Englishman. Indeed the mighty heart of our first President was thrilled with pain at the untimely fate of the poor prisoner, but the crisis imperiously demanded the rigid fulfilment of the laws of war; and, while Columbia wept at the sacrifice through all her borders, the sighs of sorrow were unmingled with the voice of reproach.

A brief recurrence to the history of the event may not be uninteresting.

Previous to the evacuation of the City of Philadelphia by the English, and the appointment of Benedict Arnold as its commandant with the concurrence of Washington, exclusive of the sacred name of the general-in-chief, that of the hero of Canada ranked among the highest in the grateful praises of his countrymen. They looked upon him as one of America's truest patriots and ablest defenders. The many wounds he had received had endeared him to them, while his enthusiastic and impulsive valor had rendered him a model to the younger soldiers. The most scrutinizing observer of men looked in vain amid the laurels upon Arnold's brow for the shadow of that shame-

spot which infamy was about to trace there in marks of livid distinctness.

As soon, however, as he established himself at Philadelphia, occupying the house of Penn, the luxury and riot which signalized his conduct made him an object of notorious remark if not of general distrust. Although his income was comparatively large, his extravagance was such that he was compelled to resort to commerce and privateering to replenish his wasting coffers. His speculations, bold and venturesome, were unsuccessful, yet he lived as sumptuously, played as deeply, and distributed his gifts as lavishly as if he were the inheritor of a princely domain. At the ball his step was the gayest, his voice the most musical; at the play his stakes were largest and the soonest won; at his table, groaning with the choicest delicacies and most generous wines, his face was flushed with the reddest hue. He became a veritable disciple of Alcinous, and his heart became false. He placed his unhallowed touch upon the revenues of the city, and with unsated cupidity plundered the public treasury.

The indignant government refused to receipt his usurious account, and with a just alarm appointed commissioners to investigate them. After examination his claims were pronounced exorbitant; only half of his demand being granted him. The enormous pride of the traitor, for traitor he already was in his heart, was exasperated, and from that moment he nerved his impious hand to strike, at the earliest opportunity, a death-blow to his accusing country. His wrath was increased when he was brought before a court-martial by the State of Pennsylvania, arraigned for the crime of theft. The charges against him were sustained, and his sentence was a reprimand from Washington. The indignation of Arnold at this deserved rebuke from his aggrieved countrymen was extreme; in his excitement he poured his invectives upon the government, nurtured in his heart the deadliest animosity to the Commander-in chief, and consummated in his mind his horrible purpose of betraying the land of his birth to her merciless enemies. From its inception to its completion, he was as busy in his fearful designs as he had previously been vigilant in defence of liberty, and energetic in her sacred cause.

Pretending an aversion to Philadelphia as a residence, at his earnest request he obtained the command of the important post of West Point and its garrison. There upon its lofty mountain it stood,

A fortress formed to Freedom's hands.
The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock
Had left untouched her hoary rock.

And there, in sight of the beautiful river rolling at its base, reproving him with its proudly-foaming waters, with the blue sky over him, his "own green forest land" beneath him, and the preserver of the Pilgrim fathers above him, he darkened his soul with that plot whose unmitigated infamy has rendered his odious name synonymous with treason wherever patriotism warms the bosom of true manhood.

His negotiations were soon opened with Colonel Robinson, and through him with General Clinton, for the delivery of the Gibraltar of America into the hands of the British. The conduct of the transaction, on the part of the English commander, was entrusted by him to Major Andre, one of his aids de camp whom he especially loved and cherished. At the suggestion of Arnold, Andre repaired from the sloop Vulture, stationed not far from West Point, to the presence of the traitor, in order to facilitate the execution of his design. For one entire night they conversed in regard to the matter, and with the dawning of the day had not arranged their plans. Andre was, therefore, concealed until the following night, and was then baffled in his attempt to regain the vessel in consequence of the refusal of the boatmen to transport him. Accordingly, with a horse and passport, under the name of Anderson, and in a common dress provided for him by Arnold against his own inclination, he endeavored to reach the city of New York in safety. But the eye of the God of Battles followed him in his course, and he was intercepted by three soldiers of the militia, John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wert, whose simple names have since been adorned with the lustre of glory. His answers to their questions were unsatisfactory, and they arrested him. Their honest hearts were unmoved by all his tempting offers, and he who had read treachery in

the heart of one of America's generals, was seized with a sudden fear when he beheld the glow of patriotism mantling the cheeks, and beaming from the eyes of three of her humblest yeomen.

In the boots of the prisoner his captors discovered several papers written by Arnold himself containing detailed plans of West Point, with the necessary instructions for its capture by the British. He was immediately imprisoned as a spy, and a court-martial was ordered by Washington to determine his punishment. Arnold meanwhile escaped, and hid his dishonored head among his English allies, bearing with him the hot curses of an injured country, and a hell of infamy in his own bosom. La Fayette and the Baron de Steuben, with distinguished and impartial American officers, sat upon the court-martial appointed to try Andre. Before this body the youthful prisoner appeared, and endeavored with manly eloquence and candid emotion to exculpate himself in the opinion of his judges. His nobility of character, frankness, uniform dignity, and winning address most deeply impressed his hearers, but they were compelled to return their verdict, not from the suggestions of pity, but from a stern sense of the reality and enormity of his crime. Upon the escutcheon of those who convicted him shame had never left a stain, and their motives were as honorable as their hearts were pure. To the Marquis de la Fayette all the rules and regulations of warfare prescribed by Christendom had long been known, and the Baron de Steuben exemplified in himself the courteous gentleman and the accomplished soldier. They listened with attention to Andre's appeal, and, while deeply compassionating his youth, his sufferings, and his reluctance to die the shameful death, were compelled from an impartial view of the facts of the case to convict him of the crime for which he was arraigned. He was apprehended in disguise within the American lines while bearing an assumed name, and with concealed plans of an important fortress, which is the very definition of spy.

When General Clinton heard of the sentence pronounced against his favorite aid, his sorrow knew no bounds. He made the

tic efforts to obtain his release, change of prisoners, and occasioning threats to his promises. But he, though deeply compassionate, and unyielding. He consented, to a conference between delegates of two armies, in order to gratify and allow to the unhappy prisoner a probable extenuation of his guilt. But the fact that Andre himself confessed turning from West Point to the flag as not under the protection of the flag effectually precluded all com-

while the discovery of the treason spread over the States, and filled of all men with horror. Had Andre been successful, disaster and ruin would have been the consequence to the American army. The gallant army of the Americans, with their baggage and munitions of war, would inevitably have been captured by the British at West Point. Confusion and carnage would have enfeebled the American patriots, and the British standard would have been borne triumphant over the ruins of the city. Had not Andre been arrested, the liberty of America had been muffled in defeat, and the flag of America had trailed mournfully in the dust. Had not those three yeomen been so noble and virtuous in their country's cause, the dome of the present capitol rear of magnificent proportions, and would the Washington Monument as now uplift its column to pierce the rolling clouds? As years glide away, let then their names be remembered in enduring honor.

Arrangements were speedily made for the impending execution. During his imprisonment he won the hearts of all who knew him by his unvarying mildness of demeanour and suavity of speech. At this time the sky was peculiarly gloomy. He now saw how far disaffection had pervaded the army, and felt more deeply than ever the responsibility of the patriotic generals upon whom to rely in this perilous hour. While his conscience was the arbiter of all his actions, the gloom of Andre, he could not but feel the keenest anguish for the terrible fate. The Father of his Country died with the unhappy young man, and met with so untimely a death,

and could his judgment have approved the deed, he would with his own hands have set the prisoner free. Yet it could not be so.

The morning of the execution dawned, and Andre was conducted to the gibbet. Every eye that beheld him was moistened with sorrow, and every heart was full of grief. He had hoped to die, if he must die ere the close of the war, upon the battle field, covered with honorable wounds, and in the presence of comrades who would cherish his memory in their hearts. He was young, noble and gifted. Life for him had many charms, and upon his existence and services depended the support, if not the happiness, of his widowed mother and two sisters. Honors had already clustered around his youthful brow; and in the home of his youth the maidens of England had mentioned his name with praises. It is not wonderful that in the bitterness of his despair, a captive in a foreign land, with the tide of his mournful thoughts rushing full upon him, he should exclaim, as he stood at the foot of the gibbet, "And must I die thus?" But with a firmness worthy of a better fate, he nerved himself for death. Commending his soul to God, he placed his body at the disposal of the executioner, saying, as he did so, "Bear witness all that I die as a brave man should die." These words were his last, and soon the soul of the unfortunate young Englishman soared far above the ignominious gallows, and paused before the portals of heaven.

THE EXECUTION OF ANDRE.

He lay within his prison-house alone and desolate,
Yet in his breast his heart beat calm, undaunted by his
fate.

No sunshine sought his lonely cell to bless him with its
light.

No rainbow arched his future sky to cheer his weary
sight.

To kiss his cheek, and cool his brow, and whisper soft of
home,

From Albion's isle far o'er the waves no grateful wind
had come.

To him no message from his friends the rolling ocean
bore,

But on her gentle errand sped one whom all men adore.

A goddess she of queenly mien that rules a broad domain,
And radiant night and darkness are the handmaids of her
train.

To prince's throne, or humble cot, her mission is of love,
And at her touch stout oaken doors on noiseless hinges
move.

To stay her step, to check her course proud tyrants seek
in vain ;
At locks and bars and dungeon-bolts she laughs in sheer
disdain.
Not steel-clad legions in their might, arrayed in phalanx
deep,
Can bind a single fetter on the airy foot of Sleep!

As heaps of snow on Alpine heights their stainless mounds
dissolve,
When bright the day-king's burnished wheels through
glowing skies revolve ;
As peaks of ice on Norway hill, uprearing bleak and
tall,
Before his chariot rolling past like slaves obedient fall ;
So sink to rest the eager hosts in armor on the plain,
Awaiting but the blush of morn to wield their blades
again,
When from her starry palace borne upon her golden car,
The soft-eyed goddess rides in state and rules the field of
war.

Full oft she roams without her train, from eve till dewy
morn,
In simple guise with footstep fleet on angel errands borne.
Full oft a lily white doth grace her curls of raven hair,
Whose petals full of odors perfume the grateful air.
The orphan mid her gushing tears beholds this lovely
flower,
And all her woes in blissful dreams are banished for the
hour ;
While weary king on velvet couch, in purple chambers
laid,
In vain essays with royal bribes to woo the fairy maid.

This goddess waved her golden wand by Andre's darkened
cell,
And open flew his dungeon-doors, as moved with magic
spell.
He saw the lustre of her curls, the smile upon her face,
And in her orbs of melting blue fond mercy's glance
could trace.
In slumbers long, and still, and soft, his pensive eyelids
close,
And dreams of youth, and home, and love, his raptured
spirit knows.
On his hard couch a prisoner he breathed as calm and
low,
As on a bank of violets where the summer breezes blow.

But he heard the sound of music and the cannon's
steady roar,
And he knew the gleam of silken flags wide armies float-
ing o'er ;
Then seemed his cell a battle-field, no more his spirit's
home,
For every blast of the bugle said, "Come to the conflict,
come!"
And he fought a stalwart warrior by hero Harold's side,
And saw the blood from the Norman heart gush out in
crimson tide,
And pressed with the Saxon's fiercest ones mid rushing
ranks of war,
Where the bold Bastard's buoyant plume blazed like a
fiery star.

Then with Queen Margaret's host he stood, and dealt
his sweeping blows

For merry England and St. George, and for the
rose.

Then on the ravaged plains of France he bore
armor ring,
And joined the shout of the island men, "God be
noble King!"

To joyous music on he marched o'er battered cit
And quaffed French wine with British knights in
best palace halls,
And his breast heaved high with rapture, and he
flushed red with pride,
To see above the oriflamme old Albion's banner

But the twilight breeze blew softly his swelling
o'er
And soothed his restless spirit till he dreamed
no more.

Again the valley of his youth the glass of vision
Where the moonlight kissed the leafy boughs, and
wooed the rose.

Bright stars were shining soft and still, and wan
mured low,
And he clasped the waist of the gentle girl he loved
years ago.

Her eyes were pure, and deep, and dear, like eyes
cooing dove,
And he twined her curls of rippling gold 'till he
was thrilled with love!

Through all the night till dewy morn wove garlands
the east,

The prisoner's spirit banquetted upon its fairy feast
When struggled through the iron bars the morning
beam,

He started up from his last sleep, and woke from
dream.

He heard the soldiers' sounding tramp, and a
cannon boom,
And by the beat of the muffled drum he knew
of doom.

In silence then he knelt him down, and bowed his
prayer,
That God would give him strength that day a
death to bear.

Then steel-clad men through the dungeon doors
slow in martial file,
And every man gazed on the floor, and not a man
smile.

When their nodding plumes and gleaming arms
bright on Andre's sight,
One moment sorrow dimmed his eye and his face
grew white.

Could but a leaven bolt from heaven his anguish
destroy,

Its rage to him were rapture, and his doom were
joy.

For death 'mid the ranks of soldiers there a diadem
had ta'en,

And coiled the hangman's curling rope, and
the hangman's chain.

The captive from his prison his guards in silence
And he walked upon the scaffold as on his native
He looked towards his own green isle, and his
mother's form,

And heard her sobs far o'er the sea, and felt his
drops warm.

The gibbet! ah! the gibbet! should the dangling
be flung

Around that neck where sisters fond with dear caresses
hung!
Should shame upon that lofty brow her stamp of torture
place,
Where affection's kiss had lingered, and honor left its
trace!

But morning breezes lifted up his curls of flowing hair,
He gazed upon the calm blue sky, for God was smiling
there;
And a glory lit his forehead, and brightly beamed his eye,
Let cowards wince at pangs of death but brave men
bravely die!
When the hangman stood by the prisoner's side, all hearts
were dumb and still,
And sad bells rung in every breast when the hangman
worked his will.
Then full upon the dead man's face the mocking sun-
beams shone,
And a funeral gun the signal fired that the deed of death
was done.

LONELY GRAVES.

I have often thought if the history of all the lonely graves scattered over our wide earth could be written, a most affecting chapter of human sorrow would be opened to the eye and to the heart. We count those blest who sleep in quiet church-yards, where the foot of the Sabbath worshipper passes, and near whose graves the voice of prayer and praise weekly ascends to heaven. We walk with chastened sadness through the village burial place, or through the tasteful cemeteries which adorn the vicinity of our cities. The marble tablet, the fresh springing flowers, and the emblematical evergreen, all speak the affection of kindred, and the sorrowing remembrances of the living. Far otherwise is it when distant journeyings, or the pages of voyagers and travellers reveal to us the last resting place of a fellow mortal upon alien shores. Then it is that we deeply feel the beauty of those eastern salutations to the stranger: "may you die among your kindred"—"may you be buried by the grave of your father and of your mother." The imagination sees, among the ice mountains, and eternal snows of the polar regions, a little mound of stones raised upon a barren rock. A painted board marks the name, and late of the death, of the sailor who desolately sleeps below. His mother mourns for him in her peaceful home, and weeps that his

green native turf covers not his clay. Under the burning tropics, beneath the shade of a broad-leaved palm, or a fruit-laden plantain is a lowly grave. It marks the spot where a devoted missionary rests from his labors, or where the votary of science sank down in the midst of his pursuits. No wife or sister walks there in the twilight to muse over the past, and in thought to follow the freed spirit into the Invisible Land. The gorgeous flowers of a torrid clime shed their fragrance upon the solitude, and thick, trailing vines cover the consecrated soil. In the Catholic cantons of Switzerland, amidst Alpine grandeurs, many low crosses meet the eye. They speak of the benighted traveller who perished alone, and lies buried beneath the snows. The hot plains of India, the gold enriched valleys of California, and the coral islands of the Pacific could all show us graves, where repose without companions, some of the children of men. Solitary graves are upon the banks of our mighty western rivers, and upon our boundless prairies flowers bloom above unconscious sleepers. Go where we will upon our globe we find that the dead are there. Earth is ever attracting her children to her bosom, and in the words of inspiration, "the clods of the valley shall be sweet unto them, and every man shall draw after him as there are innumerable before him." Two solitary graves are spoken of in the beautiful pastoral sketches which abound in the books of the Hebrew lawgiver. One is that of Deborah, Rebecca's nurse. She was buried under an oak, and the name given to the spot signified "the oak of weeping." Rachel also died in the way, and Jacob set a pillar upon her grave, and journeyed on to spread his tent beyond the tower of Edar.

Wordsworth, among modern poets, has written much of the grave. Many sublime and affecting lessons has he drawn from this last abode of mortals. The reader of the Excursion will remember the simple pathos, and the high and beautiful morality of some of the stories related by the village pastor in the church yard among the mountains. In two of his fugitive pieces he has spoken of solitary graves. One is called "the Thorn." The tale is sorrowful; but there is great beauty in the description of the infant's grave

upon the top of a high mountain ridge, by the side of an aged melancholy thorn. The low hillock is covered by lovely tinted mosses, and there the wretched mother comes to mourn,

"Whatever star is in the skies
Whatever wind may blow."

He has also described the lone resting-place of Ossian; which the Highlanders call Glen-Almain or the Narrow Glen. The entire tranquillity of the spot contrasts with the strains of one whose notes were of heroes, and of battles, of stormy wars, and of blood-stained victories. The silence here is so deep, and the thoughts suggested of the vast separation between the living and the dead so powerful, that it is rightly said

"That Ossian last of all his race
Lies buried in this lonely place."

In the whole range of poetry there is nothing of the kind that exceeds in mournful sweetness and in delicate touches of feeling some of Shakspeare's burial scenes. Who would not linger over fair Fidele's grassy tomb, where even the red breast scatters his tribute of fragrant leaves, and where the words of the dirge

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:"

fall upon the year as soothingly as music from the "far off peaceful land."

Sad Ophelia's grave also was decked with flowers, and "sweets to the sweet" scattered by mourning friends.

Shakspeare has, however, written of one solitary grave. It is that of Timon of Athens. He was

"Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea,"

and "vast Neptune" alone wept over the desolate spot. We read the epitaph with pity for an unhappy, wretched life, and a forsaken, hopeless death.

In the world of realities who but the Omniscient one could make known to us the history of lonely graves? the heart sorrows to contemplate them, and where the Christian's hope is written, gladly looks forward to the dwelling place of the spirit, and to

the pure glories that surround even Paradise. In that fair sinless, death finds no entrance; grave is only remembered; the turned prisoner remembers the walls of his foreign cell, or a remembrance of the dread battle; the song of peace and victory is

NEWS FROM FARNIE

FARNIENTELAND

Buried for a time in Farnie, thus separated from the great world, and what that world I perform—daily work—what I on these fine mornings which rippling piano music, eloquent and singing birds filling the air with light and song; what I than trace upon paper a few which surround me, the thought to me, like that rippling music singing birds, here in the Farnienteland.

Not quiet, for the winds I but wander ever thoughtfully through the soft May foliage. of autumn are they, full of new utterances of the coming winter, tingling through waving October May breezes—full of life, and of softness and warmth—sugary. In the tall oak here at the door any quiet; it murmurs ever breeze, and strives ever to drown with its full joyous music of the birds. But Farnient matter is never absolutely still; the leaves rest, unmoved by breeze; even when the thousand dwell "in that demesne" are is Fairy land, and elfin horns you but stop and listen—are blowing" through the gay fit when the dew is on the grass—at noon when clouds sleep lazily vault—in the crimson light of the red arrows of sunset stain

der pines, and fall down blunted at the
of the black mail-clad night.

And why is this Fairy land? Because the
is here bluer, the air more soft, the
path of spring more sweet: because a
sund faces, and a thousand happy long-
and scenes rise up at every step and glow
me once more with that immortal fresh-
ness and pure splendor which once was
rapped about them—a long, long time ago.
These scenes, so full of life and joyous splen-
or, shine for me again—those faces beam
at me with the old, old looks—those eyes
look on me as brightly as they did long ago,
with the very expression which then flooded
the whole air with joy.

Happy is the man who can thus live in the
past, and leaving the present and the future
to take care of themselves, revive again in
beauty and pure joy, that long-dead happy
time which shaped his life, and dowered him
with so many dear, imperishable memories.
Such a man is never wholly unhappy: and
his delight he may reap always: this “plea-
sure ever new” is at his command. For me
the past comes cloudless here in Farnientè-
land, with music and dear faces:—those dead
peers of my boyhood rise for me again, and
glide along like maidens clad in white pure
gowns pointing with slow fingers, soft
and tapering, to the days when every thing
on this earth was bright and hopeful:—a
long line of much-loved forms, with flowers
wreathed around their pure white brows, and
lily-sandled feet wrapped in the folds of
their white tunics, and on their lips immor-
tal smiles, and in their starry eyes a light of
the past which consoles me for all I have
shared since those fond years passed from
me; for all the buffetings of the world,
shocks of time and chance since I was
carried away from those dear scenes and faces
which were a part—how large a part!—
of my dead years!

Now after this rhapsody about white
days, and past years personified by them,
I say why those years have come back
again so clearly, with such immortal
freshness. Farnientèland was the stage
on many scenes of that happy life-
which were enacted—a comedy which at
times was touched with tragic colors, and
at others with the divine. All places here are full of

memories for him who now traces thought-
fully something of his heart on this page:—
all places. Yonder in that quiet nook under
the tall oak which shakes the sunlight through
its leaves upon the jewelled grass—there
where nothing is visible to alien eyes, be-
cause those eyes look with the outward vision
not with the heart:—yonder again where the
flower-beds shake their thousand blossoms
together, and roses shower down their leaves
with every passing breath;—on the lawn, in
the forest, under the merrily rustling fruit
trees—everywhere, I see a face, I hear a
voice which brings back to me with a joy
and delight indescribably dear, the long-gone
past. Alas! that face is no longer anything
but a memory—that heart has left me, and
very often I find my lips framing that drea-
riest of words—*alone*. She was so bright,
she was so good!—says the poor heart: she
was so pure, she was so dear!—say the mois-
tened eyes: alas!

It is not a small thing when some heart,
the purest and noblest that ever was born
into the world, leaves one alone in that
world, to oppose his bosom singly to the
tempest, to buffet with his feeble arms alone
the great waves of fate: but if such be his
destiny, and many persons must endure it,
still one joy is left. You may still buffet
those stormy waves, poor heart, with some-
thing like resignation; you may still brave
the fury of that howling tempest with some-
thing like hope; if only that early star arise
for you, over the dim waters, through the
soaring night, and looking on you with calm
loving eyes, assure you that all is not yet
lost. For that assurance given to me to-day,
as for those happy hours now passed so
long into the mist of other years—thanks,
thanks!

These bright May mornings incline the
heart to dreaming—especially in Farnientè-
land. And this is why I have thus permit-
ted my pen to trace idly those idle impres-
sions which every one feels at certain times.
If these thoughts were really depressing
there would be little pleasure in dwelling
on them:—they are not so: rather joyous
thoughts, and such as warm the torpid heart,—
stir again the sluggish blood. The man who
does not thus dwell upon his past hours can-
not possess a very enviable disposition. And

so with these few words I dismiss my souvenirs of other days at Farnientèland.

Spring has "put a spirit of youth in every thing." The skies are once more blue,—of that deep tender blue which serves for a back-ground, than which none could be more beautiful, to the snowy clouds:—the forests are rendering forth thousands of buds, the pines shooting up, especially the young pines, into great *chandeliers*, the oaks coming out in light green liveries, the fringe trees flowering:—the robin, mocking bird, and lark are full of joy and song, and all things say plainly that spring has once more glided into the world like a rose-crowned maiden who places here tender feet on emerald velvety grass, embroidered with myriads of flowers. Even the melancholy kingfisher, who sat so solemnly yesterday upon the white trunk rising from the river watching for the leaping fish, eyed us in our boat with less suspicion than usual: the fine weather seemed to have improved even his sad spirits. The boatmen too, in their large scows, laden with tobacco, seemed in their rude African way to be thankful for the mild nights which rendered their forced campings on their boats more pleasant—for the bright days which sparkled on the river, and brought them so much warmth and sunshine. Their songs I thought were more cheery as they stole from the far glassy surface visible at the thickly-wooded bend, and even more melodious than usual:—though that is saying much, since few musical instruments possess as much melody, none as much sympathetic power as the hymn or plantation song of the negro at his work.

Every thing is different from the autumn—if so pure a colloquialism is justifiable. In the fall we have partridge shooting, and fox hunting—in May no hunting whatsoever, unless some inveterate sportsman makes an inroad on the raccoons in their low-ground haunts, or strains his eyes to discover far up in the sky, like Mr. Longfellow's "sunward sailing cranes," a melancholy bat. In autumn we have apples, peaches, apricots—in May nothing but strawberries and cherries, though these are not so contemptible. In autumn we have waving woods all crimson and yellow and golden, and the glories of the Indian summer mist—now the landscape

is full of youth, and is quite subdued in its coloring—of a tender green throughout. But in one particular the seasons of the "whole round year" are similar. You always hear the crows: they are never silent. What the idiosyncrasy of the crow is I have never been able to discover, or whether he ever dies. Did I place credit in the Pythagorean theory I should perhaps find my doubts on the former point removed, for some of my friends are strikingly corvine—busy, wary, unmusical and tough. I do not believe, coming to the second point, that the genuine crow ever dies:—that hoarse veteran in the pine woods who has cawed all day long, and now is still regaling my ears with his distant concert may have devoured the slain at Cannæ, or preyed upon Prometheus—since *non constat* your genuine crow is not a vulture.

The distant caw dies away: the murmuring leaves blot out the last faint echo and I am relieved: and now I think I can do nothing better than imitate my persecutor, and here bring to an end in the soft May afternoon my unimportant and very rambling news from Farnientèland.

L. L.

JULIA SLEEPING.

Hush! let the baby sleep!
Mark her hand so white and slender.
Note her red lip full and tender,
And her breathing, like the motion
Which the waves of calmest ocean
In their peaceful throbbings keep.

Hush! let the baby rest!
Who would wake from blissful sleeping,
To this world so filled with weeping,
Those sweet eyes like stars o'er clouded,
Those calm eyes with dark fringe shrouded,
Those crossed hands upon her breast!

Hush! let the baby rest!
See each white and taper finger
Where a rose-tint loves to linger,
As the sun, at evening dying,
Leaves a blush all warmly lying
In the bosom of the West.

See on her lip a smile.
'Tis the light of dreamland gleaming
Like to morning's first faint beaming:
Hush!—still solemn silence keeping,
Watch her, watch her in her sleeping
As she smiles in dreams the while.

I would paint her as she lies,
With brown ringlets damply clinging
To her forehead, shadows flinging
On its whiteness—or where tracings
Of the blue veins' interlacings
On its snowy surface rise.

God! hear our fervent prayer!
Through the whole of life's commotion,
As she stems the troubled ocean,
Give her calm and peaceful slumber,
And may sorrows not encumber
Her unfolding years with care.

Ah, see her sleep is o'er!
Flushed her cheek is, she is holding
Mystic converse with the folding
Of the curtains o'er her drooping—
What beholds she in their looping
Mortals ne'er beheld before?

Now from her bath of sleep
Many a deep'ning dimple showing,
She hath risen fresh and glowing,
Like a flower that rain hath brightened,
Or a heart that tears have lightened,
Tears the weary sometimes weep.

Herself the silence breaks!
Hear her laugh so rich and ringing,
Hear her small voice quaintly singing!
She hath won us by caressings,
We exhaust all words in blessings
When this precious baby wakes.

CAROLINE HOWARD.

Thackeray's English Humourists.*

We confess we took up this volume with the fear of being impressed by it with something of that sad feeling of disenchantment which every boy has experienced who has visited Vauxhall in the day time, and seen the fairy gardens and magnificent palaces which so dazzled his vision by gas-light to consist of nothing more than lath and paste-board and painted muslin. We did not, indeed, suppose that Mr. Thackeray's stage-property would turn out mere tinsel, or that his Congreve rockets, which excited such admiration when let off by the pyrotechnist himself, would, like the fire-works of the pleasure-ground, be of no service after the first exhibition. But we have listened, in our time, to so many brilliant lectures and

discourses, which, when we came to read them in print, were very common-place productions, that we could not deem it impossible these lectures on the English Humourists might add nothing to the reputation of the author. We recollected the inexpressible delight they afforded us in the comfortable lecture-room of the Richmond Athenæum last winter, and the prediction we ventured at the time that they would take rank among Thackeray's best writings, and when the book was actually in our hands we opened it with trembling apprehension lest our previous opinion might have been too hastily formed under the fascination of the lecturer's charming manner and musical voice. The perusal of the volume, however, has only served to confirm that opinion. Thackeray has not written anything better than these lectures since he first exchanged the painter's palette for the author's ink-horn, nor do we think that the same quantity of eloquent composition could be compiled from all the rest of his various and numerous volumes. Our object is not, at this time, to sit in critical judgment upon these lectures as historical and literary portraiture—though we do not entirely agree with Mr. Thackeray in many of his views of men and things:—it is to quote, for some of our readers at a distance who did not hear Mr. Thackeray, and cannot readily obtain the volume, such passages as we think best calculated to afford them a correct notion of its merits.

The opening lecture is on Swift. As a display of trenchant satire and withering invective it is so tremendous, that we doubt very much if the Dean, himself, could he come back to us in his cassock and bands, would be able to answer it successfully. Of Swift's life at Moor Park in the family of Sir William Temple, we have a very happy sketch. Here it is.

“His initiation into politics, his knowledge of business, his knowledge of polite life, his acquaintance with literature even, which he could not have pursued very sedulously during that reckless career at Dublin, Swift got under the roof of Sir William Temple. He was fond of telling in after life what quantities of books he devoured there, and how King William taught him to cut asparagus in the Dutch fashion. It was at Shene

*THE ENGLISH HUMOURISTS of the Eighteenth Century. A Series of Lectures. By W. M. THACKERAY. Author of “Esmond,” &c. New York. Harper & Brothers: 1853.

and at Moor Park, with a salary of twenty pounds and a dinner at the upper servants' table, that this great and lonely Swift passed a ten years' apprenticeship—wore a cassock that was only not a livery—bent down a knee as proud as Lucifer's to supplicate my lady's good graces, or run on his Honour's errands. It was here, as he was writing at Temple's table, or following his patron's walk, that he saw and heard the men who had governed the great world—measured himself with them, looking up from his silent corner, gauged their brains, weighed their wits, turned them, and tried them, and marked them. Ah! what platitudes he must have heard! what feeble jokes! what pompous common-places! what small men they must have seemed under those enormous periwigs, to the swarthy, uncouth, silent Irish secretary. I wonder whether it ever struck Temple that that Irishman was his master? I suppose that dismal conviction did not present itself under the ambrosial wig, or Temple could never have lived with Swift. Swift sickened, rebelled, left the service—ate humble pie and came back again; and so for ten years went on, gathering learning, swallowing scorn, and submitting with a stealthy rage to his fortune.

"Temple's style is the perfection of practised and easy good-breeding. If he does not penetrate very deeply into a subject, he professes a very gentlemanly acquaintance with it; if he makes rather a parade of Latin, it was the custom of his day, as it was the custom for a gentleman to envelope his head in a periwig and his hands in lace ruffles. If he wears buckles and square-toed shoes, he steps in them with a consummate grace, and you never hear their creak, or find them treading upon any lady's train or any rival's heels in the Court crowd. When that grows too hot or too agitated for him, he politely leaves it. He retires to his retreat of Shene or Moor Park; and lets the King's party, and the Prince of Orange's party battle it out among themselves. He reveres the sovereign (and no man perhaps ever testified to his loyalty by so elegant a bow): he admires the Prince of Orange; but there is one person whose ease and comfort he loves more than all the princes in Christendom, and that valuable member of society is himself, Gulielmus Temple, Baronnetus. One sees him in his retreat; between his study chair and his tulip beds, clipping his apricots and pruning his essays,—the statesman, the ambassador no more; but the philosopher, the Epicurean, the fine gentleman and courtier at St. James's as at Shene; where in place of kings and fair

ladies, he pays his court to the Ciceroni majesty; or walks a minuet with the Ep Muse; or dallies by the south wall with the ruddy nymph of gardens.

"Temple seems to have received and acted a prodigious deal of veneration from his household, and to have been coaxed, warmed, and cuddled by the people round about him, as delicately as any of the plants which he loved. When he fell ill in 1693, the household was aghast at his indisposition; mild Dorothea his wife, the best companion of the best of men—

'Mild Dorothea, peaceful, wise, and great,
Trembling beheld the doubtful hand of fate.'

As for Dorinda, his sister—

'Those who would grief describe, might come and trace
Its watery footsteps in Dorinda's face.

To see her weep, joy every face forsook,
And grief flung sables on each mental look.
The humble tribe mourned for the quickening soul,
That furnished life and spirit through the whole.'

Is not that line in which grief is described as putting the menials into a mourning livery a fine image? One of the menials wrote who did not like that Temple livery nor the twenty-pound wages. Cannot one fancy the uncouth young servitor, with downcast eyes, books and papers in hand, following at his Honour's heels in the garden walk; or taking his Honour's orders as he stands by the green chair, where Sir William has the gout, and his feet all blistered with moxa? When Sir William has the gout or scolds it must be hard work at the second table; the Irish Secretary owned as much afterwards: and when he came to dinner, how he must have lashed and growled and torn the household with his gibes and scorn! What would the steward say about the pride of them Irish schollards—and this one had got no great credit even at his Irish college, if the truth were known—and what a contempt his excellency's own gentleman must have had for Parson Teague from Dublin. (The valets and chaplains were always at war. It is hard to say which Swift thought the more contemptible.) And what must have been the sadness, the sadness and terror, of the housekeeper's little daughter with the curling black ringlets and the sweet smiling face when the secretary who teaches her to read and write, and whom she loves and reverences above all things—above mother, above mild Dorothea, above that tremendous Sir William in his square-toes and periwig—when Mr. Swift comes down from his study with rage in his heart, and has not a kind word even for little Hester Johnson?

perhaps for the Irish secretary, his Excy's condescension was even more than his frowns. Sir William *would* usually quote Latin and the ancient classics and *propos* of his gardens and his Dutch *s and plates bandes*, and talk about Ep- and Diogenes, Laertius, Julius Cæsar, amis, and the gardens of the Hesperidæcenæ, Strabo describing Jericho, and syrian kings. *A propos* of beans, he mention Pythagoras's precept to abstain from beans, and that this precept prob- neant that wise men should abstain from : affairs. *He* is a placid Epicurean; *he* ythagorean philosopher; *he* is a wise—that is the deduction. Does not Swift so? One can imagine the downcast lifted up for a moment, and the flash of which they emit. Swift's eyes were sure as the heaven; Pope says nobly, every thing Pope said and thought of his and was good and noble,) "His eyes are sure as the heavens, and have a charm- archness in them." And one person in household, that pompous stately kindly or Park, saw heaven nowhere else

"But the Temple amenities and solemnities did not agree with Swift. He was half- ed with a surfeit of Shene pippins; and a garden-seat which he devised for him- self at Moor Park, and where he devoured greedily the stock of books within his reach, he caught a vertigo and deafness which pun- ched and tormented him through life. He could not bear the place or the servitude. Even in that poem of courtly condolence, in which we have quoted a few lines of sick melancholy, he breaks out of the fun- eral procession with a mad shriek, as it were, and rushes away crying his own grief, using his own fate, foreboding madness, and forsaken by fortune, and even hope."

Thackeray repudiates Swift as an Irish- man and questions his sincerity in the Chris- tian faith, it must be admitted with a great deal of force. He says

I know of few things more conclusive of the sincerity of Swift's religion than his advice to poor John Gay to turn clergy- man and look out for a seat on the Bench. the author of the "Beggar's Opera,"— the wildest of the wits about town—it is this man that Jonathan Swift advised he orders—to invest in a cassock and—just as he advised him to husband his shillings and put his thousand pounds out at interest. The Queen, and the bishops, and the world, were right in mistrusting the re- n of that man.

"I am not here, of course, to speak of any man's religious views, except in so far as they influence his literary character, his life, his humour. The most notorious sin- ners of all those fellow-mortals whom it is our business to discuss—Harry Fielding and Dick Steele, were especially loud, and I be- lieve really fervent in their expressions of belief; they belaboured freethinkers, and stoned imaginary atheists on all sorts of oc- casions, going out of their way to bawl their own creed, and persecute their neighbour's, and if they sinned and stumbled, as they constantly did with debt, with drink, with all sorts of bad behaviour, they got up on their knees, and cried "Peccavi" with a most sonorous orthodoxy. Yes; poor Harry Field- ing and poor Dick Steele were trusty and undoubting Church of England men; they abhorred Popery, Atheism, and wooden shoes, and idolatries in general; and hiccup- ped Church and State with fervour.

"But Swift? *His* mind had had a different schooling, and possessed a very different logical power. *He* was not bred up in a tipsy guard-room, and did not learn to reason in a Covent Garden tavern. He could conduct an argument from beginning to end. He could see forward with a fatal clearness. In his old age, looking at the "Tale of a Tub," when he said, "Good God, what a genius I had when I wrote that book!" I think he was admiring, not the genius, but the conse- quences to which the genius had brought him—a vast genius, a magnificent genius, a genius wonderfully bright, and dazzling, and strong,—to seize, to know, to see, to flash upon falsehood and scorch it into perdition. to penetrate into the hidden motives, and expose the black thoughts of men,—an awful, an evil spirit.

"Ah, man! you, educated in Epicurean Temple's library, you whose friends were Pope and St. John—what made you to swear to fatal vows, and bind yourself to a life-long hypocrisy before the Heaven which you adored with such real wonder, humility, and reverence? For Swift's was a reverent, was a pious spirit—for Swift could love and could pray. Through the storms and tempests of his furious mind, the stars of religion and love break out in the blue shining serenity, though hidden by the driving clouds and the maddened hurricane of his life.

"It is my belief that he suffered frightfully from the consciousness of his own scepti- cism, and that he had bent his pride so far down as to put his apostacy out to hire. The paper left behind him, called "Thoughts on Religion," is merely a set of excuses for not professing disbelief. He says of his ser-

mons that he preached pamphlets: they have scarce a christian characteristic; they might be preached from the steps of a synagogue, or the floor of a mosque, or the box of a coffee-house almost. There is little or no cant—he is too great and too proud for that; and, in so far as the badness of his sermons goes, he is honest. But having put that cassock on it poisoned him: he was strangled in his bands. He goes through life, tearing, like a man possessed with a devil. Like Abudah in the Arabian story, he is always looking out for the Fury, and knows that the night will come and the inevitable hag with it. What a night, my God, it was! what a lonely rage and long agony—what a vulture that tore the heart of that giant! It is awful to think of the great sufferings of this great man. Through life he always seems alone, somehow. Goethe was so. I cannot fancy Shakspeare otherwise. The giants must live apart. The kings can have no company. But this man suffered so; and deserved so to suffer. One hardly reads anywhere of such a pain."

Coming to speak of Swift's amours, which have been the subject of so much curious speculation with men and women ever since "Mrs. Johnson closed her weary pilgrimage and passed to that land where they neither marry nor are given in marriage"—the lecturer says of that remarkable and unfortunate beauty—

"Who has not in his mind an image of Stella? Who does not love her? Fair and tender creature: pure and affectionate heart! Boots it to you now that you have been at rest for a hundred and twenty years, not divided in death from the cold heart which caused yours, whilst it beat, such faithful pangs of love and grief—boots it to you now, that the whole world loves and deplores you? Scarce any man, I believe, ever thought of that grave, that did not cast a flower of pity on it, and write over it a sweet epitaph. Gentle lady!—so lovely, so loving, so unhappy. You have had countless champions, millions of manly hearts mourning for you. From generation to generation we take up the fond tradition of your beauty; we watch and follow your story, your bright morning love and purity, your constancy, your grief, your sweet martyrdom. We knew your legend by heart. You are one of the saints of English story.

"And if Stella's love and innocence is charming to contemplate, I will say that in spite of ill-usage, in spite of drawbacks, in spite of mysterious separation and union, of hope delayed and sickened heart—in the

teeth of Vanessa, and that little episodic aberration which plunged Swift into such woe—ful pitfalls and quagmires of amorous perplexity—in spite of the verdicts of most women, I believe, who, as far as my experience and conversation goes, generally take Vanessa's part in the controversy—in spite of the tears which Swift caused Stella to shed, and the rocks and barriers which fate and temper interposed, and which prevented the pure course of that love from running smoothly; the brightest part of Swift's story, the pure star in that dark and tempestuous life of Swift's, is his love for Hester Johnson."

And shortly afterwards he gives us the following exquisite little touch of pathos, which goes to the heart as the plummet falls to the bottom of the river—

"In a note in his biography, Scott says that his friend Dr. Tuke, of Dublin, has a lock of Stella's hair, enclosed in a paper by Swift, on which are written in the Dean's hand, the words: '*Only a woman's hair.*' An instance, says Scott, of the Dean's desire to veil his feelings under the mask of cynical indifference.

"See the various notions of critics! Do those words indicate indifference or an attempt to hide feeling? Did you ever hear or read four words more pathetic? Only a woman's hair, only love, only fidelity, only purity, innocence, beauty; only the tenderest heart in the world stricken and wounded, and passed away now out of reach of pangs of hope deferred, love insulted, and pitiless desertion;—only that lock of hair left: and memory and remorse, for the guilty, lonely wretch, shuddering over the grave of his victim."

With this we leave the great Dean of St. Patrick's and turn to the next of the Humourists whom Mr. Thackeray presents to us—Congreve and Addison. The former he characterizes as "the most eminent literary 'swell' of his age"—and then goes on to pay his respects to Congreve's muse, in a passage as full of brilliants as one of the coffers Aladdin found in the cave. The extract is a long one—but the reader will wish it was longer—

"How can I introduce to you that merry and shameless Comic Muse who won his such a reputation? Nell Gwynn's servant fought the other footmen for having called his mistress bad names; and in like manner and with pretty like epithets, Jeremy Co

lier attacked that godless, reckless Jezebel, the English comedy of his time, and called her what Nell Gwynn's man's fellow-servants called Nell Gwynn's man's mistress—the servants of the theatre, Dryden, Congreve, and others, defended themselves with the same success, and for the same cause which set Nell's lackey fighting. She was a disreputable, daring, laughing, painted French baggage, that Comic Muse. She came over from the continent with Charles (who chose many more of his female friends there) at the Restoration—a wild, dishevelled Lais, with eyes bright with wit and wine—a saucy court-favourite that sate at the King's knees, and laughed in his face, and when she showed her bold cheeks at her chariot-window, had some of the noblest and most famous people of the land bowing round her wheel. She was kind and popular enough, that daring Comedy, that audacious poor Nell—she was gay and generous, kind, frank, as such people can afford to be: and the men who lived with her and laughed with her, took her pay and drank her wine, turned out when the Puritans hooted her, to fight and defend her. But the jade was indefensible, and it is pretty certain her servants knew it.

“There is life and death going on in every thing: truth and lies are always at battle. Pleasure is always warring against self-restraint. Doubt is always crying Psha, and sneering. A man in life, a humourist in writing about life, sways over to one principle or the other, and laughs with the reverence for right and the love of truth in his heart, or laughs at these from the other side. Didn't I tell you that dancing was a serious business to Harlequin? I have read two or three of Congreve's plays over before speaking of him; and my feelings were rather like those, which I dare say most of us here have had, at Pompeii, looking at Sallust's house and the relics of an orgy, a dried wine-jar or two, a charred supper-table, the breast of a dancing girl pressed against the ashes, the laughing skull of a jester, a perfect stillness round about, as the Cicerone twangs his moral, and the blue sky shines calmly over the ruin. The Congreve muse is dead, and her song choked in Time's ashes. We gaze at the skeleton, and wonder at the life which once revelled in its mad veins. We take the skull up, and muse over the frolic and daring, the wit, scorn, passion, hope, desire, with which that empty bowl once fermented. We think of the glances that allured, the tears that melted, of the bright eyes that shone in those vacant sockets; and of lips whispering love, and cheeks dimpling

with smiles, that once covered yon ghastly yellow frame-work. They used to call those teeth pearls once. See! there's the cup she drank from, the gold-chain she wore on her neck, the vase which held the rouge for her cheeks, her looking-glass, and the harp she used to dance to. Instead of a feast we find a grave-stone, and in place of a mistress, a few bones!

“Reading in these plays now, is like shutting your ears and looking at people dancing. What does it mean? the measures, the grimaces, the bowing, shuffling and retreating, the cavalier soul advancing upon those ladies—those ladies and men twirling round at the end in a mad galop, after which everybody bows and the quaint rite is celebrated. Without the music we cannot understand that comic dance of the last century—its strange gravity and gaiety, its decorum or its indecorum. It has a jargon of its own quite unlike life too. I'm afraid it's a Hea-then mystery, symbolising a Pagan doctrine; protesting, as the Pompeians very likely were, assembled at their theatre and laughing at their games—as Sallust and his friends, and their mistresses protested—crowned with flowers, with cups in their hands, against the new, hard, ascetic pleasure-hating doctrine, whose gaunt disciples lately passed over from the Asian shores of the Mediterranean were for breaking the fair images of Venus, and flinging the altars of Bacchus down.

“I fancy poor Congreve's theatre is a temple of Pagan delights, and mysteries not permitted except among heathens. I fear the theatre carries down that ancient tradition and worship, as masons have carried their secret signs and rites from temple to temple. When the libertine hero carries off the beauty in the play, and the dotard is laughed to scorn for having the young wife: in the ballad, when the poet bids his mistress to gather roses while she may, and warns her that old Time is still a-flying: in the ballet, when honest Corydon courts Phillis under the treillage of the pasteboard cottage, and leers at her over the head of grandpapa in red stockings, who is opportunely asleep; and when seduced by the invitations of the rosy youth she comes forward to the foot-lights, and they perform on each other's tip-toes that *pas* which you all know and which is only interrupted by old grandpapa awaking from his doze at the pasteboard chalet (whither he returns to take another nap in case the young people get an encore): when Harlequin, splendid in youth, strength and agility, arrayed in gold and a thousand colours, springs over the heads of countless

perils, leaps down the throat of bewildered giants, and, dauntless and splendid, dances danger down: when Mr. Punch, that godless old rebel, breaks every law and laughs at it with odious triumph, outwits his lawyer, bullies the beadle, knocks his wife about the head, and hangs the hangman,—don't you see in the comedy, in the song, in the dance, in the ragged little Punch's puppet-show,—the Pagan protest? Does not it seem as if Life puts in its plea and sings its comment? Look how the lovers walk and hold each other's hands and whisper! Sings the chorus—'There is nothing like love, there is nothing like youth, there is nothing like beauty of your spring time. Look! how old age tries to meddle with merry sport! Beat him with his own crutch, the wrinkled old dotard! There is nothing like youth, there is nothing like beauty, there is nothing like strength. Strength and valour win beauty and youth. Be brave and conquer. Be young and happy. Enjoy, enjoy, enjoy! Would you know the *Segretto per esser felice*? Here it is, in a smiling mistress and a cup of Falernian.' As the boy tosses the cup and sings his song. Hark! what is that chaunt coming nearer and nearer? What is that dirge which *will* disturb us? The lights of the festival burn dim—the cheeks turn pale—the voice quavers—and the cup drops on the floor. Who is there? Death and fate are at the gate, and they *will* come in."

- Of Addison, Mr. Thackeray gives a most genial sketch, written, as it is easy to see, in love of the subject and in a spirit of the largest reverence and affection for the great gentleman who gave the world Sir Roger de Coverley. Some playful criticism on Addison's poetry relieves the biographical narrative, and the lecture concludes with this beautiful tribute to his religious character.

"When this man looks from the world whose weaknesses he describes so benevolently, up to the Heaven which shines over us all, I can hardly fancy a human face lighted up with a more serene rapture: a human intellect thrilling with a purer love and adoration than Joseph Addison's. Listen to him: from your childhood you have known the verses: but who can hear their sacred music without love and awe?"

'Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
And all the stars that round her burn,

And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound,
Among their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.'

It seems to me those verses shine like the stars. They shine out of a great deep calm. When he turns to Heaven, a Sabbath comes over that man's mind: and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayer. His sense of religion stirs through his whole being. In the fields, in the town: looking at the birds in the trees: at the children in the streets: in the morning or in the moonlight: over his books in his own room: in a happy party at a country merry-making or a town assembly, good-will and peace to God's creatures, and love and awe of Him who made them, fill his pure heart and shine from his kind face. If Swift's life was the most wretched, I think Addison's was one of the most enviable. A life prosperous and beautiful—a calm death—an immense fame and affection afterwards for his happy and spotless name."

We come now to the essay on Sir Richard Steele—or Dick Steele, as the writer prefers to call him and as we prefer to hear him called—which we are disposed to consider the delightfulest of any in the volume. Steele was always a favorite of ours, and he seems to have been the very boy after Mr. Thackeray's own heart, for his good qualities are presented to us in a charming rose colour, while his little weaknesses, though not in the least withheld or extenuated, are commented upon with so free and sparkling a use of epigram as almost to render them attractive. We fear the effect of such exquisite reprehension as Mr. Thackeray visits upon Steele for forgetting to pay his butcher and his washerwoman, and telling Mrs. Steele a lie as to his manner of spending an evening, and such other sins both of omission and commission, is not likely to be very happy upon the cause of morals. The best trait in poor Dick's character was unquestionably his respectful admiration of woman, and Mr. Thackeray brings this out very finely—

"Posterity has been kinder to this amiable

all women especially are bound to or more charming in form than my wife.' His breast seems to warm and his eyes to kindle when he meets with a good and beautiful woman, and it is with his heart as well as his hat that he salutes her. About children, and all that relate to home, he is not less tender, and more than once speaks in apology of what he calls his softness. He would have been nothing without that delightful weakness. It is that which gives his works their worth and his style its charm. It, like his life, is full of faults and careless blunders; and redeemed, like that, by his sweet and compassionate nature."

The rollicking, reckless way of life pursued by Steele is well described in the following passage,

"Captain Steele took a house for his lady upon their marriage, 'the third door from Germain-street. left hand of Bury-street,' and the next year he presented his wife with a country house at Hampton. It appears she had a chariot and pair, and sometimes four horses: he himself enjoyed a little horse for his own riding. He paid, or promised to pay, his barber fifty pounds a year, and always went abroad in a laced coat and a large black-buckled periwig, that must have cost somebody fifty guineas. He was rather a well-to-do gentleman, Captain Steele, with the proceeds of his estates in Barbadoes, (left to him by his first wife,) his income as writer of the 'Gazette,' and his office of gentleman waiter to his Royal Highness Prince George. His second wife brought him a fortune too. But it is melancholy to relate that with these houses and chariots and horses and income, the Captain was constantly in want of money, for which his beloved bride was asking as constantly. In the course of a few pages we begin to find the shoemaker calling for money, and some directions from the Captain, who has not thirty pounds to spare. He sends his wife, 'the beautifullest object in the world,' as he calls her, and evidently in reply to applications of her own, which have gone the way of all waste paper, and lighted all Dick's pipes, which were smoked a hundred and forty years ago—he sends his wife now a guinea, then a half-guinea, then a couple of guineas, then half a pound of tea; and again no money and no tea at all, but a promise that his darling Prue shall have some in a day or two; or a request, perhaps, that she will send over his night-gown and shaving-plate to the temporary lodging where the nomadic captain is lying, hidden from the bailiffs. Oh that a Christian hero and late captain in Lucas's

ul to Steele, as he was the first of
rs who really seemed to admire and
hem. Congreve the Great, who al-
he low estimation in which women
d in Elizabeth's time, as a reason
women of Shakspeare make so small
n the poet's dialogues, though he
self pay splendid compliments to
yet looks on them as mere instru-
gallantry, and destined, like the
summate fortifications, to fall, after
time, before the arts and bravery of
ger, man. There is a letter of
ntitled 'Advice to a very Young
Lady,' which shows the Dean's
f the female society of his day, and
despised man he utterly scorned
o. No lady of our time could be
y any man, were he ever so much
Dean, in such a tone of insolent pat-
ad vulgar protection. In this per-
, Swift hardly takes pains to hide
n that a woman is a fool: tells her
oks, as if reading was a novel ac-
nent; and informs her that 'not
eman's daughter in a thousand has
ight to read or understand her own
ongue.' Addison laughs at women
but, with the gentleness and po-
of his nature, smiles at them and
them, as if they were harmless,
d, amusing, pretty creatures, only
e men's playthings. It was Steele
began to pay a manly homage to
iness and understanding, as well as
enderness and beauty. In his com-
heroes do not rant and rave about
e beauties of Gloriana or Statira, as
acters were made to do in the chiv-
ances and the high-flown dramas
out of vogue, but Steele admires
virtue, acknowledges their sense,
s their purity and beauty, with an
d strength which should win the
of all women to their hearty and
l champion. It is this ardour, this
this manliness, which makes his
so pleasant and their heroes such
emen. He paid the finest compli-
a woman that perhaps ever was of-
f one woman, whom Congreve had
ired and celebrated, Steele says,
have loved her was a liberal edu-
'How often,' he says, dedicating
to his wife, 'how often has your
is removed pain from my sick head,
n anguish from my afflicted heart!
re such beings as guardian angels,
thus employed. I cannot believe
em to be more good in inclination,

should be afraid of a dirty sheriff's officer! That the pink and pride of chivalry should turn pale before a writ! It stands to record in poor Dick's own handwriting; the queer collection is preserved at the British Museum to this present day; that the rent of the nuptial house in Jermyn-street, sacred to unutterable tenderness and Prue, and three doors from Bury-street, was not paid until after the landlord had put in an execution on Captain Steele's furniture. Addison sold the house and furniture at Hampton, and, after deducting the sum in which the incorrigible friend was indebted to him, handed over the residue of the proceeds of the sale to poor Dick, who was not in the least angry at Addison's summary proceeding, and I dare say was very glad of any sale or execution, the result of which was to give him a little ready money. Having a small house in Jermyn-street for which he could not pay, and a country house at Hampton on which he had borrowed money, nothing must content Captain Dick but the taking, in 1712, a much finer, larger, and grander house, in Bloomsbury-square; where his unhappy landlord got no better satisfaction than his friend in St. James's, and where it is recorded that Dick, giving a grand entertainment, had a half-dozen queer-looking fellows in livery to wait upon his noble guest, and confessed that his servants were bailiffs to a man. 'I fared like a distressed prince,' the kindly prodigal writes, generously complimenting Addison for his assistance in the 'Tatler,'—'I fared like a distressed prince, who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him.' Poor, needy Prince of Bloomsbury! think of him in his palace, with his allies from Chancerylane ominously guarding him."

It is with real regret that we are compelled, at this point, to stop our quotations from Mr. Thackeray's Lectures. We had hoped to give something from each of his other essays, from his lively paper on Prior, Gay and Pope, his sympathetic criticism of Fielding and his loving portraiture of Goldsmith. But our limits and a certain degree of respect for the Messrs. Harper's copyright, (for which they very handsomely paid \$1,250,) forbid and we must therefore content ourselves with the taste of the book's quality which we have given.

Editor's Table.

We have seen the following lines in the poet's corner of many country newspapers, but have no knowledge of their origin. Let the author be whom he may, he preaches a lay-sermon quite as good as some we hear occasionally from the sacred desk—

A beggar boy stood at a rich man's door—

"I am houseless and friendless, and faint and poor,"

Said the beggar boy as the tear-drop rolled

Down his thin cheek, blanched with want and cold.

"Oh! give me a crust from your board to-day,

To help the beggar boy on his way!"

"Not a crust nor a crumb," the rich man said,

"Be off, and work for your daily bread!"

The rich man went to the parish church—

His face grew grave as he trod the porch—

And the thronging poor, the untaught mass,

Drew back to let the rich man pass.

The service began—the choral hymn

Arose and swelled through the long aisles dim;

Then the rich man knelt, and the words he said

Were—"Give us this day our daily bread!"

The second column of the first page of the London Times, which has been devoted from time immemorial to the appeals of despairing lovers; the importunities of agonized parents begging their lost Mary, if she would not return, at least to send back the key of the tea-caddy; and the description of wayward poodles, has lately contained a poem, which should make Mr. Alexander Smith look to his laurels. The poet who paid five shillings for getting his heart's effusion into type, thus sings—

F G.—Mind not A., but remember B. Do not forget the silkworm's tree. Think of China's temples and of tea, or Hesperia's sky and its blue sea.

Our punning friend, whose *bon mots* we have before recorded for the public amusement, let off a very brilliant thing at a recent race near Richmond which should not be lost. The favorite horse was named Red Eye, and our friend was advising a gentleman to take no bets against him, as the issue of the contest was already certain. "How so?" asked the gentleman. "Because, sir," replied the punster, "*Id certum est quod certum reddi potest.*"

Apropos of the article on "Spiritual Manifestations," with which the present number

essenger opens, we record here the
of a friend who has made some
periments in the new science. Can
offer an explanation of the phenom-
ened?

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

ROM.—I have hitherto been a sceptic upon the
able turnings, and other marvellous phenom-
s have occupied the public attention so much
at a recent extraordinary personal experience
has shaken my confidence in my own judg-
cautiously.

sly invited to join a party of gentlemen, who
et for the purpose of comparing and discuss-
physical subjects, as well as of illustrating
r them by experiment. There were present
various capacities and tastes, and ample ma-
provided for the development and display of
of all. We seated ourselves on all sides of a
gany table, furnished with a complete and ex-
varnished, which was soon brought into active
it. Sympathetic relations were quickly pro-
ment between those who sat near together; and
by circulating *media* of communication, be-
r at greater distances. At length, a chain of
as established, which united the whole com-
at repeatedly the impulse proceeding from one
be whole, and the same thoughts were con-
same sentiments uttered, and the same acts
by all of us with remarkable unanimity at the
st of time. In the course of two or three hours
d, manipulation had been occasionally prac-
table by some of our number, which, from
a, had been joined in by others, until we began
that the table was visibly influenced. Mys-
mibilities seemed to be awakened in it. It
l vibrated to our touch, now approached to our
d now receded from them, and evidenced as it
less activity and a specific volition of its own
atus which it supported next began to part
movement. Many articles moved of their on
waged places with each other, increased as
in size, and even multiplied or decreased.

For a while some of the more cautious doubt
appearances were not delusive: but gradual-
ly, our impressions of the reality of what v
as more and more vivid and intense, and v
lives up to the full conviction and enjoyment
al spectacle. The windows, the lights, th
as various pieces of furniture, were inspiri-
mation, swayed to and fro in their place
outled each other in the mystic movements
were subjected. At length the walls of th
sitting, and the floor, confessed the influence
nd joined in the exhilarating dance. Natu
d inanimate, linked in strange harmonies, forg
gravitation, and rose superior to the ordina
of physical existence. Every thing appear
swim, or fly, unfettered by imperfection.

The chairs of some gentlemen withdrew spo
from beneath them, while the table in mar-
vated its legs, and bestrode their recumb
s the air of a conqueror. I retired from th
elf without an effort, even of will, and witho
muscle. I passed from room to room, ascend
one flight of stairs, and found myself at la
and in bed, without the least consciousness
; by which my locomotion had been effectu

Upon awaking the next morning, I reflected long and
anxiously upon the occurrences of the night. I am still
at a loss to explain the *rationale* of what I experienced:
and I shall never again be so presumptuous as to dispute
the possible effects of such subtle and irresistible agen-
cias.

I am, sir, very sincerely yours,
MARCELLUS MILKOP.

The following is one of the many tributes
that have come to us in honour of the gifted
author of the poem published in our last num-
ber entitled the *Triumph of Spring*. As the
spontaneous offering of a mind imbued with
a love of poesy, it will be highly valued by
the lady whose genius has called it forth—

THE TRIUMPH OF SPRING. BY TENELLA.

In the June number of the *Southern Literary Messenger*.

This piece of poetry, if the author never writes another,
entitles her to be classed among those rarely gifted beings
who erect for themselves monuments in our hearts and af-
fections that defy the ravages of time. In it are the unmis-
takable footprints of genius of no common order. In the im-
agery there is exhibited a beautiful play of the imagination
and the episodic parts are highly beautiful. If the measure
had been like that of Milton's *Il Pensero*, or Goldsmith's
Deserted Village, or Gray's *Elegy in a Country Church*
Yard, the effect on the mind would be little less enchanting
than that of those beautiful effusions. In this age when the
press groans beneath the worthless lumber of dulness
and insipidity, we hail with delight the bringing up from
the unfathomable abyss of mind such a "gem of purest
ray serene." I do not offer the incense of flattery at the
Muse's shrine, for I do not know who is the authoress of
"The Triumph of Spring;" but I would say to her she
has the talent of poetic genius committed to her charge,
and if she will, she may enter into the joy that awaits
those who ascend with courage the height of Parnassus.

Prince George, Va.

S....

Notices of New Works.

SAM SLICK'S *Wise Saws and Modern Instances*. Phil-
adelphia: Blanchard and Lea. 1853. [From A. Mor-
ria, 97 Main Street.

Sam Slick once more, and as full of fun as ever. The
springs of his humour seem far from being worn out: in-
deed, the machinery only wants an occasional winding
up from Judge Halyburton to go like one of Slick's own
clocks. The following piece of drollery will be recog-
nized as directed at a well-known American diplomatist
who formerly represented the United States at the Court
of St. James. Slick is describing a dinner at that gen-
tleman's mansion in London.

"Lord Dunk Peterborough, or some such name, sat
along side of me, and took to praisin' our great nation at
a great pace. It fairly took me in at first, I didn't see his
drift; it was to draw me out, and set me a boastin' and a
braggin' I do suppose. And I fell into the trap before I
knewed it.

"Arter trottin' me round a bit, sais he, 'Your minister is a worthy representative of your glorious country. He is a scholar and a gentleman. One of his predecessors did nothing but compare. If you showed him a pack of hounds, they were nothing to what hundreds had in Virginia and the Southern States. If a fine tree, it was a mere walking-stick to an American one. If a winning race-horse, he had half-a-dozen that would, as he expressed it, walk away from him like nothing; and so on. Well, there was another who could talk of nothing but satinettes, coarse cotton, the slave trade, and what he used to call New England domestics. It is refreshing to find your nation so well represented.'

"All this was said as civil as you please, you could not fault his manner a bit; still I can't say I quite liked it. I knew there was some truth in it; but how little or how much I couldn't tell, not bein' much of a scholar. Thinks I to myself, I'm a man more used to givin' than takin' pokes, and never could keep 'em long without returnin' them with interest. So go on, I'll see what you are about, and then I rather guess I can take my part with you.

"Sais he 'I'm told his Latin is very pure.'

"'It's generally allowed there can't be no better,' sais I, 'there is nobody to Cambridge—our Cambridge I mean—that can hold a candle to him.'

"'It's fully equal,' sais he, 'to the generality of the monastic Latin of the middle ages.'

"I was adrift here: I didn't like the expression of his eye—it looked quizzical; and I must say, when larned subjects come on the carpet, I do feel a little grain streaked, for fear I shall have to confess ignorance, or have to talk and make a fool of myself. Thinks I to myself, if his Latin is good, why didn't he say it was as good as what the Latins spoke or wrote, and not stop half-way at what Minister used, I am sure, to call the dark ages? However, I'll look quizzical too, and put my best foot out.

"'As good as that of the middle ages?' sais I; 'why, that's not sayin' much for it either. Aint he a middle-aged man himself? and hasn't he been at it all his life?'

"'Well, Slick,' sais he, 'that's uncommon good; that's one of the best things I've heard for a long time, and said so innocently too, as if you really meant it. Capital, by Jove! Come, I like that amazingly.'

"Thinks I to myself, It's more than I do then; for I didn't understand you, and I don't know the meanin' of what I said myself. But I'll pay you off bimeby, Master Dunk—see if I don't.

"Sais he, lowerin' his voice, confidential-like, 'what a pity it is that he is a Unitarian!'

"Now, thinks I, my boy, I've got you off *dead* languages in upon *live* subjects, I'll play with you as a cat does with a mouse.

"'He wouldn't be an honest man, if he wasn't' sais I; 'he'd be beneath contempt.'

"'Well,' sais he, 'I never argue about religion, and will therefore not pursue the subject farther; but it creates a great prejudice here.'

"'Religion,' sais I, 'my good friend,' lookin' all amazed, 'why, what in natur' has religion to do with it? It has neither art nor part in it.'

"'Exactly,' said he, 'that's the very point. People here think a Unitarian little better than an infidel.'

"'Then you might,' sais I, 'just as well say a Tory was an infidel, or a Whig, or a Protectionist, or a Free Trader, or anybody else; there would be just as much sense in it. I believe in my heart the English will never understand us.'

"'Pray, may I ask,' said he, 'what you call a Unitarian?'

"'Sartainly,' sais I; 'for when folks go to argue, they ought first to know what they are talkin' about; to define

their terms, and see they understand each other. I'll tell you in a few words what a Unitarian is.'

"Just then, Minister speaks up, (and it's a curious thing, talk of the devil, and he is sure to beave in sight directly.) 'Pass the wine, Mr. Slick, I'll help myself.' 'And push it on, your Excellency,' sais I; 'but I never pass wine—it aint considered lucky in Slickville.' This made a laugh and a diversion, and I continues: 'You see, my lord, our general Government is a federal one, exercisin' sartain powers delegated to it by the separate States, which, with this exception, are independent sovereignties. Every State is a unit, and these units form a whole; but the rights of the separate States are as sacred as the rights of the Government to Washington; and good patriots everywhere stand by their own units, and are called Unitarians; while some are for strengthenin' the general Government, at the expense of the individual sovereignty, and these are called Federalists; and that's the long and short of the matter. And what on airth religion has to do with these nicknames, I don't know.'

"Sais he, 'I never knew that before; I thought Unitarians were a religious sect, being another name for Socians, and I am very glad to hear this explanation.'

"Thinks I, I hope it will do you good; it is as good as a middle-aged Latin, at any rate.

"After some further talk, sais he, 'Your Minister is not a very easy man to get acquainted with. Is he a fair specimen of the New Englanders? for he is very cold.'

"'Here's at you again, Master Lord Dunk,' sais I 'you ain't quite sold yet, though you are bespoke—that's a fact. Well,' sais I, 'he is cold, but that's his misfortune, and not his fault; it's a wonder to me he aint dead long ago. He will never be quite thawed out. The chill went into his marrow.'

"'What chill?' sais he, 'is not that his natural manner?'

"'How can you ask such a question as that, my lord?' sais I. 'When he left College as a young man, he entered into the ice trade to supply New Orleans with ice, and a grand spec he made of it; but it near cost him his life. He was a great man to drive business, and if you want to drive business with us, you must work yourself. He was at the ice lake day and night amost, a handlin' of it; and the last vessel he loaded that year he went in her himself. His berth was near the companion-ladder, the best berth in the ship, but it jines on to the hold, and the chill of that ice cargo, especially when he got into the hot climate of New Orleans, so penetrated his joints, and limbs and marrow, he has never been warm since, and never will; he tells me it's extendin' upwards, and he is afraid of his heart.'

"Well, he roared right out; he haw-hawed as loud as a man cleverly and politely can at a gentleman's table, and sais he, 'That is the best contrived story to excuse a cold manner I ever heard in my life. It's capital, upon my word!'

MEMORIALS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF CHARLES JAMES FOX. Edited by the Right Honorable Lord John Russell, M. P. 2 vols. Blanchard and Lea. Philadelphia. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

Lord John Russell appears in these volumes as the administrator *de bonis non* of the late Lord Holland, who undertook, many years ago, to write the life of his illustrious uncle, and having worked but little at it, handed over his materials to Mr. Allen, an *habitué* of Holland House in whose hands the biography was carried forward for a short period and dropped. The assets, heretofore unadministered, coming under the care of Lord John Russell he has performed the duty pertaining to their proper use

undisposition after a certain fashion, and the book is not complete. Lord John Russell acknowledges its "singular and disjointed appearance," and certainly we must remember to have seen any work in reading which is so constantly puzzled by the confused signatures of its editors. Lord Holland declares himself by his initials, 'V. H.' and quotes largely from Horace Walpole, who is indicated by 'H. W.'—Mr. Allen is perpetually embracing you in brackets—[]—and Lord John himself shines upon you with two stars—"*,—so that between the four, there is no sort of chance for any continuous communion with Fox himself—the subject of the whole fragmentary compilation.

The life of Charles James Fox, fairly and fully presented to us, would prove a most instructive lesson in politics and morals. For years the acknowledged head of a great party, he dazzled the world with a genius as brilliant as the sun, while he emitted in the social circle the rays of a genial *bonhomie*, in which the gayest and most fellows of his time delighted to bask. The excellences of his heart and the sincerity of his purpose, so unhappily relieved by the dark background of a private life, and if, in tracing his career from triumph to power and from reverse to triumph, we have frequently admired his noble qualities as displayed in either extreme of fortune, we cannot but deplore the excesses which dimmed a name otherwise without reproach. The weaknesses which were applied to him, by a cotemporary, were truthful, despite his foibles—

A patriot's even course he steered,
Mid faction's wildest storms unmoved.
By all who marked his course, revered,
By all who knew his heart, beloved.

We trust that it will be the task of some future student of English politics, to avail himself of the disordered materials of the past century to prepare a worthy and philosophical life of Fox. What Lord John Russell may yet have to say for us, we must patiently wait for further volumes of these "Memoirs" to learn.

AMERICAN FORM BOOK BY BENJAMIN TATE: *to which is added a supplement containing forms of deeds Bargain and Sale, lease, trust and release under the Code of Virginia, etc: by Alexander H. Sands. Richmond, A. Morris. 1853.*

This new edition of Mr. Tate's excellent book of forms is welcomed not only by the members of the legal profession in Virginia, but also by the community at large. Mr. Tate distinctly stated in his preface to the original edition that his volume was intended as much or more for the use of those not initiated in the mysteries of legal science as for the members of the profession, and the merits of the volume amply supported his assertion. "American Form Book" was not a collection of forms like Mr. Chitty's work on Pleading, where all the subtleties of that most complicated of the sciences of law, were elucidated and explained for the use of those already initiated, but a book containing forms for the use of laymen, of deeds and other evidences of business transactions, to be used in the every-day pursuits of life without calling in counsel. It, therefore, obtained in a short time a very great popularity which it has fully; and from the time of its publication to the present hour, it has been in high favor with every one.

The revival of 1849, however, materially dimin-

ished its value: the statutory provisions of the Code having undergone so marked an alteration as to render the forms given by Mr. Tate in many instances incorrect; and in addition to this, the new legislation made necessary a number of new forms, which were of course nowhere to be found "in the books."

It has been the aim of the present editor, he tells us in his Preface, to make those alterations in the forms given by Mr. Tate necessary to conform them to the modifications in the Code, and to supply those which are not found in the original work.

Mr. Sands has accomplished his task with fidelity and completeness: all who are acquainted with that gentleman were convinced that such would be the case: and now we risk nothing in saying that the work on our table is invaluable to all lawyers and men of business. The supplement contains some hundred pages, which is the amount of original matter contributed to the new edition by the editor, and this alone must be of great use—especially valuable to officers, sheriffs, constables, coroners, &c., &c. We observe an alteration in the heading of the forms of attachments. The words of *Virginia* are added to the caption, and this we consider quite an important alteration, inasmuch as it has been seriously questioned whether in the old heading, *the commonwealth to, &c., greeting*, the omission of the words now supplied did not constitute a fatal error.

We are pleased to see this book, and commend it to the whole community. The clearness and neatness of the typography, and the excellent binding reflect much credit on the publisher.

Our thanks are due to the authors respectively for copies of the following pamphlets—

AN ADDRESS ON FEMALE EDUCATION. By *Daniel Chandler, Esq.* Mobile, Alabama: Published by Carver & Ryland. 1853

BRITISH INVASION OF NORTH CAROLINA, IN 1776. A Lecture, Delivered before the Historical Society of the University of North Carolina, Friday, April 1st, 1853. By *Hon. David L. Swain.*

A DISCOURSE, Delivered at the Funeral of *Samuel Taylor, Esq.*, in the First Presbyterian Church, Richmond, Va., 1853. By the *Rev. T. V. Moore.* Richmond. Chas. H. Wynne, Printer. 1853.

Mr. Chandler, the author of the first named discourse, is an able and accomplished member of the bar of the Mobile, whose mind, it is easy to see from his style of composition, has not only been trained in the rigid dialectics of his profession, but stored with the treasures of literature and polite learning. His remarks on Female Education are full of wisdom, and deserve to be everywhere read and acted upon.

The treatise of President Swain is a valuable contribution to the stores of revolutionary history and reflects the highest credit as well upon the Society before which it was delivered, as upon the learned author.

Whenever Mr. Moore consents to the publication of a sermon or other address which he has pronounced, he confers a benefit upon the community at large. The present effort was called forth by the death of an eminent lawyer who occupied a great space in the public regard, and whose sudden death was deeply lamented by thousands who knew him not. The Sermon is eloquent and thoughtful, and the members of the Bar of Richmond did well in causing it to be printed.

THE OLD HOUSE BY THE RIVER. *By the Author of "The Owl-Creek Letters."* New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

The scene of these pleasant sketches is an "old house," to which resort two philosophic old bachelors, who having, in early life, wept over the loss of the same fair being, are bound together by a tie of sympathizing remembrance and regret. They ruralize in couples, pursue together aquatic and venatorial sports, haunt the sea side, and cast their conjoined sorrows upon the wave, and tell each other sad stories of the death of bears, wolves and deer. Altogether the book is agreeable enough as a companion for country excursions, though void of any remarkable interest of plot.

CYRILLA. *By the Author of "The Initials."* New York: D. Appleton & Company, 1853. [From James Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.

The Baroness Tautphoeus, who we now learn was the author of the Initials, is undoubtedly a writer of considerable power, and in her first story she made a decided hit, in a certain faithful delineation of foreign life and manners which gave the book value of an extrinsic kind. The present novel is a finely-written yet wretchedly-conceived tale of passion and guilt, clandestine marriages and fatal duels, with no moral of any sort that we can gather, and a dismal after-effect, which we can only liken to the sulphureous odour the devil is supposed to leave behind him when he walks out "at the break of day." We certainly cannot commend CYRILLA to our readers, but we are hopeful that the Baroness Tautphoeus will write as well and teach better lessons in domestic morals the next time she ventures upon fiction.

DISCOVERIES AMONG THE RUINS OF NINEVEH AND BABYLON: &c. &c. *Being the result of a Second Expedition, undertaken for the Trustees of the British Museum.* By Auster H. Layard, M. P. With Maps, Plans and Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Quite an animated controversy, about the merits of which we know nothing and with which we have certainly nothing to do, has been going on in New York between Putnam and Harper, arising out of the publication of rival editions of Mr. Layard's Second Work on Nineveh. All that we can say concerning the edition before us, is that it seems to us exceedingly well gotten-up and is offered at a very moderate rate to the public. The book is too well known to make comment necessary.

The new and complete edition of the works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, which has been passing through the press of Harper & Brothers for some time past, has reached its Sixth Volume, which contains his Miscellaneous Political Writings and Table Talk. We repeat here what we have already said before that this handsome republication of Coleridge's entire productions deserves a large success. We have not received the 3rd and 4th volumes. Will the publishers oblige us by sending them?

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have also just issued *The Life and Letters of Dr. Olin* and *Ranke's Civil Wars and Monarchy in France*. The former work is likely to prove very acceptable to the large and excellent body of

Christians to which Dr. Olin belonged, and is full of interest even for those who knew nothing of the character and services of the subject. *Ranke* is well known as a writer on account of his "History of the Popes," which Macaulay so brilliantly reviewed. His present work treats of a very exciting period of French History, and will be read with interest.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Company, of Boston, have commenced the publication of an edition of the British Poets, which we think is likely to meet with great favour at the hands of the public. The first volume, which is now before us, embraces the Poems of GRAY. The typography is really exquisite, quite equal to that of the celebrated Aldine Editions of Pickering, which it closely resembles. The exceedingly cheap price at which this edition is offered, will ensure it an extensive sale. Mr. A. Morris has sent us the volume above mentioned.

From James Woodhouse, who succeeds to the business of the late firm of Nash & Woodhouse, 139 Main Street, we have received the Foreign Reviews for the last quarter and Blackwood for June. The Edinburgh is very readable and reminds us of the day when the brilliant coterie of *litterateurs* who founded it were engaged in supplying its articles. The opening paper is on Alison's recent volume, and a more thorough castigation of a literary offender we have not seen for many a day. The inflated and grandiose style of the Glasgow Herodotus is well ridiculed, and his manifold sins of omission and commission mercilessly summed up. But the best article in the number is that upon Disraeli, of which we cannot pretend to give an account. Suffice it to say that Young Israel is effectually 'used up.'

Messrs. Bangs, Brothers & Co., have sent us, through A. Morris, 97 Main Street, two new volumes of Bohn's Publications. One belongs to the Antiquarian Library, and is entitled "*Henry of Huntingdon's Chronicle*"—comprising the History of England from the invasion of Cæsar to the accession of Henry II. The other is a handsomely printed edition of Miss Bremer's popular novel of "*The Home, or Life in Sweden*," to which is added "*Strife and Peace*" a novelette by the same author. It is scarcely necessary for us to say anything of "*The Home*:" its merits are well known in the United States, through the translation of Mary Howitt, that now republished, and though it belongs to what has been called "the poultry-yard school of literature," it is still worthy of being preserved as one of the best domestic stories of the age.

AN ESSAY ON CALCAREOUS MANURES. By Edmund Rej. Fifth Edition: Amended and Enlarged. J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street, Richmond, Va. 1853.

We need say nothing in commendation of this treatise, for it is already so well known and so highly valued that praise from any source would add little to its circulation. Mr. Randolph has brought out the present edition in excellent style, and offers it to the public at a very reasonable price. Let what it teaches be acted upon and Virginia will soon blossom as the rose.

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XIX.

RICHMOND, AUGUST, 1853.

NO. 8.

ÆNEID.

BOOK III.

um's guiltless race the Gods laid low,
and Asia struck a fatal blow ;
Ilium reached its final day,
Æne's Troy in smoke and ashes lay ;
Ill signs compelled the world to roam,
in exile for some desert home ;
A fleet beneath Antandros' walls,
I mount—wherever fortune calls,
I'll steer—collect our scattered host,
the fates to find some friendly coast,
My summer lent its favoring gales,
I'll venture to spread to fate our sails ;
With all eyes I leave my country's shore,
Where Troy once stood, ah ! stands no more !
My seas, and on their angry tide,
My wife, and son, and household gods beside—
My grove, great heaven my only guide.

O Mars, and spread o'er distant plains,
A land possessed by Thracian swains,
I'll hold, where fierce Lycurgus reigned,
As wretch, by impious crimes distained.
Years, it was a firm ally.
Æne frowned not yet, on prosperous Troy.
On the winding bay,
Foundations of my city lay.
These fates to barbarous lands I came,
My friends my own—a wished-for name.
My guardian of this first essay,
To Gods the sacred-rites I pay,
To king of Gods a snow-white bullock slay.
By chance, a rising hillock nears,
Which a myrtle sprung in bristling spears.
I'll bid from the ground attempt to tear
—that to the altars I might bear
Tributes ;—a sight too horrid to be told,
Yet more frightful to behold,
That first with broken roots I tore,
Which, dismal drops of clotted gore,
Is stained. My frigid members reel,
As of life with freezing fear congeal.
I'll hie to shoot again I tore,
The latent causes to explore ;
My green bark again in gory tears,
I'll pour forth and fills my breast with fears.
I'll be in thought, the rural Nymphs I pray,
Who rules those lands with sov'reign sway,
In pity and in might, may please
Me to avert, these omens ease.
I'll with effort greater than before,
My green spear I from the thicket tore ;
I'll be the rigid trunk with straining hands,
I'll dig with my knees the yielding sands ;
I'll words, the dreadful fact reveal,
I'll silence all its horrors seal ?
I'll groan beneath the mount I hear,
As sad but plain assail my ear.

Æneas, why this wretched body tear ?
Respect the dead ;—to stain thy hands forbear.
No stranger I, but born on Ilium's shore,
Nor from a trunk proceed these clots of gore.
These cruel lands, this home of avarice fly,
The Trojan, hapless Polydore, am I.
A mass of weapons on my body thrown,
Into this leafy crop of spears has grown.
Then varied fears my throbbing heart oppressed,
Silent, with hair erect I stood, and heaving breast.

When Priam saw the foe besiege his gates,
And Troy seemed sinking under adverse fates,
This Polydore, the youngest of his race,
He sent in secret to the King of Thrace ;
With heaps of gold he sent his darling boy,
The child of his old age, its stay, its joy.
But when this wretch saw Ilium's power o'erthrown,
And envious fortune from its portals flown,
With treacherous heart he tramples human right,
Deserts his friends and sides with Grecian might,
With cruel wounds the hapless youth destroys,
And by foul murder all his wealth enjoys.
Accursed thirst of gold ! thy wicked spell
Can human hearts to every crime compel !

When fear no more continues to appal,
Anchises first, and chosen chiefs I call,
To them the omens of the gods disclose,
And put the question, what they now propose.
One thought, one mind, impels the patriot band,
At once to quit the dread, accursed land,
Their blood-polluted host to leave behind,
And trust their fleet and fortunes to the wind.
First, funeral-rites we pay to Polydore,
Raise a great tomb of earth upon the shore ;
To soothe his *Manes* holy altars found,
With cypress sad and sable fillets bound.
Our matrons stand around with troubled air,
With eyes cast-down, and with dishevelled hair ;
Large foaming bowls of tepid milk we pour,
Upon his tomb, with cups of sacred gore !
Within the sepulchre his ghost we lay,
And bid a last farewell unto his clay.

So soon as we could trust the angry main,
And gentle zephyrs fanned its breast again ;
When whispering Auster summons us once more,
Our seamen launch their ships, and fill the shore,
From port we sail, without one kind adieu,
And land and cities vanish from our view.
A sacred isle and grateful to the eye
Amid the blue Ægean we descry ;
Here Doris, mother of the Nereid train
And lordly Neptune have a holy fane.
This as it strayed the coasts and shores around,
To Mycon and Gyarus' cliffs Apollo bound,
For culture, then, bestowed it on mankind,
And caused it to defy the waves and wind.
Hither I steer, and in its quiet port,
Find for my weary friends a safe resort.
When, disembarked, upon the shore we stand,
Apollo's city we revere, and land.
Anius, Apollo's priest, as King, too, crowned,

His brow with fillets and with laurel bound,
With hasty strides our host advancing meets,
His ancient friend Anchises, knows, and greets;
Then, joining hands, in hospitable rites,
Hails us as friends, and to his house invites.

Here stood a temple built of ancient stone,
To which I hied, and prayed in suppliant tone:
"O God of Thymbra! grant, at length, a home,
Whence we as exiles need no longer roam.
Weary and sad we make this fond request;
A lasting city and a place of rest,
And children, dearer still to every human breast.
Protect another Pergamus of Troy,
Nor what Achilles left do thou destroy.
Whom shall we follow in our evil day?
Whither dost thou direct our toilsome way?
A peaceful home where shall the exiles find?
With thy good counsel, Sire, direct my mind."
Scarce had I spoke when shook the quaking ground,
The doors, the laurel, and the mountain round,
And roared the tripod with a lowing sound.
Prostrate we fall the god's response to hear,
These words of comfort reach our listening ear.
"Ye hardy scions of the Trojan race,
That land shall take you to its fond embrace,
Your early sires which in its bosom bore—
The same shall hail you to its fertile shore;
Your ancient mother and her love explore.
Æneas' sons shall here all nations sway,
And their descendants, to the latest day."
Thus Phœbus spoke; "tumultuous joys inspire;
Our host, and all with interest deep inquire:
Whither the gods our wandering people call,
Where may be found those long-sought, wished-for walls?
My sire tradition viewed in all its scope,
'Then, chieftains, learn," he said, "your ground for hope,
Jove's island lies amid the wat'ry space,
Where stands mount Ida, cradle of our race.
A hundred cities there adorn the plains,
Where smiling peace with bounteous plenty reigns.
Tencer, our distant sire—if memory be true—
Thence to Rhætia's coasts and lands withdrew,
There chose a place to found his future realm,
And for his people hold a patriarch helm;
While yet, nor towers, nor lofty Ilium stood;
They dwelt in valleys and the sheltering wood.
Cybele hence and her loud cymbals came,
Her chariot drawn by lions yoked and tame;
The Corybantes hence, a noisy train,
And Ida's grove, and silence in her fane.
Therefore arise, and as the Gods command,
Appease the winds and seek the Gropian land.
Nor is it far, if Jove impel our oars,
'Three days will land us on the Cretan shores."
Thus having said, the honors justly due
To Neptune, and Apollo fair, he slew
To each a bull, but to the stormy deep,
An offering fit, he slew a black-sheeped sheep;
While, to invoke the zephyre, mild and light,
He chose out one of fairest, purest white.

Fame spreads the news abroad on soaring wing
That brave Idomenius, their recent King,
Forced by rebellion, left his native state,
And sought in distant lands a better fate;
That Crete a desert was along its shore,
Its houses empty and our foes no more.
Ortygior's port we leave, and o'er the deep,
By Naxos' Bacchanalian mountains sweep.
Donyssa by its verdant soil we know,

Olëaros too, and Paros, white as snow,
Then through the Cyclades we ply our oars,
And dangerous straits between the frequent shores.
A naval shout vast emulation fires,
My friends exhort to seek our Cretan sires.
Our ships advancing, feel the favoring gale,
And soon along the Cretan coast we sail.
Ardent I haste to build the circling wall,
And the new city Pergamæa call.
Exhort to love their sacred hearths and homes,
And raise a citadel with lofty domes.
Our ships were now beyond Aguiro's reach,
Securely moored upon the sandy beach;
In tilling land the youth themselves employ,
And the sweet bliss of nuptial rites enjoy;
A code of laws I had for all designed,
And to each citizen a home assigned;
When on a sudden with the lightning's pace,
A plague advanced thro' heaven's corrupted space,
Disease and death upon our bodies brought,
And e'en on trees and crops destruction wrought.
They gave up life with all that life can please,
Or dragged it loathsome on with foul disease.
Then raging Sirius scorched the sterile fields,
The grass is parched, the crop no harvest yields.
My sire exhorts to visit once again
Ortygia's priest and Phœbus' holy fane,
To sue for pity on our helpless state,
To ask what end is destined us by fate;
Whence seek for aid in this our dire distress,
And whither now our future course to press.

'Twas night and sleep all living things possessed,
That from their daily toil had sunk to rest.
Those Gods I bore away with fond desire,
When Troy was sinking in a flood of fire—
My household gods—before my wondering sight,
Appeared to stand as in a stream of light,
Where the full moon with clear and softened ray,
My casement pierced with beams as bright as day.
To me they there these soothing words addressed,
And raised a heavy load from off my breast.
"As at Ortygia, here, Apollo states,
What you require, and sends us to your gates.
We, faithful, followed you thro' burning Troy,
Your fortunes shared, your arms, your fears, your joy.
Traversed on board your ships the stormy main,
And shall in time raise up your sons again
To glorious fame; and at a future day,
Will give your city great and sovereign sway.
Provide vast walls, for this such wondrous might;
But shun not now a long and tedious flight.
You must depart—the Delian God, before,
Did not direct you to the Cretan shore.
There is a place Hesperia called by name,
By Greeks so called—of ancient warlike fame;
Cœnotrian colonists with hardy toil,
Once held the land and tilled the fertile soil,
Now rumor spreads upon the wings of fame,
'Tis called Italia from its ruler's name.
'These seats are ours, hence Dardanus's race,
And Iasius too, to whom our line we trace.
Now quickly rise and quit your calm repose,
And to your aged sire these truths disclose.
Bid him seek Corythus and th' Ausonian strand,
For Jove himself denies your Cretan land."
Astounded at the sight and voice divine,
I haste from bed with both my palms supine—
No sleep was that, but as in light of day
I seemed their hair and features to survey,
While o'er my shaking frame cold sweat distils,

And bathes my body with its icy rills—
 With voice to heaven upraised I promptly pour
 Libations pure upon the hearth and floor.
 These honors paid, no longer I remain,
 But tell Anchises and the whole explain.
 Our double race and aires he soon perceived,
 But by mistake of place had been deceived.
 He says: "My son, who Troy's worst fates have shared,
 Long since Cassandra these events declared
 Alike to me; I now remember too,
 She said to our race those lands were due,
 And oft, Hesperia, did the country name,
 And oft, Italia's realm, well-known to fame.
 But who could then believe a Trojan host
 Would ever land upon Hesperia's coast;
 Or whom could then Cassandra's words excite?
 Now yield to God, admonished what is right."
 He said: with joy his orders we obey,
 And from this station too make haste away.
 We leave a few, then spread our bellying sails
 And steer our ships before the favoring gales.
 When o'er the deep our prows were making way,
 Nor shore, nor lands, our eyes could more survey,
 Above, the heavens, and all around the sea;
 Then o'er my head there stood an azure rain,
 Bearing a pitchy tempest in its train,
 And fearful darkness casting o'er the main.
 Straightway fierce winds the surging waters sweep,
 Our parted ships are tossed upon the deep;
 Fog, darkness, rain, the concave heavens enshroud,
 And flashing fires disrupt the angry cloud.
 Thus, tempest tossed, our course we cannot steer,
 But wander o'er the sea in blindfold fear.
 Palinurus' self, while standing at the stern,
 Denies that, in the skies, he can discern,
 If rules the night, or now the sable day;
 Nor o'er the waters can he find his way.
 Three days we wander thus in hazy light,
 Which thrice are followed by a starless night.
 The fourth day came, the earth began to rise,
 The hills to bare, the smoke to mount the skies.
 We drop our sails in prospect of the shore,
 Each sturdy sailor plies his bending oar,
 Without delay the foaming waves we ride,
 And with strong impulse cut the azure tide.
 To me thus rescued from a wat'ry grave,
 The coast of Strophades a harbor gave.
 These islands lying in the Ionian main,
 The Grecian name of Strophades retain;
 Where dire Celæno, and her Harpy band,
 With undisputed sway possess the land,
 Since Phineus' house was barred against the crew,
 And from his board through fear they all withdrew.
 Such monstrous pests the angry gods ne'er gave,
 To raise their heads above the Stygian wave.
 With female features and a woman's head,
 A loathsome stench their filthy bodies spread;
 Instead of hands hooked talons took their place,
 And pallid famine stamped the shrivelled face.

The port we entered, when at once, behold!
 Whole herds of oxen, joyous, free and bold,
 And fleecy flocks we see all o'er the plain,
 Browsing at large, no keeper to restrain.
 With sword in hand we kill and do not spare,
 Jove and the Gods invite our prey to share;
 Along the winding shore our tables lay,
 And on rich banquets our keen hunger stay.
 But on a sudden from the mountain side,
 Forth rush the Harpies with terrific stride;
 Their lurid wings with mighty flappings shake,

Plunder, and all pollute they cannot take.
 Then thro' the stench that from their bodies broke,
 In direful voice and threat'ning words they spoke.
 Within a deep recess and darksome shade,
 Which forests dense and hollow cliffs had made,
 Again we spread our tables and retire,
 And on our altars place the sacred fire;
 Again a sounding crowd with talon feet,
 From various points and secret caverns meet,
 Fly round their prey in fierce and angry mood,
 And with their filthy mouths pollute our food.
 At length my men I order arms to take,
 And on the horrid nation war to make.
 Prompt they obey, and on the grassy fields
 Arrange their swords and lay their hidden shields.
 When, therefore, gliding thro' the air once more,
 They make a sound along the winding shore;
 With hollow trumpet from a lofty rock,
 Mirenus gives a signal for the shock.
 My friends advance and novel fights essay,
 Those nasty sea birds with the sword to slay,
 But on their backs no wound did they receive,
 Nor ruffled feather could the eye perceive;
 With rapid flight the starry sky they cleft,
 Their prey half-eaten and foul traces left.
 Celæno only of the band remained,
 Who on a lofty rock a seat had gained;
 A wretched prophetess with angry crest,
 That sends these omens from her spiteful breast:
 "Trojans e'en war prepare you to maintain,
 Beside our prostrate steers and oxen slain?
 Not yet content must you moreover strive
 The harmless Harpies from their realm to drive?
 Now hear my words, and in your memories hold,
 Which Jove to Phœbus, he to me foretold,
 And I, the chief of Furies, now unfold:
 "You seek Italia and invoked the wind,
 In Italy a harbor you will find;
 But yet you shall not with its walls surround
 The city granted for your race to found,
 Before dire famine for the slaughter made
 Among my herds, with deep revenge has paid,
 And forced you to consume, for want of bread,
 The well-gnawed tables for your banquet spread."
 She said, and shook her pinions as she stood,
 And flew again into the shady wood.
 Quick throes of panic my companions seize,
 The stream of blood within their channels freeze;
 Their spirits droop, nor longer now in arms,
 The ardent soul for strife and battle warms:
 Peace they demand with suppliant vows and pray'r,
 If goddesses or filthy birds of air.
 Anchises too with outspread hands exclaims,
 Invokes high heaven and honor due proclaims:
 "Prevent these threats, ye Gods! avert this fate,
 And shield the pious from such angry hate."
 Next from the shore to drag the rope commands,
 And loose the shaken cordage with their hands.
 The freshening south-winds fill the bending sail,
 The boiling waves we ride before the gale—
 Our course to take, with hearts and hopes erect,
 Where'er our pilot and the winds direct.
 Zacynthus' groves amid the waves appear,
 Dulichium next and Same's shore we clear,
 And Neritus too high the waves to fear.
 Ithacas rocks—Laertes' realm we shun,
 And curse the land that nursed his cruel son.
 Leucate's cloud-capped tops next meet the view,
 And Phœbus' temple, dreaded by our crew;
 We seek the God—his little city greet,
 And on the shore fast moor our weary fleet:

Since unexpected land we now enjoy,
 Due lustral rites to Jove our men employ.
 His altars we light up with votive flames,
 And honor Actium's shores with Trojan games.
 My naked friends anointed o'er with oil,
 Their wrestlings practice on a foreign soil,
 Pleased to have passed the Grecian cities so,
 And made their way amid the angry foe.
 Meantime the sun had closed his annual race,
 And icy north-winds roughed the watery space;
 A shield of brass that once great Abas bore,
 I nail on columns at the temple door,
 Which act e'en now the following verse bespeaks—
"Æneas of these arms despoiled the victor Greeks."

Then orders as I give to quit the peaceful port,
 And to their benches and their oars resort;
 My friends with emulation strike the main,
 And joyous sweep along the liquid plain.
 As if amid the darksome shades of night,
 The high Phæacian towers are lost to sight;
 Close by Epirus' shore our course we wend,
 In its Chaonian port our journey end,
 And up Buthrotum's lofty heights ascend.
 Here news incredible our ears awaits,
 That Hel'nus rules these neighbor, Grecian States,
 Succeeding Pyrrhus to his wife and reign—
 A Trojan's spouse Andromache again.
 I was amazed, my breast with ardor fired,
 To meet my friend and learn what had transpired.
 Leaving my fleet safe anchored in the bay,
 I quit the port and took my onward way.
 Before the city in a grove's deep shade,
 A solemn feast Andromache had made,
 And funeral rites and mournful offerings paid;
 Here where the false Simöis rolled its wave,
 Libations pure to Hector's urn she gave,
 Invoked his manes at the empty tomb,
 Made of green turf to mark his early doom;
 Two altars raised to friends of by-gone years,
 The cause—the fruitful source of all her tears.
 Me when she saw advancing o'er the plain,
 With Trojan men and armour in my train,
 Frantic, distracted, by th' unlooked-for sight,
 Her eyes were seared with terror and affright,
 Heat left her bones, upon the earth she falls,
 At length to me with feeble voice she calls:
*"Thou Goddess-born! are these thy features true?
 In thy own person stand'st thou in my view?
 Art thou alive? or if the light of day
 From thee be fled, where does my Hector stay?"*
 She said, and tears in streams poured from her eyes,
 And all the grove resounded with her cries.
 While thus she raved few words can I employ,
 With faltering tongue and sobs I thus reply:
*"I live, indeed, through perils and thro' strife;
 Doubt not, for what you see is real life.
 For you, alas! of such a lord deprived,
 What after lot has adverse fate contrived?
 And after years of suffering and pain,
 What worthy fortune visits you again?
 Are still your vows to Hector's marriage true?
 Or is allegiance now to Pyrrhus due?
 Dejected, sad, she looked upon the ground,
 And in a voice subdued, scarce utterance found:
 "O happy above all, that Trojan dame;
 Who by her death preserved her virgin fame,
 Doomed at Achilles' hostile tomb to die,
 Before the lofty walls of her own Troy!
 The prize of favoring lot she was not led,
 Nor as a captive touched a master's bed."*

I from my country's ashes rudely torn,
 O'er boisterous seas in heartless triumph borne,
 From Pyrrhus' arrogance had divers woes,
 And felt, in servitude, a mother's throes.
 At length, as partner of his future life,
 He took Hermione, a Spartan wife,
 And me to Helenus, his servant, gave,
 A captive servant to a captive slave.
 Orestes, by his mighty love aroused,
 For fair Hermione, to him espoused,
 And frenzied by the furies of his crime,
 Watches his victim and a favoring time,
 With dire revenge the hostile act repays,
 And at his father's altar Pyrrhus slays.
 At Pyrrhus' death a portion of his State
 Was given to Hel'nus by benignant fate,
 Who called the plains Chaonian by name,
 From Trojan Chaon, of illustrious fame,
 Then founded Pergamus with earnest will,
 And yonder Trojan fortress on the hill.
 But say, in turn, what winds have brought you here?
 What fates have caused you for this port to steer?
 Or if some god directed to a shore
 Of whose existence you knew not before?
 How fares the boy Arcanius? does he share
 Your fortunes and enjoy the vital air?
 For his lost parent feels he any care?
 The noble youth do Hector and his sire
 To virtuous thoughts and manly deeds inspire?"
 Thus raved she on, in long and mournful strain,
 While floods of tears coursed down her cheeks in vain,
 When comes the chieftain from his regal halls,
 With crowds attendant from the city walls,
 His friends he knew, and to his palace led,
 And tears of joy with every word he shed.
 Advancing I survey the little State,
 And Pergamus, slight semblance of the great,
 And kiss the threshold of the Scæan gate.
 The Trojans too enjoy the allied walls,
 The King received them in his spacious halls.
 Amid the court they pour out bowls of wine,
 From goblets drink, from golden dishes dine.
 Now day by day the winds invite our sails,
 Our sheets are swollen by propitious gales.
 With urgent zeal the prophet I address,
 And in these words my prayer to him express:
*"O son of Troy, whose thoughts with prescience glow,
 The will of Phœbus and the Gods who know,
 Who from the tripod hear the voice divine,
 And see the Clarian laurel at his shrine,
 To whom the wandering planets knowledge bring,
 And song of birds, and flight of airy wing,
 Come tell—for heaven foretold a prosperous course,
 And all the gods with kind, persuasive force,
 Italia's coast have urged me to pursue,
 And those interior parts withdrawn from view.
 Alone Celseno, horrid to relate!
 Foretells a wondrous, new, and awful fate,
 Denounces anger and revengeful ire,
 With shocking famine—how these dangers dire,
 May I avoid; or, meeting at their fount,
 Such cruel hardships and distress surmount?
 Here, oxen, first, by Helenus were slain,
 By ancient rite upon the grassy plain.
 He next implores the heavenly host in prayer,
 Unbinds the fillets from his sacred hair,
 Conducts me, Phœbus, to thy holy shrine,
 In deep suspense about the will divine;
 Then in these words the sacred prophet slugs,
 The fates, and to my bosom comfort brings:
 "O goddess-born,—for o'er the stormy deep,*

With higher omens on your course you keep—
 The king of gods arranges thus the fates,
 And rolls each change, while each its order waits ;
 That unknown seas you safely may resort,
 And land at length in an Ausonian port,
 A few events of those that yet remain,
 In brief discourse to you I will explain,
 For more the fates forbid your friend to know,
 And Juno tells me further speech forego.
 "First, then, that Italy you think so near,
 And all-prepared to seize its ports appear,
 Is far remote, while countries intervene,
 Thro' which a passage you would try in vain.
 Your oars must bend on the Sicilian wave,
 And the Ausonian seas your ships must lave,
 Th' infernal lakes be traversed too meanwhile,
 And the rough coast of Æan Circe's isle,
 Before a place of safety you can find,
 To found a city that shall rule mankind ;
 These are the signs ; retain them well in mind.
 When, as you anxious roam a river-side,
 Beneath some oaks with branches spreading wide,
 A sow, just littered, shall by thee be found,
 With twenty young ones lying on the ground,
 Both white herself, and all her offspring white,
 This is your place of rest, your city's site.
 Fear not the future eating of your board,
 The fates and Phœbus safety will afford.
 But lands and coast on the Italian side,
 Which near is washed by Adria's surging tide,
 Avoid—in all the cities, wicked Greeks abide.
 Narycian Locrians here their towns maintain,
 Idomeneus' men besiege Salentum's plain ;
 Here stands Petelia on a lofty wall,
 Glorious for Philoctetes' birth though small.
 But when your fleet has sailed across the sea,
 And on the altar's votive gifts you pay,
 Muffle your head within a purple veil,
 From view external objects to conceal ;
 Lest to the Gods while fires still burn around,
 Some hostile force the omens all confound,
 Yourself and allies shall this rite maintain
 And chaste posterity the mode retain.
 But when departed o'er the seas once more,
 The winds shall drive you to Sicilia's shore ;
 When, as Pelorus' rocky cliffs you near,
 Its narrow pass shall in full view appear,
 Tack south you ship, and by a circuit wide,
 Coasting the island on your left-hand side,
 Avoid the right, its shore and angry tide.
 Those places once convulsed by ruin vast—
 So much can time the face of nature blast—
 Are said disrupted and opposed to stand,
 Whereas they both were formerly one land.
 With mighty force the sea rushed thro' the breach,
 Cut off Hesperia from Sicilia's beach,
 On separate shores the lands and towns divides,
 And thro' the fissure pours its narrow tides.
 Scylla keeps watchful guard upon the right,
 And on the left Charybdis shows her spite.
 To the deep bosom of her oozy cave,
 In quick succession thrice she sucks the wave,
 Again in turn she raises them on high,
 And with their spray bedews the starry sky.
 In hidden seat a cavern Scylla locks,
 Drawing, with open mouth, the ships on latent rocks.
 Her face and form, extending to the waist,
 Is like a virgin, beautiful and chaste,
 Her nether parts are like a monstrous whale,
 With sea wolf's belly and a dolphin's tail.

Pachynum's goal 'tis better to survey,
 And wend a tedious course with great delay,
 Than once to see foul Scylla in her cave,
 To hear her azure dogs with howlings rave,
 Resechoed by the rocks beneath the wave.
 Besides, if Helenus can aught foreknow,
 If any faith in him you may bestow,
 If with the truth Apollo fills my mind,
 'To which. O goddess-born, lest you be blind,
 This one advice deep in your thoughts retain,
 'This above all—I warn you o'er again :
 'To Juno, first, with humble reverence pray,
 With cheerful will your vows to Juno pay.
 By suppliant gifts the goddess once make kind,
 And having left Sicilia behind,
 Victor, at length, you Italy shall find.
 When, wafted by the winds, you hither steer,
 And the Cumæan walls and city near ;
 The lakes divine, their deep and awful floods,
 And dark Avernus sounding thro' the woods,
 The frenzied prophetess you shall behold,
 Who, in a rocky cavern, drear and cold,
 Sings forth the fates, and as her bosom heaves,
 Commits her names and signs unto the leaves.
 Whatever songs the Virgin thus indites,
 Whatever verses on those leaves she writes,
 Ranged in that order which the subject gave,
 She shuts them up secluded in the cave :
 They, undisturbed, in their own places stay,
 Nor from their seats and settled order stray.
 But, should some rustling breeze the hinges grate,
 And move the tender leaves inside the gate,
 To re-collect from their flight once more,
 She never cares, or their lost place restore.
 Without advice the worshippers depart,
 And hate the Sibyl's cave within their heart.
 Regard not, here, the losses of delay,
 Altho' your friends would hurry you away ;
 And tho' the winds persuade your course to keep,
 And tempt to spread your sails upon the deep,
 Before the priestess you entreat with prayer,
 That she herself the oracles declare ;
 That, with a hearty will, she shall rejoice.
 Her tongue to loose, and raise her sacred voice.
 She will count over the Italian States,
 The future wars, and their ensuing fates ;
 She will instruct you how to bear, or shun,
 Each labor, and each hazard that you run,
 And worshipped with the honours to her due,
 A prosperous course will grant you to pursue.
 These are the precepts that the gods allow,
 To thee, my faithful friend, I should avow ;
 Go forth, and by your actions to the sky,
 Raise, once again, the high and mighty Troy."

These when with friendly voice the prophet told,
 Gifts carved of ivory and massive gold,
 He next gives orders to the ships to bear,
 With silver bullion packs our holds with care,
 Dodonean chaldrons of prophetic sound ;
 A triple, golden mail with rings well bound—
 And noble helmet with its crest of hair,
 Armour that Neoptolemus was wont to wear.
 Appropriate gifts Anchises wait besides,
 He gives us horses and supplies us guides,
 With sturdy oarsmen well supplies our ships,
 And all the allied band with arms equips.

Meantime, Anchises bids us sail away,
 Lest aught should cause the favoring wind delay ;
 Whom Phœbus' priest, with reverence great caressed,

And to his friend these farewell words addressed :
 "O thou, whom Venus honoured with her hand,
 Who twice in ruins saw thy native land,
 Favorite of Heaven! behold Ausonia near,
 Just spread your sails, and into harbor steer;
 Yet, must you pass it on the briny wave,
 For distant is the part Apollo gave.
 Depart—he said—who Heaven's best gift have won,
 What happy lot, a dutious, pious son.
 But why proceed? why more my friends detain,
 When favoring winds invite them forth again?"
 Nor less Andromache in sorrow shares,
 And in Ascanius centre all her cares.
 Embroidered robes, with golden tissue wrought,
 A Phrygian cloak, besides, to him she brought,
 Nor did the graceful youth her presents shame,
 For well those princely robes his form became :
 With woven gifts she also loads her friend,
 And thus expressed a sorrow without end :
 Take, too, dear youth, these gifts to distant lands,
 The work, in better days, of my own hands ;
 And let them testify that, long as life,
 Thee loved Andromache, great Hector's wife.
 Accept, sole image of my darling boy,
 My lost Astyanax, once hope of Troy.
 In thine, I see his eyes, his brow, his face,
 Those hands that clasped me in a fond embrace ;
 And, now, had cruel fate its victim spared,
 The joys of youth with thee he might have shared."
 To them departing I these words addressed,
 With tearful eyes, and with deep care oppressed :
 "All happiness my valued friends await,
 Whose fortunes have attained a solid state ;
 While I am, still, the sport of varied fate!
 Yours are the comforts of a quiet home,
 No stormy sea are you obliged to roam,
 Nor are you forced Ausonia to pursue,
 Which, as 'tis sought, the more recedes from view.
 You Xanthus see, a semblance of the great,
 And Troy again the centre of your state,
 With better omens which, I hope, you found,
 And less obnoxious to the Greeks around.
 If o'er Tyber's vicinage I trace,
 And see the cities granted to my race,
 Those kindred cities and those neighboring states,
 In Epire and Hesperia planted by like fates,
 Whose people claim great Dardanus as sire—
 Both with one spirit we shall first inspire,
 Then may our children nurse the holy fire!
 Near the Ceraunian cliffs we take our way.
 The shortest course to Italy by sea.
 Meantime the sun his daily round has made,
 And thrown the mountains into evening shade.
 Here, casting lots, who at the oars should stand,
 We lay us down upon the welcome strand ;
 On the dry shore our bodies we refresh,
 Till slumbers deep bedew our weary flesh.
 Not yet had Knight, by the swift Horæ driven,
 Attained her midway course in circling Heaven.
 When Palumnus rises with a bound,
 Explores the winds in every point around,
 And catches with his ears each murmuring sound.
 He marks the starry host in silent train,
 And hurried Hyades portending rain,
 There doth, with anxious eye, the Bears behold,
 And armed Orion, with his belt of gold.
 Calm and serene, when all he can discern,
 He gives the clear-toned signal from the stern ;
 We move our camp, to try the watery way,
 And haste with crowded sail to quit the bay.

And now, Aurora, with her blushes bright,
 The Heavens illumed, the stars just put to flight,
 When on the horizon, as dark spots we see,
 The shadowy hills and plains of Italy.
 "Italia!" first of all, Achates cries,
 Italia, all salute, with shouts that reach the skies.
 My sire Anchises, then, by rite divine,
 Crowned a great bowl, and filled with generous wine,
 And standing at the stern, in fervent pray'r,
 Invoked the gods to lend their gracious care.
 "Gods, who o'er sea, and land, and storms preside,
 Grant us fair winds, and deign our course to guide!"

The freshening breeze is welcome to our ears,
 The port grows wider, as its entrance nears,
 Minerva's temple on the heights appears.
 To furl the sails the men with ardour burn,
 And to the shore the prows impatient turn.
 The port is shaped into a curving bay,
 Whose entering cliffs are washed with briny spray,
 Itself concealed; the towering summits fall,
 And send out arms with long and double wall:
 The Virgin's temple from the shore retreats;
 Here the first omen that our vision meets,
 Are snow-white horses browsing o'er the plain,
 Without a guard their movements to restrain.
 The sage Anchises at the sight exclaims :
 "O stranger land! this surely war proclaims;
 Horses are used to draw the hostile car;
 These herds can threaten nothing less than war.
 Yet they, sometimes, are to the chariot broke,
 And bear the harness with harmonious yoke,
 There still are hopes of peace;" when he spoke;
 To Pallas in her sounding arms we pray,
 And sacred reverence to the goddess pay,
 Who first receives us on this joyous day.
 Before the shrine our features we conceal,
 By wearing on our heads a Phrygian veil.
 Now by advice of Helenus most grave,
 And most important that the prophet gave,
 We pay to Argive Juno rights divine,
 And offer holy incense at her shrine.
 These rights to all in order duly paid,
 Without delay the sails are ready made;
 The yards we turn, to sea again we stand,
 And leave the Greeks and their suspected land.
 Tarentum's bay, if only fame be true,
 The home of Hercules, hence comes in view.
 In front, Lacinia's goddess, from the skies,
 Beholds her fame and sacred temple rise,
 Next in succession, Caulon's heights are shown,
 And Syracum for its shipwrecks known.
 Afar, Sicilian Ætna's sides appear,
 The sea's deep groans, and beaten rocks we hear,
 And from the shore hoarse voices reach the ear.
 The waters bound with fury, far and wide,
 And up-raised sands are mingled with the tide.
 Anchises then : "Charybdis here behold,
 Hel'nus these cliffs, these horrid rocks foretold.
 Away, companions, from the frightful shore,
 Let every seaman ply his bending oar!"
 They all obey, and Palinurus gave,
 His creaking prow to meet the left hand wave.
 Then all the fleet the foaming waters cleft,
 And with the winds and oars pursued the left.
 We rise to heaven, as up the waters flow,
 And as they sink, descend to shades below.
 Three times the cliffs, beneath the vast profound,
 Sent up from hollow rocks a lowing sound,
 Thrice too we saw the dashing spray arise,
 And in a shower drench the starry skies.

The wind and sun now leave our weary host,
 On unknown seas, we reach the Cyclop's coast.
 The port is large with naught from winds to fear
 But with dread ruin *Ætna* thunders near.
 Sometimes to ether bursts a pitchy cloud,
 Whirling red embers in a smoky shroud,
 Raising in masses balls of liquid fire,
 Till from the scorching heat the stars retire.
 Sometimes it vomits from its belching breast,
 The mountain's bones and bowels o'er its crest.
 Aloft with groans the melted rocks it piles,
 While in its depths a sea of lava boils.
 Tradition tells *Enceladus's* breast,
 Half-burned with lightning, by this weight is pressed;
 And *Ætna* o'er him placed by *Vulcan's* sire,
 From broken chimneys does this flame expire;
 Oft as he changes here his weary side,
Sicilia trembles in a murmuring tide,
 And clouds of smoke the concave zenith hide.
 That night protected by the leafy wood,
 With fear those horrid omens we withstood.
 Nor could we see what caused the dreaded sound,
 For no bright planets cast their light around;
 Nor was the sky with starry splendour clear,
 But gloomy night with tempests dark and drear,
 Obscured the horizon in a murky shroud,
 And held the moon within a dismal cloud.

At length, the dawn its first appearance made,
 And morn removed from Heaven the humid shade,
 When quickly from the woods a man there came,
 Of aspect strange, a skeleton in frame;
 Tattered and squalid he advances more,
 And stretches suppliant hands unto the shore.
 We look. His filth was dire, long beard he wore,
 And thence patch up those clothes the brambles tore;
 But these aside, a Grecian to the eye,
 Who in his country's arms had gone to Troy.
 When first he saw the *Dardan* dress and arms,
 The sight convulsed his frame with vague alarms;
 He paused in terror, and stopped short his pace,
 When to the shore he rushed in headlong race,
 And thus with prayers and tears besought our grace:
 'O Trojans! by the starry host I pray,
 By the great Gods who hold ethereal sway;
 By the pure air that gives us vital breath,
 Bear me away from evils worse than death.
 Even though you take me to some desert strand,
 I will suffice to quit this fearful land!
 Know that I was of the Grecian fleet,
 And went in war the Trojan Gods to meet;
 For which offence—if the injury be great,
 For such a crime deserve so sad a fate—
 Flunge me at once into the briny waves,
 And cast me headlong to their deepest caves.
 For die I must, then shall the vital span,
 Be better shortened by the hands of man."
 He said and on his knees at ours he falls,
 And in a close embrace for pity calls.
 Then, what his race, we order him to state,
 And what misfortunes caused his present fate.
 My sire *Anchises* with a sense refined,
 Knew the young man his hand with language kind,
 And by the pledge confirms his doubting mind.
 His senses then no longer fear enthralled,
 And with this tale, our ears he thus appalled:
 "My friend, from *Ithaca* I came,
 Myself, and *Achemenides* my name.
 My master being poor—I went to Troy,
 And said that the father's lot had pleased his boy!
 And my companions terrified though brave,

The cruel threshold trembling while they leave,
 Forsook me in the Cyclop's dismal cave.
 His house, though vast, was dark and flowed with gore,
 And human flesh composed its only store.
 His form erect would strike the lofty stars,
 O Gods avert a pest, the earth that mars!
 Up to his ears no human voice could rise,
 And scarce his head be seen by mortal eyes;
 On the dark gore of wretched men he feeds,
 Nor richer dainties than a carcass needs.
 I saw myself, when of our hapless crew,
 With his great bony hand he caught up two;
 Then on his back amid the cavern wide,
 Dashed them against the rock on either side,
 Until the spattered floor with blood was dyed.
 With ravenous hunger growling more and more,
 I saw him crush those limbs still dripping gore;
 While as a chaldron that begins to seethe,
 The tepid members trembled in his teeth.
 Nor did impunity the monster find,
 Nor great *Ulysses* could his danger blind,
 And make him lose the presence of his mind.
 No sooner did he, gorged with flesh and wine,
 His bended neck upon the ground recline,
 And lie a mighty mass along the cave,
 Belching up gore in wave succeeding wave;
 And scraps and wine commingled in his sleep,
 Surged from the cavern of his bosom deep;
 Than we the heavenly host addressed in pray'r,
 And having fixed by lot each separate care,
 From every side around the monster pour,
 And his huge eye with sharpened weapon bore.
 The only eye beneath his brow that lay,
 Round as a shield, and like the lamp of day;
 Joyous with just revenge for having paid,
 Our murdered friends and their unburied shade.
 But fly, O wretched! fly, I say once more,
 And tear in haste your cables from the shore.
 As *Polyphemus* in his cavern deep,
 Collects his flocks and milks his fleecy sheep.
 Along the shore a hundred Cyclops stray,
 And o'er the lofty mountains make their way.
 Three moons have filled their crescent horns with light,
 Since I drag on my life, in wretched plight,
 Amid the desert lairs, where wild beasts lie,
 Where the vast Cyclops from some rock I spy,
 Shake at their voice and at their footsteps sigh.
 The bushes yield me berries, meagre fruits,
 And grasses feed me with their broken roots.
 Though daily looking out on every side,
 This fleet just coming to the shore I spied.
 In it whate'er may chance my trust I place,
 Suffice it now to fly this horrid race.
 If this sad fate cannot your wrath appease,
 My wretched life destroy as you may please.

Scarce had he spoke when on the mountain height,
 The shepherd *Polyphemus* comes in sight.
 Moving amid his flocks with mighty stride,
 And seeking by his course the well-known tide—
 A monster horrid, shapeless, huge and high,
 Whose savage forehead lost its only eye.
 A pine-tree trunk supports his pond'rous hand,
 And stays his footsteps on the yielding sand.
 His fleecy sheep upon his movements wait,
 The only solace of his wretched fate.
 When in the waves and briny sea he stood,
 From his pierced eye he washed the fluid blood,
 Then gnashing, groaning, walks amid the tides,
 Nor yet the waves have touched his lofty sides.
 Trembling, we haste from thence without adieu,

With one to whom just sympathy was due ;
 In silence cut the cables from the shore,
 And sweep the sea with every bending oar.
 Soon he perceived, and to our voice's sound,
 The frightful monster turned his footsteps round.
 But when he cannot meet us hand to hand,
 Nor yet pursue th' Ionian waves from land,
 He raised a clamour of such awful sound,
 The sea convulsed and quaked th' Italian ground,
 And Ætna bellowed in its caves profound.
 From wood and hill, this port the Cyclops reach,
 And summoned by their chief, fill up the beach.
 We see them stand with eye now stern in vain,
 Ætnean brethren near the azure main.
 Bearing their lofty heads to mount the sky,
 A conclave horrid, as can meet the eye.
 So with high-top great oak trees pierce the air,
 Or Cypress stand, that cone-shaped berries bear.
 The former honoured as the wood of Jove,
 The latter worshipped, as Diana's grove.
 Fear urges on, our halyards to unbind,
 And spread our sails before whatever wind ;
 But then, again, sage Helenus foretold,
 The dangerous course we must by no means hold.
 That Scylla and Charybdis leads between,
 Where death and danger are too often seen.
 While thus embarrassed how my way to make,
 Almost resolved the backward course to take ;
 Behold! the north-wind from Pelorus' seat,
 Is sent by heaven to waft my weary fleet.
 Close by Pantagea's rock-bound port I sail,
 Megara's bay, and Thapsus' lowly vale.
 These names Achemenides recounted o'er,
 Of parts he with Ulysses saw before.

An island stretches through Sicania's gulph,
 Before Plemmyrium, beaten by the surf:
 'Tis called Ortygia from an early day,
 Hither from Elis Alpheus made its way,
 And held its hidden course beneath the sea ;
 Which through thy mouth, now, Arethusa mounts,
 And with the waves is mingled by thy founts.
 Here, too, the prophet's counsel we embrace,
 And pray the gods the guardians of the place.
 On by Helorus' fertile soil we keep,
 And coast along Pachynum's rocky steep.
 Here Camarina's fate will not allow,
 To be disturbed or furrowed by the plough.
 Here the Gelcon plains and Gela famed,
 A mighty city from the river named.
 Then lofty Agragas presents its walls,
 Renowned for horses and unnumbered stalls.
 Selinus and its palms I leave behind,
 And, with fair winds by Lilybeian wind,
 But scarce my way thro' shoals and rocks can find.
 Hence Drepanum's port I reach and joyless coast,
 Which, soon, alas! I find a gloomy host.
 Here, o'er the seas, by many tempests tossed,
 Sad to relate! my honored sire I lost,
 Who in my fortunes bore a patient share,
 The greatest solace of my every care.
 Here, best of fathers, saved so oft in vain,
 You leave your weary son, in grief and pain!
 Though Hel'aus many horrors did relate,
 He ne'er predicted such a wretched fate,
 Nor yet, Celano, in her direful hate.
 This my last sorrow, here my wand'rings o'er,
 Departed hence, Heaven drove me to your shore."

While, with attentive ears, each word they caught,
 His fates and voyage thus Æneas taught,
 And having ended, rest, and quiet sought.

Scenes Beyond the Western Border.

WRITTEN ON THE PRAIRIE.

BY A CAPTAIN OF U. S. DRAGOONS.

(Continued from March No., 1853.)

July 25th.—For about three miles we passed an open pine forest on the top of the highlands between the Platte and Arkansas; and seven miles from camp we drank at a small stream flowing to the latter. When we emerged from the woods, a very extensive view opened to the east and south; no more forest was to be seen; but the prairies had a shade of decided green, which was a pleasing novelty; but this great slope has a southern exposure, and is high enough to share the mountain showers. Be this as it may, it is the most promising country we have seen since we first came to the Platte near its mouth.

We passed about noon nearest to Pike mountain, 10 or 15 miles off; it was enveloped in cloud nearly the whole day, which fortunately has been showery and cool, for we had no water for 24 miles, and 9 hours.

We have been all day on the verges of these perennial showers, which the cold, cloud, attracting and condensing mountain tops send forth from their basis as ceaseless streams through the far plains. Thus nature, as with a low pressure engine, carries on its vast schemes; the surplus steam from the hot valleys giving motion to its rivers. Once we saw it snowing on the lofty mountain, which, far as it was, seemed almost above us.

Our camp is on the stream of the "Fontain qui bouille." We should have much liked to visit the spring, which was but 12 miles from our course; but "march! march!" and thirty-one miles we have marched to day. The stream is fringed with groves and the horses fare well upon luxuriant rushes and blue grass.

July 26th.—We followed the Fontain qui bouille 17 miles, and there left it for a more direct course, over the hills, to the Arkansas. We found it a weary 16 miles, without water; broken and barren, and not at all green. It was all the prospect there; Cactus and Spanish bayonet had claimed it as their own; but

there was animal life; creatures which must be assimilated to these desolation-loving vegetables; there were very extensive villages of those queer "prairie dogs," and they seemed to have formed an unusual association; and with little nearer approach to the most accepted standards of taste, than their well known one with rattle snakes and burrowing owls; it was now ants, and their were thousands of their hills,—some two feet in height.

But the most singular thing were hundreds of smooth, regularly conical mounds, varying in height from five to twenty feet. There was no appearance of rock. They stand near the foot of the hills on the alluvial plain. We had no time for any satisfactory examination.

The morning was distressingly warm; but as usual, the thunder clouds gathered to the mountains:—Pike's peak, behind us, and a range to our right beyond the Arkansas; and as usual, they set forth, as if for battle, these cloudy squadrons, thundering over the plains between. O, beautiful were they in constant motion, with ever varying combinations, as if in glorious sport! But at times they seemed to unite, and threaten us with fire and blood; then from the dark array would issue thunderbolts and fiery gleams, but our silent ranks moved steadily on, then, suddenly the sun would brightly interpose; the baffled clouds would break off muttering with pelting discharges upon all around.

Across the river,—but we cannot see it for trees and bushes, is Mexico, or Texas perhaps; and sixty miles within the disputed ground are the Spanish peaks which we have seen. It seems strange that Spain should have left memorials, so far inland;—so far north. How rapidly did she degenerate! So must think at least all believers in militia, and call hers cowardly; for they ran away from every battle which they should have fought,—and in defence of their native land, except for harrassing escorts, the Duke of Wellington accounted them as so many sheep. I attribute all that to want of capable officers and discipline.

And what news are we to hear when we reach "the States?" (when we complete this march, which will be unparalleled in history.) When we left, there was every

prospect of war with Mexico, and even with England; (that was all settled in the —; that type of iniquity and folly, and not therefore, of course, a true exponent of government affairs.) But we consider a war with Mexico so inevitable, that our distant march at this time has been much criticised in camp; and we have some idea of meeting orders, to keep our course south to Santa Fe.

Sixty-four miles in two days! Wonderful in the last quarter of 2400 miles, on poor grass. *Dragoons*—with carbine, sabre, pistols, cartridges, two blankets, a great coat, picket rope and iron pin, &c. But it must break down any thing but a cast iron horse; above twenty miles incessantly for a hundred days!

There is no game. We have not seen a herd of buffaloes for sixteen days, and shall not probably for five days to come: and yet this has been considered the buffalo country. And the Indian country too!—and where are they? The very road we have followed answers: it connects a chain of trading posts, where whiskey and gunpowder are bartered for robes and tongues; it destroys soul and body,—man and beast together: verily the golden calf of civilization has been raised far in the wilderness!

July 27th.—We have had the pleasure of marching to-day 22 miles over a baked white clay surface, accompanied under the broiling sun by a breeze which very gently enveloped us, as in a secondary atmosphere—with dust which gave to all a semblance, not strictly defined, whether of millers or hodmen. This charming promenade was adorned solely by a dry and repulsive sort of bush, which served to remind us that any comfortable vegetation could by no possibility there exist.

We crossed early a nameless stream, supposed to be generally dry—which was absolutely a torrent of mud, twenty paces wide, and near three feet deep; it was almost dangerous to ford. The river some miles lower was almost as muddy. Here, it is unusually clear: the current is very great, frequently over stones and gravel: its immediate valley is generally several miles wide: the bluffs with little grass have frequently abrupt geometrical shapes.

Again we have thunder storms around us, but escape with a sprinkle. It is said to be 40 miles to Bent's Fort. Our provisions are nearly gone.

July 28th.—After coming an hour or two this morning due east, as yesterday—and over the same white clay, facing a blistering sun,—suddenly a charming north wind came breathing a new life into us, and driving off our dusty infliction. The valley is here very wide, the river clear and very swift, it is about three hundred feet wide, and deeper than it is far below. It is too, continuously adorned by groves on the banks and islands. The soil is still very poor,—of sand and gravel, but we crossed one fine meadow of 6 or 700 acres. The river once forced us for several miles to pass over the hills; but nothing like mountains were visible on either side.

A singular animal has been caught here; in fact, it made no effort to escape. A naturalist, who joined us at Fort Laramie, pronounces it a golden rat; but it seems unknown to the dwellers of this wilderness.

Having marched 21 miles, we encamped rather early, at 2½ o'clock. Now, at 6,—a dark thunder storm is bursting over us.

July 29th.—A pleasant day, with a cool breeze, which made all comfortable. As we passed on this morning, we saw a half mile to our right, near the river bank, a small party with a wagon, moving westward:—whereupon it was visited, some barrels of alcohol destroyed—men and wagon seized and brought with us.

Over a smooth, gravelly, second bank prairie, we caught sight, at several miles distance, of the national flag, floating amid picturesque foliage and river scenery, over a low dark wall, which had a very military semblance. Very gradually and tediously we approached; and then were we more surprised at the fine appearance and strength of the trading fort. An extensive square, with high adobe walls, and two large towers at opposite angles; and all properly loop-holed. Our near approach was saluted by three discharges from a swivel gun; the walls being well "manned." The Colonel and suite were most hospitably greeted at the sally port, by Messrs St. Vrain and C. Brent. The regiment marched on, and encamped at the first grassy meadow, a mile or

two lower down. A number of officers partook of a good dinner at the Fort.

Amongst a few luxuries which we here attain, are several newspapers, of later date by some weeks than we have seen. The commissary reports the provisions in perfect preservation—especially the hard bread; 'tis a pity there is no flour. We arrived with rations for a single day.

This afternoon a party of a dozen Mexicans passed our camp, being questioned, and allowed to proceed; they have a trading venture, for the Chians. The majority of the hands at the fort are Mexicans; and the Spanish the prevailing language; but with English, French and Indian additions and combinations, there is no slight confusion of tongues.

We have been visited too by a kind of double animal, not exactly a centaur, but a form of Mexican humanity, appearing to grow from the caudal extremity of a donkey; furnishing the concern however with an extra pair of legs. The head wore a white cotton cap, and one arm flourished a stick or wand, which seemed a cause of dread and perplexity to the foreparts, which were without appendage or ornament. Between was a bag of wheat of Taos.

There has been quite a lively exchange of broken down horses for ponies and mules; and very much, "unsight, unseen," a horse was a horse, if he could stand up; a pony was only expected to go. Two young antelopes were presented to an officer, who then purchased a mule and cart for their conveyance.

Here we lose sight of Pike mountain, after journeying rapidly in view for nine days. It is said to be visible from some river bluff, 80 or 90 miles further on. We have found it about 400 miles from Fort Laramie, and the route we have followed is the best natural road we have yet seen. There is nothing to prevent a light carriage from passing it, twelve miles to the hour; and this so near the mountains, and in view of perpetual snow!

August 3d, 1845.—Our march was continued from Bent's Fort, July 30th:—following the river eastward with our wonted pertinacity of progression. August 1st, we passed by what is called the Big Timbers. It is

a narrow forest on islands and low bottoms, extending 15 or 20 miles: it is known and important as a wintering place and refuge from storms. Here, beside fuel, those who can have no better, find shelter from the wintry winds which sweep with a furious swing over these vast plains, which themselves shrink beneath the dismal protection of an unbroken sheet of snow. As my once anticipated wintry refuge, it possessed for me an unusual interest.

That day too we encountered a large party of New Mexico Indians, the Apaches,—with some Kiawas in company. They were large, handsome men, of a frank and pleasant bearing. The faces of some of them resembled rather the Caucasian than the Indian cast. Their hair was long, occasionally clubbed behind, in our delectable female fashion. All were mounted, and their equipage had the profuse silver and steel adornments, of which many a rich Mexican would gladly have confessed to more than the style they embrace in the graceful and pleasant Spanish and Mexican manner, but they failed not to reveal eloquently the true Indian trait of “mucho ambre.” In what tongue unknown did ever Indian conceal his remarkable hunger!

They had with them a Mexican youth, who had probably been captured many years before: a very slender, singular being—with yellowish hair, pendent from the temples like two long queues. He spoke Spanish but poorly, as did our interpreter—and we thought we made out two propositions, (and but one inference,) viz: that he liked the Indians, and that the Mexicans were afraid of them.

These fellows gave us to understand that they had been on an expedition against the Pawnees; and this indicated some contempt—possibly ignorance—of the small matter of boundaries; but no doubt, it was in retaliation, for the hand of the Pawnees is raised against all men.

This day we first came in sight of the drifting white sand-hills, which border the southern side of the river for one or two hundred miles, of fantastic changing shapes, often dazzling white, and supporting a few stunted cedars and plum bushes: their air of desolation does not at all prevent them from

pleasing the eye, whilst a certain wildness in their appearance excites the imagination. Indeed, I know them as the refuge and ambush of beasts of prey, and of wilder and fiercer men.

A few hundred paces below this camp is the frame-work remains of an Indian “medicine lodge,” looking like a dismantled circus. We found in it four buffalo skulls, with the eye-holes stopped with dry grass; tied overhead were a bundle of rods, a bow, pipe and stem, and some wild pumpkins. “Medicine man” is the literal meaning of the Indian designation of the individual who always unites the professions of physician and priest; he deals in vegetable medicines, in relics, charms and incantations. On solemn occasions many superstitious ceremonies are performed, and mysteries which at least remind us of those of ancient Greece and Rome. Sometimes superstition becomes so extravagant that many horrors of physical suffering are eagerly submitted to. I will mention a single one, repeatedly witnessed by a friend: the fanatic, having a sufficient band of skin divided from the back, and a rope tied to it, drags thereby a buffalo skull until from natural decay the rope tears loose!

The braves, the aspirants to renown, before undertaking some martial exploit, each imposes on himself the most extraordinary fasts and vigils; sometimes on a rock or lofty hill, in unchanged posture—like the brahmin—for days together chanting songs or hymns; their natures thus etherealized by fasting,—their imaginations unnaturally excited,—witnessing in their solitudes the solemn or sublime natural phenomena, these poor savages then reach a spiritual exaltation or ecstasy, in which the Great Spirit favors them, they assert, with direct communications,—of approval,—of promise or of warning.

A few miles lower is Chouteau’s Island,—an old crossing of the Santa Fe road; and known also as the scene of several Indian engagements, first with traders, afterward with our troops; (and on this day sixteen years ago.)

August 4th.—We marched at half-past 6 o’clock. That means that two hours earlier a trumpet had called us all from sleep to

sudden labours; first, arms in hand,—there is an inspection,—then a “stable call,” which the poor horses know well, although they have perhaps forgotten what a stable is, or have despaired ever to see one again; possibly they retain a vague memory of the grain, which, on a time, was served to them at that signal. Now they whinny a morning greeting to their masters, and seem grateful for a little rubbing of their stiffened limbs, and removal to fresh grass. Meanwhile the cook of each mess (of six or seven men) has been preparing hot coffee; and offers it with the unleavened cakes which were baked over night against a spade or board, and some boiled or fried buffalo meat for breakfast: as a rarity he gives them a morsel of fine pork. Then, at the signal for the new guard to saddle, baggage is prepared and packed in the wagons; the ceremonies of guard mounting over, the assembled trumpeters sound “boots and saddles,” when, in a quarter of an hour—all bridle, saddle and arm, and the last preparations are completed, then, “to horse,” and the regiment is almost instantly in “order of battle;” and at the “advance!” each squadron in turn ahead, we all ride forth to “battle” with space, with fatigue, perhaps with great heats and dust—with saddening wastes—with thirsts and fears of finding no haven of refreshment and rest.

In the heat of the day, if there be water, we wait wearily, generally unshaded, about three-fourths of an hour, for horses to rest and take a luncheon of grass, and for the baggage to come up. After eight or ten hours, happily finding water and grass, at the climax of fatigue, with the energy of necessity, we commence the settlement of a canvass village in the wilderness. The horses are first to be attended to; but generally with a skirmishing accompaniment—a slight scramble for that scarce article of fuel; this is sometimes amusing—sometimes leads to unpleasant excitement. The baggage is then unpacked—if fortunately it have arrived—and fires are lit, perhaps in a rain,—water is brought—generally as far as it is found from the best grazing: issue of provisions is made, and this may depend upon still absent hunters, or the slaughter of a beef; and the cattle although trained for several months

with unfailing exercise, are not always “up to time;” cooking then goes on. We eat with an appetite, but of the coarsest and simplest food. The guard then commences the labours of the night; but the many enjoy with rest—the single luxury of a pipe! (Its apology, is it not written?) The few also, a fine sunset or moonlight, and scenery, which may be tame,—may be desolate, but is generally new,—sometimes beautiful, or grand.

Well!—I have long been a wanderer, and; I rather like it.

Yes! it has its pleasures.

It is easy to turn aside to perfect solitude, when—

“— the twilight soft comes stealing on,
With its one star,—the star of Memory,
Pale,—pale,—but *very* beautiful!”

A gentle air rustles the grass or leaves; the running waters too, give music: and then, they seem the voices of gentle spirits, which may in this hour of calm and loveliness awake to Eden memories. As sometimes suddenly, the innocent prattle of children falls as music on the mother's ears,—banishing happily, vexing cares,—so, nature now seems soothed, and harmony reigns.

And as the mother, first musing in loving mood, then timidly questioning her happiness; — so too, to the eloquence of this sweet hour, my heart first beats a pleased response; and then, in reverie, my soul wanders over space and time, until all sense is wrapt, in a thought,—a memory.

Then ever I awake with a convulsive sigh, which comes unbidden—like an echo. 'Tis the answer to the summons of the REAL.

The mortal sound has banished the happy whispering spirits; I am recalled mayhap to find the tone, the colouring, the vitality of the scene all gone: 'tis a dismal prairie now. It is dark; the winds are hoarse.

And so we wear on—like all the world. Often in the broad field of labour and care, which in prospect was all barren, we find that Heaven has provided for us little flowery valleys of rest, where our souls are strengthened and our hearts refreshed.

Here Frank came in.

“I saw you wandering off, at sundown;

been attempting a photograph of scene?"

Ah! no bantering now—there is a art of more pretension still;—that tint the heart;—that would fix the lag thought;—that would delve for lies in the deep mine of man's na-

I have been writing, Frank, some-
or your especial approval; I have
ting forth grim realities,—and most
hically. I *did* strike at last, but most
y and truly, a little vein of—"

—Poetry, perhaps? by the merest
in the world."

'Nature is poetry! For what are
often gorgeously beautiful, or deli-
lovely, beyond all representation?
it, the endless variety, the exquisite
tion of resplendent colours, of tints
as of beauty in flowers and birds?
utility, Frank, but to soften our
to refine and elevate our thoughts.
is Worship!"

'Well, let me hear your specimen of
reality.' If you could only realize
rm of simplicity! For poetry I gen-
o to Job, David, or Isaiah."

d to him my day's experiences. He
impatiently; and at last broke out—
are incorrigible! Do you call that
tion, the *real*?"

"Surely it has a mournfully same,
ly reality!"

"And how easily by a mere turn of
ion, you could have given it the in-
f a simple narrative!"

"Well, I'm too indolent; for, if com-
l, I might imagine myself bound to
up; and I scribble by no rule, and
o object but pastime; and, to com-
some future day the old with the new
mind."

"And a rather singular acquaintance
e *old gentleman* make! Pray why
d you trouble yourself with the dry
t of our daily doings?"

"Thank-ye for solving—in your
sentry way—a question of my own!
ell you: I am convinced that written
tions, not only from carelessness or
but from inherent imperfection, in-
y paint very feebly; and from con-

sciousness of this, are dashed with discol-
oured exaggerations; they deceive more
than they enlighten the imaginations of those
who are unable to apply the convictions and
the tests of some experience; you perceive,
then, that I was experimenting?"

F.—"I should say, and without dropping
the figure, that the difficulty lay in the im-
possibility of all colouring; it tires a reader
too much, to attempt more than outlines:
and all action—even military—is so essen-
tially irregular, and depends so much upon
individuality, as not to be described.

"I find *you* guilty of 'carelessness' cer-
tainly; and, by-the-by, you have not a word
of our detour over the beautiful plain of
Chouteau's Island! Then, indeed, your ever-
lasting 'Memories' seemed strong enough;
and what was better, almost tangibly real; I
could almost see the five hundred painted
and yelling Camanches charging at full speed
to surprise your camp. And then an inex-
perienced youth of twenty years."

C.—"Nonsense!—a mere instinct"—

F.—"—Led by a military and saving in-
stinct then,—went forth with thirty men to
meet them half way"—

C.—"Well, well,—I wrote what pleased
myself; and,—another object I have, which
I did not mention: with scarce a book to
read, if one did not write, I fancy the beef
and pork and beans would in time form a
coating round his brain,—turn it all, perhaps
to thick and solid skull! How is it with you,
Frank? Does yours retain a slight softness?"

F.—"Don't you think a slight quarrel
would help your case? There is excitement
in it at least."

C.—"Never say that! I remember once
I was told the same,—threatened, I thought,
in jest; but there soon followed a storm of
pain to *me*!"

F.—"And did you suspect that what was
death to you, was fun for another,—as in the
fable?"

C.—"No; I could not."

F.—But the healing of the wound was an
equal happiness."

C.—"Inexpressible!—but"—

F.—"Left a slight scar, perhaps.—Those
are beautiful flowers. I would not have be-
lieved that the prairie could now furnish such
a bunch."

C.—“ Their modest beauty is scarcely noticed when seen ; but if you are interested enough to assemble them thus, you are rewarded by a charming surprise. And how pleasant a study is each ! I have an untiring love for flowers. How perfect and refined a delicacy they possess ! Examine these blossoms ; how pure and delicate a white ! See the different stages of their mysterious vitality : some of the corollas are like fine pearls, and are set in an emerald green ; some are just expanding and reveal the beautiful life within ; others with full blown petals, which, like fairy shells, still gracefully guard and adorn the stamens now crowned with golden pollen ; and their fragrance ! what other sense is capable of so refined an enjoyment as it yields ! ”

F.—“ With what strange complacency does the mass of even the ‘ educated,’ ignore the charming mysteries of botany ! They may be surprised into admiration of a fine flower ; but it is a mere sensation,

—‘ the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow visions of their minds.’ ”

C.—“ And they lose half the beauty, which, such is their perfection, they reveal to minute examination.

“ Did you ever reflect how enthusiastic an admiration for them, is expressed in the language, ‘ Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these ! ’ ”

F.—“ The lily ;—the queen of flowers ! And yet, all the world admire them ! Are they not generally personified ?—credited with a language ? ”

C.—“ The language of flowers !—The language of admiration and of love, rather. Charming symbols indeed !—most eloquent offerings ! ”

F.—“ What myriads there are here—

‘ born to blush unseen,
And waste their fragrance on the desert air.’ ”

It is strange. What earthly purpose do they serve ? ”

C.—“ What know ye of the attributes of their wondrous and miraculous life ? But how admirably do they fulfil their divine appointments in the unfathomable scheme of Nature ! More beautiful, more fruitful,—even less ephemeral than myriads of animal

existences ! Truly they may have a language—or be an eloquent incense to the Creator ;—by them ‘ the hills are joyful together before the Lord, and all green things upon the earth praise him.’ ”

Aug. 13.—We have come on regularly, above two hundred miles since the 4th, and with no very extraordinary incident ; we have had some grand thunder storms at night, and yesterday—the first time for months—rode several hours in rain. We have passed many buffalo ; but none for several days, and had despaired of seeing more. Several merchant trains for Santa Fe have been met, and, which was something new, one of them was accompanied by a few emigrants—women and children. Are the Anglo-Saxons breaking out in a new place ?

Two marches back, our eyes were first gladdened by the view of green prairies ; the regular Missouri grasses ; beautiful, indeed,—but not so nutritious as some dryer roots farther West.

After marching about five miles this morning through the savannahs of Walnut creek, where we had encamped, and of the Arkansas—which we are about to leave—we saw to our surprise a large gang—perhaps a thousand buffaloes on the hills to our left.

Soon about a dozen of us might have been seen very deliberately diverging from the road, whilst the column moved on ; what would stop it ! After riding a mile or two, we gained a slight hollow, quite near, and to the leeward, of course, of the unsuspecting herd ; then we allowed two still hunters to creep on for deliberate shots, while we inspected our appointments, and made our plans ;—never had I been so deliberate ! and it was bad luck to me as will be seen.

Now, mount and away ! The long hill on which the chase began, ranged directly in the course of the march, and there we expected to drive the game ; the wind was from that quarter ; and they almost always ran against it ; the attack of course was towards the desired direction ; and carbine men, who fire best to the left, dashed for their right flank, and those with pistols for their left. All would not do : whether to return to their more usual haunts, or for their advantage in running down hill (arising from their great strength before,) they turned right on us,

and broke our centre, and went rushing down the long slope whence we came, twenty abreast;—the dense column about a quarter of a mile, and like a black serpent! And thus I found them on their right flank, where I could use my pistols: down we all went, hugging their flanks; and I penetrated their columns and gained the other

this manœuvre they assist by dismounting from behind you—by which at first they were so thick that they were falling, it was only by a powerful effort discomposing to his rider—that I was able to avoid tumbling over. There was now a rattling fire, and a hissing of balls; and the fire “grew furious.” I shot a fat cow while in the chase, and I only know I did not see her immediately lost sight of her; then I fired upon an immense cow, and what the cause, my down-hill shot was a bad one; high; then reloading, I got in pursuit of another officer—of a detachment of thirty, determined this time to win my game. My noble horse soon came alongside, I perceived on lowering my pistol to the aim, that the cap was lost—I replaced it—losing ground: again I lost alongside, when, with indescribable disappointment, the same thing occurred then my companion, by hard riding, got near enough *behind* the buffalo-ripple one by his fire. In my over-haste on the hill unnecessarily replenished my cap-pouch, from a friend's, with which were slightly too large. And the advantage did I take of having the horse in the field, which was still inferior for the chase.

Unexpectedly, we got about 800 lbs of the very best meat we have had. At a weary ride we have had this hot sun; following the regiment about ten miles!

14th.—Twenty-two hundred miles in nine days!

Left the Kansas river this morning, with a Shawnee guide, who called it to Fort Leavenworth. Passing first through low and very broken hills, well clothed with grass, we then emerged upon prairies. Reached Stranger river eleven miles,—(it

had been called six,)—still we marched on through rank grass, and weed, and bush, hopefully; as home was the busy thought that engrossed us. After 18 miles we were forced to halt at a branch for rest for the animals; the heat had become excessive; but just before stopping, we had seen, we thought, afar off, Pilot Knob,—a land mark, four miles below the post.

At one o'clock, we moved on again;—forcing our way wearily, through the rank grass of a wet season; rising and descending continually, hill after hill of rolling prairie; like a stately ship which has weathered with narrow escape a mighty tempest, and strained in every joint laboring heavily on the swell, which seems endlessly to defer the eager hopes of a haven almost in sight.

But now the Knob, familiar to many a chase,—on horses which the curb and strong arm with effort checked,—rose in full view; the eye was pleased; but the known distance realized the certainty of a killing march to attain the goal. When we struck the military road, ten miles from home, our poor steeds were animated by pleasant memories, and tossed their heads, and champed the bit.

But, good Heaven, what clouds of dust then rose from our feet, enveloped us, and followed us like a destiny! And how scorching was the sun in this artificial calm. We dismounted, and some horses then staggered as they were led: we walked an hour, the perspiration raining from my brow, and my brain throbbing; we walked right through streams, dashing the water to the face with our hands. Still on: the endless last mile of disappointment and fatigue:—the sun went down; but now the houses and stables, white and beautiful amid the green trees, animated us to press on. At dusk we entered the portal, and staggering to the usual parade, renewed the line, which ninety-nine days before we formed in the pride of prancing horses: how many a gap was now! but the half stood there!

And there was, perforce, a silent but eager suspense; then came words of commendation from the Colonel. I can only remember some sounds breaking monotonously a dead silence—like the vague impressions of a dream. And then the ranks dissolved,—the spell was broken, and—we were *home*!

THE LOVER AND BIRDS.

I.

WITHIN a budding grove,
In April's year sang every bird his best,
But not a song to pleasure my unrest,
Or touch the tears unwept of bitter love :
To every word
Of every bird
I listened, and replied as it behove.

II.

Screamed Chaffinch, "Sweet, sweet, sweet !
O, bring my pretty love to meet me here !"
"Chaffinch," quoth I, "be dumb awhile in fear
Thy darling prove no better than a cheat,
And never come ; or fly when wintry days appear."
Yet, from a twig,
With voice so big,
The little fowl his utterance did repeat.

III.

Then I, "The man forlorn
Hears earth send up a foolish noise aloft !"
"And what 'll he do ? what 'll he do ?" scoff'd
The Blackbird, standing in an ancient thorn ;
Then spread his sooty wings and flitted to the croft
With cackling laugh ;
Whom I, being half
Enraged, called after, giving back his scorn.

IV.

Worse mocked the Thrush, "Die ! die !
O, could he do it ? could he do it ? Nay !
Be quick ! be quick ! Here, here, here !" (went his lay)
"Take heed ! take heed !" then "Why ? why ? why ?
why ? why ?
See—ee now ! see—ee now !" (he drawled) "Back, back,
back ! R-r-r-run away !"
O Thrush, be still,
Or at thy will,
Seek some less sad interpreter than I.

V.

"Air, air ! blue air and white !
Whither I flee, whither, O whither, O whither I flee !"
(Thus the Lark hurried, mounting from the lea)
"Whither I see, whither I see, deeper, deeper, deeper,
Whither I see, see, see !"
"Gay Lark," I said,
"The song that's bred
In happy nest may well to Heaven make flight."

VI.

"There's something, something sad,
I half remember—" piped a broken strain,
Well sung, sweet Robin ! Robin sung again,
"Spring's opening cheerily, cheerily ! be we glad !"

Which moved, I wist not why, me melancholy mad,
Till, now, grown meek,
With wetted cheek,
Most comforting and gentle thoughts I had.
Dickens' Household Words.

THE ENCHANTED SPRING.

Hail, happy fountain ! in the prisoning earth
Long kept a captive by old black-browed Night :
Come dancing forth, and pour thy swelling mirth,
Free as thy wavelets to the smiling light ;
Yea, hand in hand let ripple join with song
And sunbeams crown them as they move along,
Or coyly whispering, steal up to the brink,
Where modestly invite the sweet-cheeked bells,
Winy aroma from their cups to drink—
Drink and away, to bear the blessed spells
Of their pure presence to the longing land,
Made like an Eden fresh from God's own hand.

Fountain of gladness ! angels entering heaven
From some long journey to a distant star,
Glow with the crimson of a cloud at even,
And warble lark-like as they lift afar
Into the ether of a purer zone.
Art thou an angel, whitely sparkling one,
O'erflowing so with melody and smile ?
Here as I kneel, O whisper in mine ear,
As Memnon whispered to the listening Nile,
The magic secret of thy power to cheer.
Why in all lands and times, are fountains blest ?
Aye singing to thyself and cheering me,
Dreamily resting by thy mossy brim,
With thy sweet drink and sweeter minstrelsy,
Thou sighest most complainingly of him,
Who wandering from his home in sunny Spain,
Headed a crew of thirsty-souled young men,
Hoping some day to find the fabled spring,
Where plunging headlong he might rise as young
As rosy angel on immortal wing ;
Strong as the light-crowned god by Homer sung.
Long time his wife looked out—he never came !
All died of thirst ! *De Leon* was his name.

The wind is hushed that shook the fountain's breast.
Forth from the silver sand below the clear,
As when a dream arises in deep rest,
A heavenly head and dark blue eyes appear.
'Tis the Greek boy Alcides loved so well,
Hylas, who lingering o'er the margin fell
Into the haunted spring by Asia's shore.
Anon his image fades, and one by one,
Rise fairy features fabled long before—
The pale-faced youth and hunted maid.

They're gone !

And now—oh heaven It is ! my early years.
Dear dream, too quickly scared by falling tears.

Sketches of the Flush Times of Alabama.

THE BAR OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

The citizens of an old country are very prone to consider the people of a newly settled State or Territory as greatly their inferiors: just as old men are apt to consider those younger than themselves, and who have grown up under their observation, as *their* inferiors. It is a very natural sentiment. It is flattering to pride, and it tickles the vanity of senility—individual and State—to assign this status of elevation to self and this consequent depression to others. Accordingly, the Englishman looks upon the American as rather a green-horn, gawky sort of a fellow, infinitely below the standard of John Bull in every thing, external and internal, of character and of circumstance; and no amount of licking can thrash the idea out of him. As Swedenborg says of some religious dogmas held by certain bigots—it is glued to his brains. So it is with our own people. The Bostonian looks down upon the Virginian—the Virginian on the Tennessean—the Tennessean on the Alabamian—the Alabamian on the Mississippian—the Mississippian on the Louisianian—the Louisianian on the Texian—the Texian on New Mexico, and, we suppose, New Mexico on Pandemonium.

It may be one of the perversions of patriotism, to create and foster invidious and partial discriminations between different countries, and between different sections of the same country: and especially does this prejudice exist and deepen with a people stationary and secluded in habit and position. But travel, a broader range of inquiry and observation, more intimate associations and a freer correspondence, begetting larger and more cosmopolitan views of men and things, serve greatly to soften these prejudices even where they are not entirely removed. That there is *some* good country even beyond the Chinese wall, and that all not within that barrier are not quite "outside barbarians," the Celestials themselves are beginning to acknowledge.

There is no greater error than that which assigns inferiority to the bar of the South-

West, in comparison with that of any other section of the same extent in the United States. Indeed it is our honest conviction that the profession in the States of Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana are not equalled, as a whole, by the same number of lawyers in any other quarter of the Union,—certainly in no other quarter where commerce is no more various and largely pursued.

The reasons for this opinion we proceed to give. The most conclusive mode of establishing this proposition would probably be by comparison; but this, from the nature of the case, is impossible. The knowledge of facts and men is wanting, and even if possessed by any capable of instituting the comparison, the decision would, at last, be only an opinion, and would carry but little weight, even if the capacity and fairness of the critic were duly authenticated to the reader.

It is a remarkable fact, that the great men of every State in the Union, were those men who figured about the time of the organization and the settling down of their several judicial systems into definite shape and character. Not taking into the account the Revolutionary era—unquestionably the most brilliant intellectual period of our history—let us look to that period which succeeded the turmoil, embarrassment and confusion of the Revolution, and of the times of civil agitation and contention next following, and out of which arose our present constitution. The first thing our fathers did was to get a country; then to fix on it the character of government it was to have; then to make laws to carry it on and achieve its objects. The men, as a class, who did all this were lawyers: their labors in founding and starting into motion our constitutions and laws were great and praiseworthy: but after setting the government agoing, there was much more to do; and this was to give the right direction and impress to its jurisprudence. The Statutes of a free country are usually but a small part of the body of its law—and the common law of England, itself but a judicial enlargement and adaptation of certain vague and rude principles of jurisprudence to new wants, new necessities and exigencies, was a light rather than a guide, to the judges of our new systems, called to administer justice

under new and widely different conditions and circumstances. The greatest talent was necessary for these new duties. It required the nicest discrimination and the soundest judgment to determine what parts of the British system were opposed to the genius of the new constitution, and what parts were inapplicable by reason of new relations or differing circumstances. The great judicial era of the United States—equally great in bar and bench—was the first quarter of this century. And it is a singular coincidence that this was the case in nearly every, if not in every, State. Those were the days of Marshall and Story and Parsons, of Kent and Thompson and Roane, of Smith and Wythe and Jay, and many other fixed planets of the judicial system, while the whole horizon, in every part of the extended cycle, was lit up by stars worthy to revolve around and add light to such luminaries. Mr. Webster declared that the ablest competition he had met with, in his long professional career, was that he encountered at the rude, provincial bar of back-woods New Hampshire in his earlier practice.

And this same remarkable preëminence has characterized the bar of every new State when or shortly after emerging from its territorial condition and first crude organization: the States of Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana forcibly illustrate this truth, and we have no question but that Texas and California are affording new expositions of its correctness.

A fact so uniform in its existence, must have some solid principle for its cause. This principle we shall seek to ascertain. It is the same influence, in a modified form, which partly discovers and partly creates great men in times of revolution. Men are fit for more and higher uses than they are commonly put to. The idea that genius is self-conscious of its powers, and that men naturally fall into the position for which they are fitted we regard as by no means an universal truth, if any truth at all. Who believes that Washington ever dreamed of his capacity for the great mission he so nobly accomplished, before, with fear and trembling, he started out on its fulfilment? Probably the very ordeal through which he passed to greatness purified and qualified him for the self-denial and self-con-

quest, the patience and the fortitude, which made its crowning glory. To be great, there must be a great work to be done. Talents alone are not distinction. For the Archimedean work, there must be a fulcrum as well as a lever. Great abilities usually need a great stimulus. What dormant genius there is in every country, may be known by the daily examples of a success, of which there was neither early promise nor early expectation.

In a new country the political edifice, like all the rest, must be built from the ground up. Where nothing is at hand, every thing must be made. There is work for all and a necessity for all to work. There is almost perfect equality. All have an even start and an equal chance. There are few or no factitious advantages. The rewards of labor and skill are not only certain to come, but they are certain to come at once. There is no long and tedious novitiate. Talent and energy are not put in quarantine, and there is no privileged inspector to place his *imprimatur* of acceptance or rejection upon them. An emigrant community is necessarily a practical community: wants come before luxuries—things takes precedence of words; the necessities that support life precede the arts and elegancies that embellish it. A man of great parts may miss his way to greatness by frittering away his powers upon non-essentials—upon the style and finish of a thing rather than upon its strength and utility—upon modes rather than upon ends. To direct strength aright, the aim is as essential as the power. But above all things, success more depends upon self-confidence than anything else: talent must go in partnership with will or it cannot do a business of profit. Erasmus and Melancthon were the equals of Luther in the closet; but where else were they his equals? And where can a man get this self-reliance so well as in a new country, where he is thrown upon his own resources; where his only friends are his talents; where he sees energy leap at once into prominence; where those only are above him whose talents are above his: where there is no *prestige* of rank, or ancestry, or wealth, or past reputation—and no family influence, or dependants, or patrons; where the stranger of yesterday is the man of mark to-day;

where a single speech may win position, to be lost by a failure the day following; and where, amidst a host of competitors in an open field of rivalry, every man of the same profession enters the course with a race-horse emulation, to win the prize which is glittering within sight of the rivals. There is no stopping in such a crowd: he who does not go ahead is run over and trodden down. How much of success waits on opportunity! True, the highest energy may make opportunity; but how much of real talent is associated only with that energy which appropriates, but which is not able to create, occasions for its display. Does any one doubt that if Daniel Webster had accepted the \$1,500 *clerkship* in New Hampshire, he would not have been *Secretary* of State? Or if Henry Clay had been so unfortunate as to realize his early aspirations of earning in some back-woods county his \$333 33 per annum, is it so clear that Senates would have hung upon his lips, or Supreme Courts been enlightened by his wisdom?

The exercise of our faculties not merely better enables us to use them—it strengthens them as much; the strength lies as much in the exercise as in the muscle; and the earlier the exercise, after the muscle can stand it, the greater the strength.

Unquestionably there is something in the atmosphere of a new people which refreshes, vivifies and vitalizes thought, and gives freedom, range and energy to action. It is the natural effect of the law of liberty. An old society weaves a net-work of restraints and habits around a man; the chains of habitude and mode and fashion fetter him; he is cramped by influence, prejudice, custom, opinion; he lives under a feeling of *surveillance* and under a sense of *espionage*. He takes the law from those above him. Wealth, family, influence, class, caste, fashion, coterie and adventitious circumstances of all sorts, in a greater or less degree, trammel him: he acts not so much from his own will and in his own way, as from the force of these arbitrary influences; his thoughts and actions do not leap out directly from their only legitimate head-spring, but flow feebly in serpentine and impeded currents, through and around all these impediments. The character necessarily becomes, in some sort, artifi-

cial and conventional; less bold, simple, direct, earnest and natural, and, therefore, less effective.

What a man does well he must do with freedom. He can no more speak in trammels than he can walk in chains; and he must learn to think freely before he can speak freely. He must have his audience in his mind before he has it in his eye. He must hold his eyes level upon the court or jury—not raised in reverence nor cast down in fear. For the nonce, *the* speaker is the teacher. He must not be sifting his discourse for deprecating epithets or propitiating terms, nor be seeking to avoid being taken up and shaken by some rough senior, nor be afraid of being wearisome to the audience or disrespectful to superiors; bethinking him of exposure and dreading the laugh or the sneer, when the bold challenge, the quick retort, the fresh thought, the indignant crimination, the honest fervor and the vigorous argument are needed for his cause. To illustrate what we mean—let us take the case of a young lawyer just come to the bar of an old State. Let us suppose that he has a case to argue. He is a young man of talent, of course—all are. Who make his audience? The old judge, who, however mild a mannered man he may be, the youth has looked on from his childhood, as the most awful of all the sons of men. Who else? The old seniors whom he has been accustomed to regard as the ablest and wisest lawyers in the world, and the most terrible satirists that ever snapped sinews and dislocated joints and laid bare nerves on the rack of their merciless wit. The jury of sober-sided old codgers, who have known him from a little boy, and have never looked on him except as a boy, most imprudently diverted by parental vanity from the bellows or the plough-handles, to be fixed as a cannister to the dog's tail that fag-ends the bar;—that jury look upon him,—as he rises stammering and floundering about, like a badly-trained pointer, running in several directions seeking to strike the cold trail of an idea that had run through his brain in the enthusiasm of ambitious conception the night before;—these, his judges, look at him or from him with mingled pity and wonder; his fellow students draw back from fear of being brought into misprision and complicity of

getting him into this insane presumption; and, after a few awkward attempts to propitiate the senior, who is to follow him, he catches a view of the countenances of the old fogies, in whose quiet sneers he reads his death-warrant; and, at length, he takes his seat, as the crowd rush up to the veteran who *is to do him*—like a Spanish rabble to an *auto da fe*. What are his feelings? What or who can describe his mortification? What a vastation of pride and self-esteem that was? The speech he made was not the speech he had conceived. The speech he had in him he did not *deliver*; he “aborted” it, and, instead of the anticipated pride and joy of maternity, he feels only the guilt and the shame of infanticide.

Alack-a-day! Small is the sum of sympathy which is felt by the mass of men for the woes and wounds of juvenile vanity, and especially for the woes of professional vanity. From the time of Swift, who pilloried Bettsworth to eternal ridicule, and of Cobbett, who, with rude contempt, scoffed at the idea of being blamed for “crushing a lawyer in the egg,” but few tears of commiseration have been shed for the poor “Wind-seller,” cut down in his raw and callow youth. And, yet, I cannot help, for the soul of me, the weakness which comes into my eyes, when I see, as I *have* seen, a gallant youth, full of ardour and hope, let down, a dead failure,—on his first trial over the rough course of the law. The head hung down—the cowed look of timid deprecation—the desponding carriage—tell a story of deep wounds of spirit—of hopes overcast, and energies subdued, and pride humbled—which touches me deeply. I picture him in the recesses of his chamber, wearing through the weary watches of the night—grinding his teeth in impatient anguish,—groaning sorrowfully and wetting his pillow with bitter tears—cursing his folly, and infatuation, and his hard fate—envying the hod-carrier the sure success of his humbler lot and his security against the ill fortune of a shameful failure, where failure was exposed presumption.

I have felt, in the intensity of my concern for such an one, like hazarding the officiousness of going to him, and advising him to abandon the hang-dog trade and hide his shame in some obscurer and honest pursuit.

And, rough senior, my dear brother, think of these things when your fingers itch to wool one of the tender neophytes—and forbear. I crave no quarter for the lawyer, full grown or half-grown; he can stand peppering—it is his vocation, Hal—he is paid for it; but for the lawyerling I plead; and to my own urgency in his behalf I add the pathetic plea of the gentle Elia in behalf of the roast-pig—“Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them with the plantations of the rank and guilty garlic: you cannot poison *them* or make them stronger than they are—but consider, *he* is a weakling—a flower.”

But *revenons à nos moutons*.

But suppose the debutant does better than this: suppose he lets himself out fully and fearlessly, and has something in him to let out; and suppose he escapes the other danger of being ruined by presumption, real or supposed: he is duly complimented:—“he is a young man of promise—there is some “come out” to that young man; some day he will be something—if—if” two or three per-adventures don’t happen to him. If he is proud, as to be able to have accomplished all this he must be, such compliments grate more harshly than censure. He goes back to the office; but where are the clients? They are a slow-moving race, and confidence in a young lawyer “is a plant of slow growth.” Does he get his books and “scorn delights and live laborious days,” for the prospect of a remote and contingent, and that, at best, but a poorly remunerating success? Does he cool his hot blood in the ink of the Black letter, and spin his toils with the industry and forethought of the patient spider that is to be remunerated *next* fly-season, for her pains, and sit, like *that* collecting attorney, at the door of the house, waiting and watching until *then* for prey? If so, he is a hero indeed: but what years of the flower of his life is not spent in waiting for the prosperous future, in the vague preparation which is not associated with, or stimulated by, a present use for, and direct application to a tangible purpose, of what he learns! Where one man of real merit succeeds, how many break down in the training; and even where success is won, how much less that success than where talent, like Pitt’s, takes its natural

at the start, and, stimulated to its utter exercise, fights its way from its first steps to its ultimate triumphs—each day of activity and every week a trial of mind and strength; learning all of law that is derived from its practice, and forced to do something, at least, of what the books teach of it; and getting that larger and better knowledge of men which books cannot give, and that still more important self-education, of which experience is the only master.

In the new country, there are no seniors: the bar is all Young America. If the old lawyers come in, they must stand in the class with the rest, if, indeed, they do not "go down."

There were many evils and disadvantages arising from this want of standards of authority in and over the bar—many and serious—but they were not of long continuance, and were more than counterbalanced by opposite benefits.

It strikes me that the career of Warren Hastings illustrates my idea of the influence of a new country and of a new and accessible position over the character of men of vigorous parts. In India, new to the country, settlement and institutions, he well understood the motto, "*Mens æqua in arduis*," and embodied over his portrait in the council chamber of Calcutta: but after he returned to England, amidst the difficulties of his government, his policy ignored all his claims to greatness, had it alone been considered: his genius that expatiated over and permeated his broad policy on the plains of Hindostan seemed stifled in the conventional atmosphere of St. Stephens.

While we think that the influence of the new country upon the intellect of the professional emigré was highly beneficial, we must, we hope, with a becoming distrust, of its moral effect. We might, in a debating club, tolerate some scruple of a doubt, whether this violent disruption of family ties and this sudden abandonment of the associations and influence of country and of the restraints of old authority and tradition—and this sudden plunge into the vortex of a new and seething population—in the which the elements were cut and variously mixed with free men—and not over-puritanic conversation—

were efficient causes of moral improvement: we can tolerate a doubt as to whether the character of a young man might not receive something less than a pious impression, under these circumstances of temptation, when that character was in its most malleable and fusible state. But we leave this moral problem to be solved by those better able to manage it, with this single observation, that if the subject were able to stand the trial, his moral constitution, like his physical after an attack of yellow fever, would be apt to be the better for it. We cannot, however, in conscience, from what we have experienced of a new country with "flush fixins" annexed, advise the experiment. We have known it to fail. And probably more of character would have been lost if more had been put at hazard.

In trying to arrive at the character of the South-Western bar, its opportunities and advantages for improvement are to be considered. It is not too much to say that, in the United States at least, no bar ever had such, or so many: it might be doubted if they were ever enjoyed to the same extent before. Consider that the South-West was the focus of an emigration greater than any portion of the country ever attracted, at least, until the golden magnet drew its thousands to the Pacific coast. But the character of emigrants was not the same. Most of the gold-seekers were mere gold-diggers—not bringing property, but coming to take it away. Most of those coming to the South-West brought property—many of them a great deal. Nearly every man was a speculator; at any rate, a trader. The treaties with the Indians had brought large portions of the States of Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana into market; and these portions, comprising some of the most fertile lands in the world, were settled up in a hurry. The Indians claimed lands under these treaties—the laws granting pre-emption rights to settlers on the public lands, were to be construed, and the litigation growing out of them settled. The public lands afforded a field for unlimited speculation, and combinations of purchasers, partnerships, land companies, agencies, and the like, gave occasion to much difficult litigation in after times. Negroes were brought into the country in large numbers and sold mostly upon credit, and bills of exchange taken for the

price; the negroes in many instances were unsound—some as to which there was no title; some falsely pretended to be unsound, and various questions as to the liability of parties on the warranties and the bills, furnished an important addition to the litigation: many land titles were defective: property was brought from other States clogged with trusts, limitations and uses, to be construed according to the laws of the State from which it was brought: claims and contracts made elsewhere to be enforced here: universal indebtedness, which the hardness of the times succeeding made it impossible for many men to pay, and desirable for all to escape paying: hard and ruinous bargains, securityships, judicial sales; a general looseness, ignorance and carelessness in the public officers in doing business; new statutes to be construed; official liabilities, especially those of sheriffs, to be enforced; banks, the laws governing their contracts, proceedings against them for forfeiture of charter; trials of right of property; an elegant assortment of frauds constructive and actual; and the whole system of chancery law, admiralty proceedings; in short, all the flood-gates of litigation were opened and the pent-up tide let loose upon the country. And such a criminal docket! What country could boast more largely of its crimes? What more splendid rôle of felonies! What more terrific murders! What more gorgeous bank robberies! What more magnificent operations in the land offices! Such McGregor-like levies of black mail, individual and corporate! Such superb forays on the treasuries, State and National! Such expert transfers of balances to undiscovered bournes! Such august defalcations! Such flourishes of rhetoric on ledgers auspicious of gold which had departed forever from the vault! And in INDIAN affairs!—the very mention is suggestive of the poetry of theft—the romance of a wild and weird larceny! What sublime conceptions of super-Spartan roguery! Swindling Indians by the nation! (*Spirit of Falstaff, rap!*) Stealing their land by the township! (*Dick Turpin, and Jonathan Wild! tip the table!*) Conducting the nation to the Mississippi river, stripping them to the flap, and bidding them God speed as they went howling into the Western wilder-

ness to the friendly agency of some sheltering Suggs duly empowered to receive their coming annuities and back rations! What's Hounslow heath to this? Who Carvajal? Who Count Boulbon?

And all these merely forerunners, ushering in the Millenium of an accredited, official Repudiation; and it but vaguely suggestive of what men could do when opportunity and capacity met—as shortly afterwards they did—under the Upas-shade of a perjury-breathing bankrupt law!—But we forbear. The contemplation of such hyperboles of mendacity stretches the imagination to a dangerous tension. There was no end to the amount and variety of law-suits, and interests involved in every complication and of enormous value were to be adjudicated. The lawyers were compelled to work, and were forced to learn the rules that were involved in all this litigation.

Many members of the bar, of standing and character, from the other States, flocked in to put their sickles into this abundant harvest. Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina and Tennessee contributed more of these than any other four States; but every State had its representatives.

Consider, too, that the country was not so new as the practice. Every State has its peculiar tone or physiognomy, so to speak, of jurisprudence imparted to it, more or less, by the character and temper of its bar. That had yet to be given. Many questions decided in older States, and differently decided in different States, were to be settled here; and a new state of things, peculiar in their nature, called for new rules or a modification of old ones. The members of the bar from different States had brought their various notions, impressions and knowledge of their own judicature along with them; and thus all the points, dicta, rulings, offshoots, quirks and quiddities of all the law, and lawing, and law-mooting of all the various judicatories and their satellites, were imported into the new country and tried on the new jurisprudence.

After the crash came in 1837—(there were some *premonitory fits* before, but *then* the *great convulsion* came on)—all the assets of the country were marshalled, and the suing material of all sorts, as fast as it could be

got out, put into the hands of the workmen. Some idea of the business may be got from a fact or two: in the county of Sumter, Alabama, in one year, some four or five thousand suits, in the common law courts alone, were brought; but in some other counties the number was larger; while in the lower or river counties of Mississippi, the number was at least double. The United States Courts were equally well patronized in proportion—indeed, rather more so. The white *suable* population of Sumter was then some 2,400 men. It was a merry time for us craftsmen; and we brightened up mightily, and shook our quills joyously, like goslings in the midst of a shower. We look back to that good time, “now past and gone,” with the pious gratitude and serene satisfaction with which the wreckers near the Florida Keys contemplate the last fine storm.

It was a pleasant sight to professional eyes to see a whole people let go all holds and meaner business, and move off to court, like the Californians and Australians to the mines: the “pockets” were picked in both cases. As law and lawing soon got to be the staple productions of the country, the people, as a whole the most intelligent—in the wealthy counties—of the rural population of the United States, and, as a part, the *keenest* in all creation, got very well “up to trap” in law matters; indeed, they soon knew more about the delicate mysteries of the law, than it behooves an honest man to know.

The necessity for labor and the habit of taking difficulties by the horns is a wonderful help to a man; no one knows what he can accomplish until he tries his best; or how firmly he can stand on his own legs when he has no one to lean on.

The range of practice was large. The lawyer had to practice in all sorts of courts, State and Federal, inferior and Supreme. He had the bringing up of a law-suit, from its birth in the writ to its grave in the sheriff's docket. Even when not concerned in his own business, his observation was employed in seeing the business of others going on; and the general excitement on the subject of law and litigation, taking the place, the partial suspension of other business, the other excitements, supplied the usual topics of general, and, more especially, of

professional conversation. If he followed the Circuit, he was always in law: the temple of Themis, like that of Janus in war, was always open.

The bar of every country is, in some sort, a representative of the character of the people of which it is so important an “institution.” We have partly shown what this character was: after the great Law revival had set in, the public mind had got to be as acute, excited, inquisitive on the subject of law, as that of Tennessee or Kentucky on politics: every man knew a little and many a great deal on the subject. The people soon began to find out the capacity and calibre of the lawyers. Besides, the multitude and variety of law-suits produced their necessary effect. The talents of the lawyers soon adapted themselves to the nature and exigencies of the service required of them, and to the tone and temper of the juries and public. Law had got to be an every-day, practical, common-place, business-like affair, and it had to be conducted in the same spirit on analogous principles. Readiness, precision, plainness, pertinency, knowledge of law and a short-hand method of getting at, and getting through with a case, were the characteristics and desiderata of the profession. There was no time for wasting words, or for manœuvring and skirmishing about a suit; there was no patience to be expended on exordiums and perorations: few jurors were to be humbugged by demagogical appeals; and the audience were more concerned to know what was to become of the negroes in suit, than to see the flights of an ambitious rhetoric, or to have their ears fed with vain repetitions, mock sentimentality, or tumid platitudes. To start *in medias res*—to drive at the centre—to make the home-thrust—to grasp the hinging point—to give out and prove the law, and to reason strongly on the facts—to wrestle with the subject Indian-hug fashion—to speak in plain English and fervid, it mattered not how rough, sincerity, were the qualities required: and these qualities were possessed in an eminent degree.

Most questions litigated are questions of law: in nine cases out of ten tried, the jury, if intelligent and impartial, have no difficulty in deciding after the law has been plainly given them by the court: there is nothing

for a jury to do but to settle the facts, and these are not often seriously controverted, in proportion to the number of cases tried in a new country; and the habit of examining carefully, and arguing fully, legal propositions, is the habit which makes the lawyer. Nothing so debilitates and corrupts a healthy taste and healthy thought, as the habit of addressing ignorant juries; it corrupts style and destroys candor; it makes a speech, which ought to be an enlightened exposition of the legal merits of a cause, a mere mass of "skimble skamble stuff," a compound of humbug, rant, cant and hypocrisy, of low, demagoguism and flimsy perversions—of interminable wordiness and infinite repetition, exaggeration, bathos and vituperation—frequently of low wit and buffoonery—which "causes the judicious to grieve," "though it splits the ears of the groundlings." I do not say that the new bar was free from these traits and vices; by no manner of means: but I do say that they were, as a class, much freer than the bar of the older States out of the commercial cities. The reason is plain: the new dogs hadn't learned the old tricks; and if they had tricks as bad, it was a great comfort that they did not have the same. If we had not improvement, we had, at least, variety; but, I think, we had improvement.

There was another thing: the bar and the community—as all emigrant communities—were mostly young, and the young men cannot afford to play the pranks which the old fogies safely play behind the domino of an established reputation. What is ridiculous, in itself or in a young man, may be admired, or not noticed, in an older leader with a prescriptive title to cant and humbug; it is *lese majesty* to take him off, but the juniors with us had no such immunity. If he tried such tricks he heard of it again; it was rehearsed in his presence for his benefit—if he made himself *very* ridiculous, he was carried around the circuit, like a hung jury in old times, for the especial divertimento of the brethren. A respectable old snob like Mr. Buzzfuz, shrouded like Jack the Giant Killer, in a mantle of dignity that forbade approach, if it did not hide the wearer from attack, never could hear what his "d—d good-natured friends" thought of his performances in

the department of humbug or cant; but this was, by no means, the case with such an one in our younger community.

Again, it is flattering to human nature to know that these forensic tricks are not spontaneous but acquired, and a young bar cannot, all at once, acquire them. It requires experience and a monstrous development of the organs of Reverence and Marvellousness in the audience to practise them with any hope of success, and these bumps were almost entirely wanting in the craniums of the new population around, all of whose eye-teeth were fully cut, and who, standing knee-deep in exploded humbugs, seemed to wear their eyes stereotyped into a fixed, unwinking *qui vive*: the very expression of their countenances seemed to be articulate with the interrogatory, "who is to be picked up next?" It stops curiously the flow of the current when the humbugger sees the intended humbuggee looking him, with a quizzical 'cuteness, in the eye, and seeming to say by the expression of his own, "Squire, do you see any thing green here?"

The business of court-house speaking began to grow too common and extensive to excite public interest; the novelty of the thing, after a while, wore off. A stream of sound poured over the land like the trade winds; men now, as a general thing, only came to court because they had business there and staid only until it was accomplished. It is otherwise in the old country as it had been in the new. It is one of the phenomena of mind that quiet and otherwise sensible men, come from their homes to the county seat to listen to the speeches of the lawyers,—looking over the bar and dropping the under jaw in rapt attention, when some forensic Boreas is blowing away at a case in which they have no interest or concern, deserting, for this queer divertimento, the splitting of their rails and their attention to their bullocks; or, if they needed some relaxation from such pursuits, neglecting the arm-chairs in the passage with the privilege of reading an old almanac or listening to the wind whistling through the key hole. When a thing gets to be a work day and common-place affair, it is apt to be done in a common-place way, and the parade, tinsel and fancy fireworks of a holiday exercise or a gala-day

are apt to be omitted from the bill and boards.

It is a great mistake to suppose that a lawyer's strength lies chiefly in his tongue, it is in the preparation of his case, in knowing what to make the case—in stating the case accurately in the papers, and getting out and putting up the proofs. It requires a good lawyer to make a fine argument; but he is a better lawyer who saves the necessity of making a fine argument and prevents the possibility of his adversary's making one.

These practical requirements and habits had the effect of driving from the bar that foreigner, "a pretty speaker;" Fourthly, the lawyers fled to the stump or the national anniversary barbecues; they were out of place in those prosaic times and proceeded. A veteran litigant having a tough law-suit had as little use for a flowery orator, putting off his fancy pyrotechnics, as he had a runner's team of peacocks for hauling his load to market.

Between the years 1833 and 1845, the bar was most numerous, and, we think, on the whole, most able. The Supreme Court bar of Mississippi was characterized by signal ability. It may well be doubted if so able and efficient a bar ever existed at any one time of the same duration, in a Southern State: not that the bar was made up of Wickliffes, Leighs, Johnsons and Stanards, nor of Leys, Crittendens, Rowans and Wickliffes, nor possibly, that there were any members of the Jackson bar equal to these great names of the Richmond and Frankfort bars, yet those who have heard the best efforts of Leys, Holt, Walker, Yerger, Mays and Leys may be allowed to doubt the justness of that criticism which would deny a place to them among lawyers even so renowned as the shining lights of the Virginia and Kentucky forums. But we meant to say that if the claim be ignored, yet the Mississippi bar, if not so distinguished for individual eminence, made up the deficiency by a more generally-diffused ability and a larger number of members of inferior, though only a little inferior, distinction.

As some proof of the ability of the Southern bar, it may be stated that we had, not unfrequently, an advent into the new country of lawyers of considerable local rep-

utation in the older States, men who, in their own bailiwicks, were mighty men of war—so distinguished indeed, that on the first bruising of a law suit, the litigants, without waiting for the ferry-boat would swim Tar river, or the Pedee, or French Broad to get to them, under the idea that who got to them first would gain the case. But after the first bustle of their coming with the fox-fire of their old reputations sticking to their gowns, it was generally found, to the utter amazement of their friends who had known them in the old country, that the new importation would not suit the market. They usually fell back from the position at first courteously tendered them, and, not unfrequently, receded until, worked out of profitable practice, they took their places low down in the list, or were lost behind the bar, among the spectators. There is something doubtless in transplantation—something in racing over one's own training-paths—something in first firing with a rest and then being compelled to fire off hand amid a general flutter and confusion; but making all this allowance, it hardly accounts fully for the result. For we know that others against these disadvantages sustained themselves.

Nor was there, nor is there, any bar that better illustrates the higher properties or nobler characteristics which have, in every state, so much ennobled the profession of the law, than that of the South-west, a class of men more fearless or more faithful, more chivalrous, reliable or trustworthy, more loyal to professional obligations, or more honorable in inter-professional intercourse and relations. True, there were exceptions, as, at all times and every where, there are and will be. Bullying insolence, swaggering pretension, underhanded arts, low detraction, unworthy huckstering for fees, circumvention, artful dodges, ignoring engagements, facile obliviousness of arrangements, and a smart sprinkling, especially in the early times of pettifoggery, quibbling and quirking, but these vices are rather of persons than of caste and not often found; and, when they make themselves apparent, are scouted with scorn by the better members of the bar.

We should be grossly misunderstood if we were construed to imply that the bar of the South-west, possessing the signal opportuni-

ties and advantages to which we have adverted, so improved them that all of its members became good lawyers and honorable gentlemen. Mendacity itself could scarcely be supposed to assert what no credulity could believe. All the guano of Lobos could not make Zahara a garden. In too many cases there was no subsoil of mind or morals on which these advantages could rest. As Chief Justice Collier, in Dargan and Waring, 17 Ala. Reports, in language, marrying the manly strength and beauty of Blackstone to the classic elegance and flexible grace of Stowell, expresses it, "the claim of such," so predicated, "would be *pro tanto* absolutely void and, having nothing to rest on, a court of equity" (or law) "could not impart to it vitality. Form and order *has* been given to chaos, but an appeal to equity" (or law) "to breathe life into a nonentity, which is both intangible and imperceptible, supposes a higher power—one which no human tribunal can rightfully exercise. *Æquitas sequitur legem.*" This view is conclusive."

We should have been pleased to say something of the bench, especially of that of the Supreme court of Alabama and Mississippi, but neither our space nor the patience of the reader will permit.

A writer usually catches something from, as well as communicates something to his subject. Hence if, in the statements of this paper, we shall encounter the incredulity of some old fogey of an older bar, and he should set us down as little better than a romancer in prose, we beg him to consider that we have had two or three regiments of lawyers for our theme—and be charitable.

SONNET.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

I've read the story of Endymion
 Rich with the wine of Grecian Poesy;—
 The banished world of old mythology
 Returned again. Upon the mount alone
 The youth is laid, held in a mystic slumber—
 But Love and Hope unwearied vigils keep,
 Day after day, night after night, they number
 The lingering hours: it is a charmed sleep—
 From which the midnight's beauteous Queen will wake
 him;
 The air of dewy Latmos thrills with Love—
 His Planet rises on the air above—
 The sleep of years doth utterly forsake him!
 And lo! the dark eyes of the dreaming boy
 Waken to glorious life, and Love's Eternal Joy!
 August, 1853.

Notes and Commentaries, on a Voyage to China.

CHAPTER XXI.

Overland mail; "Straits' Times;" Variety of nations and castes represented at Canton; Little foot women; Water coolies; Parsees; Jews; Lascars; Mender of glass-ware; Mail time between the United States and China; Effects of the overland mail on Trade; American clipper ships; English; Character of British merchant service and that of the United States; Causes; Officers of commercial marine in case of emergency may be employed in the Navy; Commerce with China; Protection of; its value to the nation; Tea-trade.

Sept. 20.—"The mail is in; here is the "Straits' Times!" and my friend handed me a half sheet of foolscap, in form of a newspaper, printed at Singapore, containing an epitome of the news, collected by the editor from the latest papers of Europe and the United States, brought by the steamer. This sheet is made up during the few hours the packet stops at this central point, and is ready for immediate distribution on arriving at Hong Kong. A boat pulled by twenty or thirty oars—called a "pull-away boat"—is at once despatched with the "Straits' Times" to Canton; and another to Macao. The mail is examined and distributed at Hong Kong. The letters for Canton are forwarded by a steamer; those for Macao, Cumsing-moon, &c., by sailing or pull-away boats, and reach their place of direction six or eight hours after the delivery of their harbinger—the Straits' Times.

The whole commercial world of Canton is in an excited condition. Merchants and clerks collect on the squares or gardens in front of the factories and there discuss the public news, while they impatiently expect their private letters. I said the whole commercial world of Canton: I mean the world constituted of Christian or European and American commercial residents at Canton; for the eastern residents and Chinese merchants have not yet become universally interested in the news of Europe and the Uni-

States. But they begin to feel the commercial effects of these periodic arrivals of information from the western world; they perceive that foreign factors sometimes wait these arrivals to determine their purchases of silks, teas, &c., or their sales of rills," "Spanish stripes," lead, gingseng, and the time is not far distant, perhaps, when merchants of all nations in China will participate in the excitement produced by the arrival of the "overland mail."

I was sitting on the veranda about three o'clock, P. M., when the "Straits' Times" came to hand. I was soon alone; the perusal of the little paper occupied only a few minutes. I looked out on the avenue or passage in front of the factories and on the American Garden. In the latter the effects of the late arrival on the few Americans and English there, was perceptible by the accelerated step and more animated gesticulation of the walkers than is common—but I did not perceive any change in the gait of the Asiatic *dramatis personæ*. Here may be observed men from various eastern as well as western countries, differing as widely from each other in complexion and garb as they differ in political and religious opinions, to each of which they respectively adhere with equal fidelity. Arguments will as readily induce one to abandon one as the other; the tail of the Chinaman and the tall cap of the European are as important to them as the dog-eared hats of their respective religious creeds.

September is a sultry month at Canton: the light air which prevails from the north-west comes over the land heated by a powerful sun, exposure to the rays of which is very injurious, and sometimes fatal to foreigners. The costume varies with the season. Now, let us note the passers-by as they present themselves to view.

Here, is a respectable Chinese shop-keeper or merchant in a long robe or tunic of white muslin cloth—Chinese linen—his glossy queue or tail eked out to his heels with silk braid or ribbon, and his well-shaved head shaded by a black cap. Here, we have the captain and mate of some English merchant ship, in white jackets and trousers, and hats cased in white muslin shaded by an umbrella; they are followed or attended by a Chinaman, very polite and obsequious in his manner, who offers

them cards. I imagine I hear him. "You want-she crape shawl? sil-ek dress? chess-man? ivory thing? me talkey true? What thing you want-sh-e? You come my shop, suppose you looky you no buy, mas qui. My card, number 1 New Cheena street." Thus he solicits the custom of new comers, who sometimes pay well for their experience in Chinese shopping.

Next, note the slender, neat-limbed Hindoo in gay colored skull-cap, broad trousers and short tunic of white muslin, following, perhaps, his Hindoo master, distinguished by his turban and the length of his tunic. Next we have a Chinese house servant, arrayed in a white tunic or jacket falling to the hips, full breeches, muslin stockings or gaiters, secured by silk garters below the knee. These are tidy looking persons, but among foreigners they are reputed to be not very cleanly. Next you are surprised to see some American or English resident in white jacket and heavy black felt-hat walking rapidly: fashion has condemned them to black hats, which are certainly not a very eligible cover for the head under a tropic sun. Near the garden gate, under the shade of the wall, sits a woman on a low stool busily sewing; her deformed extremities—the little feet—peeping from below her dress. One is shocked by this barbarous custom of crumpling the foot into a sort of ball, by the continuous application of bandages from an early age, before the bones attain their full degree of hardness. Near by walks another of her sex, mincing along as if she had suffered amputation at the ankles and painfully stepped on the extremities of her leg bones. It is astonishing to newly arrived Europeans that these "little-foot women" can walk at all, and they are not less astonished when they see them bearing a child, or other considerable burthen on their backs, or engaged in field labor. Their gait, however, is very insecure. Fashion condemns some females of all classes to be thus deformed in the province of Canton; but, I am told, this custom prevails to a much less extent at Shanghai and in northern sections of the country; some resident has assured me that, even here, public opinion is forming against it. The compression of the feet is begun at different ages, from one or two to eight or ten

years, and is effected by the application of a fillet or bandage, so arranged that the bone of the heel and toes are made to approach each other, the former being made to form a continuous line with the axis of leg bones. The bandage is constantly worn.*

Here we have a cooley or porter bearing heavy buckets of water suspended from the ends of a bamboo supported on his shoulder. A single garment, a pair of scanty breeches, constitute his entire costume. He moves in a sort of trot; the water is prevented from splashing out of the buckets by an inner hoop, or a piece of board floating on its surface. There, is a fine looking man whose erect carriage, nicely trimmed black mustaches, head and shoulders thrown backwards indicate that the external world has not his exclusive esteem or approbation. A tall chocolate-colored turban of muslin, long pointed shoes, white pantaloons and surtout of muslin complete the costume of the Parsee merchant. He is a follower of the creed of Zoroaster. There are a number of this sect resident here from Bombay and other parts of India engaged in various branches of commerce. They have their sacred animals and their servants of their own castes, whose costume consists of a close skull cap, and thin, loose shirt and trowsers. They may be seen occasionally bringing water from the river in white copper urns or jars. We see too, among the pedestrians, the eastern Jew in heavy turban and white tunic girded around the loins with a cumerband or girdle, and Hindoo and Lascar sailors from the Calcutta ships.

A little removed from the woman sewing by the gate, sits an old Chinaman on a stool and before him a basket of broken glass and china ware. Beside him is a small box containing the tools with which he repairs lamp-shades, finger-glasses, tumblers, teacups, &c., not by cementing the pieces, but by metal rivets. A drill grasping at its point a minute piece of corundum, forms holes for the rivets which are driven by a small hammer. The charge for this work is ten rivets for four "cash," which is now equal to about three mills of our money. The vessels thus repaired are tight and as useful, though not as perfect in appearance as previous to fracture.

* See, Williams,—Middle Kingdom.

I was here interrupted in my remarks by the appearance of my friend, announcing the receipt of a letter sixty five days from Boston. Such speed is almost incredible even now; twenty years since it could not have been conjectured that a letter would ever be conveyed from the United States to Canton in a few days more than two months. But Boston and Canton will be still more closely approximated in point of time, when a railroad connects the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of the United States and a system of steam navigation is established across the Pacific, between California and China.

Early information as to the changing condition of the markets in Europe and America is very important to merchants in China. It is not more than ten years since it was not uncommon for ships arriving at Canton after a short passage of, say 120 days, to retain all letters brought by her, excepting those for the commercial house to which she was consigned, until her cargo was purchased and stowed, in order that she might reach home, and enter the market with less competition. So much advantage was derived frequently from this policy, that it led to experiments in naval architecture which resulted in the construction of several fast sailing vessels for the Chinese trade, among the most famous of which is the Sea-Witch of New York, a ship that sailed from Canton to New York, a distance of about 15,000 miles in 77 days, or an average of nearly 195 miles a day. The admirable performance of these vessels excited a rivalry among British merchants, and they have built a Sea-Witch, but she is said not to equal in speed her American namesake.

As long as there was no means of conveying information with equal or greater rapidity than by these clipper ships, their owners possessed, to a considerable extent, the advantages of a limited monopoly of the trade with China. The improvement in the construction of ships led to another change in this trade. Ten years ago it was deemed impracticable to pass through the China sea against the monsoon; but now we find ships sailing to and from Canton every month in the year, and making as good time against the monsoon as they did formerly, when

ays passed through the China sea air wind.

he establishment of the overland mail tailed the advantages derived from opper ships, because it gives to all ind, equally early information of the ition of the markets at home. In this it increases the number of competitors, probably lessens the profits of the trade e larger houses, because those of com- tively small capital are enabled to share usiness with better prospect of success. the clipper ships can convey their car- arlier to market and obtain all the ben- hich may be derived from any unusual d in the markets, although the knowl- t home of the slower vessels being on way must of course, in some degree, he value of the clipper ships, because arry comparatively less than slower, of equal custom-house measure-

nsiderable period must elapse before itish commercial marine can rival that United States in the qualities of ves- d ability and skill in their manage-

At sea American ships out-sail the, and in port their cargoes are dis- d and loaded in very much less time. ay possibly depend upon those habits d eating with which British travellers

United States have taken so much re to charge us. Be this as it may, it, certain that the gastronomic habits glish and American ship-masters, as, are very different; the latter are ab- us men, both in food and drink, and ew American merchant vessels supply eamen with grog, which seems to be urce of the evils complained of in the, commercial marine. In the navy of nited States grog is the cause of much piness, crime and disease; I hope the, not far distant when the spirit ration e abolished. That the moral character : British commercial marine is inferior t of the United States, we have British any. In a speech delivered, on the of May, 1848, in the House of Com- on the proposed abrogation of the ation Laws, Mr. Labouchere, the Pre- : of the Board of Trade, said, ur mercantile navy suffers exceedingly

in comparison with the mercantile marine of other countries, not from the want of protection, but I regret to say from evils inherent in its constitution, which no amount of protection will cure, but which, on the contrary, I believe the removal of protection will have a great tendency to eradicate. We find that while the character of British sailors, so far as skill in the handling of ships goes, stands as high as ever, the character of British shipmasters is at a low ebb, partly on account of their want of nautical skill, and partly owing to their low moral characters. Owing to these causes, our ships are fast losing their character in the commerce of the world. I must say, I think it is better to look these evils in the face than endeavor to dismiss the truth from our minds. The consequence is, that merchants prefer, in too many instances, to trust their cargoes to American, Bremen, Swedish, and other vessels, rather than to British ships, because of the injurious effects produced in respect to the latter by the want of professional capacity and of proper moral conduct on the part, in too many cases, of the shipmasters. One can scarcely read a page of the document I have just referred to without being struck by the painful description of those masters."

Mr. Labouchere is correct in the advice he gives: "it is better to look evils in the face than endeavour to dismiss truth from our minds." But, before the class of British ship-masters can compete with the class of American ship-masters, it must be made their interest to make practical experiments on the effects of temperance in food and drinks, and learn the value of general information and high moral tone, which they very much need, in the opinion of Mr. Labouchere. Our own ship-masters have only to pursue the course they are now in to maintain the character which they owe to their merits, both professional and moral. It is pleasant to know that in event of emergency of any call for a sudden and great increase in our navy that there is a class of men in our commercial marine from which efficient naval officers may be speedily formed. They are already experienced in the affairs of life, of the world, are able navigators and skilful seamen; that they possess moral integrity may be inferred, from the trusts reposed in

them by merchants and capitalists, who confide ships and cargoes to their guidance and disposal. The administrative faculty involved in command of men has been already acquired to a considerable extent on board of merchant vessels. The naval officer requires all the qualifications above alluded to, and, in addition, a knowledge of the purely military part of the profession, including gunnery, and naval tactics, which may be acquired by a few months study and practice, to the extent necessary to manœuver and use efficiently a ship's battery. In a word, ship-masters are already able to navigate and sail ships; they require to know how to fight a ship's battery to render them efficient officers. That no very long time is necessary to acquire this knowledge of gunnery, may be inferred from the history of our privateers in the war of 1812-15. It requires a considerable time to make skilful seamen; hence, as our navy is kept, small circumstances might arise calling for its rapid augmentation, and I repeat, it is satisfactory to know we have a class of citizens already so far instructed that they could be at once converted into masters and lieutenants in the navy, provided they could be brought to accept appointments of the kind, for many are not willing to believe that years spent in lawful commerce, has rendered them unfit to command in military expeditions, or made them, in any point of view, the social inferiors of naval officers.

But let us hope that, while they may ever be ready to obey, it will never be necessary to call officers of our mercantile marine from the peaceful pursuits of commerce to serve as officers on board ships of war. Our merchant ships float on every sea, and there should be navy enough to protect them wherever they go, under all circumstances, to give them the security and confidence, which the mere presence of our ships of war inspire in the breasts of Americans engaged in foreign climes in lawful pursuits. Their presence is most appreciated where civilization is least developed. Our diplomatic commissioner in China found that his reception by the Chinese Governor Seu was accelerated by the opportune arrival of a sloop-of-war; the landing of Commodore Geisinger, with a suite of twenty officers in uniform at

Canton exerted more influence over the Chinese mind than correspondence and diplomacy carried on for weeks. Indeed, it was jocularly said, "the cocked-hats carried the day for the ministry"—the Spanish envoy has not been received, although he has been waiting several months; it is very certain that the presence of a Spanish frigate or two would command for him immediate attention.

In a speech delivered in the Senate of the United States, on the 15th May, 1848, when the occupation of Yucatan was under consideration, Mr. Miller, a senator from New Jersey said, "The control of our commerce, or of the commerce of the world, does not depend upon positions on land, upon towers and fortifications overlooking and commanding narrow straits and narrow isthmuses. It is not Gibraltar, nor Malta, nor the Mosquito coast, nor any other position on land that secures to England the control of commerce. It is her power and position on the broad sea which gives her the advantage. The nation that would control the world's commerce must control the element upon which it floats. The mistress of the sea will be the mistress of commerce. England may seize upon Cuba; she may cover the isthmus of Yucatan all over with threatening fortifications, yet, as long as our proud navy can ride in triumph 'o'er the dark blue sea,' I fear no evil to our commerce."

Our commerce has grown more rapidly than our navy; a much larger force could be advantageously kept afloat, and in no part of the world could vessels of war be more beneficially employed than in the East Indies, either for the improvement of the navy itself, or the advantage of commerce. Throughout these seas there are innumerable islands, rocks and shoals of uncertain position which might be examined and determined by our cruisers. The Chinese sea swarms with pirates who should be swept from our path. Here is employment for several years, worthy the ambition of our naval officers, and perhaps more immediately useful than surveying the Dead Sea, or observations at Chiloé to determine the parallax.*

* In the "Chinese Commercial Guide" for 1848 there is "a list of new dangers in the China Sea," which embraces thirty-two rocks and shoals, not set down as

Without regard to any other considerations, the value of our commerce might be held as a sufficient reason for maintaining a full fleet of ships of war in these seas. According to R. Montgomery Martin* the value of the United States with China for the year ending June 30th, 1845, was £2,265,000, or, at 4 shillings to the dollar, \$9,063,000.

It may be safely stated that the value of American trade in China, including imports and exports, is ten millions of dollars, exclusive of the cost of the ships employed. It may be estimated there are forty American vessels engaged in commerce with China, employing eight hundred sailors.

China receives from the United States manufactured cottons and cotton yarns, (Mr. Martin says, "In domestics we cannot compete with the United States")†—lead, ginseng, a few clocks, which are exchanged for tea, silks, crape shawls, rhubarb, cassia, cassia oil, annis and annis oil, camphor, r-matting, musk, fans, fire-crackers, &c.,

The planters of the south, and miners of the West in furnishing raw materials; the manufacturers of the north and east in producing fabrics, and the agriculturists who supply beef, pork, flour, &c., to feed those who pay them by labor in the cotton fields, the mines, manufactories, or in loading and unloading the ships, which bring something to the shipwrights and other mechanics in their construction and repair—in a word, every class of laboring citizens is more or less interested in this commerce, as may be readily perceived, if we fancy for a moment that it were suddenly abolished. All those employed in the building and fitting out of ships; timber and lumber men, shipwrights, carpenters, blacksmiths, coppersmiths, plumbers, clock and pump makers, rope makers, sail makers, caulkers, riggers, ship chandlers,

Admiral's charts. All these lie between 5° 44' and 13° north latitude and between 107° 28' and 118° 52' longitude. They have all been noticed since 1840. China, political, commercial and social, in an official report to her majesty's government. By R. Montgomery Martin, Esq., late her Majesty's treasurer for the colonial, naval and diplomatic services in China, &c. 2 vols. pp. 432-502: London, 1847.

Since 1849 very little if any lead has been exported to the United States; those employed in the lead works we meet have engaged in the more lucrative mines of

&c., and indirectly, the agriculturists whose stevedores, hemp growers, canvas weavers, products feed all those classes; the tailors, shoe makers and hatters, who clothe them; the apothecaries and physicians who serve them when sick; and the clergymen who look to their morals,—all are more or less benefited. To take away the commerce with China would also lessen the employment of merchants and their clerks, as well as that of the lawyers who gain fees from pleading insurance and salvage cases, to say nothing of personal and criminal suits growing out of the conflicting interests of so many classes. But this is not all; ladies of all conditions, spinsters and matrons, young and old must be disobliged because crape shawls, and various silks, fans, &c., which they now delight in would be taken away, and tea, a great bond of social intercourse would disappear, and with it many of the innocent pleasures of civilized life.

"Enlivening, mild and sociable tea,
Scandal-compelling green, pekoe, bohea;
Without Thee, philosophy once could write,
And wisdom's page the moral pen indite;
Without Thee Demosthetes their laws enacted,
Without Thee, thought, and taught, and dreamt, and acted;
With this celestial gift, how strange that we
Should neither better eat, nor drink, nor think, nor see."*

Commerce is the great motor power which gives activity to agriculture, mining, manufactures, the mechanic arts; and encourages law, medicine and divinity. Commerce then is one of our cardinal interests; the prosperity or adversity of which is felt throughout the length and breadth of our land. Surely it deserves to be protected and extended; the government spends no money more profitably than that for the interests of navigation, surveys, light-houses, and for maintaining an efficient navy, because without a navy our commerce would be interrupted, and ships plundered and crews murdered in many parts of the world, where the knowledge of a protecting force being at hand, is their only security. It is unwise to grudge the money required to support a navy; if the people did not spend money in this way, if, in other words, the navy were abolished, all merchant vessels must be fully

* The Dessert.

armed and manned to fight their way, protect themselves: this armament and necessary augmentation of the number of the crew, would be an additional expense to the present cost of sailing vessels, and to meet it, an increase charge for freight, insurance, &c., would be made, to be at last paid for by the people, the consumers of the goods, probably to an amount far greater than that now paid to support a navy.

In his report to the House of Representatives, on "steam communication with China and the Sandwich Islands," (May 4th 1848,) Mr. T. Butler King, holds the following—

"The amount of our tonnage on the Pacific and in the China trade is much larger than that of Great Britain; yet she maintains a strong military establishment at her newly acquired posts in China, and a naval force almost equal to our whole navy, and also a large squadron on the west coast of America, with mail steamers conveying passengers and intelligence in all directions, for the protection and encouragement of that commerce, while our Government has not, until recently, taken the first step towards placing our merchants on a footing, in those respects, with their British competitors. Her policy is to protect her commerce with her navy, and, by extending her trade, make it support both her manufactures and her navy. Take away either, and the others will perish, and with them British supremacy. She collects the elements of commerce from other countries. Nature has sown them broadcast over ours. Their development and value will depend on the wisdom and energy of our commercial policy. *So vast are the products of our soil that a reduction of one cent a pound on cotton, or one cent a bushel on Indian corn, or two cents a bushel on wheat, would be a larger sum of money than the ordinary annual appropriation for the naval service.* Who does not know that the price of these products depends on commerce? Cut off your power to export, and what would be the value of these great staples? They would not pay transportation to market. In fact there would not be a market for them. Were we to manufacture every pound of cotton we produce, and forbidden to export what we could not consume, the fabrics would be of comparatively little value; and

this would be the case with all products, whether of the soil or the loom. This shows that our wealth as a nation depends in a great degree on commerce."

Smuggling is perpetrated to so great an extent in all of the ports of China at which foreign trade is permitted, that it is impossible to obtain an accurate statement of the value of exports and imports. It may be safe, probably, to estimate the imports and exports at \$40,000,000 each.

The recognized imports into China in 1844, on British account, amounted to \$15,929,132

The principal items of which were—
 Woollen goods, \$2,898,886
 Cotton fabrics, including yarns, 4,722,836
 Cotton, raw, from India, 6,816,382
 In this year there were smuggled in 40,000 chests of opium, valued at 20,000,000

Total of British imports, \$35,929,132

A small quantity of the opium was probably on American account, but how much it is not known.

The exports from China on British account for the year, exclusive of treasure, amounted to 17,925,360

Leaving the enormous balance against China of \$18,003,772

The imports of merchandise into China from the United States in 1844, amounted to \$1,320,170
 Amount of treasure, 1,125,700

The chief articles of import from the United States were—

Cotton manufactures, \$660,257
 Raw cotton, 166,966
 Lead, 108,495
 Ginseng, 137,560

The exports from China, on American account amounted to \$6,686,171

Deduct the amount of our imports into China, as above, 1,320,170

Balance of trade against the United States, \$5,366,001
 \$1,125,700 of which was paid in specie, and \$4,240,301 in bills on London, which goes so far, of course, to create a balance of trade against us in England.

The imports into China, from all other countries, amounted to but \$401,025

The exports from China, to all other countries, amounted to 895,996

It therefore appears that Great Britain and the United States are the great competitors for the China trade.

We have stated the balance of trade against China and in favor of Great Britain, for 1844, at \$18,003,772

If we deduct from this amount the balance against the United States, \$5,366,001
 And all other countries, 494,871
 \$5,860,872

We have the exact balance of \$12,142,900 against China, and in favor of Great Britain, which was paid in treasure.

It is stated in the report of the select committee of the

House of Commons on commercial relations with China, dated 12th July, 1847, that the <i>recognized</i> imports into China were, in 1845,	
	\$20,390,784
In British ships,	\$16,073,682
In American ships, including specie,	2,909,669
All other countries,	1,417,433
To this is to be added 38,000 chests of opium, smuggled, valued at	23,000,000

Total imports for 1845, \$43,390,785

The exports from China were—

To Great Britain and her colonies,	\$26,697,321
To the United States,	8,261,702
To all other countries,	1,972,875
	36,931,898

Balance against China, paid in treasure, \$6,458,886

The balance of trade in favor of China, and against the United States, in 1845, paid by bills on London, was \$5,352,033.

It appears from the synoptical tables of the import and export trade from foreign countries at the port of Canton, for the year 1846, published in the "Canton Mail" of July 8, 1847, that the recognised imports from all countries were:

In British ships,	\$9,997,583
In American ships,	1,609,404
Ships of all other countries,	783,226
	\$12,390,213
Add for opium, smuggled, estimated at	22,000,000

Total imports, \$34,390,213

The exports were—

On British account,	\$15,378,560
On American account,	6,207,378
On account of all other countries,	1,611,525
	\$23,198,493

Balance of trade against China, paid in treasure, \$11,192,720

Balance of trade against the United States, paid in bills on London, \$4,597,967.

This statement shows a falling off in the British imports for 1846, as compared with 1845, of \$6,096,099, and a diminution of exports on British account of \$11,319,761, while it exhibits a gradual but steady increase of American imports into China. This statement would probably be slightly varied if we had returns from the other ports open to foreign trade, but as they are mostly supplied by re-exportation from Canton, it cannot be far from correct.

The select committee of the House of Commons, before referred to, assign, in their report, the cause of this declension in the British trade with China. They say:

"In reporting on the condition of our commercial relations with China, your committee regret to state, on undoubted evidence, that the trade with that country has been for some time in a very unsatisfactory position, and that the result of our extended intercourse has by no means realized the just expectations which had been naturally founded on a freer access to so magnificent a market.

"Whether we look to the table of exports, which mark declension of exports in nearly every branch of manufacture, or listen to the statements of experienced merchants and manufacturers, we are brought to the same conclusion.

"We find the exports of cotton manufactures decline

between the years 1845—46 from £1,735,141 to £1,246,518 in value; those of woollens, in the same period, from £539,223 to £439,668.

"We find that on a great proportion of the trade for the same years the loss, taken both ways, *i. e.* that on the manufactures sent out and on the tea brought home in payment, may be fairly stated at from 35 to 40 per cent.; so great, indeed, that some manufacturers have abandoned the trade altogether, and that much of the tea lately sent home has been sent on Chinese account, the English merchant declining to run the risk of the venture.

"We find that the difficulties of the trade do not arise from any want of demand in China for articles of British manufacture, or from the increasing competition of other nations. There is no evidence that foreign competition is to be seriously apprehended in the articles of general demand. The sole difficulty is in providing a return.

"Stripping the question of minor details, which may fairly be left out, as not affecting the general results, and setting aside the junk or native trade, which, though considerable, does not assist in the general adjustment of foreign accounts, the trade of China may be thus shortly described. The bulk of its transactions are with England, British India and the United States. * * *

"From England, China buys largely of manufactured goods. From the United States, the same articles. From British India, opium and cotton-wool to a very large amount. In the year 1845 these imports, as will have been seen above, were valued at \$43,390,784, equal to £9,401,336.

"The whole of this vast import has to be paid for, with slight exceptions, by tea, silk, and silver, though sugar and Chinese grass, as a substitute for hemp, may possibly be hereafter of some importance.

"The payment for opium, from the inordinate desire for it which prevails, and from the unrecognized nature of the transaction, which requires a prompt settlement of accounts, absorbs the silver, to the great inconvenience of the general traffic of the Chinese;* and tea and silk must, in fact, pay the rest.

"Of these, England and the United States are nearly the sole consumers; and thus it happens that the advan-

* The British Consul, in his despatch dated 15th of February, 1847, says—"How long the Chinese will be able to sustain this continual drain, (*i. e.* of £2,000,000,) of the precious metals is impossible to determine; but the fact being now well established that the export of tea to England cannot be increased under the present system of duties, it is not difficult to foresee that, unless a new opening be found for a larger consumption of China exports in our markets, a gradual reduction must take place, either in the quantity or the prices of our imports in China, until they come to a proper level. On the other hand, it is beyond calculation to what extent the Chinese would purchase our woollens and our cottons, were we enabled to take their produce in return, especially after having attained the legalization of the opium trade."

He further states, and is confirmed by Sir J. Davis in the statement, that "it must be borne in mind that the import trade is regulated by and depends wholly on the export trade, and that therefore only an increase of exports can cause a corresponding increase in imports. The China trade being essentially a direct barter trade, it is obvious that unless means can be found to take from the Chinese a larger amount of their principal export, tea, there seems but a limited prospect of deriving for the British manufacturing interests all those advantages which the new position we hold in the country, consequent on the late war, must lead them to expect."

tages which were so naturally expected from commercial access to a civilized empire of above 300,000,000 people, are practically limited by the extent to which these countries are willing or able to consume these two products of the soil of China.

“The balance of trade will no doubt adjust itself sooner or later, in accordance with the severe lessons of loss and disappointment which the three last years have taught ; but unless we can look forward to an increased consumption of those products in which alone China has the means of paying, this adjustment can only be made at the cost of largely diminished exports, and of restricted employment to every branch of industry connected with them.

“The export of silk from China is steadily on the increase ; and as it labors under no heavy taxation on its entrance either into the United States or Great Britain, and as the access now opened to the port of Shanghai has brought us into closer contact with the districts most productive of it, there is every reason to hope that it will grow with the growing wealth and luxury of nations, and progressively become an element of greater importance amongst the means of payment.

“It is perfectly obvious that the causes which operate to depress and limit the trade between China and Great Britain do not prevail or exist in the intercourse between the United States and China. In the former case the balance of trade is enormously against China ; in the latter it is largely in her favor. The balance of trade in favor of Great Britain, as stated for 1845,—’46,—’47, is founded on an estimated value of the opium which is smuggled in, and is probably below the mark. The British Consul, as we have seen, estimates it at two millions of pounds sterling, or about \$10,000,000 per annum. The average balance in those years against the United States, and in favor of China, was \$5,347,442. The average price of exchange at Canton on London for nine years, from 1837 to 1846, was six per cent. ; or, to state it differently, a bill of exchange on London of \$100 was worth at Canton \$106. Consequently it cost our merchants an average of \$366,101 per annum for the three years, 1845,—’46,—’47, to adjust this balance of trade, and that amount should be added to that balance, which will make it \$5,713,543. Some years past the rate of exchange was much higher. In 1834 it was fourteen per cent., and the amount paid to settle the balance of trade against us must have been near *one million of dollars*. We therefore perceive that to the extent we introduce American product and manufactures, in exchange for those of China, we obviate the payment of this tax.

“In 1844 our imports into China were carried in forty-nine vessels, of 10,292 tons burden. This brings up the number of our vessels employed in all parts of the Pacific and in the China trade to nine hundred and eighty-five sail, of 328,441 tons. The British trade with China in that year was carried on in two hundred and six British vessels, of 104,322 tons, and ninety-six Hong Kong lorches of 5,774 tons. Total, three hundred and two vessels, of 114,096 tons. We have no returns of the number or tonnage of British vessels employed in other parts of the Pacific.

“As has been stated, the recognized imports into Canton in 1846 amounted to \$12,390,213. Cotton and cotton fabrics constituted more than two-thirds the value of these imports, viz—

Raw cotton,	\$5,095,407
Cotton fabrics,	3,684,494
Total,	<u>\$8,779,901</u>

The total amount of imports from all countries into Canton in the year 1844 was	<u>\$17,843,924</u>
Of this, raw cotton amounted to	\$6,983,347
Cotton fabrics,	5,383,093
Total,	<u>\$12,366,440</u>

“Showing that more than two-thirds the value of the imports of that year also were of cotton and cotton manufactures.

“Most of this raw cotton goes from British India, and is used by the Chinese in the manufacture of the coarse fabrics worn by the common people. It is very inferior to American cotton, and the articles of it are, of course, not as durable or desirable as our manufactures. Hence it is that the import of American fabrics into China is gradually and surely increasing. The common people, in the middle and southern parts of China, are clothed almost exclusively in these coarse cotton cloths ; and when we consider that the empire contains more than three hundred millions of people, it may not be regarded as an over estimate to suppose that they consume more cotton than is now grown in the United States. *It is quite clear, therefore, that the great field for American enterprise and skill, in our intercourse with China, lies in the adaptation of our cotton fabrics to the wants and tastes of the Chinese.*”*

Mr. S. Wells Williamst states the value of foreign trade at the five ports, as far as ascertained from Consular returns for 1845, but does not include the American and Spanish trade at Amoy, nor the trade at some of the other ports under other flags. The dollar is reckoned at 4s. 2d. sterling.

Imports.

Canton—Imports in vessels of all nations,	\$14,062,811
Amoy—Imports in 33 British vessels,	707,973
Fuchau—Imports in 5 British and 3 American vessels,	401,575
Ningpo—Imports in British vessels,	49,911
“ Bremen “	13,834
“ American “	5,414
Shanghai—Imports in all vessels,	5,875,104
Total value of imports for 1845,	<u>\$21,116,622</u>

Exports.

Canton—Exports in vessels of all nations,	\$30,564,551
Amoy—Exports in British vessels,	742,499
Fuchau—Exports in British and American vessels,	332,353
Ningpo—Exports in British vessels,	83,971
“ Bremen “	2,217
“ American “	5,357
Shanghai—Exports in all vessels,	6,465,841
Total value of exports for 1845,	<u>\$38,197,122</u>

* Speech of Mr. T. Butler King, House of Representatives, May 4, 1848.

† The Middle Kingdom ; a Survey of the Geography, Government, Education, Social Life, Arts, Religion, &c. of the Chinese Empire and its inhabitants. By S. W. Williams. 2 vols. Wiley & Putnam. New York, 1848.

“The contraband trade in opium is estimated to amount to upwards of forty thousand chests, at a sale price of \$20,000,000; which with the pearls, gold and silver ware, and precious stones, and other articles smuggled, the Spanish and other trade at Amoy added to the above amounts, will swell the total of the foreign trade to about eighty-five millions of dollars annually, exclusive of the Russian trade at Kiakhta.”*

An idea of the nature of the export trade from China to the United States may be formed from the following statement of exports for the year ending June 30th, 1848.

Green teas,	15,340,615 lbs. }	Total, 19,338,863 lbs.
Black teas,	3,998,248 lbs. }	
Pongees, pieces,	70,878	
Handkerchiefs,	59,413	
Sarsonets,	15,238	
Senshaws,	8,705	
Satin Levantines,	1,287	
Levantine handkerchiefs,	1,400	
Crape shawls and scarfs,	113,593	
Nankeens, pieces,	1,471	
Raw silk, packages,	589	
Cassia-peculs,	7,200	
Mattings, rolls,	22,957	
Fire crackers, boxes,	32,029	

The history of the foreign trade of China shows the value of the presence of a naval force in the Chinese waters. Mr. Williams correctly remarks that a mixture of decision and kindness, when demanding only what is in itself right, “backed by an array of force not lightly to be trifled with or incensed, has always proved the most successful way of dealing with the Chinese, who, on their part, need instruction as well as intimidation. The constant presence of a ship of war on the coast of China would have perhaps saved foreigners much of the personal vexations, and prevented many of the imposts upon trade, which the history of foreign intercourse exhibits, making in fact, little better than a recital of annoyances on the part of a government too ignorant and too proud to understand its own true interests, and re-criminations on the part of a few traders, unable to do more than protest against them.”

A couple of war steamers of light draught of water, to visit the northern ports at regular intervals, authorized to carry a mail and perhaps a limited number of passengers, would be of very considerable value in aid-

ing the support and extension of American trade in China. English merchant vessels bring coal as ballast, and hence there is generally an abundant supply at moderate rates. If there were a doubt on this point, coal might be sent from the United States in vessels which would carry it at a low freight in place of shingle or other ballast.

Export of Tea for the year ending June 30th, 1848. (From the “China Mail,” August 3rd, 1848.

	Green. lbs.	Black. lbs.	Total. lbs.
To the continent of Europe in 7 vessels,	443,400	1,618,300	2,051,700
To Australia in 17 vessels,	1,652,000	510,500	2,162,500
To the U. States in 38 vessels,	15,345,035	3,993,617	19,333,647
To Great Britain in 92 vessels,	6,963,700	40,730,600	47,694,300
	24,394,230	46,853,017	71,247,147

It is estimated that in addition to the above, about 5,000,000 lbs. were exported to Russia, making the aggregate of about seventy-six and a quarter millions of pounds of tea exported in the year. Great as this quantity is, it is only a fractional part of the quantity consumed by the Chinese themselves. They drink tea almost exclusively, at all times and on all occasions. If we take the population at 360,000,000, and allot a half ounce of tea daily to each inhabitant, which would not be an excessive quantity, we have a daily consumption of 11,250,000lbs. *avordupois*—or, a greater consumption in one week than by all the rest of the world in a year—making the annual consumption in China 4,106,250,000; or at a quarter of an ounce daily 2,053,125,000.

A quarter of an ounce daily, is 5lbs. 11oz. a year; a half ounce daily is 11lbs. 6oz. a year. Mr. Fortune estimates the consumption at 6lbs. a head, which is too small; if we take 10lbs., we find the consumption to be 3,600,000,000lbs. a year.

While the home market is so extensive, a variation in the present foreign consumption to the extent of a few millions of pounds, will not affect the price in the Canton market very considerably!

* The Middle Kingdom.

TO AGLÆ.

Laugh on! joyous girl, though the grave and the prudent
 May uplift their sage hands and their eyebrows exalt,
 So far from believing there's any thing rude in't,
 To me it seems rather a grace than a fault.

Laugh on! though remonstrance thy merriment heightens,
 'Twill subside at the glance of displeasure or pain,
 'Tis a streamlet reflecting each picture that brightens,
 Whilst clouds throw their visions of darkness in vain.

Laugh on! happy girl, long may Heaven forbear,
 Ere the gift of a pleasure so pure it recall;
 May thy bosom beat free from each hovering care,
 That would cloud thy bright brow, or thy spirit enthrall.

Laugh on! Mirth will soften, oh, many a sorrow;
 'Twill misfortune and wrong of much bitterness strip;
 And that innocent smile, on eternity's morrow,
 At the voice of thy God will revisit thy lip.

MAITRE ADAM, OF CALABRIA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH. BY S. S.

IV.

MARCO BRANDI.

"Here, wife," said Maître Adam, as he reëntered his house, "I forgot to leave you money to go to market; but, here are some provisions, get us a good supper in honour of our son, who will come like a cannon ball presently."

"Presently!" repeated old Babilana: "the poor dear boy!"

"You have received a letter from my brother?" said a young girl, coming out of a little chamber and running to the old man's neck.

"Yes, Nina, yes, my child; yes, I have received a letter."

"And where is it? Show it to us! show it to us!" cried the young girl.

Maître Adam pretended to search in all of his pockets.

"Now you have lost it," murmured the spoiled child, stamping on the floor. "That's the way you always do."

"Don't scold me, Nina," said the old man, "it is not my fault."

"But when will he come?"

"I cannot tell you exactly; I do not remember the date."

"You don't recollect the date! Well!—that is all that was wanting! No, I won't embrace you."

"Is that the way you thank me for walking eight leagues to get news for you?"

"Pardon me, father," said the girl, as she leaped on his neck again; "I am a bad child, but I love you dearly, be assured."

The old man took the head of his Nina between his hands, and wept with joy as he looked at her.

"And I, perhaps I do not love you! You will never know what you cost me! I had painted to-day my best picture—Ah! let us not speak of it."

"Well! and then?"

"Nothing; go help your mother: go, I feel that I shall sup heartily; I have a good appetite."

This was not surprising, as the old man had not eaten since the preceding day. The girl ran to help her mother, without ever asking Maître Adam whence he had gotten those fine and good provisions, which seemed, by their excellence, destined for the table of a cardinal. Gelsomina was at that age when we still think that nature provides maternally for the wants of man, and when we are convinced that happiness thrives and flourishes with no mixture of evil, like the violets in the meadows. As for the old man, he went and sat down on the terrace of his little garden which fronted the shore.

Meanwhile the sun, which during the day had blazed in a sea of azure, was setting in the West, in a bank of copper-colored clouds, from which Stromboli stood out in relief like a vast blue cone with a plume of fire. To the South, like a riband stretched along the water, lay the coast of Sicily, beyond which appeared, like a mass of vapor, the gigantic Ætna. To the North the view was bounded by the shores of Calabria gracefully curving around Cape Vaticano. The sea, which the sun's disk was just touching, rolled its waves of flame, in the midst of which glided in haste to reach the port of Satina or the Gulf Euphemia some fearful or belated barks, which less skilful eyes than those of this maritime people, might have taken from their white, triangular sails, to be gulls re-

ing their nests. Everything showed that tempest awaited only the absence of the sun to possess in its turn all Nature; and sun seemed regretfully to plunge into waves and leave his empire, which, like abdicated sovereign, he left a prey to the storm. So wonderful was the spectacle, that though he had often had occasion to behold it, Maître Adam could not look on it without ecstasy. He was busied in the most profound meditation, when he felt himself touched on the shoulder. Without turning, he knew that it was his daughter.

‘Isn’t it beautiful, Gelsomina?’ cried the man.

‘What?—that ugly weather, which promises a storm?’

‘See what admirable tints—what clear colors—what deep tones!’

‘See, father, how the barks are hastening to get back. All will not arrive in time, and the men whom they carry have daughters waiting for them.’

‘You are right, my child. There is the Ave Maria sounding; pray for those on the sea.’

The young girl knelt down, and in a sweet voice, between speaking and singing, she murmured the angelic Salutation. The old man had taken off his *bonnet grec*, and standing with his hands joined, he seemed, with his eyes raised to heaven, to be looking if some angel were not collecting in the air the words of his daughter carried up by the faint puffs of wind. The prayer finished, Gelsomina was about to rise.

‘You forget something,’ said the old man, restraining her.

‘What? father.’

‘You have prayed for the sailors, pray now for the travellers. During the hurricane, the mountain is as dangerous as the sea, and who knows whether your brother will come by land or by sea.’

‘You are right, father,’ said the young girl. ‘Poor Bombarda, I had forgotten him.’

And she recommenced her prayer, which, this time, Maître Adam was not content to follow in intention, but accompanied aloud.

‘Now, father,’ said the girl, after she had made the sign of the cross, ‘will you come? supper is ready.’

Maître Adam followed his daughter, not

without casting a few parting looks on the magnificent panorama already half concealed in the shadow of the clouds, which, like an immense pall, were drawn by an invisible hand from West to East. From time to time a flash of lightning shot rapidly over this sombre surface, and showed a reservoir of fire beyond, while the puffs of wind which could be heard overhead, without being felt, shook the tops of the chestnuts, whose lower branches seemed dead, to the last leaf, so immovable were they. Arrived at the door, Maître Adam paused an instant and listened. A low, rolling sound was beginning to moan in the West, but so distant as yet, that it could not be said whether it came from the earth or the sky. The old man recognized the grand voice of nature, in the moment of danger, warning her children to seek shelter from destruction.

The solemn spectacle had made Maître Adam forget for an instant that he had not eaten for four and twenty hours; but when the door was closed, and he found himself before the supper, his imagination descended to more terrestrial ideas. Old Babilana had done her best, and probably the table of the prior himself was this evening worse provided than that of his painter in ordinary; so that Maître Adam, who was a happy mixture of the spiritual and material, forgot what was going on out of doors in order to give himself up entirely to what was to take place within. There was, indeed, in the cup of his satisfaction, a drop of regret for his effaced fresco, and a fear that Bombarda was on the road; but, at the first glass of wine that he tasted—at the first morsel that he carried to his mouth, the work which he was beginning to accomplish, seemed to him, in all probability, so important, that he gave it his whole attention.

Meantime the thunder approached nearer and nearer, and gave indications of one of those Southern storms which can be properly appreciated, only when they have been heard growling over head. The wind had come lower, and was now shaving the earth, as if it would uproot everything that rose above the surface. Now and then, the poor cottage, shaken by these gusts, trembled from top to bottom, and then Gelsomina would set down her glass or her fork, and

seizing the hand of her father, look at him with a childish terror which the old man dissipated by pressing his lips on her forehead. As to old Babilana, she ate with the careless greediness of old age, disturbing herself no more about the tempest, than if it did not exist.

Suddenly a flash shone through the cracks of the house; then a detonation was heard, so loud, so sudden, and so near, that Gelsomina was not content with seizing the old man's hand, but fell on his breast pale and trembling.

"It is thunder," said Maitre Adam, folding his child to his bosom.

"It is thunder," repeated the old woman.

"No, it is not thunder," said Gelsomina.

In fact the thunder, as if to confirm the girl, began to make a rolling sound which pervaded the whole sphere of the heavens, and which surpassed that which they had just heard, as the thunder of the ocean surpasses the murmur of a little stream. At the same time a gust of wind enveloped the cottage; the roof groaned—the shutters creaked; Maitre Adam himself began to be alarmed, and Gelsomina sent forth a cry which the spirit of the blast seemed to answer with its wail. At this moment the door opened, and a man, pale, without his hat, and with his clothes covered with blood, rushed into the cottage.

"I am Marco Brandi," he cried, "save me!"

At this apparition, this cry of distress, this appeal to his humanity, Maitre Adam forgot the tempest; and thinking that he who claimed his protection was hotly pursued, he did not waste time in answering, but pointed with his hand to the chamber prepared for his son. The bandit rushed in, with that instinct of self-preservation, which calculates in an instant what it was to hope or to fear; he saw that he had all to hope and nothing to fear.

This vision had passed so rapidly, that those to whom it was presented might have taken it for an effect of their imaginations, had not the door, by which Marco Brandi had entered, remained open. By the gleam of a flash of lightning, they saw a troop of horsemen pass by at full speed on the road to Nicotera. Gelsomina then ran to the door

and closed it; for, though the passage of the bandit had been rapid, she had perceived that he was a fine looking fellow of from twenty-five to twenty-eight years, who preserved even in flying, that savage fierceness which indicates on the face of a man or a lion, that he yields not to fear, but to numbers. But the poor child had expended all of her energies in the action, and no sooner was it accomplished, than her strength gave way, and feeling that she was falling she leaned against the wall for support. Her father seeing her situation, ran to support her; but a new incident restored her strength by attracting her attention.

Another troop, which seemed to be composed of foot, was approaching the house. Gelsomina and Maitre Adam heard with anxiety the sound of their footsteps, which came nearer and nearer. There was no longer doubt; several men advanced to the door, and one of them rattled on it with the butt of his carbine.

"Who knocks?" said Maitre Adam.

"Open," replied a voice.

"And to whom?" demanded the old man.

"To a poor devil who will be dead before he gets to Nicotera, if you don't have pity on him."

"What has happened to him?"

"He has just been assassinated by Marco Brandi."

Gelsomina started, and Maitre Adam looked at her: both hesitated.

"Open, father; it is I," said a dying voice.

"Bombarda!" cried the girl and the old man, in the same breath.

"My child," murmured old Babilana, as she rose, trembling, and resting her hands on the table to support herself.

Maitre Adam opened the door. Several gendarmes were carrying in their arms the body of a young man dressed in the uniform of the royal artillery; he had received in the middle of his breast a large wound, from which the blood spouted forth. The old man was frightfully pale; Gelsomina fell on her knees. At this moment the horsemen who had passed returned; a flash of lightning had revealed the whole road to them, and they had found it empty.

"Maitre," said the quarter-master, who was in command, "have you not seen a

an from twenty-five to twenty-old, with long black hair, and under his chin, and who must be If you have seen him, tell us, for he is the assassin of your of vengeance passed over the lips of my father, and he opened his mouth. But at this moment, a cry made him turn his eyes towards her knees, with her hands clasped, was looking at him with an indescribable anguish. "I have seen no one," said the old man. Embracing his son in his arms, he bore him to a chamber opposite to that in which lay Marco Brandi.

V.

THE COMMANDER.

As after the events which we have related, about an hour after the *Ave Maria* Bombarda and Marco Brandi, of the house of Maitre Adam, arrived, he vowed one to regain his regiment—the other to join his troop. The former was granted leave of absence, and the latter dismissed his band. We shall leave Placido Brandi, with whom our readers are acquainted, pursuing his way towards Messina, and we shall meet Brandi on the road to Cosenza. Brandi was not one of those poets like the Jean Sogar of Nodier, or the Bruno of Dumas. Society had turned against him one of those great passions which drive a man from city to country as born a brigand; his father was a captain of a troop, and he had inherited it from

The circumstances were these. Placido Brandi was chief of one of those troops which were organized in Calabria in opposition to the French occupation. For seven years he fought for the completion of this war, as he had something else to do, than for himself, he decided to continue the war on his own account. He was of dauntless courage; his men were devoted and they resolved to share the good fortune of their chief; so that Placido very soon found himself at the

head of a band, the most terrible ever heard of from Cape Spartivento to the Salernian Gulf.

Ferdinand's injustice towards him had soured his character. He had seen men who had done nothing for the royal cause, except to follow the court to Sicily, and who had spent eight years there in parading with the English, while their military grades demanded a different conduct, return to Naples and receive the rewards which others had merited, while those whose blood spotted the road by which Ferdinand had returned to his throne, remained despised and outlawed. Hence it followed, that Placido Brandi, who had vowed profound hatred to the French uniform, extended it to the Neapolitan, and observed an armistice while he changed his enemies. It was a great amelioration, for Placido much preferred fighting the *sbirri* of Ferdinand, to fighting the volunteers of Joachim.

He therefore set about conscientiously following his profession. His friendly relations with the inhabitants remained unaltered; he vowed an eternal hatred only against the military. From time to time, however, as uniforms are of all dresses least apt to be provided with money, he was compelled to have recourse to travellers, and as the English were beginning to traverse Sicily by land, which they could not do during the French occupation, he reimbursed himself from some fine nabob or noble lord, for the unprofitable expeditions which he made on the score of private hatred.

Unluckily, no general is so skilful as not, at some time in his life, to commit error by which his adversaries may profit. In a badly arranged counter-march, Placido Brandi with three or four men, was surrounded by an entire company; defence was useless, but nevertheless he defended himself like a lion. But, as might have been expected, his followers were killed and himself taken prisoner. As to his conquerors, they were rewarded proportionately to the service rendered; the lieutenant was made captain, the serjeants became sub-lieutenants, the corporals became serjeants, and all the privates were promoted to corporals.

They conducted Placido Brandi, provisionally, to Cosenza. We say provisionally, for

it is an article of the Neapolitan Code, that a criminal's trial shall take place on the spot where the offence is committed. Moreover, they were pleased to pardon him all the little peccadilloes of which he had been guilty towards the French, and called him to account only for his conduct after the restoration of Ferdinand. He had, therefore, no reason to complain. He declared that he had to reproach himself with only one murder, committed about four years before, that is, just after his going into business. The victim was a Neapolitan Colonel, who was traversing Calabria, in order to reach the Capitanate. The incident had taken place between Mileto and Monteleone; Placido was therefore transferred from Cosenza to Monteleone.

The trial lasted six months, and he was condemned to death the day after the promulgation of the decision. Placido had the clerk of the court summoned. He had just that very instant remembered, that about a year after the first assassination, he had the weakness to commit a second. This time it was on an Englishman travelling from Salerno to Brindisi; and the crime had been committed between Tarentum and Oria. This confession nullified the former judgment, and Placido was immediately carried from Monteleone to Tarentum.

A second trial commenced; but the judges being more active on this occasion, the trial lasted only four months. As before, Placido Brandi was condemned to death. The day before the execution a monk came to prepare him for death. The edifying manner in which he addressed him touched the heart of Placido, hardened as he was, and he confessed, with a repentance arguing marvelously well for his future state, that one year after the second murder he had the misfortune to commit a third on the person of a rich Maltese merchant, whose ship was at anchor in the harbor of Messina. It was at about three leagues from Reggio, that, instigated by the devil, he had succumbed to this wicked thought. Such a secret was of too grave a nature for the priest not to demand permission to reveal it. Placido replied that he was ready to undergo, in expiation of his sins, all of the trials to which it should please heaven to subject him. Consequently

the monk went to the governor of Tarentum and related the assassination of the Maltese merchant, with circumstances such that its truth could not be doubted. The governor, therefore, ordered the suspension of the execution, and Placido was embarked at Brindisi with a good escort, and eight days afterwards, disembarked at Reggio. But as the population of Reggio is composed chiefly of merchants and sailors, a part of the witnesses necessary for the trial were absent, and the tribunal was forced to wait their return. In proportion as they returned they were summoned and testified. This circumstance slightly prolonged the trial, so that it lasted a year. As at the second time, Placido was condemned to die.

He prepared himself to make an end worthy of a Christian. So, from the day of the sentence, to that of the execution, he fasted and prayed continually. The priest who came to prepare him for death, found him in a state of perfect contrition. The holy man passed the entire night in the chamber of the criminal, chanting with him the litanies of the Virgin, and in the morning, all worn out as he was, he would not yield his post to another, desiring to have entirely to himself the honour of this conversion. Placido took the road, accompanied by all the town, stopping his ass from time to time, in order to address edifying discourse to the people. At every step, the crowd wept and beat their breasts; finally they arrived in sight of the gallows. There he halted for the last time and commenced an address, so touching, that nothing could be heard around him but cries and sobs. Suddenly he interrupted himself, as though struck by an unexpected recollection. "Alas! my brethren," cried Placido Brandi, "I am a miserable sinner, undeserving of your compassion; for you think that you know all of my crimes, and I just remember, hardly eight days before my arrest, having cruelly murdered a poor Dalmatian colporteur, who had set out after the *Ave Maria*, from Boggiano, in the hope of sleeping at Castrovillari. You see that I am unworthy of your pity, and so abandon me to the wrath of heaven, which I so justly merit."

At these words, Placido began to weep in so lamentable a manner, that all of the by-

prayed that they might make an end. Unluckily for the sufferer, and have been safe had he been hung in a frame of mind, one of the judges was to be in the crowd. As he heard the confession of the condemned, he ordered the guards not to advance a step, but on the contrary, to carry Placido to prison. Placido resisted with all his might; he would die. They were compelled to use violence in order to conduct him back to his cell. Arrived there they carefully deprived him of everything by the aid of which he might take his own life; so that the gendarmes had the satisfaction of finding him perishing alive and well, when they came at last to transfer him from Reggio to Casale.

When they got there, it was discovered that Placido Brandi had told the truth, for on this occasion they found the body at the place which he had designated. This circumstance, which proved the good faith of Placido, abridged the trial, which lasted three months and twelve days, ending with the fourth condemnation of Placido.

At the great astonishment of everybody, Placido on this occasion exhibited the same courage as at former times. He was imprisoned with his jailor, and distracted with grief and sorrow. In fact, at the moment of departing for the gibbet, and as the executioner was passing to him the penitential shirt which he was to wear, he profited by an opportunity when the hangman, without suspicion, came to untie his hands, to give him a kick in the shins, and dart out of the door which was half open. Unluckily, two gendarmes, who were posted in the corridor, saw him, seized his carbines and compelled him to return to his apartment and complete his preparations.

When the moment of departure arrived. Placido was obviously disturbed; he mounted the scaffold with his head towards the tail, and moved backwards, followed by the crowd of penitents, whose costume he had made to assume. They carried him in a bier in which the sufferer was to be laid, and he sang the office of the dead, which must be confessed, refreshing neither his eyes nor his ears. Nevertheless,

every body expected Placido to interrupt the march by some of the beautiful discourses which he had made on the last occasion when he had played part in a similar ceremony; but the bystanders' hope was in vain; Placido opened his mouth only to complain that his beast travelled too fast. He was not the same man; he had nothing more to confess.

At the foot of the gibbet, his confessor gave him up entirely to the executioner. Placido kissed for the last time the crucifix, and then boldly mounted the ladder. But it was easy to see that he was now sustained only by that physical courage which makes a brave man die well whenever he dies in public. Arrived at the top round, he looked every way; he had yet one ray of hope; but when he saw from his elevated position the quantity of troops convened for the ceremony, he understood clearly that his band, however devoted, could not expose itself to such a contest. Then something horrible took place in him; a vertigo seized him, which made everything appear to turn under his feet; the sky became black, and the earth like fire. He seemed to be suspended over a gulf where thousands of fiery-eyed demons were waiting for him. He wished to cry out, but his voice stuck in his throat; his ears rang as if his head were the tongue of a bell. He made one last effort and broke the cords which bound his hands, but his hands found no resting place, and struggled only with the air. The executioner had, in fact, delicately profited by the second when he was looking around to slip the rope over his neck. Placido Brandi was hung.

Immediately, the penitents leaped on the scaffold to take possession of the body, which belonged to them as soon as the executioner had descended the ladder; but, as it happened that none of them had a knife to cut the rope, some held him up, while the rest untied it. As soon as they had him, they laid him decently in his bier, and bearing him on their shoulders, they set off toward the communalty, followed by the executioner, his two aids and his ass. After going about a hundred yards, the bearers thought they heard a hollow groan proceeding from within the bier; but as nobody communicated his observations to anybody else, they continued their route. Soon the groan was

succeeded by a cough, hoarse indeed, but sufficiently loud for the six porters to stop immediately, immovable as caryatids. Then with wonderful concert of action, and as if they had given each other the word, they dropped the bier. The body rolled out, making some contortions and many grimaces, like a man who had swallowed a fish bone. There was no doubt about it, Placido Brandi had been taken down in time.

So thought the executioner, who, drawing the poniard which they always carry to finish the patient in such circumstances, rushed toward the resuscitated man, who had already enough of his senses to see his danger, but not enough strength to escape it. But then an unexpected assistance came to the poor devil's aid; the penitents threw themselves between him and the executioner, maintaining that since Placido had been hung, he had satisfied justice, and belonged no longer to man, but to God. The executioner insisted; the penitents were obstinate. He called his aids to help him; they ranged themselves before their *protégé*, who, seated on the ground, had regained his centre of gravity, and was profiting thereby to recal his ideas by rubbing his eyes. A struggle took place—on one side with the implacability of vengeance—on the other with the devotion of charity; one side yelling, the other singing—the one calling on the devil for aid and the other praying God to protect them. In short, it was impossible to say on whose standard victory would perch, when Placido, having entirely come to, thought that it was highly improper to let holy men like his defenders peril their safety for him, while he, so much interested in the solution of the affair, looked on with his hands folded. Therefore he snatched a cross from a young chorister, and forcing a passage through the combatants, with his blessed arm he smote the executioner so terribly on the head, that that individual fell like a beef. Both parties sent forth a cry: contrary to custom, the patient had killed the executioner. The aids alarmed took flight, and the penitents carried off Placido Brandi in triumph, singing with all their might. This event gave occasion to a fifth trial, which was decided “by contumacy.” Placido would not quit his good friends, the penitents—and as their church

had a right of asylum, they knocked him up a small provisional apartment in the sacristy which he liked marvellously well in comparison with that which he would have otherwise occupied. He was a fifth time condemned to death; but the case was so remarkable, that the evidence was sent to King Ferdinand, who looked at it in its comic aspect, and gave Placido Brandi full and entire pardon on condition that he would abandon his troop and live at Cosenza as honestly as he could. These conditions appeared to Placido so reasonable, that he accepted them without discussion, satisfied himself that his pardon was properly made out, embraced his friends, the penitents, and joyfully set forth for his destination. At the time of our narrative he was an honorable citizen of Cosenza, without any other remains of his hanging than the mark of the cord around his neck, which being like the second grade of the order of Saint Januarius,* Placido Brandi was generally known as *The Commander*.

VI.

THE BANDIT “DE JURE DIVINO.”

When Placido Brandi was arrested, his son very naturally took his place. Hence, as we have said, he was not a chief by election, but a lawful heir, a bandit “*de jure divino*.” Marco Brandi, free as a mountaineer, and brave as a Calabrian, was a very good chief, except that he followed his profession as something acquired in his youth as a trade and not as an art, with conscientiousness and loyalty, but not with enthusiasm.

Scarcely had Marco Brandi learned the miraculous manner in which his father had escaped death, when he came to him in disguise, and offered to resign the command which he held *pro tem*. But the good man had explained to him the conditions on which

* St. Januarius was bishop of Benevento and was beheaded at Puzzuoli by Diocletian. His body was brought to Naples, where there is a beautiful chapel to his memory, in the cathedral. The priests affirm that they have his blood in a vial, and that it congeals or liquefies at the pleasure. The order of St. Januarius was founded Jan. 2, 1738, by the Infant Don Carlos, then King of Jerusalem and the two Sicilies. The first rank in the order is the *Grand Master*, and the second, *Commander*. The badge is a collar curiously wrought. Hence the sobriquet of our friend Brandi.—T.R.

l obtained pardon, and while offering the counsel of his long experience, had fixed his determination definitely to remain business. Therefore Marco Brandi returned to his troop, had balanced the assets of each, and had sent to the old draftsman on the best banker in Cosenza a part of the prize money acquired during his incumbency. He had added his share also, requesting the old gentleman to put it out to the best advantage, so that he might have this resource, if at any time he should conclude to retire in his turn. Having completed these arrangements, he continued his expeditions in the mountains, very much to the satisfaction of his companions, who not seeing in Marco Brandi a man very vastly superior to themselves, respected him less, perhaps, but loved him more. They had experienced a great alarm, three years before, their chief had, as we have related, narrowly escaped being killed by climbing the garden wall of the house where Sister Martha had humanely concealed him during his concealment. The band, therefore, submitted without a murmur to the conditions proposed by the Madonna, though the conditions exiled them for three years from the very centre of their operations. He therefore retired to the appointed district and infested all Calabria except Nicotri and its environs.

After a stated interval had elapsed three days they returned, to their great joy; for they had lovers, some families, and some as well at Sylla as at Monteleone. Every where else they had regarded themselves as exiles: here, on the contrary, they were at home.

On the morning of the storm, these fellows, in a house some steps from the sea, were glass in hand tranquilly celebrating their turn, when Marco Brandi, happening out, spied Corporal Bombarda, who, as we have written to Maître Adam, was going on his furlough in the midst of his companions.

Marco had inherited from his father a hatred for uniforms. Perhaps under different circumstances he would not have indulged with the young artillerist; but as the asses of Calabrian Muscat had gotten on his head, and he resolved not to let them finish his journey peaceably. With

this view, he struck into the road and walked side by side with the corporal. After an instant of silence, which the young men employed in regarding each other—

“You are a military man?” said Brandi, measuring the corporal from head to foot.

“Slightly,” replied Bombarda, twirling his moustache.

“In what corps?” continued the bandit.

“In the foot artillery,” answered the soldier, in a tone indicative of the superiority which he accorded this regiment over all others.

“A poor corps!” quoth Marco Brandi, protruding his lower lip in sign of contempt.

There was a moment of silence, during which Corporal Bombarda appeared to reflect profoundly on what he had just heard, as if he had not clearly understood.

“You said?”

“I said a poor corps!” continued his interlocutor, with the same coolness.

“And why so, if you please, my little fellow?” said the corporal.

“Because it is a corps which makes more smoke than fire, more noise than work; that’s why. And what rank do you occupy in the artillery?”

“The grade of corporal,” said Bombarda, with an air of certainty that his personal position would raise him in the eyes of his fellow traveller.

“A pitiful rank!” murmured Marco Brandi, this time protruding both lips in token of disgust.

“What do you mean by pitiful rank?” cried the young man, still doubting that any one had really the impudence to pronounce such words before him.

“No doubt about it!” replied Marco; “don’t you know the proverb, ‘*Bisogna dieci otto caporali per far’ un’ coglione?*’”

The bandit had not finished these words, before the cannoneer had his sabre in hand.

“You see I tell the truth,” said Marco Brandi, stepping back; “you draw your sabre on an unarmed man.”

“You are right,” said Bombarda, resheathing his sword; “but haven’t you a knife?”

“Does a Calabrian ever travel without one?” replied Marco, drawing from his breeches pocket the instrument demanded.

* “It takes eighteen corporals to make a churl.”

"Good!" said the corporal, following his example. "With how many inches shall we fight?"

"With the whole blade," said the bandit; "in this way there will be no opportunity to cheat."†

"So be it!" cried the cannoneer, putting himself *en garde*.

"And now," added his adversary, "do you wish me to tell you one thing more to increase your courage should it fail? If you kill me, you will be made a serjeant."

"Why so?"

"Because I am Marco Brandi."

"*En garde!*" said the soldier.

"Defend yourself!" said the bandit.

The two young men threw themselves upon each other, animated with that rage which only southerners feel. Terrible to see, would have been this knife-duel on the high road, illuminated by the lightning and accompanied by the thunder. But as there was no witness, none can tell what happened. A troop of *sbirri*, on the march from Reggio to Cosenza, as they debouched at the angle of the road, saw a man fall with a loud cry, and another take flight on perceiving them. The gendarmes thought that an assassination had just been committed, and fired on the fugitive. Marco Brandi, struck in the side, despaired of regaining the mountain, and threw himself into the first house which presented itself. We have seen how he chanced to demand hospitality of the very father of the unfortunate Bombarda, and how the old man, in the first transports of his grief, would doubtless have delivered him over to his pursuers, had it not been for the silent but expressive prayer of Gelsomina.

Maître Adam had need of all the love he bore his daughter to stifle the paternal cry for vengeance which came from the bottom of his heart. But after the first struggle was over, he was sublime both in grandeur and simplicity. The two wounds were serious: for three days were Marco Brandi and Cor-

poral Bombarda hanging between life and death; and for these three days did the old man pray equally for the murderer and his victim, while Gelsomina watched between the two dying men who lay in the same chamber, like the angel of hope and resignation. As to old Babilana, she had understood nothing at all, except that there were two wounded men in the house. She therefore ravelled lint and cut bandages; only, as one of the sufferers was her son, from time to time she wiped away a tear with the back of her hand, without interrupting her duties.

The only surgeon in Nicotera was a kind of barber, talkative but credulous, who was informed that the two young men were returning together when they had been attacked and left for dead by the troop of Marco Brandi. The detachment which had chased the assassin, had continued its route to Cosenza, persuaded that the brigand had rejoined his men; so that nobody in the village suspected the real state of affairs. The two wounded men themselves, were long in comprehending how they happened to be together. They had been recommended to keep silent, and whenever Marco Brandi essayed to speak, Gelsomina placed her hand on his mouth; and as he very much liked this method of imposing silence, he held his tongue with great docility. As to the corporal, his sister produced the same effect on him without employing the same means; she only had to place her finger on her lips; and then the young descendant of the Greeks, slender, noble and graceful as her ancestors, seemed in her antique *pose*, to be some statue of Silence recovered from the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

At last, the wounded men were permitted to speak in a low voice, which was a sort of dialogue peculiarly pleasant to Marco Brandi. To hear what he had to say, Gelsomina had to lean over his bed, and his voice was so weak, that she was obliged to place her cheeks almost in contact with his lips. Nevertheless, feeble as was his voice, Marco had always to relate circumstances of an extraordinary length, contrasting strongly with the short communications of the corporal on the other side of the chamber. Although Bombarda had been much the more seriously wounded, yet by one of the fantastic and in-

† In Calabria and Sicily the knife is the weapon generally employed in fights. According to the gravity of the offence, or the bitterness of feeling on both sides, they fight with one, two or three inches of the blade, or again with the whole of it. In the first case, the combatants catch the blade between the thumb and forefinger, at one, two, or three inches from the point, so that it is prevented from going any deeper than has been agreed.

le caprices of the human organization was the first to regain the complete of his voice. He profited thereby to of Marco Brandi, during a moment's on the part of Gelsomina, what had ed from the moment when he had lost usness. The bandit, who had no rea- speak low to the corporal, found his o reply to him. In turn, the corporal ed him who his father was, and how tunes had been declining ever since cident of the Madonna. Marco Brandi ked that the successive evils of this y came from himself, and being a brave onest fellow, he resolved to repair them arrying Gelsomina. So when she came under pretext of the fatigue caused by preceding dialogue, he had with her in ow voice one of the longest and most ani- ed conversations that he had ever under- ken. Gelsomina replied only by blushing; ea suddenly, and without any intimation f the stoppage of the interview, she ran to r father saying, "Oh, father, I shall die of ration if you do not consent at once." Maître Adam heard all the little confes- us of his daughter like a man who per- res the gravity of such a confidence. He never intended to cross Gelsomina in love, and in regard to fortune, his perso- position did not permit him to have very bitant pretensions in the settlement of children. Nevertheless, he made some rks to Gelsomina on the social position er future husband; not that the bandit's ession was not lucrative and honorable, a followed from childhood, as it had y Marco Bandi, but it offered a wife many chances of becoming a widow.— omina then cited to her father the ex- les of many young girls of the vicinity. had contracted such marriages and had happy. But the old man was inflexi- it was a matter of foresight and not of idice, with him. In vain did Gelsomina ll to him old Placido Brandi, living a archal life at Cosenza; Maître Adam ed that he was an exception, that all depended on a cord more or less strong, that it would not do to found upon such bilities the happiness of one's life.— e was some truth in all this, and Gelso- carried her father's answer to her

lover with less vexation than might have been expected.

These things induced a serious fit of reflection in Marco Brandi. As we have already informed our readers, he had never been an enthusiast in his profession; he had only followed it with honour and courage, because these qualities existed in him and he would have carried them into any sphere of life he might have occupied. He therefore told Gelsomina not to distress herself on that account, that he saw the justice of the old man's reasoning, that he was ready to sacrifice his profession to his love, and that since her father's consent depended only on his abdication, he would abdicate; only, he would have to change his locality and dwell in a country where he was less celebrated. The fortune which his father had put out for him, joined to his portion of the common stock of the troop, was sufficient not only to bear the expenses of removing to however great a distance, but also to assure him, wherever he might fix his home, not a brilliant fortune indeed, but an easy and tranquil existence, which would give Maître Adam the power of painting on all the white walls, powerless Madonnas and insolvent souls in purgatory.

This proposition, in the present state of affairs, was the most pleasant to Maître Adam, for it squared marvellously with his plans for the future; he therefore accepted it with the same frankness with which it was made. Marco Brandi exchanged his love with the daughter and his word with the father; a kiss was the seal of the one and a squeeze of the hand the guaranty of the other. Then, as Corporal Bombarda, being brought by the reasonings of his room-mate to more correct ideas about military service, saw in his condition only a hopeless slavery, he resolved to share the fortunes of his family. Thus, at the end of six weeks, the two young men came out arm and arm from the house of Maître Adam, the one to resign his chieftancy of the bandits, the other his corporalship.

VII.

CRONY MATTEO'S THREE SOUS.

As to Maître Adam, what had decided him to quit Nicotera and fix his domicile

elsewhere, was, first his love for Gelsomina which made it impossible for him to think of ever separating from his cherished daughter; secondly, the state of hopeless poverty to which he found himself reduced.

We have said that his hospitality was sublime in grandeur and simplicity. In fact, not only had the old man in giving an asylum to Marco Brandi, forgotten his vengeance, but also his poverty. The daily wants of the two patients had in fact very soon recalled it, but he had nobly submitted to all the consequences of the good action which he had undertaken. He had, in order to supply the double wants of those who were sick, gradually gotten rid of the least necessary furniture of his little establishment. Then from these he had passed, by little and little, to furniture in use; finally, he had been compelled to confess his distress to Gelsomina, who had immediately put at his disposal her gold needles, her ear-rings and her necklace.

The old man had sold them with tears in his eyes; but during the first month the sick had not wanted any care or any remedy. After that period, Maître Adam who had always paid cash, had had credit for a week; but the last eight days of recovery had passed with more difficulty, for not only did the creditors claim the price of articles furnished, but also would not furnish any more. Yet, these days had passed; and as neither the Corporal nor Marco Brandi had had leisure to examine the house when they came in, they had not perceived the nakedness to which it was reduced when they went out. Moreover, as Maître Adam did not like for his son to take the road again without something to jingle in his pockets, he made an appeal to the old friendship of his crony Mattéo, who at first threw a thousand difficulties in the way, but, at last, conquered by solicitations, ran the risk, miser as he was, of lending him three *sous* on condition of an express promise from Maître Adam, that if he was not reimbursed at the end of eight days, he would give him security for it. The artist subscribed to this condition; so that when the poor father grasped the hand of his son, he was able to slip therein this last mark of his paternal providence, which, small as it was, Bombarda was care-

ful not to refuse. In fact he was far from suspecting that in accepting it he was becoming three *sous* richer than his father.

Not before the young people were gone, did Maître Adam feel all his desolation. His house was empty, and of the little furniture that once garnished it, there remained only the two beds of the wounded men. Gelsomina sat on one of them and Maître Adam on the other, while old Babilana was getting ready for supper the remains of their provisions, which, exhausted in one or two meals, would leave the poor family without resources. Gelsomina was weeping. Maître Adam absorbed in thought, was seeking in the inmost recesses of his genius, some means of escaping from his difficulties. Suddenly a luminous idea seemed to flash across his mind, and he arose and embraced his daughter. He had just decided that she should go on the morrow and pass with an aunt of her's at Tropea (who had often asked for her, without his ever consenting to let her go,) the remainder of the time, until the arrival of Marco Brandi. In this way, at least Gelsomina would be exempt from all the privations from which he could not extricate her if she remained, and which he and Babilana would find means to endure, so long as they did not affect the daughter. Gelsomina made some objections, but overcome by the entreaties of her father, she consented to set out the next day. Therefore at day break Maître Adam went to borrow Balaam of Fra Bracalone, with whom he had maintained the most pleasant relations since their bargain. As it was not collection day, the sacristan willingly lent his ass. Gelsomina took leave of her mother and mounted the back of Balaam, who took the road rejoicing that he was carrying a weight so much less than common.

Maître Adam had chosen this early hour, in order that his daughter might find at her aunt's a breakfast which she would have looked for in vain at home. In fact, her relative received her with great attention, and was very kind to her brother-in-law. She would have been pleased to keep him one day with Gelsomina; but the old man remembered that he had left Babilana at home alone, and without provisions or money to buy them. So he would not take a seat at

the table, alleging that he had promised to return Balaam by noon. But he asked permission to pocket his part of the breakfast, to eat on the road as he said, but in reality to carry to his wife. Then he took leave of Gelsomina, promising to return for her as soon as possible.

A new disaster awaited Maître Adam on his return. The landlord of the house which he inhabited, who for some time had dunned him for the three quarters of rent due, had levied on the property. When he learned this, Maître Adam saw clearly that the contest was at an end, and that he must yield; he took from his pocket the provisions for his wife, assuring her that he had had his part, and while she quitted for an instant, to attend to them, the rosary which she mechanically told whenever the cares of the house left her time to say her prayers, he walked up and down with the agitation which always precedes a desperate resolution. Finally, he stopped before Babilana, with his arms crossed, and like a man who has made his decision.

"Well!" said the poor old woman, with an instinctive feeling of terror.

"Wife!" said Maître Adam, "the time is come to have courage."

"To have courage!" repeated she, in a tone half passive, half interrogative.

"Certainly! They have seized the furniture to-day, and to-morrow they will seize me."

"They will seize you?" murmured the old woman. "But are we not to go from this unlucky country, with our children and our son-in-law?"

"Yes, but they will not let me go!"

"They will not let you go! How then?"

"There remains only one resource then, wife!"

"What?"

"To die!"

"To die!" cried the poor creature, dropping the morsel of bread which, with trembling hand, she was carrying to her lips.

"Yes indeed! to die. It is the only means I have of living quietly."

"Explain yourself," said the old woman.

"Listen!" said Maître Adam. "I shall take to bed; you will hasten for the doctor who will not come, knowing that there is

nothing to be made by it, whether he kills or cures me; the day after to-morrow I shall be dead for want of help; that's all. Perhaps also they will then stone the scoundrel of a doctor; that would be gratifying to me."

"You are not going to die in earnest then?" said the good old Babilana, who was beginning to understand.

"Not such a fool!" said Maître Adam; "but if they once believe me dead, the creditors will not perhaps be so hard on you. As to myself, I shall arrange the matter with Fra Bracalone who has promised to watch by me, and I shall slip off to Rome, where you will all come and join me."

"To Rome!"

"Yes, to Rome. It is the country of the arts. There, my talent here despised, will perhaps be appreciated; moreover, I want to see that famous 'Last Judgment' of Michael Angelo, which is so much talked about."

"What is Michael Angelo?" interrupted Babilana.

"He is a brave fellow who, like myself, painted souls in purgatory; well! we shall see if we can't match him."

"I expect no good of all this," replied the old woman shaking her head, "it is tempting Providence."

"How the deuce can anything worse happen to us than has happened? Desperate situations have this advantage, that they can change only for the better. Go for the physician wife."

"Suppose he should come!"

"If he should come, it might change the affair considerable, for I should be in danger of dying in earnest. But don't disturb yourself, he won't come; go then, go."

"I must do it, since you will have it so," said the old woman, accustomed for the last twenty-five years to passive obedience.

And she went after the doctor.

Maître Adam, left alone, approached the fragment of a mirror by which he was in the habit of shaving, and began to paint his face after the fashion of an actor who is to play the ghost of Ninus in *Semiramis*. We have explained the talents of our hero too clearly for it to be doubted that they could fail when exercised on himself and in so grave a case.

Very soon the old man's face exhibited all the symptoms of a mortal malady in its last stages. Maître Adam followed its course with a real satisfaction. At length, when he thought himself sufficiently disguised, he lighted his last candle, arranged his light as well as Rembrandt could have done it, and lay down on one of the beds.

Scarcely were these preparations completed, when Babilana returned. As Maître Adam had predicted, the physician had refused, not to come, but to come then, putting off his visit until after more urgent calls. The old woman was come to bring this answer, when she saw Maître Adam extended on his bed, and lighted only by the flickering and funereal light of his last candle. The appearance of his agony was such that although she had been forewarned, Babilana sent forth a cry of horror, as she saw that pale and distorted countenance. Maître Adam hasten to re-assure her, but whatever he could say, she was still trembling when some one knocked at the door.

It was the landlord, accompanied by constables. He had heard of Maître Adam's sudden indisposition, and feared some suit with the heirs; therefore he desired if possible to carry off the furniture while the painter was alive. This was not a difficult operation. After having visited the first apartment which was nearly empty, they entered the second, and without being moved by the lamentations of the dying man, they took possession of the couch opposite to the one which he occupied. Then remarking that by a refinement of sybaritism, entirely unbecoming in a debtor, he had chosen the best bed to die in, they gently lifted up the mattress on which he lay, adroitly drew out the two lower ones, and replaced him. During this time, Babilana wept and prayed; but a landlord, in all countries, is a being set apart, and not accessible to prayers and tears; so that all she said was of no avail. The constables finally went away, leaving the house empty and the chests open. It is true that the unlucky landlord had only about 12,000 livres yearly income, which in Calabria, would amount to about 50,000 while the sum owed him by Maître Adam might have been ten crowns.

"Well! my poor man," said Babilana,

after the men were gone, "what have we gained by this farce?"

"We have thereby gained," replied Maître Adam, "a good bed for you. If I had been up, they would have taken everything. But hush, some body is knocking."

"It is your crony Mattéo," said Babilana, after reconnoitring through the key-hole.

"Well! let him in. Only remember that for him, I'm dead. Do you understand?"

The old woman indicated her intelligence by a gesture of her head and went to open the door. Maître Adam crossed his hands on his breast, closed his eyes, and opened his mouth.

"There my poor gossip!" said Mattéo as he came in, "that's what we must all come to!"

"O yes!" replied Babilana. "The Lord has removed him to a better world."

"And how was he taken?"

"He was taken with a great weakness in the legs and an awful rumbling in his head."

"That's exactly what I feel when I have taken a drink or two," replied Mattéo.

"Alas! That was not the reason. The poor man had not taken anything for four and twenty hours. (The old woman undesignedly told the truth.) Then our landlord came and took everything as you see."

Mattéo indicated that he saw perfectly.

"So that," continued the old woman, "that gave him the last blow. They were hardly out of the house before he died, you may say that they killed him. Alas! alas!"

"Some creditors are very pitiless," said the gossip. "You know, mother, that your husband owed me three *sous*."

"O yes! the poor man told me before he died, and he regretted very much not being able to pay you."

"Did he tell you also, that he had promised me security to answer for them?"

"Yes, certainly, but you see yourself, there is nothing left."

"To go where he is going, he has no need of his Greek cap. I always wanted it while he was alive; it will be a memento of him now that he is dead; and for it, I will let you off with the three *sous*."

"Impossible!" cried the old woman. "He requested to be buried in it. Oh my

God! Such a good man! I would not for a kingdom neglect one of his wishes."

"That's a curious idea, to be buried in his Greek cap. Is he afraid of a cold in his head," said Mattéo.

"Oh my God!" said Babilana, as if overcome with grief.

"Very well, mother," quoth Mattéo, I leave you, because I am so sympathetic that I can't see you weep without weeping myself. But it is no less true that your husband owed me three *sous* and promised me a security."

"Well!"

"Well, I tell you that since you can't pay me the three *sous*, I shall not scruple to take the security wherever I find it. Good bye, mother."

"Good bye Job's friend," said the old woman.

"Ah! ah!" said Mattéo, as he shut the door. "You appear to hold on to your Greek cap, my good man. Well! I hold on to it too. We shall see which of us is most obstinate!"

[To be Continued.]



THE TWO CROSSES.

How white and pure uplifted to the skies,
And meekly pointing to the happier home,
All silently beneath the o'erarching dome,
Those marble crosses rise.

A double life they tell of; two, yet one,
The bud, the tree; the early dawn, the noon;
Both faded from the earth—ah! all too soon
Their mortal race was run.

Sleep, sleep, they seem to say—not to their dead,
For they sleep not, God's brightest angels they!
Crowned, glorified, with many a holy ray
Around each gentle head.

But sleep, sleep passion, sleep forever pride,
Let no earth thought shut out the thought of God;
Thus to my heart speak, rising from the sod,
These crosses side by side.

I saw them first when far the church yard lay
Beneath my feet, and in the twilight hushed
A thought, a wish, swift to my full heart rushed,
Would I were pure as they.

Would I could bear so passionless a breast
As their cold marble to each watching star,
Or that my gaze would seek like theirs afar
The realms of peace and rest.

At morn and eve my pathway lies each day,
A weary pathway, often, near the spot,
Where gleams their lowly beauty unforget
Across the toilsome way.

In storm or sunshine, upward, upward still,
With their meek front unchanged by gloom or light,
They stand, God facing, ever true and bright,
As if they did His will.

And thus a message to my soul they tell,
Which warns me softly 'mid the toil and strife,
To keep a purity like theirs through life,
And guard my footsteps well.

Sweet monitors! bright sentinels of love,
Ye speak a truth that never will depart,
A truth that turns the earth-stained look and heart
To better life above.

CAROLINE HOWARD.

MODERN REPUBLICANISM.

If we trace the beginnings of Modern Republicanism, if we look back to see the origin of the democratic feeling, and to learn the practical commencement of that freedom which England and America alike enjoy, we should turn our eyes deeper into the past than the English Revolution of 1688 or even the great rebellion of Hampden and of Cromwell. We are too apt to consider a great event only when it makes itself apparent by being forced upon our attention; we forget its true commencement; we do not consider that great events and critical periods in the world's history have their infancy and childhood, and that the characters of these great events is determined by the peculiarities of the nations and individuals that accompany their progress to maturity. If we look to the conception of the idea of republicanism and modern freedom, we find it in the character and conduct of Luther, in the writings and teachings of John Calvin and John Knox, and in the progress of the spirit of reformation. Resistance to unjust authority is democracy, and the organization of government on that principle is Republicanism.

This idea was the Reformation. It began in spiritual things; the truths made men free, and they became free indeed. We see in the Reformation no resistance to temporal authority, unless where it was joined with

and used to enforce spiritual tyranny. In some countries the rulers took part, and took the lead in the Reform, and the temporal power was not impaired. Indeed the divine rights of kings was more clearly taught under the protesting clergy; for they had access to the Bible and learned that the powers that be are ordained of God, &c. As they denied the Pope's power to dethrone a monarch, they therefore more firmly fixed him in his seat. Still, the idea of resistance was there, clearly expressed in respect to the spiritual, as clearly implied, and by some understood, in regard to the temporal power; and it wanted but an opportunity and an effort to show to all that the king was not divine, that he might be resisted without doing wrong, and that blood royal might be shed without calling, as did that of Abel, for vengeance. This opportunity was afforded by one who had no intention of so doing, one who valued the prerogatives of the crown higher than any other monarch, and who would not for the world have countenanced republican tendencies. Queen Elizabeth we regard as the unconscious expounder of that principle which has swept down the thrones of kings, and which is still destined in its wild march to sweep them away.

When, by her order, the head of Mary, Queen of Scots, rolled on the scaffold, then, by that fall, was struck the first liberty note in Europe.

It seemed an ordinary execution—a criminal suffering decapitation in an obscure part of England, with few spectators and but little ceremony to make it different from any other execution, and appearing to be nothing more than the vengeance of one woman upon another. The persons who participated in this killing, she who directed it, those who then and since have mourned it, did not know what they were doing, or directing, or regretting.

Yet, rightly considered, how much was involved in that execution; rightly heard, how thoroughly and loudly was the stroke of that axe to ring through Europe and the world, rousing minds to think and men to act and strive, until in the succeeding century its echo was heard in the heart of England as the axe again fell on a royal neck, and the head of Charles First rolled on the

scaffold at White Hall—and still again this redoubled echo, passing on and crossing the seas, was in another century again heard in the gay capital of despotic France, when another kingly head fell, not for his own, but for the faults of the system he represented and those of the kings he succeeded. A century has intervened between each note of this terrible democratic music; the reverberation has been distant, yet how awfully distinct in each case and with what increasing power and destruction has it come. These blows have been as if inflicted by some mighty comet of irregular course and uncertain orbit, whose coming is hidden until its force is felt, and which shows constantly increasing power and danger when it does come. Who can say when or where the bolt may next fall; for that it will come again we must infer from its past course; and when it appears its increased momentum will make its coming terrible. And the beginning of all this we trace in the beheading of Mary Stuart. We propose to consider these things, to analyze these three notes of democratic music, to examine and describe the blows struck for freedom, from the first almost silent lightning like stroke at Forthingay, to the thunder crash and world-wide explosion that with its lurid glare lighted up Paris and the whole of Europe. We consider each of these things to be distinct parts of one whole; each a type of its century, and each specially deserving of important consideration by the student of history. And the end of this thunder tone is not yet; it may as soon be chained as the earthquake; and as sure as that has once come and will come again, so sure will this upheaval of the people occur, and thrones and despotisms be toppled down. As we consider these political tornados, that rose and raged with some hapless monarch for a centre, we shall find that they commenced by small beginnings, and gradually increased and swelled until they became terrible and destructive. We shall see too that while each one was more dreadful than its predecessor, the central point, the supposed cause and origin of this moral tempest, the king to be destroyed, proved in point of moral character inversely better as the ruin was more wide spread and more thorough. Louis of France was so

good that he was really good for nothing; amiable and weak he perished, the King Log of his time; he could neither destroy his enemies nor escape them, and was himself destroyed without resistance.

Charles First more fitly resembled King Stork, and apart from the desire and attempt to prey on his subjects, had few personal faults, except a habit his father taught him, called by him King-craft, and by ordinary mortals known as lying and cheating. But the third one, or rather the first in point of time, about whom so much romantic ink has been shed, was undoubtedly the worst of this trio of unfortunates. No one ever called her a martyr; the name, often misapplied, would, in her case, have been impiously used. She fully merits the character of a really *bad woman*, than which we know of no worse title that can be affixed to the name of any individual. For, as the female character approaches the angelic in some respects of excellence, so does it when fallen from its high estate of purity bring forcibly to mind that other fallen angel, of whom we read in holy writ, and of whom Milton has written so wisely and so well. A bad woman can descend to depths of infamy, of which a man can have no conception. But let us turn back, consider the times and the character of the parties in these deeds of blood, for such they were, however much we may justify them by the necessities of the case, or by the character and conduct of the individual sufferers. And we will consider them all, each in turn, and examine them in their representative character, as types of various kinds of liberty. We will trace the progress of human freedom by these mile-stones; or rather by this time piece, where the bloody axe strikes the hours and rings out at once the knell of kings and thrones, and also the joyful jubilee of nations.

We regard Mary Stuart's death as most important in its results, not only because it was the first of the series, but also because in it was involved the principles that brought her grandson's head to the block.

In fact, the beheading of Charles and the revolution which caused it was not simply a thing following, it was a natural consequence of Mary's death; and this we think can be readily proved. Consider then the time and

the persons. Mary Stuart, young, beautiful, accomplished, wise, witty, and fond of gaiety, left with heartfelt regret the court of France for her own stormy clime and stern people. She had been brought up in the household of her mother-in-law, Catharine de Medicis, under the care of her uncle, of the House of Guise, and in the most wicked, the most licentious, the most deceitful and cruel court of Europe. If history contains a woman whose character was more detestable than that of Catharine, we have never yet been able to meet with it. She stands pre-eminent in crime, chief miscreant of her sex, unapproachable in the height of villainy to which she attained; poisoner, assassin, on a small scale, and murderer on a large one, corruptor of morals in a court and country already corrupt, a planner and executor of crimes from which men of blood shrunk back, she appears the mightiest instrument of evil, unmixed with any good, that has ever appeared in the universe since Satan fell from Heaven. Indeed, to our mind, the most complete exhibition of fiendish malice and fiendish wisdom is seen, when this woman successfully planned and accomplished the slaughter of the Huguenots. And if ever the Devil appeared on earth in a human form, it was when Catharine de Medicis leaned from the window of her palace on St. Bartholomew's day to hark on the murderers of those who trusted her, when her ten years contemplated treachery and slaughter at last succeeded; or when she turned to rebuke her son for his faint heartedness, and placed a musket in his hands that he might shoot down the flying wretches. This was not all; she possessed talent and influence enough to bind in powerful league the princes of Europe to put down the free principles of the reformation, and to destroy all who held them. This was planned in secret, and it shows what a master mind this infernal woman possessed.

This terrible league was formed to accomplish this purpose, and her part of it, the massacre of her own subjects, she ruthlessly carried out. Another part, the invasion of England by the Armada, was defeated by the good fortune and courage of Elizabeth; and a third effort resulted, after long years of persecution and bloodshed, in the suc-

successful revolt of the Netherlands against the power of Spain, and the establishment of the free government of the United Provinces. Catharine's plans were frustrated wherever she herself was not present, yet with what vigour and secrecy she planned and acted, the records of that time show. This band of assassins had declared secret and open war against the life of every reformed sovereign and against the liberty of every people tending to freedom. It was a bold daring effort to stifle in its births all that has been at work in America and Europe to renovate the human race from that time to the present. It was a league of monarchs against the people—an association of the powers of darkness against the principles and the sons of light.

Such was the woman under whose care and teachings Mary Stuart grew up, and by whom her mind was cultivated and her principles formed. And we should err greatly if we supposed Catharine to have been a repulsive woman; she possessed wit and wisdom, was pleasing and even fascinating in manner, and her court was the most gay and polished, as she herself was the most strong minded and accomplished monarch in Europe.

In this league of despotic princes, Mary Stuart was enrolled a member; and although she had left France before its many crimes were committed or attempted, yet the actuating principles of the league were as well understood by her as by its other members. If Elizabeth had tried, condemned and executed her as one of a league banded together against the liberties of the human race, as one of a company of assassins who had perpetrated the massacre of St. Bartholomew—if this purpose had been declared, and the act avowed to be an act of retaliation—posterity could not have blamed the deed. It was not put in this light; it appeared more as an act of private vengeance, because of a personal pique, and therefore it is that so much execration has been heaped upon its perpetrators. But we are anticipating. When Mary entered Scotland she was then a member of this league; her mother, the sister of the Guises, had been so before her; the massacre of the Huguenots was not then executed, and perhaps had not then been fully

planned. Mary attempts to carry out the lessons in ruling by cajolery and by force, that she had learned from Catharine; but there were no Guises in Scotland, and instead of the Cardinal of Lorraine to assist, there was John Knox to oppose her. Instead of submission to the monarch as a divine authority, she heard the bold reformer assert that if kings neglected their duty and resisted the law of God, their subjects owed them no obedience.

However much Mary differed from the mass of her people, and whatever may have been her intentions against their liberties, civil and religious, she was certainly popular among them until some short time after she married Darnley. To every one marriage is a highly important step; with her it involved everything, crown, character, life and reputation; it was the turning point of her destiny.

This marriage is generally considered to have been a love match; as such however, we cannot consider it. With our opinion of the character of Mary, we cannot allow her to be considered such a fool as to marry a silly handsome boy for love.

She was anything but a fool; one of the wisest, shrewdest women of her age, an age that produced many highly accomplished and strong-minded women. Although her passions were strong, yet she had been trained in a school that taught her to control them, and least of all, was she likely to be moved by such a passion for such a man. To imagine that this strong, shrewd, far-seeing woman—educated in the most highly cultivated court in Europe—surrounded by the men of her age most renowned for genius and wisdom—accustomed to receive the homage and reject the addresses of the handsome, accomplished and high bred cavaliers of the day, not of Scotland only, but of all Europe—a widow too, with the innocent ignorance of her maiden life long since departed—an ambitious woman, anxious to rule absolutely in Scotland, and to acquire the sovereignty of England also; to suppose that this woman should have fallen in love with a handsome, feeble-minded boy of nineteen, younger than herself in years and in experience—a nobleman, yet an uneducated one—amiable, yet of violent and uncontrol-

ions—proud, yet easily governed by
tes, a mere puppet in the hands of
who flattered him—to suppose this is
Mary a character for weakness of
hat of itself almost justifies her de-
nent and death. For a king to marry
s to commit a sin against the nation;
ls misery and imbecility on the blood

No! Mary did not marry for love;
cond marriage like her first, was a
ge of policy. By the first she espous-
heir of France; by the second, she
to strengthen her claims to the Eng-
one.

truth is, that Elizabeth, Mary and
y were nearly related and were suc-
ly heirs to the throne of England.
nnoxes, Darnley's family, were deep
confidence of the English Catholics,
ary was striving by her marriage to
a party in England, that she might
ely rule the whole island. She out-
Elizabeth, who wished to secure the
of Darnley, angered her by her mar-
nd made her fear for her own throne.
unfledged booby, now married to the
, was as much pleased as a child with
toy; and after a time, finding that no
was given him by his better half,
in every sense,) began like a disap-
l boy to complain. He expected to
een king; she refused him even the
matrimonial. The chief points in this
are too well known to be detailed.
The jealousy entertained by Darnley
s Rizzio, the conspiracy to murder
nd the assassination in Mary's pres-
he separation between king and queen
sequence, their apparent reconcilia-
st sought by Mary, Darnley's violent
justly attributed to Bothwell, Mary's
marriage with the murderer, the re-
her subjects, her escape to England,
r imprisonment and death there are
to all.

immediate question with us is whether
was accessory to Darnley's death, and
er her own life was justly forfeited in
uence. She had always despised her
d, because it was really impossible to
in any other feeling towards him;
lizzio's death she really hated him.
e hatred of the pupil of Catherine de

Medicis was no light matter. Darnley evi-
dently feared and shunned her. In so wild
a country and with so fierce a people as Scot-
land, agents could soon be found to accom-
plish any deed however bloody, and the
wishes of a monarch are easily understood
and readily executed. It was at once seen
that Mary's indifference had turned into dis-
like to her husband, and that she had cause
for this hatred; that if he was removed Mary
would not only be grateful for the release,
but would be at liberty to marry again; and
now let us see how the case stands; a beau-
tiful woman, a queen, to be won, and the
life of a weak and hated king in the way.
Among the active unscrupulous men about
the court was the Earl of Bothwell, a noble-
man of vast powers and possessions, bold,
ambitious, unprincipled. He was a great
favorite with the queen; and although he
was already married, divorces were at that
time easily obtained in Scotland.

Suddenly, to the surprise of all, Mary seeks
a reconciliation with her husband. By her
blandishments she overcame his fears, and
by her strength of mind subdues his feeble
intellect. The poor lad was sick, and she
had hastened to visit him and gain his confi-
dence. They make a progress together, and
as they approach Edinburgh the king's litter
is suddenly turned, before entering the city,
towards a solitary place in the neighbour-
hood called Kirk-in-Field. This house was
in possession of a retainer of Lord Bothwell.
Here, not without remonstrance, Darnley is
carried, and here for a few days Mary as-
siduously nursed him, permitting none but
her own household to attend him. In the
meantime *some one* is preparing his destruc-
tion. As to the means used, it would not do
to employ poison, nor open violence, for as
he was under the care of the queen, she
would be suspected of causing his death. It
must be done in her absence, and in a man-
ner to avert suspicion from her and from any
one else if possible; no trace must be left.
It would not do to employ a band of ruffi-
ans; they might fail—might not kill all the
king's servants, and some of them being
also killed, their bodies would be recognized
and suspicion arise as to their employers.
The only way remaining was to use gun-
powder. This was safe, speedy, sure, se-

cret, and left no trace of the perpetrator. The plot succeeds. Mary, whom Darnley, either for affection or fear, would hardly suffer out of his sight, is solicited to attend the wedding feast of one of her servants, and goes; in the midst of the dance an explosion is heard; the Kirk-in-Field is torn to pieces and Darnley perished. It is hardly necessary to prove Bothwell's share in this deed. The common consent of the whole nation—his defending himself before he was accused—his taking out a pardon afterwards for the murder of the king by way of protection, all go to prove it. No one seriously questioned the fact then. The chain of circumstantial evidence is complete, and besides this we have the confessions of his agents in the foul deed. Even the friends of Mary admit that Bothwell did this deed; they deny her any share in it. Let us examine and see whether she was not cognizant of the intention. It was proved on Parliamentary examination that Maitland suggested it to her as an intention of some of the nobles, and that she told them to wait. On the same day the bond was drawn for Darnley's death by Balfour, Maitland, Bothwell, Argyle, Huntley and the Archbishop of St. Andrews. Morton was applied to, and he refused unless the queen wrote to request it; this handwriting these nobles promised him, and yet on application Mary refused to have any thing personally to do with the affair. Then she suddenly seeks reconciliation with the king, effects it, and they go to the Kirk-in-Field. The evidence then goes on to prove, that Mary occupied the room below the king, and that her bed stood in the corner immediately beneath his; that the powder was brought into the house a day or two before hand, so as to be in readiness as soon as the queen could be removed. This powder was kept in Mary's room. We find her suddenly summoned to attend this marriage ball, and going with apparent reluctance. And what are the arrangements made by her for this evening's absence from the king; it was for one night only, she told him. Bothwell was one of the Lords who came for her, and while she sat by the sick boy's bed persuading him not to be uneasy in her short absence; her attendants and his were busy in the room

below making preparations. Her bed was under her husband's, as we have said; by her order it was moved away, the new black velvet curtains were taken down, and old ones put up in place; a rich fur counterpane, too costly to be burned, was removed, and a common one substituted; and in this place the powder casks were piled up. A mixture of economy, love of finery in the midst of murder, that no one but a woman thoroughly depraved could have thought of. She goes and leaves this poor fool to his fate; the parting was affectionate on her part and sad on his; she bids him be of good cheer, and goes forth to festivity while he remains to die. The explosion takes place,—the king is murdered; the queen and her rich fur counterpane are safe; the horror-struck nation demands the murderer, and suspicion fixing at once on Bothwell he flies; yet soon secure in the queen's favor, returns—and with one breath proclaims his innocence, and with another seeks and obtains a pardon. Suspicion had also fallen upon the queen, and soon suspicion changed to certainty. The woman must have been infatuated, or mad. Whether cognizant or not of the intention to kill her husband, surely the man suspected of his murder should not for some time have been admitted to the widow's presence. Common sense would dictate this, and Mary was no fool. In the present instance she seemed bereft of both the sense of wisdom and the sense of honour. A fortnight after her husband's murder we find her enjoying Bothwell's society in festivities and games of archery at Lord Seaton's castle. Soon after he secures his divorce from his own wife; obtains by fraud or fear a recommendation from some nobles of his own party to the queen, urging her to make him her husband; and meeting her on the road from Linlithgow to Edinburg, carries her off to his own castle of Dunbar. The king was murdered on the 9th of February, and the abduction occurred on the 24th of April. On the 12th of May, Bothwell is created Duke of Orkney and Shetland, having received a pardon from Mary for his late outrage on herself and for all other offences. Mary places the coronet on his head with her own hands. On the 15th she marries him. The remainder of this sad story is

well known; the whole people indignant at her crimes, her misrule and her want of self-respect, rose in arms. The immediate cause of this outbreak, which occurred in June, was an effort on her part to have the young prince placed in Bothwell's keeping, and thus to deprive her people of any royal centre round which to rally in opposition to her. What his fate might have been we can easily conjecture. The nation felt itself outraged by her conduct; the belief had been general before that she was concerned in her husband's death, now belief was changed into certainty; and the flag uplifted against her spoke the feelings of her subjects. It was a large black banner; on it a delineation of Darnley dead, with the child prince kneeling by the body, and above this the words, "Judge and avenge my cause, Oh! Lord." The two armies meet on Carberry Hill. Bothwell offers to fight any one who accuses him of the murder, and when his challenge is accepted by Kirkaldy of Grange, shuns the combat. In an hour's time his 3,000 troops melt away to 60, and he has to ride for his life while Mary is led prisoner into Edinburgh. She is imprisoned in Lochleven castle, escapes, raises a standard, is again defeated, and flies into England, where long years of confinement, and finally a shameful death await her. The famous casket of letters was found among Bothwell's papers, seized on Carberry field; they were love letters to Bothwell in Mary's handwriting; some written before her husband's death and some after. Mary's partisans now deny these letters, because Mary denied them when they were brought in accusation against her. They style them forgeries; yet if so, they are the most singular set of forgeries ever published, and have the most abundant proofs of truth. They were not discovered until after the defeat, when already every body in Scotland had full belief in Mary's guilt, and had risen in arms because of that very belief. The letters were examined by the Scottish Parliament, the clergy and the entire people. Mary had many friends in that Parliament; at least many opposed to using extreme measures with her. Knox, Morton and others were anxious to bring her to trial on a charge of adultery and murder, and the people clam-

ored for her death; as the English Envoy wrote Elizabeth, "it is public speech among all the people that their queen hath no more privilege to commit murder nor adultery than any private person, neither by God's law nor by the law of this realm." No one then questioned the genuineness of those letters, although Mary's handwriting was well known. Lord Grange, who had accepted Bothwell's challenge, who afterwards espoused the cause of Mary and died on the scaffold, must have been acquainted with the forgery if there was one, yet he dropped no hint at his execution or elsewhere that the letters were false.

It was not until these letters were read to Elizabeth, that she could be induced to believe Mary guilty and condemn her to perpetual imprisonment. The English commission of Lords, Protestant and Catholic, compared these letters with others of Mary to Elizabeth, and pronounced them genuine. None of her friends dare raise the objection then, and they were translated and printed in 1572. No historical document was ever so fully proved to be true. It may be asked why these were not published at the time by the Scotch parliament or the English Council. They would have been published in Scotland on Mary's trial, had she not resigned her throne in her son's favour, to save her head from the block. And for answer to the question why Elizabeth did not put them forth as soon as she received them, we believe that Elizabeth showed this forbearance to Mary not from any feeling of love or mercy to her, but because she was her kinswoman and of the blood royal. Mary's father was Elizabeth's first cousin, and she felt that her own blood was disgraced by Mary's conduct—that proud Tudor blood which she esteemed so highly. Beside this, Murray, the Regent of Scotland, would not permit the shame of her, who was at once his sister and the mother of the heir to Scotland's throne, to be made public to all Europe. We verily believe that she would have been tried and beheaded instead of imprisoned in Lochleven castle, but for his efforts in her behalf. He kept those letters during his lifetime, and they were preserved by successive Regents until 1584, when the young king came to the throne; they were then in the hands of

Ruthven Earl of Gowrie, and disappeared after the so-called Gowrie conspiracy, and the death and attainder of that family. It was suspected then that the true cause of that mysterious transaction was a successful effort on the part of the young king to seize and destroy these evidences of his mother's crimes, and to punish the family that had shared at once in the murder of his father and of Rizzio. Certain it is that the bloody house of Ruthven was destroyed and the letters disappeared. It is not at all improbable that the deed was prompted by Mary herself; she was in correspondence with her son and had bold, active agents everywhere. Let us see what these letters contain. The casket held eight letters from Mary to Bothwell—four written before her husband's murder, four afterwards, relating to and planning the abduction of herself by Bothwell; a contract of marriage signed by both parties, and a series of twelve sonnets or love songs. She leaves Bothwell to visit her sick husband, exercises her power of fascination over him, and then the same night writes Bothwell, that being departed from the place where she had left her heart, it was easy to judge what was her countenance, seeing that she was no more than a body without a soul; then she speaks of her husband and of her visit to him, saying, "and if I had not proof of his heart to be as wax, and that mine were not as hard as diamond, whereunto no shot can make breach but that which comes forth of your hand, I would almost had pity on him." She states that he will go any where upon her word, yet mentions his suspicions of foul play intended him somewhere. Then again when all is arranged there occurs something more feminine. "She was now going on her faschious and loathsome purpose, which she did abhor, and therein she was doing the office of a traitress. If it were not to obey him, she had rather be dead than do it; for her heart did bleed at it. She cannot rejoice to deceive any body that trusted her; but Bothwell may command her in all things, only she bade him *have no ill opinion of her* for that cause, for he was the occasion of it himself; because for her own particular revenge she would do it." Her own expression in reference to this Bothwell was that she would follow him round the world sooner than forsake him. These are a few specimens of the letters that determined Elizabeth to detain Mary prisoner for life in England. We blame her for this course; she should have returned her to her justly incensed people, that to the Scottish nation might have belonged the honour of being the first to put to death, by legal trial, a sovereign justly deserving that punishment. That she deserved death, and would have received it, had she been returned to her own nation, was the common belief and wish of both England and Scotland. After the examination of these letters, and after Mary had been found out in some plots against the government of Elizabeth, the Parliament, the clergy, the people, petitioned that she might be put to death. This was repeatedly made, refused indignantly by the queen; again urged as the sovereigns of continental Europe were preparing to invade England, and as Mary was active in her intrigues, and at last yielded only to the necessity of the case and to repeated solicitations. Elizabeth's conduct has been often blamed as hypocritical; we think that a slight examination of her character will show why she acted in so singular a manner. She was a Tudor; an absolute monarch with the highest idea of the value of the blood royal; she was placed in a position that compelled her to be a decided Protestant sovereign, because she was assailed by the Catholic princes as the illegitimate and heretical ruler of England. It is matter of doubt whether she was ever a Protestant at heart; her faith, if she had any, was that of her father, who believed himself the infallible head of Church and State, and as such privileged to do his own will in all matters. That a people should rebel against and maltreat a sovereign she could not forgive. Thus her partisans in Scotland never could please her; if they assailed and imprisoned Mary, Elizabeth stormed at them; to attempt to bring her to trial excited her fierce anger, and when Mary fled into England from the wrath of her subjects, Elizabeth would not return her to them, but treated her at first as a sovereign, yet as an imprisoned sovereign. The many dangerous insurrections that broke out in England having for their object the release of Mary and the dethronement and death of

Elizabeth; the various and extensive plots discovered for attaining these ends, and the secretly and publicly given by the leagued sovereigns of Europe to these plans and plots; the bloody and treacherous massacre

St. Bartholomew in France, showing what might be expected from this band of royal assassins, of whom Mary was one; and the repatriation of the Spanish Armada to invade England, exhausted the patience of the nation and finally overcame the reluctance of the queen to shed royal blood. Elizabeth mainly saw that to execute a sovereign would strengthen the spirit of freedom, already, in her opinion, too strong, and it was not until the question became one of self-preservation—when it was either her life or Mary's that must be lost—that she decided. No one ever did a deed that she thought necessary with more real reluctance. It was not until proof of a plot to raise insurrection while Philip invaded England, and a conspiracy to assassinate Elizabeth, to which Mary agreed by letter, assuring the Spanish king and the English conspirators of her concurrence in both plans, that Elizabeth would sign the death-warrant. The English Council saw more clearly than the queen the necessity of prompt action, and urged the trial and the execution. The people demanded it, and their demand was acknowledged. It was a badge of freedom that the people of England gave the world, and a defiance hurled in the face of the allied sovereigns when the head of one of their number rolled on the scaffold. Nothing could have served better both toasperate and intimidate Philip than this conduct of Elizabeth: while preparing a force to conquer England and release Mary and place her on a throne which she had regularly made over to him and his heirs, and while his emissaries are busily exciting insurrection in Mary's favour, suddenly Elizabeth discovers his plots, makes them public, strikes off the head of her prisoner, and calling on her people for aid, puts her kingdom in a state of defence, and openly defies his power as she had defeated his policy. The invader came, and the whole English people threw itself heartily into the struggle. All the world looked on to see this regicide queen, and this people, rejoicing in and consenting to the deed of death, punished by Provi-

dence; and lo! Providence fought for the nation that had sacrificed a royal head. The mighty armament was shattered and destroyed more by the winds of heaven and the waves which they control, than by the force of man, and the attempt failed ingloriously and disgracefully. For the first time the people of England felt their power and their sovereign acknowledged it. And from these events, from the falling of Mary's head, by the urgent demand of the nation, and the defeat of the Armada, began the true liberty and the true greatness of England. Suppose for one moment that Mary had not been slain, had survived Elizabeth, or had escaped; suppose her to have raised her force of Scotch and English adherents, and to have joined the forces of Philip, with her claim to the throne, Elizabeth out of the way and her son a minor and a blockhead: with her charms of person and powers of mind—her personal, political and religious influence, and the forces of men and money from the Spaniard, what might she not have done! How many would she have had to reward and what a flood of revenge would have been poured out! What a different course would history have run:—the history of the world and the history of freedom. Where would have been the many privileges and the freedom of speech and opinion possessed by our ancestors, the English, and ourselves. The fires of Smithfield would have been again lighted, and truth would have been blotted and burned out, the subservient bishops and nobles of England would have gone over to the religion of the court; the Inquisition would have been established in England as in Spain; the bloody Duke of Alva would have reenacted the massacre of the Netherlands; St. Bartholomew's day might have been celebrated on British soil when force could not overcome armed resistance; England would have been a province of Spain; Scotland would have been torn by a persecution, compared with which that of the Albigenses was merciful; this country would never have been settled, or its colonies would present the appearance that now disgraces Mexico and South America, and the world's history, in all that relates to progress, would have rolled back many centuries. What a bloody Mary she would have

made! Equally unscrupulous and cruel, she far surpassed the first Mary in talent, in motives for revenge and in the power to accomplish that revenge. We have drawn no fancy picture; the league of sovereigns pledged to assist Mary and dethrone Elizabeth, bound together, (beside Mary's influence,) the countries of France, Belgium, Spain with her world-wide possessions, Portugal, Italy, part of Germany, the power of the Pope, and the order of the Jesuits. We are within the bounds of probability, in our estimate of the result, when we consider the forces that could have been used in case of success, and the character of that age of the world. Mary's life was important to the cause of despotism; her death was all-important to the cause of freedom. We may thank God that she died; for the nations now enjoy the happiness and freedom which it was her aim to destroy; and we believe her deserving of death as an individual and a sovereign. She had been accessory to the death of her husband—she therefore deserved death; she had ruled with tyranny in her own land—she therefore deserved death. Had Mary been slain by her own subjects, it would not have proved so valuable a lesson, nor have been so important an historical fact. The annals of Scotland possess many regal murders, and this might have been classed among them. It was highly important to the cause of human liberty, that she should die at the time and for the cause narrated. England and Europe never forgot the lesson, that the sovereign of one country, detained prisoner in another, to whose throne she was heir apparent, was, for planning the assassination of the reigning sovereign, and plotting against the liberties of the people by encouraging a foreign invasion, brought to trial, condemned and executed; and that the whole nation joyfully approved the deed and rose in arms against the invader. And it was moreover seen that the nation conquered in the struggle, and from that time began a long career of prosperity and renown. It was the first instance where a royal head was made amenable to justice—where the blood of a sovereign was shed in a legal manner and in the face of a nation.

This great principle was first practically made known in Mary's case; and from it we

date the beginning of democracy. Never was a new and valuable principle established without a struggle—never was a new faith brought into existence without being sanctified by sacrifice. Men have offered themselves singly, or by scores and hundreds, to cement their belief with their blood; or they have, while freely offering themselves to suffer and secure their end, like the Druids of a new faith, wisely and ruthlessly struck terror into their opponents, by selecting some victim from their most important ranks. As such we regard the execution of Mary,—the first sacrifice of a faith not to be established without struggle and bloodshed. A victim, too, selected on totally different principles from those of Holy Writ; one not without spot or blemish—one not pure and perfect; but a sacrifice spotted and impure, full of blemishes and evils, offered up in warning and in vengeance instead of in supplication and submission. In such a sacrifice the fierce wolf takes the place of the innocent lamb—the ravening lion that of the playful kid—and the subtle, malignant serpent the pair of harmless turtle doves.

Mary disregarded truth like a Stuart. Strange, that a family should possess such an hereditary disregard to keeping their word. We have shown how the casket letters prove her dissimulation, and how her promises to Darnley were fearfully belied in act; her history shows that all her promises to govern well were disregarded, and that where she possessed the power she oppressed her subjects and broke her word. In England we find her deceiving by her letters, professing love to the foolish Duke of Norfolk, until she had entangled him in conspiracies and lost him his head; writing to Elizabeth that her health was rapidly failing and that she expected speedy death, and on the same day writing secretly to her friends that she was in perfect health and could ride as far and handle her crossbow as well as ever. We find her, when encouraging Philip of Spain to invade England, making over to him by regular deed her kingdom of Scotland and her claims to the throne of England in case her son continued a Protestant, (the letter still exists in the collection made by Prince Labanoff,) and yet her last message to her son was that sent from the scaffold.

fold, to the effect that "she had never done any thing to prejudice the welfare of his kingdom or his quality as king, nor derogate in any respect from our sovereign prerogative."

What a history of lying, better illustrated than any of Mrs. Opie's tales, might be made from the records of this House of Stuart. Consider, then, her own deceitfulness; her son James I., that base son of a bad mother, with his fondness for what he called kingcraft, and other men call lying; her grandson, the man called a martyr, yet who was any thing but a martyr to the cause of truth—the man whose Parliament found that they must either fight him or trust him, and who, believing him utterly unworthy of trust, had to overcome him by force, and whose fondness for falsehood finally brought him to the block. The second Charles, who came in with a lie to the non-conformists in respect religious privileges, and to the nation in respect to liberty, and who kept up the habit through his life—whose very death was crowned by an act of deceit. The last of them promised to keep the laws of the land, and endeavoured in every way to overturn them; living a lie, and finally losing his kingdom because he could not speak the truth. The memoirs of the House of Stuart is a history of royal falsehood and of royal misfortune.

Mary Stuart was not a weak, warm hearted unfortunate woman; such persons are not so persecuted. A beautiful, loving, fascinating female, true to herself and her womanly instincts, never had the enemies or misfortunes that she had. Such a character as her apologists give her, and such a life as her history exhibits—such a nature as they make her to have, producing such results as hers did, and leading through such a course to such a fate, is an anomaly in the moral government of the world, it is a blot on God's creation, a slander on his Providence. See how the case stands: to believe Mary the innocent woman they make her to be, we must think the best men of all England and Scotland were knaves and liars; to believe one woman's purity, we must think that the whole Scottish nation were in some singular manner convinced (they being eye-witnesses too) of the guilt of a person whose inno-

cence was so apparent that her apologists living two hundred years afterwards consider it as easily proved as that the sun shines at midday. Again, we must believe that the pupil of the Guises and of Catharine de Medicis, (the worst woman the world ever saw)—brought up in the most cruel and licentious court in Europe—herself an associate with very evil men in very evil times—who showed kindness, to say the least of it, to one who murdered her husband—who, soon after the murder was feasting and enjoying herself in the murderer's company, and who very soon after allowed herself to be married to him—whose letters show the strong affection she held for him, and whose course also shows that she risked and lost her crown by his love; whose whole history proves that she possessed the capacity for every crime except apostacy and fear—we must believe this woman to be pure and persecuted. A more bold, courageous woman never lived; her very crimes show courage; and when she committed falsehood, she lied on a grand scale, for a great purpose, and was pertinacious and consistent in her mendacity.

Her seven years course in Scotland show a boldness of spirit and a defiant courage that would well become the most eminent of her brave ancestors; and her persevering attempts to release herself, her almost successful efforts to dethrone Elizabeth, and the manner in which she arranged conspiracy after conspiracy with the princes of Europe and the rebels of England, exhibit an amount of energy, patience, dissimulation, unflagging courage and unfailing confidence in her own skill and her own resources, that prove the great strength of her mind and the firm decision of her character. And this was kept up for twenty years without despair or despondency.

Yet her apologists say that we must believe that this woman, thus reared, thus acting, thus writing, was pure in the face of an amount of evidence that would convict any person in any court. Any one who believes her guiltless (and we have brought only a tithe of the evidence) must possess a degree of credulity that is sufficient to furnish forth a dozen sceptics; and at the same time have a faith in assailed virtue that is not even as a

grain of mustard seed, and yet removes mountains. If Mary was not guilty, then by the same process of proof, we assert that Madame de Brinvilliers, who poisoned her husband, married her lover, and whose casket of letters was also found, was innocent of all crime. The two characters are not unlike; both were young, beautiful, bold and bad; both were alike unfortunate, for a public execution and public execration was the lot of each.

Some stress has been laid upon the fact that Bothwell during their short married life is said to have ill-treated Mary. Bothwell married the Queen of Scotland to possess the crown; the whole nation rose up against this modern Macbeth, who added to the crime of the king's murder, the adultery and the marriage with the murdered man's wife. No wonder their spousals were unhappy; no wonder they were in a state of discord, while the world stood aghast at the rapid succession of crime upon crime, so that even Catharine offered, if Mary was sent over from the castle of Lochleven, to confine her in a convent for life; so much hurt was even her callous nature by the discovered crimes and the disgraceful conduct of her daughter-in-law. History contains many characters more complete in crime than Mary, none so unfortunate in their crimes; she was too bold a criminal and too little able to conceal her intentions. Indeed she lost her head because she was guilty of being found out.

The curse of misfortune seems to have clung to her and to all with whom she had to do; from the cradle to the grave she caused misery and misfortunes to others, her very birth broke her father's heart. Like a true Stuart she brought death or injury to her most devoted adherents, and we hear of no sorrow for the many gallant men whose heads had been brought to the block by her conspiracies; no compunction even for the fate of the unhappy Duke of Norfolk, to whom she had promised her hand as the price of her release. We discover nothing of this kind in her conduct or in her secret correspondence, nor do we find one natural wish or feeling toward the son she bore to a hated father. Indeed, if one thing more than another could give rise to detestation of

her character, it is that she showed little or no fondness for her son. And the endeavor made by her to put him in Bothwell's hands after her marriage, knowing well what his fate must be in the hands of this usurper, shows a depth of depravity almost inconceivable in a woman and a mother.

For Bothwell to possess him would have been the readiest means of overcoming the other party, by depriving them of a rallying point and excuse for resistance. They were the party of the young prince against the queen; Bothwell would have used him to destroy this party alone, and have kept him alive until a son was born of his own, and then—what would have been his fate? One shudders to think of a mother consenting to such a surrender; and yet Mary was a beautiful woman! We accuse her of being a bad queen, of ruling tyrannically and of estranging her subjects from her; and they tell us her court was a scene of gaiety, and that she had devoted friends among its frequenters. We say that she wrought ill to Scotland, and we are told that she loved France. We say that she married a fool, quarrelled with him for just cause, and then had him murdered; they deny that she was cognizant of the murder, and accuse one of her lovers to whom she had showed much kindness.

We say that she soon after married the murderer, and they tell us that she, a woman and a queen, was compelled. We show the wretched state of Scotland, and they tell us that she played and danced gracefully. We speak of her crimes, and they tell us of her beauty. We show her unnatural conduct to her child, and they tell us that she spent the years of her captivity in fattening poodles and feeding birds. We point to her history in its stern facts, and they exhibit the romances that have been written to prove her innocence. We show that she wore the habit of truth but lightly, and they present us with a fashion of head-gear, worn by the ladies and called after her name.

She was a true Stuart, and when we recall that name and mean a king, we think of a man that was graceful and beautiful in person and carriage, dignified and affable in conduct, brave on the battle-field or on the scaffold.

yet insincere in private and public morality, cruel, deceitful, disregarding of truth, careless of the public good so long as their private ends and pleasures were gained, false, vicious, obstinate and sensual. A character brilliant and unsuccessful; that might shine in a subordinate station, yet never could prosper on a throne. A character well suited to a courtier, yet not for a king. We may rejoice that this family existed, for it is incalculable the amount of public good, in advancing the cause of freedom, that this unlucky house of Stuart has unintentionally done. They deserve the same praise that Judas the betrayer of his Lord deserves, who wrought great good to mankind, while carrying out his own selfish ends by villainous means.

In a word then, we sum up the character of Mary Stuart when we say that beside possessing beauty, brilliancy, wit, taste, skill and courage, she was a bad queen, a base woman, an unfaithful wife, an unnatural mother.

This blow struck for liberty by one sovereign upon another, although done by the request of the people and for the good of the nation, may be described as one of a monarchical character. A royal person was tried by command of another royal person; yet the trial was conducted by private persons, and the result was a defiance to confederated kings and the spread of new opinions among the people.

To the Scotch belong the honour of beginning the development of this principle of resistance; the English carried it on, and throughout Scotland and England the principles of liberty took root; and the Puritan mind of both nations, stimulated by their success and the results of it, were now ready to advance a step farther, and only waited for the opportunity. That opportunity was afforded by the conduct of James and Charles, the son and grandson of Mary Stuart.

A DAGUERREOTYPE.

A woman's heart is the only true plate for a man's likeness. An *instant* gives the impression, and an age of sorrow and change cannot efface it.

A VISION OF DARKNESS.

"See from each clime" the people "incense bring,
Hear in all tongues consenting pæans ring."—*Pope*.

I had a wild dream—a wearisome dream,
And was glad when the morning came
To chase it away;—but the dismal theme
Still haunts me. Can any one blame

A dreamer for writing a dream so strange,
When 'tis stamp'd as with fire on the brain:
If the transfer to paper may give it a range,
And dissipate torturing pain?

A lady was borne in a car along
The streets of a far-famed city—
On all sides was moving a motley throng,
And I heard a low-voiced ditty.

It came from a creature whose mantle of black
O'er a vestment of flame was flung—
Who insidiously placed himself at her back,
Where he sang—and with "forked tongue"

Wove a tissue of arrogance, pride, and state—
"It is I, it is I who have made you great,
By prompting you while, in my service of late,
Your pen, like a two-edged sword,
Was cutting and slashing—now here—now there—
With versatile genius it furnished a prayer,
The *innocent* gave to the wily betrayer,
And *slaves* bravely mangled and gored.

"Was any thing e'er so adroitly done—
With a gusto too!—who would not have run
From scenes (which 'golden opinions' have won
For the writer,) so powerfully traced!
Your book, though some will make exceptions, is such,
That few who have read it can praise it too much:
You've given my servants so splendid a touch!—
Are your nerves *imperturbably* braced?

"I got up the *ruse* that 'yer gals' were playing—
Set hunters to mounting, and horses to neighing—
And 'Tiger and Fury' to barking and baying,
And bloodhounds to scenting the prey.
But you've made the whole, as a fine panorama,
Move life-like—Legree shines the star of the drama;
When baffled, in spirit a perfect 'Kehama,'
Whom satellites briskly obey.

"When Quimbo was dragging his victim along,
Whose wounds were yet stinging from whip and from
thong,
Endured for the *right*, while refusing the wrong,
With *all sorts of words* at command,
Appropriate phrases you gave to the wretch
Whose purpose was fix'd to the uttermost stretch
Of which you have given so glowing a sketch,
With a firm, unwavering hand.

"You counted the lashes laid on with their might—
You saw from deep gashes the red streams unite—
And you saw Tom faint, without womanly fright,
Or even the least agitation.
But some things you've done which I cannot approve:
The plot we created you feigned not to love,
As you now and then lifted your voice *above*
In a kind of ejaculation.

"If you'd killed him outright, things had not gone amiss ;
But you set him to preaching again—and by this
I was shamefully wronged.—Yet I won't mar your bliss,
Though it robbed me of Sambo and Quimbo.
Ere then Pandemonium rang with delight—
If you'll lend me *your pen* I'll endeavor to write
A graphic account of our revel that night,
And the pæans that echoed through limbo.

"Oh ! it was too hard !—to be cheated at last,
When they'd 'run up a bill' which had held them fast,*
If by Tom's special pleading I hadn't been cast—
And it broke up our rout, be assured !
But you've made it up by those glittering oaths
With which the child's youthful ideas he clothes ;
(Though every mother, fastidious, loathes,)
Your authority *this* has secured !

"Rung out by young voices, how sweetly they jingle !
They thrill through my heart-strings, and make my ears
tingle !

In *this*, my dear madam, your eye has been single
'To my interest loyal and true.

You gathered those *lessons sublime* from *my schools*—
By others condemned—they are taught by no rules
Of their syntax, o'er which the poor tyro oft pules
With drops on his cheek like the dew.

"The pleasure it gives me can *not* be expressed !
So brilliant and sparkling the talents possessed,
If enlisted in other concerns, might have blest
A sphere quite opposed to the nether.
That the precepts of *one* styled an eloquent preacher,
And those of a P....., who was also your teacher,
Are thus superseded—exhibits a feature
Superb!—and we'll work on together.

"You *need not* that *whetstone* to sharpen your wit,
Which you often resort to—by Puritans writ ;
Nor attempt to palm off *an original hit*,
In a *stale Yankee-saying of yore*.
Only draw from inherent resources, dear madam,
In your spirit's deep folds where you always have had 'em,
And spangle your leaves as no daughter of Adam
Could ever have done heretofore.

"'Twas I that through you gave the Clergy those twitches
(Which make their wives murmur and clamor like
witches,)
But if they litigiously grasp at your riches,
We'll only regard them with scorn :
For while they, to lessen your merit, are dreaming,
With 'Cabin' translations the wide world is teeming ;
And here in Great Britain your glory is beaming ;
The noble as well as base-born

"With "Penny subscriptions" will help compensate us :
Though Erin, 'poor Erin !' may sigh for potatoes.
—If high-minded Southerners choose to berate us,
'Their wrath we will boldly defy.
I would not appear too familiar, dear lady,
But as coadjutor I'll ever be ready
To serve—if you prove in allegiance steady,
On which I most proudly rely.

* This will be understood by the following quotations :
"Stop that ar jaw o' yourn"—"its clean, sheer, dog
meanness, wanting to cheat the devil and save your own
skin ; don't I see through it ? And your 'gettin religion,'
as you call it, arter all, is too p'isin mean for any crittur :
run up a bill with the devil all your life, and then sneak
out when pay time comes ! Boh !"

"See the once dazzling beauties of Albion fade.
Their heads quite 'diminished,' now droop in the shade,
All conscious, perhaps, that though richly arrayed,
They are not with your intellect graced.
And they envy you—decked with this fine wreath of wool,†
(Which Chloe and Topsy did gratefully pull,)
Besprinkled with garnets and rubies so full—
Sweet emblems of exquisite taste !"

A bright morning opened her eyelids and cast
Upon me her loveliest beams ;
When *gladly* I found that the pageant had passed
Alone in the region of dreams.

April 19, 1853.

† This is no modern invention—"In some cases wreaths
were even made of wool" among the ancient Greeks and
Romans.

‡ "Like the eyelids of the morning"—*Job xli, 18*.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.

NEW-YORK, July 15, 1853.

You can hardly imagine to what an unwonted degree of excitement our usually mercurial city has been elevated by the visit of President Pierce and the opening of the Crystal Palace. Just at this moment, these are the topics which dwell on every tongue, and form a perfect God-send to the daily journals, which at the commencement of the dog-days, were getting as dry and parched as the dusty roads of Connecticut. The host of strangers with which the city is thronged, more than making good the place of the inhabitants who are off on the fashionable summer tours, or sporting gay equipages at some renowned watering place, increases the prevailing enthusiasm, and gives a peculiar aspect to our over-crowded streets. No doubt much of the interest that is now felt in the Crystal Palace, arises from the pleasing surprise of finding that it has not turned out a regular specimen of Barnumism. It is natural that a certain degree of suspicion should attach to the attempt of giving a national character to a private speculation. Then, the insufferable delays in the construction of the building—the series of bad calculations and blunders by contractors and agents, and the apparent inefficiency with which the whole concern was managed, gave rise to all sorts of sagacious hints and prophecies until a great many believed that the Crystal Palace would never assume more substantial

proportions than a castle in the air. Even three days before the inauguration, the interior of the edifice presented a scene of "confusion worse confounded" giving little hope that any enchantment could conjure up an apparition of picturesque beauty and life from such a grim collection of spectral and skeleton-like materials. The rubbish of a new building—as forlorn an object as can be met with among the minor miseries of human life—boxes of goods scattered about in dire promiscuity—the hot haste of the workmen, jostling each other in their reeking frenzy—and a certain look of desperate firmness in the directors and superintendents, gave but "ominous conjecture" to the prospect, and excited no rose-colored hopes in the bosoms of even the most sanguine. In these few days, however, miracles were brought to pass in abundance. Besides the industrials hosts that formed the regular army devoted to the enterprise, a large number of the exhibitors who were on the spot and anxious for the success of their contributions, came to the rescue as volunteers "on their own hook," taking hold with a will, and reproducing the wonders of Aladdin's lamp in a way that would not have done discredit to that marvellous talisman of the East. By Thursday morning, the courts and galleries of the Crystal Palace presented another sight. Suddenly transformed into a quaint city with crystal walls and crowded with the fairest products of industry and art, it opened upon the delighted spectator a scene of fairy beauty, the like of which has never before been witnessed in the New World.

But before entering the radiant temple of art and beauty, let us join with the crowd at Castle Garden, who have assembled to welcome the arrival of the President at the imperial city of the Knickerbockers, now speckled and spangled with the motley costumes of every nation under heaven's dome. The distinguished visitor has landed at the Battery. He receives the sonorous greetings of our city step-fathers with serene acquiescence. His reply, like all his addresses in the progress of his tour, was not only appropriate, but remarkably felicitous. It was pat to the purpose, not launching out into vague generalities, which would have been as much

in place in Richmond, New Orleans, or San Francisco, as in New-York, but skilfully touching the topics which grew out of the occasion. Well-conceived in point of matter, it was clothed in pointed and popular language, and delivered with wide-awake energy, though, I cannot but think, with too much declamatory action. The President is not one of your grave and earnest orators, whose every word falls with power on the heart of the audience—carrying conviction by the dignity of his bearing and the impressive clearness of his statements—commanding reverence by the majesty of repose, and relying on his innate strength, rather than on the fitful efforts of excitement; but he must borrow the arts of the rhetorician, and even fall into the vehemence of the stump orator, instead of trusting to the utterance of serene and lofty wisdom, like that with which Washington, and Jefferson, and Madison touched the naked hearts of the American people. I am not finding fault with the President, only drawing a true picture. His manner is emphatically his own. It shows you Frank Pierce as clearly as his signature. You see in it the practised debater at the bar,—the man of ready wit and quick resource—bold, eager, ambitious, confident in himself, and intent on making a good impression on the people.

The speeches over, the procession at length begins to move. It is a grand turn out of the military of the city, sprinkled with a due proportion of "representative men" in the walks of civic life. The President wisely declines a seat in the barouche and four, which usually forms the state-carriage on such occasions, and instead of standing, hat in hand, on that unsteady platform, through the weary length of the streets, mounts an old war-horse which has been saved after having smelt much gunpowder and heard the whistling of bullets on famous battle-fields. On horseback the President is erect as an Indian warrior. There he is at home. He rides well. If not with the natural grace of a Virginia cavalier, with the firm and true seat of a New Hampshire farmer's son. He appeared to excellent advantage in that position, and gave the immense multitude on every side a good chance to see the man of their choice. A bright July sun gleamed

from the shining arms of the soldiers, when the procession left the Battery, but half-way up Broadway, a violent shower began to fall, which soon "took the conceit" out of the brave splendors of the military show. Dragged plumes, the virgin white of snowy linen sullied by saucy spots of mud, horses cowering beneath the rain, and the citizen soldiery fain to retreat under awnings and umbrellas, gave melancholy evidence of discomfort at the sudden departure of the "uncertain glories" of a festal day. Still, the heavens were gracious—the shower was not a second deluge either in extent or duration—it lasted but a short time—and strange to say, not a drop of rain fell within the distance of several squares from the Crystal Palace.

But we must leave looking at the procession, and make our way into the interior of the Palace, or we shall miss the grand spectacle of the President's entree, which is the consummation and fruitage of our pilgrimage. As we pass through the vestibule, and deliver our ticket at the keeper's lodge, a turnstyle opens to admit us, and at the same time records the fact on a tablet, by means of a simple mechanical contrivance, showing the number of persons that pass in a given time. We are now inside. What a blaze of light and beauty flashes on the dazzled eye! What exquisite proportions in the unique dome! What admirable harmony of coloring throughout the edifice! How airy and graceful the delicate tracery of arch and column! What a rare architectural triumph! Have you ever seen a structure which so refreshes the eye with a sweet sense of symmetry and loveliness? Vast and complicated as it is, it does not wound the sentiment of unity—simple in its magical windings, it presents a pure and chaste vision of almost unearthly beauty.

But I must not lose myself in this crowd of enchanted spectators, who arranged in various groups around the Palace, look so truly festal and picturesque. I am directed to a seat by one of the alert policemen of the Crystal Palace, who are so appropriately dressed in their new blue uniforms, with stamped buttons, that you might be excused for taking them for naval officers. This official costume has a wondrous effect. Better

than the oaken batons at the side, it appeals to the love of order, of propriety, of rank and degree, which is doubtless innate in the human breast. I trust this will be the first step towards arraying the whole police force of the city in a uniform which will be a public badge of office.

I am favored with an excellent position, commanding a near view of the platform, on which the official dignitaries are to be placed, and which is already occupied in part with many well-known personages, who may deserve a passing mention. Foremost, is Mr. Theodore Sedgwick, the President of the Crystal Palace Association,—a fine specimen of manly beauty, with the chiseled features and erect bearing of an English nobleman—his singular aristocratic appearance presenting a significant contrast with his decided democratic principles. Near him is the Secretary, Mr. Whetten, a lank, spare figure, looking anxiously through his spectacles, with the nervous, fidgetty, restlessness, which marks the Yankee blood, the world over. Here comes General Scott, walking proudly across the platform. The veteran hero is pale from his recent confinement on account of the serious casualty which he met with. He wears his arm in a sling, with a light Talma cloak thrown over his shoulder. He is received with loud cheers from every quarter, as soon as he is recognized. A bland smile and a slight bow are the response. Now he leaves his seat, and crosses the stage to pay his respects to the party of Lady Ellesmere. The movement again attracts the attention of the house, and is followed by repeated cheers for the war-worn chieftain.

Bishop Wainwright in lawn sleeves and flowing surplice forms a conspicuous feature in the living panorama. His calm, benignant face, seems to breathe a religious benediction. As Archbishop Hughes steps upon the platform, he is greeted with a cordial salutation from his Protestant brother, which is returned with the meek simplicity that never forsakes the countenance of his Grace, the head of the Catholic Church in New York. With these eminent functionaries, were mixed up all sorts of militia officers, strangers of distinction, though alas! unknown to fame, and the usual retinue of

starched, black-coated, wooden-faced country, who are an essential element in all occasions of civic or corporate parade.

We now hear strains of distant music, and in a file of soldiers marches up the principal nave to prepare and guard the way for the approach of the expected guest. A general buzz runs through the house—all eyes are strained towards the door—and at last the President makes his appearance, supported on either side by two men in buckram, who cling to him as if they were afraid that he would try to break away from their clutches. In the midst of cheers, and the waving of white handkerchiefs, the Chief of the Republic makes his way to the stage, bules himself in the immense gaudy armchair of green and gold which has been provided for his reception, and gives you the idea that a few moments repose would be more grateful than all the plaudits of his constituents. The religious services now commence. They are performed with true episcopal decorum. The whole audience is hushed. A solemn and impressive scene it is—the silence of that vast edifice broken only by the devotional tones of the pious Bishop, imploring the blessings of the Almighty upon the efforts of human genius and skill.

Mr. Sedgwick now rises and addresses the President. His words are well chosen. They are spoken with dignity and grace. The manner of the speaker is remarkable for its self-possession and manliness. His language flows like oil. In replying, the President evidently aimed at the utmost brevity. He succeeded to a charm. The whole performance was over in a little more than the twinkling of an eye—the distinguished visitors at once took their leave—the platform was incontinently cleared—and the throng of spectators addressed themselves to promenade through the edifice, and examining the various objects of interest and curiosity with which it abounds.

I will not weary you with a detail of these, of which no description can do justice, and of which you must already be familiar with the sketches in the city journals. I assure you they are well worth visiting, although at present, the resources of the Exhibition are at that state which the political economists

call “imperfect development.” In addition to the various products of industry and inventive genius, there are many works of Art, which will attract the attention of the connoisseur. Among them are prominent, the admirable representation of the Amazon by Kiss and Thorwaldsen’s group of Christ and the Apostles. These redeem the Exhibition from the disgrace of such monstrous abortions as Marochetti’s statue of Washington, and Carew’s experiment on the glorious figure of Daniel Webster, which display their ugly deformities in the most conspicuous portions of the building.

You have seen the rebuke of the vulgar snobbism, which has ignored the genius of the architect in favor of the prestige of office. On this point, I have heard but one expression of opinion, which is that of profound disgust at the low-lived stupidity of the directors.

AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE.*

BY HORATIO GREENOUGH.

We have heard the learned in matters relating to art, express the opinion that these United States are destined to form a new style of architecture. Remembering that a vast population, rich in material and guided by the experience, the precepts, and the models of the old world, was about to erect durable structures for every function of civilized life, we also cherished the hope that such a combination would speedily be formed.

We forgot that though the country was young, yet the people were old, that as Americans we have no childhood, no half-fabulous, legendary wealth, no misty, cloud-enveloped back-ground. We forgot that we had not unity of religious belief, nor unity of origin; that our territory, extending from the white bear to the alligator, made our occupations dissimilar, our character and tastes various. We forget that the Republic had

* From a forthcoming work entitled *A Memorial of Greenough*, consisting of Selections from his Writings, Tributes to his Genius and a Memoir by Henry T. Tuckerman, in press of Putnam & Co.

leaped full-grown and armed to the teeth from the brain of her parent, and that a hammer had been the instrument of delivery. We forgot that reason had been the dry nurse of the giant offspring, and had fed her from the beginning with the strong bread and meat of fact; that every wry face the bantling ever made had been daguerreotyped, and all her words and deeds printed and labelled away in the pigeon-holes of official bureaux.

Reason can dissect, but cannot originate; she can adopt, but cannot create; she can modify, but cannot find. Give her but a cock-boat, and she will elaborate a line-of-battle ship; give her but a beam, with its wooden tooth, and she turns out the patent plough. She is not young; and when her friends insist upon the phenomena of youth, then is she least attractive. She can imitate the flush of the young cheek, but where is the flash of the young eye? She buys the teeth—alas! she cannot buy the breath of childhood. The puny cathedral of Broadway, like an elephant dwindled to the size of a dog, measures her yearning for Gothic sublimity, while the roar of the Astor-house, and the mammoth vase of the great reservoir, show how she works when she feels at home, and is in earnest.

The mind of this country has never been seriously applied to the subject of building. Intently engaged in matters of more pressing importance, we have been content to receive our notions of architecture as we have received the fashion of our garments, and the form of our entertainments, from Europe. In our eagerness to appropriate, we have neglected to adapt, to distinguish,—nay, to understand. We have built small Gothic temples of wood, and have omitted all ornaments for economy, unmindful that size, material, and ornament are the elements of effect in that style of building. Captivated by the classic symmetry of the Athenian models we have sought to bring the Parthenon into our streets, to make the temple of Theseus work in our towns. We have shorn them of their lateral colonnades, let them down from their dignified platform, pierced their walls for light, and, instead of the storied relief and the eloquent statue which enriched the frieze, and graced the pediment, we have made our chimney tops to peer over

the broken profile, and tell, by their rising smoke, of the traffic and desecration of the interior. Still the model may be recognized, some of the architectural features are entire; like the captive king, stripped alike of arms and purple, and drudging amidst the Helots of a capital, the Greek temple, as seen among us, claims pity for its degraded majesty, and attests the barbarian force which has abused its nature, and been blind to its qualities.

If we trace Architecture from its perfection, in the days of Pericles, to its manifest decay in the reign of Constantine, we shall find that one of the surest symptoms of decline was the adoption of admired forms and models for purposes not contemplated in their invention. The forum became a temple; the tribunal became a temple; the theatre was turned into a church; nay, the column, that organized member, that subordinate part, set up for itself, usurped unity, and was a monument! The great principles of Architecture being once abandoned, correctness gave way to novelty, economy and vain-glory associated produced meanness and pretension. Sculpture, too, had waned. The degenerate workmen could no longer match the fragments they sought to mingle, nor copy the originals they only hoped to repeat. The mouldering remains of better days frowned contempt upon such impotent efforts, till, in the gradual coming of darkness, ignorance became contempt, and insensibility ceased to compare.

We say that the mind of this country has never been seriously applied to architecture. True it is, that the commonwealth, with that desire of public magnificence which has ever been a leading feature of democracy, has called from the vasty deep of the past the Greek, the Roman, and the Gothic styles; but they would not come when she did call to them. The vast cathedral, with its ever open portals, towering high above the courts of kings, inviting all men to its cool and fragrant twilight, where the voice of the organ stirs the blood, and the dim-seen visions of saints and martyrs bleed and die upon the canvas amid the echoes of hymning voices and the clouds of frankincense, this architectural embodying of the divine and blessed words, "Come to me, ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!"

mands a sacrifice of what we hold dearest. Its corner-stone must be laid upon the right, to judge the claims of the church. The style of Greek architecture, as seen in the Greek temple, demands the aid of sculpture, insists upon every feature of its original organization, loses its harmony if a note be dropped in the execution, and when so modified as to serve for a custom-house or a bank, departs from its original beauty and propriety as widely as the crippled gelding of a hackney coach differs from the bounding and neighing wild horse of the desert. Even where, in the fervor of our faith in shapes, we have sternly adhered to the dictum of another age, and have actually succeeded in securing the entire exterior which echoes the forms of Athens, the pile stands a stranger among us, and receives a respect akin to what we should feel for a fellow-citizen in the garb of Greece. It is a make-believe. It is not the real thing. We see the marble capitals; we trace the acanthus leaves of a celebrated model—incredulous; it is not a temple.

The number and variety of our experiments in building, show the dissatisfaction of the public taste with what has been hitherto achieved; the expense at which they have been made proves how strong is the yearning after excellence; the talents and acquirements of the artists whose services have been engaged in them are such as to convince us that the fault lies in the system, not in the men. Is it possible that out of this chaos order can arise?—that of these conflicting dialects and jargons a language can be born? When shall we have done with experiments? What refuge is there from the absurdities that have successively usurped the name and functions of architecture? Is it not better to go on with consistency and uniformity, in imitation of an admired model, than incur the disgrace of other failures? In answering these questions let us remember with humility that all salutary changes are the work of many and of time; but let us encourage experiment at the risk of license, rather than submit to an iron rule that begins by sacrificing reason, dignity, and comfort. Let us consult nature, and, in the assurance that she will disclose a mine, richer than was ever dreamed

of by the Greeks, in art as well as in philosophy. Let us regard as ingratitude to the author of nature the despondent idleness that sits down while one want is unprovided for, one worthy object unattained.

If, as the first step in our search after the great principles of construction, we but observe the skeletons and skins of animals, through all the varieties of beast and bird, of fish and insect, are we not as forcibly struck by their variety as by their beauty? There is no arbitrary law of proportion, no unbending model of form. There is scarce a part of the animal organization which we do not find elongated or shortened, increased, diminished, or suppressed, as the wants of the genus or species dictate, as their exposure or their work may require. The neck of the swan and that of the eagle, however different in character and proportion, equally charm the eye and satisfy the reason. We approve the length of the same member in grazing animals, its shortness in beasts of prey. The horse's shanks are thin, and we admire them; the greyhound's chest is deep, and we cry beautiful! It is neither the presence nor the absence of this or that part, or shape, or color, that wins our eye in natural objects; it is the consistency and harmony of the parts juxtaposed, the subordination of details to masses, and of masses to the whole.

The law of adaptation is the fundamental law of nature in all structure. So unflinchingly does she modify a type in accordance with a new position, that some philosophers have declared a variety of appearance to be the object aimed at; so entirely does she limit the modification to the demands of necessity, that adherence to one original plan seems, to limited intelligence, to be carried to the very verge of caprice. The domination of arbitrary rules of taste has produced the very counterpart of the wisdom thus displayed in every object around us; we tie up the cameleopard to the rack; we shave the lion, and call him a dog; we strive to bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow, and to make him harrow the valleys after us!

When the savage of the South Sea islands shapes his war club, his first thought is of its use. His first efforts pare the long shaft, and mould the convenient handle; then the heavier end takes gradually the edge that

cuts, while it retains the edge that stuns. His idler hour divides its surface by lines and curves, or embosses it with figures that have pleased his eye, or are linked with his superstition. We admire its effective shape, its Etruscan-like quaintness, its graceful form and subtle outline, yet we neglect the lesson it might teach. If we compare the form of a newly invented machine with the perfected type of the same instrument, we observe, as we trace it through the phases of improvement, how weight is shaken off where strength is less needed, how functions are made to approach without impeding each other, how the straight becomes curved, and the curved is straightened, till the straggling and cumbersome machine becomes the compact, effective and beautiful engine.

So instinctive is the perception of organic beauty in the human eye, that we cannot withhold our admiration even from the organs of destruction. There is majesty in the royal paw of the lion, music in the motion of the brindled tiger; we accord our praise to the sword and the dagger, and shudder our approval of the frightful aptitude of the ghastly guillotine.

Conceiving destruction to be a normal element of the system of nature equally with production, we have used the word beauty in connexion with it. We have no objection to exchange it for the word character, as indicating the mere adaptation of forms to functions, and would gladly substitute the actual pretensions of our architecture to the former, could we hope to secure the latter.

Let us now turn to a structure of our own, one which, from its nature and uses, commands us to reject authority, and we shall find the result of the manly use of plain good sense, so like that of taste and genius too, as scarce to require a distinctive title. Observe a ship at sea! Mark the majestic form of her hull as she rushes through the water, observe the graceful bend of her body, the gentle transition from round to flat, the grasp of her keel, the leap of her bows, the symmetry and rich tracery of her spars and rigging, and those grand wind muscles, her sails. Behold an organization second only to that of an animal, obedient as a horse, swift as the stag, and bearing the

burden of a thousand camels from pole to pole! What Academy of Design, what research of connoisseurship, what imitation of the Greeks produced this marvel of construction? Here is the result of the study of man upon the great deep, where Nature spake of the laws of building, not in the feather and in the flower, but in winds and waves, and he bent all his mind to hear and to obey. Could we carry into our civil architecture the responsibilities that weigh upon our ship-building, we should ere long have edifices as superior to the Parthenon, for the purposes that we require, as the Constitution or the Pennsylvania is to the galley of the Argonauts. Could our blunders on *terra firma* be put to the same dread test that those of ship-builders are, little would be now left to say on this subject.

Instead of forcing the functions of every sort of building into one general form, adopting an outward shape for the sake of the eye or of association, without reference to the inner distribution, let us begin from the heart as a nucleus, and work outwards. The most convenient size and arrangement of the rooms that are to constitute the building being fixed, the access of the light that may, of the air that must be wanted, being provided for, we have the skeleton of our building. Nay, we have all excepting the dress. The connexion and order of parts, juxtaposed for convenience, cannot fail to speak of their relation and uses. As a group of idlers on the quay, if they grasp a rope to haul a vessel to the pier, are united in harmonious action by the cord they seize, as the slowly yielding mass forms a thorough-bass to their livelier movement, so the unflinching adaptation of a building to its position and use gives, as a sure product of that adaptation, character and expression.

What a field of study would be opened by the adoption in civil architecture of those laws of apportionment, distribution and connexion, which we have thus hinted at? No longer could the mere tyro huddle together a crowd of ill-arranged, ill-lighted and stifled rooms, and masking the chaos with the sneaking copy of a Greek facade, usurp the name of architect. If this anatomic connexion and proportion has been attained in ships, in machines, and, in spite of false

principles, in such buildings as make a departure from it fatal, as in bridges and in scaffolding, why should we fear its immediate use in all construction? As its first result, the bank would have the physiognomy of a bank, the church would be recognised as such, nor would the billiard-room and the chapel wear the same uniform of columns and pediment. The African king, standing in mock majesty with his legs and feet bare, and his body clothed in a cast coat of the Prince Regent, is an object whose ridiculous effect defies all power of face. Is not the Greek temple jammed in between the brick shops of Wall street or Cornhill, covered with lettered signs, and occupied by groups of money-changers and apple women, a parallel even for his African majesty?

We have before us a letter in which Mr. Jefferson recommends the model of the *Maison Carrée* for the State House at Richmond. Was he aware that the *Maison Carrée* is but a fragment, and that too, of a Roman temple? He was; it is beautiful—is the answer. An English society erected in Hyde Park a cast in bronze of the colossal Achilles of the Quirinal, and, changing the head, transformed it into a monument to Wellington. But where is the distinction between the personal prowess, the invulnerable body, the heaven-shielded safety of the hero of the Iliad, and the complex of qualities which makes the modern general. The statue is beautiful,—is the answer. If such reasoning is to hold, why not translate one of Pindar's odes in memory of Washington, or set up in Carolina a colossal Osiris in honor of General Greene?

The monuments of Egypt and of Greece are sublime as expressions of their power and their feeling. The modern nation that appropriates them displays only wealth in so doing. The possession of means, not accompanied by the sense of propriety or feeling for the true, can do no more for a nation than it can do for an individual. The want of an illustrious ancestry may be compensated, fully compensated; but the purloining of the coat-of-arms of a defunct family is intolerable. That such a monument as we have described should have been erected in London while Chantry flourished, when Flaxman's fame was cherished by the few, and

Bailey and Behnes were already known, is an instructive fact. That the illustrator of the Greek poets, and of the Lord's Prayer, should, in the meanwhile, have been preparing designs for George the Fourth's silversmiths, is not less so.

The edifices, in whose construction the principles of architecture are developed, may be classed as organic, formed to meet the wants of their occupants, or monumental, addressed to the sympathies, the faith, or the taste of a people. These two great classes of buildings, embracing almost every variety of structure, though occasionally joined and mixed in the same edifice, have their separate rules, as they have a distinct abstract nature. In the former class, the laws of structure and apportionment, depending on definite wants, obey a demonstrable rule. They may be called machines, each individual of which must be formed with reference to the abstract type of its species. The individuals of the latter class, bound by no other laws than those of the sentiment which inspires them, and the sympathies to which they are addressed, occupy the positions and assume the forms best calculated to render their parent feeling. No limits can be put to their variety; their size and richness have always been proportioned to the means of the people who have erected them.

If, from what has been thus far said, it shall have appeared that we regard the Greek masters as aught less than the true apostles of correct taste in building, we have been misunderstood. We believe firmly and fully that they can teach us; but let us learn principles, not copy shapes; let us imitate them like men, and not ape them like monkeys. Remembering what a school of art it was that perfected their system of ornament, let us rather adhere to that system in enriching what we invent than substitute novelty for propriety. After observing the innovations of the ancient Romans, and of the modern Italian masters in this department, we cannot but recur to the Horatian precept—

“exemplaria Græca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna!”

Editor's Table.

The editor has had a week's holiday. In the pleasant company of the author of the "Sketches of the Flush Times of Alabama" he has visited the Crystal Palace, and taken ice cream at Taylor's, and heard Sontag in Don Giovanni, and undergone other metropolitan experiences which might, perhaps, furnish the material for a long, gossipy article, if he were disposed to write such an one and his subscribers to read it. The editor would greatly prefer, however, that the Alabama Colonel should be the historiographer of the expedition, and in this preference he doubts not the Messenger's readers will unite with remarkable unanimity. Lord Bacon tells us that there are occasions when a man needs a friend to do or say for him what he can never do or say so well for himself. Such is the position of the editor in respect of describing his late journeyings, and his friend from the Canebrake is the very person to perform vicariously that grateful office.

The editor need say nothing of the Crystal Palace as an architectural effort, his New York correspondent having done entire justice to it in preceding pages of this number of the Messenger. Of the articles contained in it—the treasures of silver-work and tapestry and sculpture, the rare specimens of Parisian taste, *les objets de luxe*—and the wonderful contrivances in mechanics, he need say quite as little, as they will all be set forth in exquisite wood engraving by Mr. Putnam in his official Illustrated Catalogue, from Kiss's splendid group of the *Lion and the Amazon*, down to those ghastly marble sarcophagi which show with how much luxury one can now be buried. The moralist passing from the inspection of a set of Sevres porcelain, each piece representing some wit or beauty of the reign of sinful old Louis Quatorze, or from admiring some magnificent work of the loom destined for the fair shoulders of living loveliness, to examine this latest form in which human ingenuity has made "the narrow house and the long home," would, perhaps, find in the contrast a type of the perpetual antithesis of our earthly being, and murmur with the preacher, *vanitas vanitatum!*

Admiration is one of the most exhausting processes the mind can undergo, and the mere thought of the labour of examining every object of interest in a vast exhibition like that of Hyde Park in 1851 is enough, one

may fancy, to console such as did not happen to see that great triumph of industrial success. To describe such a sight is a task beyond the power of any man. What account of the London raree-show has yet appeared that affords any satisfaction? None of the letter writers—not even Jules Janin—succeeded in giving an idea of its marvellous glory and though the disparity must be great between the London and the New York Exhibitions, the editor of the Messenger declines attempting for the one what the graphic French *feuilletonist* failed to accomplish for the other.

Those who desire to know what the Crystal Palace contains should go and see it. For such as reside in the immediate vicinity of Richmond, the sea voyage by the steamships Roanoke and Jamestown will prove a most agreeable, and certainly the least troublesome way of going. Dr. Johnson thought travelling in a post-chaise with a pretty woman one of the most delightful of human enjoyments. But the lexicographer never saw a steamship. In either of the fine vessels we have mentioned, with the pleasant accompaniment suggested by the Doctor, one may travel much more to his satisfaction than in a post-chaise. In referring to the Jamestown and Roanoke, in which the editor performed his New York trip, going and returning, he wishes to return his thanks to the officers of the line for many courtesies received at their hands.

We are pained to record the death of STEUART ADAIR GODMAN, late editor of the *Illustrated Family Friend*, of Columbia, S. C. This sad event took place on the 11th of July at Windston, the residence of E. W. Henry, Esq., in Charlotte county, Virginia. Mr. GODMAN was a man of great energy of character and of social qualities which endeared him to a wide circle of friends. His untiring exertions in building up the literary journal of which he was the sole founder and editor, undermined a constitution not naturally vigorous, and it may be said with truth that he was a martyr to the cause of Southern Letters. A few months since we saw him in the flush and buoyancy of early manhood and talked with him at length of the literary future of our country—alas! the hopes which then animated him are now quenched forever in the tomb! To the immediate relatives of the deceased, it will be, at least, in some degree, consoling to know that although he died far from his home, his dying pillow was smoothed by gentlest hands and his last breathings watched with the most assiduous affection. *Sit terra tibi levis!*

Some three or four weeks ago, an amusing incident took place in one of the most splendid of the New York Hotels, which is too good not to be related. A distinguished Southern gentleman, formerly a member of the Cabinet, was a boarder in the house, and preferring not to eat at the *table d'hôte*, had his meals served in his own parlour with all the elegance for which the establishment is noted. Being somewhat annoyed with the airs of the servant who waited on him—a negro of very sooty complexion—he desired him, one day at dinner, to retire. The negro bowed and took his stand directly behind the gentleman's chair. Supposing him gone, it was with some impatience, that, a few minutes after, the gentleman saw him step forward to remove the soup.

"Fellow," said he, "leave the room, I wish to be alone."

"Excuse me, sir," said Cuffee, drawing himself up stiffly, "*but I am responsible for the silver.*"

The recent eulogy of Webster, pronounced at Dartmouth College by Rufus Choate, is the great literary event of the month. One eloquent passage from it we give below, in which the characteristics of Mr. Choate's style are well displayed. The *lucidus ordo* which runs through his long and winding sentences will remind the reader of the elaborate, yet wonderfully clear and eloquent passages of Jeremy Taylor—

"The influence of home, of his father and the excellent mother and that noble brother, whom he loved so dearly and mourned with such sorrow—these influences on his heart, principles, will, aims, were elevated and strong. At an early age, comparatively, the then great distinction of liberal education was his. His college life was brilliant and with ut a stain; and in moving his admission to the bar, Mr. Gore presented him as one of extraordinary promise:

"With prospects bright upon the world he came—
Pure love of virtue, strong desire of fame;
Men watched the way his lofty mind would take,
And all foretold the progress he would make."

And yet, if on some day, as that season was drawing to its close, it had been foretold to him that before his life, prolonged to little more than three score years and ten, should end, he should see that country, in which he was coming to act his part, expanded across a continent—the thirteen States of 1801 multiplied to thirty-one, the territory of the North-West, the great valley below, sown full of those stars of empire, the Mississippi forded, and the Sabine, the Rio Grande and the Neuces, the ponderous gates of the Rocky Mountains opened to shut no more, the great tranquil sea became *our* sea, her area seven times larger, her people five times in number—that through all the experiences of trial, the madness of party, the injustice of foreign powers, the vast enlargement of her territory, the antagonism of interior interest and feeling, the spirit of nationality would grow stronger still

and more plastic—that the tide of American feeling would run over fuller—that her agriculture would grow more scientific—her arts more various and instructed, and better rewarded—her commerce winged to a wider and still wider flight—that the part she would play in human affairs would grow nobler ever and more recognized, that in this vast growth of national greatness, time would be found for the higher necessities of the soul, that her popular and her higher education would go on advancing—that her charities and all her enterprises of philanthropy would go on enlarging—that her age of lettered glory should find its auspicious dawn; and then it had been also foretold him that even so, with her growth and strength, should his fame grow and be established and cherished, there where she should garner up her heart; that by long gradations of service and labor he should rise to be, before he should taste of death, of the peerless among her great ones—that he should win the double honor, wear the double wreath, of professional and public supremacy, that he should become her wisest to counsel, and her most eloquent to persuade, that he should come to be called the Defender of the Constitution and Preserver of honorable peace, that the 'austere glory of differing' to save the Union should be his, that his death, at the summit of greatness, on the verge of a ripe and venerable age, should be distinguished less by the flugs at half-mast on ocean and lake, less by the minute gun, less by the public procession and the appointed eulogy, than by sudden paleness overspreading all faces, by gushing tears, by sorrow, thoughtful, boiling, silent, the sense of desolation, as if renown and grace were dead—as if the hunters' path and the sailors' in the great solitude of the wilderness or sea, henceforward were more lonely and less safe than before—had this prediction been whispered, how calmly had that perfect sobriety of mind put it all aside as a pernicious or idle dream! Yet in the fulfilment of that prediction, is told the remaining story of his life."

The best blunder we have heard for a long time was committed very recently in our city by a negro servant, who had been sent by his mistress to borrow the last Blackwood from a neighbour. He delivered his message as follows—

"Missis's compliments and says will you please send her the July number of the *black bombazine.*"

Messrs. Bangs & Brother, of New York city, have laid us under obligations to them by sending us, through the hands of J. W. Randolph, copies of several recent English publications. *Delolme on the English Constitution* appears in a new edition from the press of Bohn, and the same publisher gives us the *Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century* by Gervinus, the celebrated Historical Professor at Heidelberg. A delicious reprint of Walton's Complete Angler, suggestive, at this season, of trout-fishing in the mountains, and a pleasant little story entitled *Osbert of Aldgate* come from Ingram, Cooke & Co., Publishers of the Illustrated London Library.

Notices of New Works.

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA. *By Miguel Cervantes Saavedra.* A Revised Translation. Based on those of Motteux, Jarvis, and Smollett. With Numerous Characteristic Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. 1853. [From James Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.]

We can never have too many translations of Don Quixote. The enterprising publishers of this volume gave us, not long ago, an edition in the original Spanish, and now they offer one, in very beautiful style, with illustrations of great spirit and humour, for the benefit of the English reader. If Spain had done nothing else in the way of enriching the stores of literature, (and the magnificent volumes of Mr. Ticknor sufficiently establish the contrary), this immortal production of Cervantes is enough to establish her claim to the gratitude and admiration of all who delight in fiction, or value letters as a means of contributing to human happiness. Don Quixote is a never failing source of pleasure to any one that will read it, as well to the scholar and antiquarian as to the man of business who seeks in books a relaxation from daily toil. The Messrs. Appleton have conferred a favour on the public by this handsome edition.

A MANUAL OF ELEMENTARY GEOLOGY; or, the Ancient Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants, as Illustrated by Geological Monuments. *By Sir Charles Lyell.* New York: D. Appleton, 200 Broadway. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.]

The science of Geology has, of late years, taken a deeper hold upon public interest than any other which is expounded in lecture rooms or treated popularly in books. The mysterious revelations it makes of a chaotic world gradually assuming a habitable form, and being filled with enormous monsters, then emerging from a condition of slime into the shape of beauty in which it now appears—how the mountains first tossed up their soft peaks against the sky and the ocean was first confined within the limits by which it is now bounded—all this is calculated to arrest the attention of the student and win him over to geological inquiry. Sir Charles Lyell is among the most eminent of all the great writers on this subject, and his Manual of Elementary Geology found a large sale in America in the original English edition. The cost of a copy of the present edition, which is exceedingly handsome, is much less than of the English, and we may therefore expect that the volume will be yet more widely circulated.

COMMENTARIES ON THE LAWS OF THE ANCIENT HEBREWS; with an Introductory Essay on Civil Society and Government. *By E. C. Wines.* New York: Geo. P. Putnam & Co., 10 Park Place. 1853. [From James Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.]

There can be little doubt that out of the administrative polity of Moses, the first great law-giver of the race of man, have sprung all the systems of jurisprudence known to civil government. The careful study of the Mosaic code, therefore, becomes the duty of all who are engaged in legislation, nor is it unworthy of the close examination of the wisest of modern statesmen.

We are told in the preface to the present volume that so thorough a treatise on the laws of the ancient Hebrews had its origin in a Lecture before a Literary Society of Philadelphia, delivered by the author some years ago. A desire was expressed by many eminent men who heard the lecture that the discussion should be extended, and Professor Wines continued, from time to time, as occasion permitted, to investigate the subject more closely and the result has been the satisfactory dissertation now before us, which will be hailed with equal pleasure by the biblical student and the general reader.

The Introductory Essay is a very excellent and interesting paper on civil society, with an eloquent adaptation of the mere didactic portions to the present attitude of the United States of America. It does equal credit to the author as a patriot whose every impulse is for the good of the country and as a writer of nervous and affluent English. Mr. Putnam has not published for many months, a more deserving volume nor one which for typographical execution can surpass these Commentaries.

THE BOYHOOD OF GREAT MEN. *Intended as an Example to Youth. With Illustrations.* New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.]

We do not recollect to have seen a more charming little volume than this since we passed through the sunny period of boyhood ourselves. By far the most interesting portion of all biographies is that which refers to the early sports, triumphs, joys and sorrows of the subject. The young Napoleon storming the fortress of snow affects us as much as the Emperor crossing the bridge at Lodi, though in a different way. There is a great variety of boyish incident in the work now under our eye, drawn from the lives of some of the most eminent men who have illustrated the arts and sciences—Wilkie, Canning, Bonaparte, Franklin, Scott, Webster, Audubon and others. Our little friends will read it with real delight and derive from its examples of industrious application fresh stimulus in the pursuit of knowledge.

MEMORIALS OF THE ENGLISH MARTYRS. *By the Rev. C. B. Tayler, M. A.* New York: Harpers & Brothers. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.]

The author of this volume is well known as the writer of many little religious romances which have met with a wide circulation and large popularity both in England and America. The Christian world will receive the present volume with great favor, as it is devoted to a historical review of the lives and sufferings of those heroic men whose blood has proved the seed of Christ's church. The book abounds in stirring passages and is illustrated with numerous wood engravings.

LEGENDS OF THE WEST. *By James Hall.* New York: G. P. Putnam & Co., 10 Park Place. 1853. [From James Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.]

These stories were first published many years ago, and though they gave Judge Hall an enviable reputation as a writer and *raconteur*, they did not by any means obtain so extended a fame as they merited. Their republication, at this time, is a part of the worthy labour commenced by Mr. Putnam sometime ago to bring out new editions of the the most eminent American authors. We should like to see Simms' Works issued in this attractive style.

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"REPRESENTATIVE MEN."

ANDREW JACKSON AND HENRY CLAY.

The mists of party prejudice are fast disappearing from the land. European tourists and statesmen wondered while the party strife, commencing in the year 1835, and extending to 1845, was raging in our country, that questions so small in magnitude and principles of such little moment as, compared to their own, existed between the Whig and Democratic parties, should have so influenced and agitated the public mind, and so widely and bitterly divided the American people. In Europe, parties have been formed, it must be confessed, upon a wider base. The politics of a nation in Europe involved, for the most part to a greater or less degree, the foreign as well as the domestic relations of the nation; and the interests, not to say the fate of other countries or dynasties. And even when the policy was more local in its character and effect, it often involved more radical principles,—the organism rather than the mode of administering a government upon a commonly recognised basis or ground work.

We have the benefit of a written constitution and a Republican system. We have the leading principles of government limited and defined. Here all are Republicans. Here the rights of all freemen and the rights of all the States are equal. Here the powers of the Federal Government and those of the State Government are marked out with such precision, that it is almost impossible to make any such mistake as will vitally effect the scheme of our respective constitutions.

When we look back upon the fierce struggles through which the nation has passed, and recall the exaggerated declamation, the ferocious criminations, the bustling activities and pervasive organizations of party, we feel inclined to smile when we think that all this

machinery and excitement were occasioned by a contest for a bank, a tariff, a distribution of proceeds of public property, and the like measures of police. At least these were the avowed principles. But it may be doubted if they were the secret or source of party excitement. It may well be doubted whether the *personal* question were not the *substantive* one, the *who* rather than the *what*, the *man* rather than the *measures*. We do not speak in condemnation of parties, nor is it worth while to say anything in animadversion of the undue excitement of party spirit; we must take the evil with the good. But while the principles which have divided parties are doubtless important, it is simply ridiculous to attribute to them, either in their immediate or remote effects, in their causes or their results, or in the mode in which they were carried or presented, the degree of importance attached to them by partisans. The country could have gone on under either scheme and the difference in its condition could scarcely have been noticed. Apart from and rising above mere party questions, doubtless, were others in which the great men whose names head this article were conspicuously concerned, and which were well worthy of all the efforts made in their behalf. Such were the questions of the War with Great Britain, the three compromises of 1820, 1832 and 1850—in all of which Mr. Clay was a prominent actor. Compared to these in importance those questions which were peculiar to the respective party creeds—the Texas annexation question in its principles and its ultimate effects, perhaps excepted—were of little moment; the main and characteristic principles of Republican government being equally conceded by both and equally the basis of Whig and Democratic organization and profession.

But it was through these questions and through this organization, that the characters of Jackson and Clay were impressed upon the country, and their weight and influence in the formation of opinion were felt by the

age in which they lived. That Jackson and Clay were great men, especially in that sense which defines greatness to be the power to control men and mould opinion or action, will not be denied,—the degree of this greatness, absolute and relative, may be.

There were many points of similitude between these illustrious antagonists. As party men, they seemed to stand in antipodal and irreconcilable antagonism. They were so in interest—in position—in feeling. But yet with all this opposition, there was a striking correspondence between them not only in character, but in many points of exterior resemblance.

Both were born, or received their earliest impressions, in revolutionary times, or from the principles of the Revolution.

Jackson was the elder of the two. But the spirit and genius of the Revolution outlasting the period of actual hostilities, was equally the inspiration of Clay's awakening and fervid mind.

Both were denied the advantages of education. Both made a new country the theatre of their earliest exertions. Both were natives of the South and emigrated to a new Southern state, with a population like that of the state of their birth. Both were dependent only upon their own exertions and equally independent of adventitious aid. Both were the architects of their own fortunes. Both chose the profession of the law as their first introduction to the public; and both, though in unequal degree, met with early success—and encountered the same sort of opposition. Both displayed from the start the same enterprising spirit—the same obduracy and vehemence of will—the same almost arrogant defiance of opposition—the same tenacity and continuity of purpose—the same moral and personal daring. Jackson introduced himself to the practice by undertaking the prosecution of suits, which others of a profession not used to quail before danger or shrink from responsibility, were intimidated from representing. Clay enrolled himself—a boy—among the competitors of the strongest bar in Kentucky—and issued his writ against one of the most prominent and powerful of them in favor of an obscure bar-keeper, at the certain cost of his deadly displeasure and resentment, and defied that displeasure

to its extremest manifestations. Both early impressed themselves upon the community around them, and were distinguished for the same personal characteristics; and both rose at once to posts of honor and distinction; and at an early age enrolled their names, and to the last preserved them, among the first and highest of the Republic. Both were men of quick perception—of prompt action—of acute penetration—of business capacity—of strong, masculine common sense—of rare facility and unerring judgment as to men—of singular fertility of resources—of remarkable power to create or avail themselves of circumstances in their favor—of consummate tact and management. Both were distinguished for grace and ease of manners—for happy and polished address—for influence over the wills and affections of those who came within the circle of their acquaintance and associations. Both were of lithe, sinewy, and slender physical conformation; uniting strength with activity, and great powers of endurance with a happy facility of labor. Both were men of the warmest affections—of the gentlest and most conciliating manners in social intercourse—of truth and loyalty, and steadfastness in friendship—bitter and defiant in their enmities—of extraordinary directness in their purposes—of a patient and indefatigable temper in following out or waiting for the accomplishment of their ends. Neither could brook a rival or opposition; and each had the imperial spirit of a conqueror not to be subdued and the pride of leadership which could not follow. They were Americans both, intensely patriotic and national, loving their whole country—its honor—its glory—its institutions—its Union—with a love kindled early and quenched only in death.

They both spent much of their lives, long lives—from youth to hoary age—in the public service, maintaining to the last, with only the modifications which age necessarily makes upon the mental and physical constitution, the same characteristics for which they were at first distinguished. They lived a life of storm, excitement and warfare—each in point of real authority equally at the head of their respective parties—in and out of office equally acknowledged leaders; and

they each died full of years and honors, and by the same lingering disease, professing towards the close of life the same religion and leaving upon the country, at the death of each prosperous and peaceful, a saddened sense of a great and common calamity.

These distinguished statesmen owed much of their effective greatness to circumstances, and especially to their early settlement in a new country. A young community, unorganised and free from the interests and prejudices which the ascendancy of family influences or old-time associations, or of men who had acquired a controlling position, to say nothing of the habits and necessities which a crowded population and the force of education and tradition or ancestral influence create, furnishes an open, unoccupied field for energy and intellect. It gives energy and intellect a fair chance and an even start. The way is open, and the community is impressible to the former's hand. The intrigues of cliques and the artificial arrangements of an old society, and the pre-occupation of predecessors do not stand in the way. The people, by the force of circumstances, stand in natural equality. They are as yet undivided into cliques or factions, or fixed to previous relations or parties, or bound down by ideas and prejudices to old men or old systems. The population of Tennessee and Kentucky in those days was a border people—full of enterprise, energy and boldness. Men of warm hearts and generous temper, free alike from wealth and poverty; independent in spirit, while dependent on each other for the reciprocal courtesies and benefits of neighborhood; and completely homogeneous in feeling and interest.

Such a community is eminently a practical people. Their ideas are about practical affairs. Their business is with the concrete. They have no time for refined theories or subtle disputations. Their business relates to the present and the material. Refined speculation comes with a refined and advanced society. What they have to do they must do at once, and by the most expeditious and most direct means. To address them successfully one must address their robust common sense, and their unsophisticated feelings. Bracing themselves up against difficulties and dangers, and forced

to rely upon themselves for all things, the manly and masculine qualities of heart and mind were early and strongly developed; and accordingly we find the bravest soldiery in the new settlements, which the war called into the field.

There was much to do. The wilderness was to be made into a country: and a policy was to be fixed providing for the wants of a society that wanted everything which government bestows or to be divested of whatever governments repress.

As face answereth to face in water, so must the popular favorite answer to the character and genius of the people. Only a bold, frank, decisive man could rise to power in such a community. He must shrink from no danger—he must fear no responsibility—he must wear no mask—he must wait for no cue—he must be able to appeal to the strong feelings and the strong common sense of the people.

Honesty of purpose, earnestness and faithfulness, and above all, a boldness approaching recklessness, were the qualities necessary for leadership among such a people. Trained to grapple closely with every question—to apply to a measure the touchstone of practical working—to look into the characters, motives and feelings of men as they were presented almost naked to the eye, and see the springs and curious mechanism of the human heart and human character, these great men had early schooled themselves in the most valuable learning of statesmanship and acquainted themselves with a knowledge which all the books on statecraft and all the teachings of colleges could not supply.

The elaborate tricks and tinsel—the prettinesses of expression—the balanced sentences and glittering periods of oratory—much less the artful dodges and the slippery equivocations of a tricky politician, would find but a sorry audience before the stern countenances and the keen penetrating eyes of the hunters assembled around the rude rostrum in 'coon caps and linsey-woolsey garments, leaning on their rifles, their sun-burnt visages bent upon the face of a speaker with an expression that indicated they were not to be trifled with. To come at once to the point—to seize the bull by the horns—to lead out boldly and roundly their proposi-

tions—to urge strong arguments in nervous language—to storm the enemy's batteries—to attack him in his strong-hold—to hurl at his head the merciless sarcasm—to cover him with ridicule—to denounce him and his principles in terms of fiery invective—to ply the warm and animated appeal to the passions and sensibilities—these were the weapons of a warfare which were only effective when it was understood that the hand wielding them was ready to strike with the same alacrity with weapons of personal combat.

The habit of freely mingling with the people, too, brought the personal character and qualities of a public man in close contact and intimate acquaintance with them; and in this way he caught the spirit of the people as well as communicated to them his own.

Though the circumstances of the two great rivals were so alike at the outset, their paths diverged in after life. The war with Great Britain and her Indian allies had furnished the theatre upon which both of them first became introduced to the nation; in different characters, it is true. The genius of each was eminently military and executive. Jackson was a statesman in the camp; Clay a captain in the Senate. Clay had early come before the people as an orator and politician; it was natural for him to continue to labor in that field when his country, at that time more than at any former period, needed his services in the public councils. It is known, however, that at so high a rate did Mr. Madison appreciate his talents for military command, that he was on the eve of tendering him the appointment of commander of the forces, and was only withheld from the proffer, by the call for his services at the head of the war party in Congress. It is impossible to conjecture the result of such an appointment upon the public interests, or upon the personal fortunes of Mr. Clay. But it would be a falsifying of all the calculations which men may make of the future to suppose that such rare abilities, and such unsurpassed energies, would have been otherwise than successfully employed upon a theatre to which they were seemingly so signally adapted; and it needed but the prestige of the camp to have crowned a popularity and rounded out a fame before which competi-

tion and rivalry must have hung their diminished heads. But this was fated not to be. The laurels of the hero were not to be blended in the fadeless wreath of the orator, philanthropist, statesman, jurist, cabinet minister and diplomatist. Fortune could scarcely be reproached with injustice when, lavishing upon this favorite son the graces and accomplishments which lend a charm to social life, and all the qualifications and successes of every department of civil service, she refused to add the trophies of the soldier. Jackson's spirit, if not more active, was less fitted for the council hall than the battle-field. His was not the elaborate eloquence of the Senate. Swords not words were his arguments. His was the true Demosthenic eloquence of action. He had neither the temper nor the abilities to parley. He could speak tersely, vigorously, movingly—but his words were the brief words of command. Action followed speech with him as lightning the thunder. He had no patience for the solemn forms, the dull routine, the prosy speech-making, the timid platitudes, or the elaborate ratiocinations of legislative debate. Sudden and quick in opinion as in quarrel, heart, soul and mind all mingled in his conclusions, and the energy that conceived a purpose, started it into overt act. With him to think and to do were not so much two things as one. His eager and impatient soul would have fevered over a debate or proposition to declare war or to provide means for prosecuting it, as the knight Ivanhoe on his sick bed in the castle of Front de Boeuf, when he heard the clangor of the warriors storming the battlements for his deliverance. Like Job's war-horse he scented the battle from afar, and at the sound of the trumpets cried ha! ha! The first man in resolution and daring in the community in which he lived, he did not so much rise to the command of the warlike troops that flocked to the first standard unfurled in the young settlements, as the command naturally came to him, as by a native allegiance to greatness, the weak in distress and terror turn through instinct for safety to the strong. Putting himself at the head of his raw recruits, he moved upon the Indian camps and conquered, as easily as he found, the enemy. His work was as thorough as swift. He did nothing

es. A war with him was nearly an **nation**—always a complete destruction of the power of the foe. He took no mercy from an enemy except his imbecility. He closed the war at New Orleans by the most signal victories, every thing ordered, upon record. But to do this he shed powers and responsibilities from which Nelson might have shrunk. But the end sanctified the means, if those were not equivocal. Arbuthnot and Ambrister hung in Florida, notwithstanding the decree of a court-martial, and the Spanish flag was no protection to those who from it concocted designs and lent themselves to arms against his country. His military career was short but brilliant. Without any military training or education, he discovered talents of the first order in arms, and brought irregular militiamen to the strict subordination of regular service. He was a rigid disciplinarian. He tolerated no licence or disobedience in the camp. He could sit beside a sick soldier all night and share his last crust with him as with a brother; and could shoot him next morning for sleeping on his post.

Jackson was an enthusiast; not a flaming zealot, but one of the Ironsides. He was built of the Cromwell stuff, without Cromwell's religious fanaticism. He had but little toleration for human weaknesses. He was incredulous of impossibilities. He was no patient hearer of excuses. Before his irresistible energy difficulties had vanished and he could not see why it was not so with others.

He could not see why the Seminoles could be driven out of Florida into the sea as easily as he drove the Creeks into the Coosa. The spirit of a conqueror was his in a double measure. Upon the work in hand he concentrated all his powers: he girded up his loins, strained every muscle, and put forth every energy of mind and soul and strength. He had no thought of failure. The world around was a blank to him except the theatre on which he acted, and meat, drink and air and light were only the instruments for success. Nothing was too costly an expenditure—no sacrifice was too great to attain it. With him thus inspired, there was no such word as fail. Accordingly there was no such thing as failure in his history. The man who, rising from a sick bed

with a broken arm in a sling, could place himself before a company of insurgent soldiers leaving the camp for home, and holding a pistol in the bridle-hand, threaten to shoot down the first man that marched on, had nothing to learn of human audacity. Men of nerve quailed before him as cowards quail before men of common bravery. When the storms of wrath passed over his fiery soul, there was something as terrible in his voice and mien, as in the roused anger of the lion. The calm resolution of his placid moments in its still and collected strength, conveyed an idea of power in repose, like the sea, broad and majestic and unfathomable, awaiting but the storm to waken its tides and lash its waves into the sublime energy, that hurls on high and against the shore the armaments upon its bosom.

He was ever the same. He did not rise to passion to fall back into lassitude. The same port of firm, calm, dignified composure marked his bearing when the gusts of passion did not disturb his serenity. His air of command was not broken by any familiarity. Serious and earnest in small things and great, there was no time when impertinence could break in upon his dignity or feel itself tolerated by his condescension. Whoever looked upon him, saw one whom it was better to have as a friend, and whom it was dangerous to have as an enemy. He required of his friends an undeviating fidelity; he freely gave what he exacted. He could excuse or was blind to every thing in a friend except disloyalty to friendship; that was with him the unpardonable sin.

We consider Jackson and Clay as incontestably the greatest men of their respective parties. In this estimate we judge of men as we judge of a machine, by what it can accomplish. That there were men of greater intellectual calibre than either, we are willing to concede; that in some departments of human activity, these would have far outshone the two leaders—for instance, as professors of colleges, or in literature, we readily allow; but in the practical business of statesmanship, or in any other business requiring the same sort of abilities—for whatever energy and perseverance and courage can accomplish, they were the most efficient men of their time. Those who differ

from us in the result, most probably differ in the premises. We regard the will as the man; as not so much giving individuality as being it. The strong will, therefore, is the strong man. The intellect is but the servant of the will, not controlling it more than any other servant may its master, but controlled by it; or at most is but the light by which the will may work, but is as inferior in true dignity as the candle is inferior to the man that reads or walks by its light.

What better evidence have we of Napoleon's greatness, than that in an age of great men, his preëminent greatness was unchallenged; and that among the strifes of rivalry, the points of precedence struggled for was *below* him?

Who, in the democratic party, could have carried away from Jackson in a political contest ten thousand votes? Who, in his time, could have made a respectable schism in the democratic party? Much more, who would have ventured to *lead* a policy in the House or the Senate, before it had the Executive imprimatur? And at what period of the whig struggle would not Clay's defection have been equivalent to striking the flag?

It is a mistake to suppose that Gen. Jackson owed his popularity to his military services. Unquestionably his military exploits were an element of that popularity. It could scarcely be otherwise among so warlike a people; especially with the soldiers he led to battle and those whom they could influence, this was peculiarly true; and it is also true that, in the States in which his battles were fought, the mere circumstance of his fighting them made him a popular favorite. But mere admiration of a military chieftain as such, and mere gratitude for military services could not have so impressed the heart or the imagination of the nation. We see an illustration of this in the case of the great conqueror of Mexico—the first of living generals—at once in the length of his career, and the number, importance and brilliancy of his victories. The nation, although it appreciated and acknowledged his services, and felt proud of him, yet admired him coldly and at a distance; admired him as *he* admires the swords presented to him by legislatures, or as *they* admire the Paixhan guns he fired at the Castle of San Juan: there was

no *personality* in their idea of *him*; they seemed to regard him but as a curious and effective military machine.

The deeds of the warrior were effective in Jackson's popularity, in drawing attention to and unfolding the character of the man; and it was *that character*, a knowledge of which was so evolved, that was popular.

We have already indicated in what this popularity mainly consisted; in what particular he stood forth pictorially, so to speak, before the people. He was marked out and distinguished from the mass of mankind as a substantive, original, peculiar character—mainly distinctive in the sublime attribute of a powerful will—of a fervid enthusiasm—as the impersonation of energy and power—as the genius of the practical; and his character, otherwise severe and repellant, was softened and endeared to the people by warm passions and affections, and a genuine love of his race and his country.

The heroic element impressed him strongly upon the mind of the nation.

It is of the nature of men to side with the strong: the influences which draw men are not the gentler or more loving qualities. Whoever has observed much of the conduct of the masses, knows that the hero of the crowd is a representative of the sterner qualities, rather than of the softer and more amiable. A daring robber on the gibbet excites more of vulgar sympathy than a suffering martyr at the stake. The bully at a muster-field always takes the shouts and attracts the homage even of those of the rabble who have nothing to gain by it, from the man whom he has imposed upon or insulted without provocation or mercy. The crowd must look up to a man before they applaud him, much more before they will be governed by him: and they will look up only to those whom they fear, or, at least, whose qualities they fear. They only regard with reverence men who possess those physical properties which conquer or inspire men with awe. Courage is one of the most vulgar of virtues, yet the Romans prized it so highly that they gave it the name of virtue—as if it comprehended *all* virtue; and even now, in more cultivated times, and in the prevalence of gentler manners, it is that quality which is most respected among men. There is a man

merism of will which works more powerfully upon men than virtue or intellect—a fascination of the eye which charms like the serpent.

Love wins—Power commands. But love is inspired for the most part only by personal relation, or in close proximity to the object of it. The man of a nation is but an Ideal; and we do not love the ideal. We can admire—we can reverence—we may have the image stamped upon our imaginations, and thus grow familiar with it: it may thus excite our enthusiasm. We thus become acquainted, so to speak, with great men—and thus honor, support, uphold them. But the merely amiable and quiet virtues will not impress them upon us. They must be painted in some stronger hues than water colors: the vermilion tints and the great lines of the grand and the heroic are necessary to imprint the imagination with their characters. Men to be popular must be known, and a character like Jackson's could not but be known and felt.

We doubt if Milton's Satan would not be a more popular man, if he took the human form, than Fenelon; and, at least, in France would not carry the suffrages of the masses in a popular election.

Take the case of Napoleon Bonaparte. He is the very ideal of energy—Energy incarnate. Did any name ever so impress the human imagination? Was human sympathy for him, when in his island-prison, ever so drawn forth before? More sympathy has been expended upon him than upon the whole martyrology. Did any man ever leave so vivid a sense of his being and personality upon the mind of the world? Why his very name—the faintest shadow and memento of himself, turned French politics inside out, and established its representative as an institution of France. The Sultan's scimeter in the Eastern story, the shadow of which, at twenty paces, cut off an enemy's head, was nothing to the shade of the great Emperor, that at a distance of a generation cut down a kingdom, a line of kings, and a republic, and blazed out the way to a new empire and a new dynasty.

What a hold the great Marlborough had upon the admiration of the world in his day is known; and yet if the half of what Thack-

eray says of him is true, Falstaff might have set to him as a model and prodigy of decency, honor and virtue.

We believe Gen. Jackson to have been much misunderstood. He was neither a God nor a Devil. He was neither worthy of adulation nor of detestation. Like every other man of strong and decided character and of positive forces, he had the centrifugal and the centripetal tendencies in a proportionate degree. He drew and he repelled according as the object was of like or contrary character, or as he conciliated or opposed the interests, purposes or sentiments of others. It is the law of a soul highly charged with the electricity of passion and sensibility to work in this fashion. Combateness excites combateness in others—pride, pride—as deep calls out to deep. No man had more devoted friends, and no man had more bitter enemies. He was a good hater—Doctor Johnson could not have had a man more to his mind in this respect; and he had rather conquer one enemy than conciliate two. He could forgive an enemy—but the enemy must first surrender at discretion. Like Tecumseh, he gave no quarter while the battle was raging—like Tecumseh, he never asked it: unfortunately for his enemies, he never needed it. But he never forgave a friend. He became reconciled to Benton who had sought his life—he never could have become reconciled to Calhoun whom he supposed—justly or unjustly—to have betrayed his friendship, or played double with him.

We have taken pains to learn the private character—the character as it was in dishabille—not draped up for the world to look at—of the man of the Hermitage. It was different from any thing the world supposes. As a neighbor, Jackson was the soul of kindness and generosity. To the poor he was as a father, to all honest to a punctilio, and in money matters as just and honorable as Franklin. Simple and frugal in his tastes and habits, he was unpretending and Republican enough for a Swiss farmer: and yet neither avaricious nor prodigal of money. He neither wasted nor hoarded—was neither exacting nor negligent—he was a discreet manager, without undue anxiety or driving energy. In his domestic relations he was a model. He was a kind master, governing

his slaves more as a Scotch chieftain his clan, or a Hebrew patriarch his tribe, than as a driver, or as a planter holding lands and negroes, mules and ploughs as so much stock in trade, of value only as they were profitable. And in that nearer and closer tie of domestic life, something of romance—of a proud and knightly obeisance and homage, and devoted love, shed its unprosaic hues over a mind whose characters were written in the strongest and most masculine prose of the sternly practical. More might be said in illustration of this observation—but more is unnecessary. Of kindred fidelity was his personal friendship: he could not do enough for his friends. He made their interests his own. He took charge of their fortunes. He made their cause his cause, and their enemies his enemies. Truly did he say, in his last letter to Blair, that he had "never deserted a friend from policy"—and bitter was his scorn of his politic successor's act of desertion of the old thunderer of "the Globe:" as sincerely did he make this protestation as he breathed the prayer that Blair "might triumph over all his enemies." He seemed to delight in promoting those to high offices, whom the opposite party despised, and was not deterred by the distrust or dislike of many of the most distinguished members of his own. But it must be confessed all this friendship was, perhaps, unconsciously, the friendship of patronage. The spirit of his kindness was the spirit of a leader, or, at least, an air of imperial protection tintured it. We are not aware that any personal friendship of his survived opposition to his measures or his ticket, and how many ceased with political agreement!

It were a bold thing to say that Jackson was the equal of Clay in many things. In many respects he was not. Jackson had no pretensions to oratory: his influence over men was as great, perhaps even greater—though this is saying a great deal. He was not a ready writer—was scarcely able to write correct English on the commonest topics—see his letters to Lewis and to Blair.

The man who could write the letter of which the fac simile is given in the Democratic Review, had a good deal to learn of the art of writing, and was certainly independent for his fame of his schoolmaster.

He had no great deal of political information, and knew little of ancient or modern history. We apprehend he never was much of a student and had no great partiality for letters. What he saw at all, he saw as clearly as any man, but he did not see far, nor was his vision wide in its sweep. He had remarkable sagacity, but it was a sagacity which related to the practical and the present. Men were his books, and he studied them closely and understood them thoroughly. He knew as well as any one what a man was good for, and to what use he could be put. If he could not do any thing himself, he knew, the next best thing, where to go to get it done, and when it was well done. Accordingly he had able ministers and the most powerful press which ever supported an administration. The only Press that ever completely reflected the tone, temper and character of an Executive, was "the Globe." It was a whole troop of cavalry and a park of flying artillery besides.

Nor did Jackson only know men in detail. He knew them in gross. He thoroughly understood the genius of the American people, what they desired and what they would stand.

His faculties did not sweep a large circle, but they worked like a steam-engine in that circle.

He lacked versatility; but, so far from this being a defect, we doubt if it were not the secret of his wonderful success: it prevented a diversion of his powers and efforts, and concentrated them, as by a lens, upon those objects which this singleness of aim enabled him to effect.

If we measure power by success, the palm must be awarded to Jackson. If we suppose politics to be a game of skill played for aggrandizement by politicians, the same award must be made. Jackson unquestionably was the abler strategist. The letter to Mr. Monroe against proscription if we suppose it written by Gen. Jackson, with the object of promoting his election to the Presidency, was a stroke of policy not unworthy of Talleyrand. The Federalists long proscribed, and naturally desirous of again being admitted to consideration and office, were as yet unappropriated. They had abandoned their old organization and had not yet enrolled themselves under any other banner. It was not difficult to see where gratitude and a

sense of security and safety would carry them.

The election by the House of Representatives of Mr. Adams, was turned to account, with all its incidents and surroundings with admirable effect by Gen. Jackson. No one now believes the story of bargain, intrigue and management between and by Messrs. Adams and Clay; but Gen. Jackson believed, and what is more made the country believe, in 1824. Adams was an unpopular man, of an unpopular section of the country. Crawford's friends were as little pleased with the course affairs took as Jackson's. The warfare upon Adams was hailed by them with joy, and they became parties to an opposition of which it was easy to see Jackson was to become the beneficiary.

Clay's ambition or incaution betrayed him into the serious, and, as it turned out, so far as concerns the presidency, the fatal error of accepting office—the first office under the administration which he called into power. It was in all politic respects a most inexcusable blunder. The office added nothing to his fame: it added nothing to his chances for the presidency. He was, on the contrary, to share the odium of an administration whose head was a very obstinate man of impracticable temper, coming, by a sort of bastard process into office—bearing a name which was the synonym of political heterodoxy—and whose administration was fated from a gauntlet from the start to the close through a long line of clubs wielded by the Forrythes, McDuffies, Randolphs, and almost the whole talent of the South. It was bad enough to vote for such a man. But Clay might have recovered from that. But to vote for him and then to take office under him was suicide. A mere politician would have played the game quite differently. The Crawford vote was the vote to conciliate: and Crawford in all human probability could not live to be a candidate at the next election: one vote for him therefore would not have altered the result, while had Adams or Jackson been elected, Mr. Clay would have retained his chances for the presidency and been uncommitted with the advantage of the strength he had conciliated. But instead of this he placed himself voluntarily in the minority to bear the brunt of the assault of a majority that knew no mercy and would give no quarter. When Adams was elected, opposition to him became the rallying cry of all the aspirants, and those who were rivals before now became confederates. Clay was in all respects too prominent, as a man, as one of the actors in installing the administration, and as a member of it, to escape assault; and it turned out that, without the emoluments or honors of President he had to endure the assaults and annoyances of presidential opposition.

Those assaults were not slow in coming. The public mind had lain fallow for some years, and was prepared for a bountiful crop of political agitation. Jackson raised the war-cry and the hills and valleys all over the land echoed back the shout. A lava tide of obloquy poured in a fiery flood over Mr. Clay. It seemed to take him by surprise. The idea that his voting and carrying over his friends to Adams and then occupying the first office in his gift, seconded by the auxiliary supports which such an hypothesis found or which were made for it, should originate such a charge, seems never to have entered into his imagination. And when it came, he had the weakness to attempt to strangle it by personal intimidation or to avenge it by violence.

The election, under such circumstances, of Adams, was the making of Jackson. It completed his popularity—completely nationalized it. The States-Rights' Party, to whom the name and lineage of Adams was enough, turned at once to the man who could best defeat him and saw at once who that man was; and the popular sympathy was quickly aroused in behalf of *the honest old soldier circumvented by two cunning politicians*.

Clay committed three capital errors as a mere tactician. He should not have become a candidate for the presidency. He was young enough to wait. His talents and his growing popularity had placed him "in the line of precedents." The presidency was coming fast enough to him. He stood no chance of election then, and defeat nearly always weakens a candidate. He should not have allied himself to the New England influence, an influence never strong, then unpopular, and from which power was continually receding. He should not, above all, have

taken office under Adams. We speak of these things as mere matters of policy, leaving out of considerations the higher questions of right and principle: though as to two of these errors, there was no question of right or principle involved, which ought to have required a sacrifice of self-interest; we mean his candidacy and his acceptance of the premiership.

He had committed earlier a serious blunder, considered in the same narrow and selfish light. He had broken a lance with the Virginia politicians and ran a tilt at Mr. Monroe on the question of Internal Improvements, involving a construction of the Constitution. So prominent had he stood in the ranks of the Republican party by his services in Congress in behalf of the war and his agency in the treaty of Ghent, that the Virginia influence, still strong, if not longer exerted in behalf of one of her own citizens, (and it could not be expected that the Virginia market was to supply *all* the demands for Presidents,) might naturally be expected to go to one of her own sons, now a citizen of a territory once a part of, and mostly populated by, the people of that powerful and influential state. But Mr. Clay assailed, in no gentle spirit, the jealous character of of a commonwealth declining from the high position of her ancient influence, and the more sensitive in her decline, of disrespect to her authority and pretensions. The Virginia doctrines, too, were progressive. What was orthodoxy in 1798 and 1816, was something short of it in 1824.

And Mr. Clay's opinions in regard to this measure and its principle enabled the advocates of the Virginia doctrine to rally the Republican or States Rights' party against him: while the bold and imperious bearing of the great commoner in the flush tide of an ambition which knew at that time better how to command than to conciliate, excited the jealousy of the colleagues and associates who had for so many years exerted so controlling an influence in public affairs.

In the conduct of the canvass of 1827-8, Mr. Clay did not show any marked ability as a manager. He made many speeches, and they were able and eloquent. But they were dinner speeches addressed to but few, and those friends, and read only by a few.

The course of Jackson was different. He said but little, but that little was to the point. The rough, unlettered honesty and vigor of his criminations were more effective than the polished sarcasm, the lofty declamation and elaborate reasonings of his antagonist. The policy of the Adams' administration, calm, prudent, pacific and thoroughly conscientious and conservative, was not the policy to *win* favor and enlist support. It might have retained a popularity already won; but it was necessary in order to sustain the administration to stop the progress of opposing influences, determined to condemn and not to be appeased, and to throw in new elements which might attract new recruits. A bold and spirited policy with new ideas and large aims, was required to draw off opposition, and to create fresh issues upon which the administration and its enemies could join with advantage to the former. The fiery spirit of Jacksonism could only have been fought with fire. The public mind craved excitement. One of those periodical epidemics had come over the country before which a tame conservatism is driven like chaff. It is probable that nothing could have saved the Adams administration: it is certain that the healthy process of keeping the body politic on a quiet regimen and letting it grow, was not the prescription that suited a people thirsty for excitement and fevering for action. But the administration was fixed to a policy, which was to let the ship float and keep the crew scrubbing the deck and scouring the guns: the opposition was fixed to none. There were many parties and sects opposed to Adams and his principles or practices; and all these were for Jackson. A very various opposition was melted down into a vague Jacksonism. It carried everything before it as combinations usually do; and the star that never paled afterwards, shone out the first and brightest in the political firmament, and shed disastrous twilight on Mr. Clay and his fortunes.

(To be concluded.)

LEGEND OF HAMILTON TIGHE.

The Captain is walking his quarter-deck,
With a troubled brow and a bended neck ;
One eye is down through the hatchway cast,
The other turns up to the truck on the mast ;
Yet none of the crew may venture to hint
"Our Skipper hath gotten a sinister squint!"

The Captain again the letter hath read
Which the bum-boat woman brought out to Spithead—
Still, since the good ship sail'd away,
He reads that letter three times a-day ;
Yet the writing is broad and fair to see,
As a Skipper may read in his degree.
And the seal is black, and as broad, and as flat,
As his own cockade in his own cock'd hat :
He reads, and he says, as he walks to and fro,
"Curse the old woman—she bothers me so!"

He pauses now, for the topmen hail—
"On the larboard quarter a sail! a sail!"
That grim old Captain he turns him quick,
And bawls through his trumpet for Hairy-faced Dick.

"The breeze is blowing—huzza! huzza!
The breeze is blowing—away! away!
The breeze is blowing—a race! a race!
The breeze is blowing—we near the chase!
Blood will flow, and bullets will fly,—
Oh where will be then young Hamilton Tighe!"

—"On the foeman's deck, where a man should be,
With his sword in his hand, and his foe at his knee.
Cockswain or boatswain, or reefer may try,
But the first man on board will be Hamilton Tighe!"

Hairy-faced Dick hath a swarthy hue,
Between a ginger-bread nut and a Jew,
And his pigtail is long, and bushy, and thick,
Like a pump-handle stuck on the end of a stick,
Hairy-faced Dick understands his trade ;
He stands by the breech of a long carronade,
The linstock glows in his bony hand,
Waiting that grim old Skipper's command.

"The bullets are flying—huzza! huzza!
The bullets are flying—away! away!"
The brawny boarders mount by the chains,
And are over their buckles in blood and in brains :
On the foeman's deck, where a man should be,
Young Hamilton Tighe
Waves his cutlass high,
And *Captaine Crapaud* bends low at his knee.

Hairy-faced Dick, linstock in hand,
Is waiting that grim-looking Skipper's command :—
A wink comes sly
From that sinister eye—
Hairy-faced Dick at once lets fly,
And knocks off the head of young Hamilton Tighe!

There's a lady sits lonely in bower and hall,
Her pages and handmaids come at her call :
"Now, haste ye, my handmaidens, haste and see
How he sits there and glow'rs with his head on his knee!"

The maidens smile, and her thoughts to destroy,
They bring her a little, pale, mealy-faced boy ;
And the mealy-faced boy says, "Mother dear,
Now Hamilton's dead, I've a thousand a year!"

The lady has donned her mantle and hood,
She is bound for shrift at St. Mary's Rood :—
"Oh the taper shall burn, and the bell shall toll,
And the mass shall be said for my step-son's soul,
And the tablet fair shall be hung on high,
Orate pro animâ Hamilton Tighe!"

Her coach and four
Draws up to the door
With her groom, and her footman, and half a score more ;
The Lady steps into her coach alone,
And they hear her sigh, and they hear her groan ;
They close the door, and they turn the pin,
But there's One rides with her who never stepped in!
All the way there and all the way back,
The harness strains, and the coach-springs crack,
The horses snort, and plunge, and kick,
Till the coachman thinks he is driving Old Nick ;
And the grooms and the footmen wonder and say,
"What makes the old coach so heavy to-day?"
But the mealy-faced boy peeps in, and sees
A man sitting there with his head on his knees!

'Tis ever the same,—in hall or in bower,
Wherever the place, whatever the hour,
That Lady mutters, and talks to the air,
And her eye is fixed on an empty chair ;
But the mealy-faced boy still whispers with dread,
"She talks to a man with never a head!"

There's an old Yellow Admiral living at Bath,
As gray as a badger, as thin as a lath ;
And his very queer eyes have such very queer leers,
They seem to be trying to peep at his ears ;
That old Yellow Admiral goes to the Rooms,
And he plays long whist, but he frets and he fumes,
For all his Knaves stand upside down,
And the Jack of Clubs does nothing but frown :
And the Kings, and the Aces, and all the best trumps
Get into the hands of the other old frumps ;
While, close to his partner, a man he sees
Counting the tricks with his head on his knees.

In Ratcliffe Highway there's an old marine store,
And a great black doll hangs out at the door ;
There are rusty locks and dusty bags,
And musty phials, and fusty rags,
And a lusty old woman, call'd Thirsty Nan,
And her crusty old husband's a Hairy-faced man!

That Hairy-faced man is sallow and wan,
And his great thick pigtail is withered and gone ;
And he cries, "Take away that lubberly chap
That sits there and grins with his head in his lap!"
And the neighbors say, as they see him look sick,
"What a rum old covey is Hairy-faced Dick!"

That Admiral, Lady, and Hairy-faced man
May say what they please, and may do what they can.
But one thing seems remarkably clear,—
They may die to-morrow, or live till next year,—
But wherever they live, or whenever they die,
They'll never get quit of young Hamilton Tighe.
[*The Ingoldsby Legends.*]

Notes and Commentaries, on a Voyage to China.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Hong-boats; Boats on the River; Water-omnibus; Honan Temple; Effigies of Gods; Priests of the Temple; Sacred Hogs; Altar Furniture; Sandalwood Dust; Interment of Priests; Visit the Abbot; Chinese dislike of Foreigners; Religious Temples; Religion of the Chinese; Religious Sects; Toleration; Analogies between Buddhism and Romanism; State Religion of China; Excerpts from Confucius; Meng-Tseu—his writings; Chinese notions of hereditary Nobility truly Republican; Titles of Nobility conferred upon Elephants by the Siamese; Chinese notions about War and Heroes.

September 12.—I joined several gentlemen and, under the guidance of Mr. B——, a young missionary, to whose courtesy we are all indebted, visited the "River Temple," better known among foreigners as the Joss House of Honan. It is nearly opposite to the foreign Factories, and is reached in a few minutes. I propose to note some things by the way.

Our party embarked in a Hong-boat, so called from belonging to a hong, or house, and being used to convey persons on the river in pursuit of the business of the hong. Boats of this kind are neatly and comfortably arranged; each one has a covered cabin having lattice shades, and furnished with a table and seats, all ornamented conformably to Chinese taste. The vessel is managed by a crew of from four to six men.

We entered over the bows, and were soon pushed out from amidst the throng of tan-kea boats or sam-pans moored fast to the shore, into the throng of boats of all kinds, pulling and pushing and sailing up and down and across, seemingly in a confused maze. A crowd of ants or bugs tumbling over and jostling each other affords a comparison; but the Chinese do not jostle each other's vessels; but the skull-oar gracefully and dexterously moved controls the boat and seems to impart to its movements the intelligence

of an animal. Any one who has attentively regarded the crowd of boats on the river opposite Canton, will admire the skill of the boatmen as well as that of the boatwomen, and will be prepared to believe the assertion that there are no less than 84,000 boats* of various descriptions floating on the river about the "City of Rams." Thousands of the inhabitants have no other home or resting place; and seldom tread upon dry land.

A boat packed, as it were, full of human heads and eyes, passed near us, for no bodies were visible, save those of the rowers. Our missionary guide recognised in this merely one of the many ferry boats, a sort of water-omnibus, which ply on the river. The Chinese pay for their passage two or three "cash," or one to two mills of our currency for a passage, while a foreigner who does not speak the language will be charged at least twenty-five cents. Strangers in the western world experience similar treatment from "knowing" cabmen and others of the family.

We landed at a spot thronged with Chinese walking in different directions, and made our way past several stalls where betel nut and various eatables were exposed for sale. A narrow street quickly brought us to the entrance of the temple. A courtyard, with banian trees almost forming an avenue, brought us to a chief gate which is supposed to be guarded by two gigantic figures, about fifteen feet high, which represent deified warriors. Passing this gate, we were in a court having a temple on the right and one on the left, tenanted by gilt idols, whose altars are furnished with utensils of white copper, while a principal edifice about 100 feet square fronts on the side of the court or square opposite the gate. The center of this temple is occupied by three gigantic Buddhist gods, all of which are gilt—and the walls to the right and to the left are lined by gilt figures of life size, which represent those priests of the temple whose exemplary lives placed them on the list of saints in the Buddhist calendar.

While we were looking at these various figures several priests entered, and in a very decorous and reverential manner prostrated themselves three times before the images,

* Description of the City of Canton.

touching the forehead against the ground. The heads of the priest are entirely shorn of hair, and they are arrayed in dingy yellow robes. They resemble exactly the talapoins, priests of the same faith whom I have seen in Siam.

There are three or four similar temples in the rear of this, having open paved courts or areas between, ornamented by pots of flowers. On the right of this range of temples, separated by a wall, is another set of courts and temples, in one of which are several large hogs, the votive offerings of the devout, which are plentifully fed until they die naturally. In one of these latter temples or edifices, on the second floor, are twenty-four gilt figures of sainted priests, and represented personifications of the sun and moon, and of the God Shivū with eight arms. Our guide, Mr. B——, who has formed acquaintances among the priests, proposed to one who accompanied us, to purchase one of these idols. He replied that one could not be sold—the cost would be more than several hundred dollars.

In all of the temples we visited, the altar furniture or utensils were of white copper, and joss-sticks were burning in bowls filled with dust or sawings of sandal wood.

The architecture of these buildings is in Chinese style; high roofs and long projecting eaves, with a full proportion of dragons of various forms stuck on as ornaments. The walls are of blue bricks and the roofs of tiles.

From the temples we went to the dining hall of the priests, whose refectory is probably not equal to that of some of the Roman Catholic convents we read of. Wherever we met them, the priests were very polite. Mr. B—— availed himself of every opportunity to present portions of scripture or tracts in Chinese to those who would receive them.

After death, the bodies of the priests are burned, and the bones deposited in earthen urns, which are placed together in a rude charnel house, and at stated periods removed to a common vault. The place of burial, burning, &c., we visited. Our Chinese cooly was afraid of the bones and would not enter the charnel house.

We were followed everywhere by some

dozen idle Chinamen and boys seemingly from motives of curiosity rather than disrespect. And we were glad to be rid of the annoyance by entering the apartments of the chief priest or abbot, who had been known to Mr. B—— several months. He received us with much urbanity, and entertained us hospitably by presenting tea, &c. He asked many questions which exhibited very considerable intelligence, and on being asked “why is it that the Chinese dislike foreigners?” he replied, “the Chinese generally do not dislike foreigners; those who molest strangers are bad men who do not distinguish; during the war the soldiers committed assaults on the people, injured women, and they have not forgotten.”

This Chinese gentleman stated in reply to questions, that about forty acres of land are included in this establishment. There are 160 priests and 70 attendants—lay brothers. Each priest has a cell or separate apartment, but all assemble at the same table in the common dining hall. There is morning and evening worship in the temples and liturgy.

The establishment cannot fail to remind the traveller of the extensive convents in Roman Catholic countries; the forms of worship by the Buddhists resemble those of Roman Christians in many particulars.

The religious temples of different kinds about Canton exceed a hundred and twenty. Besides these, every house, every shop, every boat, large and small, contains an altar for private worship. The Chinese then are a religious people, although their religious and superstitious proclivities are pitifully misdirected.

What is the religion of the Chinese?

“To-day I held a long conversation with my friend Cha-Amui: I asked him whether he worshipped the sun or moon as Divinity or professed the religion of the state; and whether Confucius or Fou-Hi invented it? He replied: ‘The religion taught by Koung-Tseu, Confucius, is found in the Y-King, a sacred book; it is founded on immutable principles; it is demonstrated by our nature and by all that surrounds us. It was given by Fou-Hi and extended by Honan-Ti, Yao, and other virtuous sons of Heaven.

“‘Tien, that is God, gave man senses and memory, consequently reason; he permit-

ted that, being obliged by necessity, we might make use of it: thus we learn to till the earth, and to cultivate those arts and sciences which are necessary to life. By our reason we know his will and our duty towards our fellow-men. This is the doctrine in our sacred books. God commands that the children of earth may enjoy all comforts and pleasures compatible with their good. Confucius extracted these principles from the Y-King; he formed them into a body of doctrine which my fathers taught me and which I follow. I worship the sun, moon and other planets, but only as the works of God.'

"I asked an explanation of the Y-King, in which is found the Trigrammes of Fou-Hi, to see if my friend observed a religion free from superstitions, and to show at the same time that the Chinese recognise and adore a Supreme Intelligence through his works—

"Look through nature up to nature's God."

"The most ancient monument in China is the work of Fou-Hi, written by his own hand, in the year 3,460, before the Christian era. In the eyes of men, there being nothing more brilliant than the sun and moon, Fou-Hi determined that the sign or letter *ming* [which expresses thought] should be placed in the temple of the Supreme God.

"Of all the symbols which can be selected to designate the sacred altar,' says Confucius, 'where men worship the Father of all lights there is none more expressive than the letter *ming*, because it embraces the attributes of Gê, the star which presides over the day as well those of Yué, which illumines the night.'

"After Fou-Hi taught men to worship the Divinity, and to modify their natural impulses by the observance of precepts supposed to be divine, the first sect mentioned in the annals of the times is that of Tao-Se. If there was not in Europe a history of the weakness of the human mind, of the tenacity of sectarians, of the madness of the credulous, of the inconceivable alliance of wisdom with stupidity, and of virtue with vice, I might find ample reason to give you an account of all that was done by the disciples of Tao-Se. They flourished for more than two thousand years, but now they are held in contempt.

"The sect of Lao-Kium appeared afterwards. It was tolerant and based on good morals; but its disciples destroyed them by the introduction of falsehoods. Its principles consisted in subduing those passions which are destructive of tranquillity, all violent desires, and not to fear death. But the followers of Lao-Kum, desiring to deceive the people, recurred to magic, and were discredited.

"The sect most in vogue in China for the past 1760 years, is that of Budha, a divinity which the Chinese call Fo. It may be regarded as the religion of the people. In the year 65 of the Christian era, the emperor Ming-Si dreamed that the holy man, indicated in the works of Confucius, appeared in the west. He sent envoys to seek for him: they supposed he was in the country of the Lamas, and found him in the idol Fo! They joyfully brought this piece of wood, believing they carried the image of the holy man, accompanied by bonzies or priests, disseminators of those fables which envelop the sect of Budha, which is still more in vogue in Cochin China and the kingdom of Siam.

"The Chinese government is tolerant, yet it supports mandarins to expose the falsities of this as well as those of similar sects. The people generally, in all parts of the world, are tenacious of their prejudices. Uou-Tsoung, a distinguished emperor, in the year 845 of the Christian era, ordered the destruction of more than forty thousand temples belonging to different sects; but they still continue to exist.

"The sect of *literati* called Ju-Kiao had its origin *Anno Domini* 1400. It was instituted by a society of *literati* to honor the memory of the learned. It gave explanations of the Y-King, and supposed they would find in it a demonstration of the attributes of Divinity.

"The emperor Kang-Hi, initiated in the mysteries of this sect, declared to Mem Barba, a delegate from the Pope, that the Chinese do not offer the first fruits to the material heavens, but to the Supreme Being, recognised through his works; thus far extends the conception of the literary men of China.

"I asked a learned Chinaman of great

reputation 'why the sect of Fo was tolerated in the Empire, seeing that the state religion was simple, rational, and free from superstitions?' He replied, 'to be free it is not enough for a man to feel that his property and person are beyond the reach of tyranny, his mind must not be embarrassed by obstacles in the way of his pursuing or acting out those ideas which make him contented. The people are all religious, but in different ways; some worship many gods, and each after his own method; that is, accordingly as he may have been taught in infancy.* Thus, they are persuaded that their mode of seeing is best; therefore, the worship which they of choice pay to the Divinity ought not to be disturbed because it would make them unhappy.

"If it is tyranny to despoil a man of his property, it is still more tyrannical, more cruel, and more insupportable to invade the opinion he forms of the Supreme Being. Reason demands that the state should tolerate the sects adopted by its citizens, and there be a just balance between one and the other, so that they shall not be oppressed. Perhaps it

* " ——— Por ventura

Escolbeste o teu culto? O culto segues,
Que ao nascer no paterno ninho achaste;
Que teus pais te inspirarão, que imitaste;
Que o imperio do habitô constante
Em teu peito firmou de largos annos.
Algun outro accrescenta vozeando :
A tua fé por certo não foi obra
De hum alto exame, e da razão profunda,
Que os sagrados motivos analysa
Da crença ; do local foi tudo acaso :
Nasce o homem Christão sobre as ribeiras
Do Tibre, nasce Idôlatra no Indo,
Musulman no Euprates, como nasce
Na Europa branco, negro na Ethiopia."

Poesias de Elpino Duriense—

Lisboa 1812—tom 1., p. 14.

Literally rendered thus :

Perchance did'st thou thy religion choose ?
The worship found at birth in your parents' home ye follow ;
Ye imitate the inspirations of your fathers ;
The influence of constant habit
In thy breast long years confirmed.
It increased through some other, preaching :
Thy faith was surely not a result
Of deep investigation, or of the mind's action,
Which analyzed holy thoughts from birth :
Perhaps all was from the locality :
Men on the Tiber's banks
Are Christian born ; but idolaters upon the Indus,
And upon the Euphrates, Mussulmans, just as
In Europe they are white, but black in Ethiopia.

would be more advantageous to man, that God should deprive him of the faculty of thinking, than he should feel himself obliged to follow the caprice of an imposter.

" 'What sect is free from errors? What priest does not say, 'Give me rent [tithes?] and I will give you an equivalent with God. I will cause his blessings to fall upon thee as fast as he may grant the power.' The sect of Fo is permitted in the empire, in reason of its tolerance, but not to encourage its priests in the propagation of their doctrines.'

"In fact, toleration augments religious worship; or hence they provide that the Chinese shall adore God as it may please them best. Fernando Mendez Pinto observes, 'some give to the bonzies all they possess, thinking thus to purchase pleasures in a future life: the bonzies give them bills of exchange, at one per cent, payable in heaven, just as if they had correspondents or money had value there: others assure their devotees there is nothing but to live and to die; only the ignorant have a care for any thing besides.' The first conform to the doctrines of Plato; the latter to those of Zeno. It is certain that both these illustrious men led virtuous lives.'"

The religion of the plebeian Chinese is that which recognises Budha as the God. Its tenets inculcate renunciation of the world and subjection of the passions; but as far as relates to the people, it seems their worship is vicarious, the priests performing the ceremonies without much popular aid.

Like the priests of the Christian Church of Rome, those of Budha are bound to celibacy and chastity. As a sign of purity they shave the entire head, and profess to eat no animal food, and to subsist by alms. They live together in convents or monasteries, and there, periodically every day in prescribed form, pray to Budha. But besides the gratuities they receive, they obtain something by selling incense sticks, holy candles, gilt paper for sacrifices, as well as charms and spells, which are probably as efficacious as those dispensations or indulgences which were once very profitable to Romish priests in different parts of the world; they also re-

* Cartas Escriptas da India e da China nos annos de 1815 a 1835 por José Ignacio de Andrade a sua mulher. D. Maria Gertrudes de Andrade. Lisboa 1843. Carta LVI.

ceive fees for attending funerals, and for feeding or laying hungry ghosts on All Souls day, and for other services.

Besides Budha, the people worship their ancestors and sacrifice by burning paper, candles, sandal wood, &c., to various spirits or gods of evil. Shopmen have their god of profits, and boatmen burn paper in propitiation of the god of winds.

The religion of the State embraces the moral and political principles taught by Confucius and his followers. I translate the following account of them from Andrade:

“‘Nothing is so natural and simple,’ said Confucius to his disciples, ‘as the doctrine I teach. I learned it from our superiors. They take as the basis of its principles three mutual laws; between king and subjects; between husband and wife; between parents and children, and practice five virtues:—1. Universal charity; 2. Equal justice to all; 3. Compliance with established customs and usages; 4. Rectitude of spirit and of heart to speak the truth on all occasions; 5. Sincerity and frankness to exclude deceit. Thus they were respectable while they lived and immortal after death.’

“‘Man is rational; consequently organized to live in society; but if this be not well ordered, he is without government; nor is a government regular without subordination; and not having subordination, it is without authority; nature indicates this rather than the social compact. It was conferred on birth and on merit; the former by age, the latter by endowments of the mind and heart. Thus parents govern children, and in communities of men, he who knows how to please and make himself obeyed, governs; a rare talent, a sublime science, a natural gift, but conceded to few.’

“‘To possess more humanity than other men is to be better; therefore, worthy to rule those who are inferior. Humanity is the first and most noble of all the virtues. To love man is to have humanity, and to possess perfect virtue. Every one is required to regard himself and to love his neighbor. The love which each one owes to himself and to others has difference which gives to each one his due: this difference is called justice.’

“‘On the whole, neither justice nor hu-

manity is arbitrary; they are independent of our will in consequence of laws established for the benefit of society. That every one may discharge his duties without disturbing the economy of order, it is necessary to observe that rectitude of mind and heart, that prudence which commands the examination of all things with a view to know the truth, and weigh justice. From its course both may be derived; they require a faithful and inseparable companion; that is a vigilant guard against self-love and other enemies which constantly pursue.’

“‘This companion is sincerity; it alone gives merit to humanity. When there is no sincerity, there is hypocrisy which seems virtue. What I have indicated to you in five precepts are the links of the chain most capable of uniting men in reciprocal security.’”

MAXIMS SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF CONFUCIUS.

1. Two essential things spring from morality; the cultivation of natural intelligence and the duration of the people.

2. It is necessary that the understanding should be instructed in the knowledge of things to enable it to separate good from evil.

3. He is a philosopher who knows books and things to their foundation; who weighs every thing and submits every thing to the empire of reason.

4. The part of heaven which appertains to man is intelligent nature; conformity to this nature constitutes a rule; the care to ascertain it, and subject himself to it, is the exercise of a wise man.

5. Good conduct consists in being in all things sincere and conforming the soul to the universal will; that is, to do to others as I desire they may do to me.

6. In the medium consists virtue; he who passes beyond it reaches no farther than those unhappy persons who are prevented from reaching it.

7. Reward injury with indifference, and kindness with gratitude: this is to be just.

8. Speak not in praise of yourself to others, for they will not be convinced. Speak not ill of yourself, for they judge you to be much worse than you can represent yourself.

9. Man, even the most insignificant, can

ething good; for if not capable for
, he may be for virtue.*

re you have the fundamental princi-
the literary sect of China. The mo-
f Confucius is as clear as the meta-
of the literary are obscure.

is the duty of the philosopher to in-
e what is the first cause of the uni-
whence emanated the secondary
what are the attributes of those
and what is man?

othing is made of nothing; therefore,
no principle derived from nothing.
ll things not existing from all eterni-
there being a principle anterior to
reason is, without doubt, that princi-

ason is an infinite entity or being,
beginning or end; without this qual-
ould not be the cause of causes.

re cause of causes does not live;
iently, does not think, and has neith-
form, corporeality, nor spirit.

ason is the primary cause: it pro-
he air in five emanations, which it
ensible and palpable by as many oth-
itudes.

re air thus produced is incorruptible
on: it is corporeal.

ason is the first cause; chaos is the

re air contained in chaos produces
d motion.

Heat and cold produce generation.

There are four physical agents; mo-
st, heat and cold.

From these four agents spring five
ts, or the air endowed with qualities.

From these five elements were born
and earth, the sun and moon and
er planets. The pure air arose and
the heavens, and the dense air form-
earth.

Heaven and the earth, united in their
engendered masculine and feminine.

ding to Justin Martyr. Confucius was a Chris-
says "they who live according to reason, are
though they may have been called Atheists,
ocrates and Heracleitus, and the like among
ks, and among the barbarians, Abraham and
and Azarias, and Micael, and Elias, and many
h for brevity's sake I omit."—*See Small Books*
Subjects, vol. 2. Christian Society in the Se-
ary.

15. Heaven, earth and man are the origin
of all.

16. This the universe was consisted of
three parts, or principles of all the others.

17. Heaven is the first: it comprises the
sun, moon, planets, stars, and the region of
air wherein are dispersed the five elements,
generators of secondary causes.

18. Earth is the second: it comprises the
mountains and seas, and has universal agents
efficient in movement.

18. Man is the third primitive cause; he
possesses generation and appropriate actions.

20. The world was formed by accident,
without design, without intelligence and
without predestination; it was formed by
the unexpected conspiracy of the first effi-
cient causes.

"The subtilities of the literary may be
appreciated from the examples given above.
Madame de Stael deciphered and explained
the doctrine of the German philosophers;
but she would find it much more difficult to
do the same for the doctrine of the Chinese
literati."

It is said that Meng-Tseu understood Con-
fucius better than any other one of his dis-
ciples.

"Meng-Tseu was born in the kingdom of
Tsou, now a province of Canton, in the be-
ginning of the fourth century prior to the
Christian era; in the same epoch Socrates
and Xenophon flourished at Athens. In the
time of Kong-Tseu, (Confucius,) Thales and
Pythagoras shone in Greece.

"Meng-Tseu suggests the origin of these
synchronisms in the following idea: 'All
men possess the same form and material con-
stitution; therefore, there is a common na-
ture amongst them.' This accounts for the
similarity betwixt the Greeks and the Chi-
nese, although the two nations had no com-
munication.

"The doctrine of Meng-Tseu is the same
as that taught by Confucius; but the disci-
ple gave a required development to the
thoughts of his master. He demonstrates
that goodness and justice proceed from hea-
ven; and limits morality and politics to the
fruition of these celestial gifts.

"Man, following the dictates of his heart,
acts well; he acts badly when he neglects
the intellectual gifts which heaven gave the

creatures of our species.' Meng-Tseu recognises free will in man, and consequently merit for his actions.

"To convey an idea of the morality and politics in vogue in China, at that epoch, it is enough to give an epitome of two chapters of the work of Meng-Tseu; the first of the first part, and the seventh of the second. Compare them with the Machiavellian doctrine followed in Europe, and judge of the preference which some declaimers give the moderns over the ancients.

"Meng-Tseu had great knowledge of the human heart: his works bear the imprint of superior talent. He possessed natural acuteness to discover the oppressive projects of kings and their ministers. Irony in his hands was more useful than it would have been in those of Socrates. He observed with sagacity, and described with talent.

"The empire was then divided among various ambitious kings, engaged in taking advantage of the weakness of their neighbors for self-aggrandizement, causing the arts and commerce to flow into their dominions, without troubling themselves as to the honesty of the means employed for this purpose.

"*Chapter I.* Lean-Hoei-Han having invited to his court the wise men of the empire; Meng-Tseu was the most remarkable of those who appeared there. 'Venerable ancient,' said the king, 'thou who contemnest the inconveniences of a journey of a hundred leagues, comest without doubt, to point out to me the means of becoming rich!'

"'To what purpose, Prince,' replied the philosopher, 'talk of riches. I treat of justice and piety—they are enough to render any state happy. The king is the model of the people; if he inquire in what does it benefit me to command? the people, following his example, will say, of what advantage is it to us to obey? When the superiors on one hand, and the inferiors on the other, devote themselves exclusively to their private interests, public interest suffers.

"'Thus, some kings have usurped the imperial throne; and some ministers, abandoned to the passion of avarice, will scarcely pause after having despoiled their master of crown and life. When the prince is just and pious, wealth flows to the state without seeking it in any other way. When justice

and piety reign, children manifest love for their parents and respect for their king. Behold the means of enriching any state!'

"The next day Meng-Tseu met Lean-Hoei-Han in a park, near a spacious lake, observing the fishes and swans as they swam. Lean, to avoid reproof from the philosopher, broke forth: 'They say that a wise prince should dedicate himself solely to the regulation of his habits in order to govern well; what say you of those who employ themselves in this diversion?'

"'Ven-Van, a wise and just prince,' replied the philosopher, 'desired a park wherein he might have a forest for deer, a lake for swans and fishes, and a tower from which to observe the stars. Scarcely was the plan exhibited, when the people flocked to the work and toiled as if it had been for a kind father. There he rested from his labors, looking at the swans, or watching the stars.

"'The king may, like other men, repose from the fatigues of government and amuse himself; but when wise, he diverts himself with prudence and security. He who acts in another manner, becomes an object of dislike and fears revolutions; consequently he does not rest, nor can he enjoy even his own house

"'Thus it happened to Kia, a foolish and haughty prince. Can a king, be his parks ever so fine, enjoy their beauties, taste their delights or relish any pleasure whatever, when the people detest him? It seems impossible there should be a king so abandoned.'

"Lean replied: 'I am little virtuous, but I do what I can for the benefit of the people; the princes who are my neighbors do not do as much: therefore, it would not be surprising if their subjects sought to establish themselves in my kingdom; but their population is not less numerous.'

"'Prince, thou art a warrior; I will reply as to a soldier. Let us suppose two hostile armies engaged in conflict: the most numerous betakes itself to flight; a part of it halts at a thousand paces from the point of attack, and the other part at five hundred; the latter boasts of its bravery: what is your judgment in the case?'

"'To halt at a thousand or at five hun-

dred paces,' replied Lean, 'is the same thing, in it abundance, and industrious men from because the flight was begun by all. As both other countries; then you will not have to parts shared in the loss of the battle, the complain of sterility nor of the small number of your subjects.'

"Then, Prince, of what use are numerous subjects when they are conquered by fewer adversaries? What you should acquire are the principles of good government and establish it: in this manner the best general takes care to conquer. Of what benefit are your best sentiments if neither you nor other princes observe the rules of good government? As it is, one cannot scoff at the other.'

"But tell me,' said the philosopher, 'what difference there is between assassins who kill by the sword and those who slay by instruments of government?'

"None,' replied Lean.

"Very well; your kitchens abound in excellent viands, and your stables are full of fat horses, while many human beings in your kingdom are oppressed by misery and others ready to expire for want of food.

"How much greater would be the crime of him who should bring lions and tigers from their wild haunts to glut them on human blood? Of what consequence to the people is the mode of death; whether by suffocation or strangulation, by the sword or the hardness of heart of him who causes them to die?

"If men abhor wild beasts that devour them, still more do they hate the king, who while in duty bound to treat them as a father, pursues them in a government as mortiferous, as if he were to let loose amongst them lions and tigers. Who will respect a king who permits his children to die while he watches over the safety of beasts?'

Lean being oppressed by the reasons of the philosopher, and desirous to change the subject of conversation, said, 'You know this kingdom was respectable for its military power; scarcely had I ascended the throne when it was attacked by the king Ci; I lost a battle and in it my first-born son. Afterwards I encountered disasters which clouded the glory of the ancient kings of China. I desire to remove so great a stain, put upon their memory at my hands; I request you to point out the means of achieving it.'

"Thou can'st do still more to govern the empire; but it depends on the elevation of thy soul and the rectitude of thy mind. The sovereign of any small kingdom may attain this preëminence by governing justly and piously; by being moderate in the imposition of taxes, and still more so in their collection.

"Population and wealth proceed from the government; behold its principal elements; promote agriculture, that there may be an abundance of grain. Prohibit the use of nets with small meshes, to preserve the necessary abundance of fishes. Do not permit wood to be cut beyond what is required, that it may not subsequently fall short of the public consumption.

"Having grain, fish and wood in abundance, the people can, without great inconvenience, maintain their parents while living, and pay them due honors after death. In this way the king will be esteemed by his subjects, and philosophers may profitably teach him the rules of good usages.

"The labourer should not be required to work for the public, neither in seed-time nor harvest; then no family could fail to possess what is essential to its support. It is only when the people are above the pressure of necessity that they contentedly listen to the principles of morality.

"Allow me to say, you are very far from these principles; you do not give due importance to the precepts of government; you neglect the rules of good economy; you keep a great many dogs and wild boars, and in this way you deprive the people of food required to feed them.

"When told of the death of any of your subjects by famine, you say, 'I am not culpable, but the sterility of the year,' as if the assassin were to justify murder by saying, it was not I who killed this man, but the poignard.

"Do not attribute death by famine to sterility; establish principles of good government in your kingdom, and you will see

“ ‘ Thus, all will love you ; no one will fear to risk life for you in behalf of the country : wood and stones would put an end to your enemies, for it being seen that their chiefs are inexorable in the execution of their will, and they punish with rigor, besides vexing the people with heavy tributes.

“ ‘ The husbandmen, not having the means to sow or reap, nor resource against hunger, and the husband obliged to separate from his wife, and sons from their paternal homes, seek in other localities the means of subsistence.

“ ‘ When you think proper to march at the head of your faithful subjects against those princes, scourges of humanity, you will expiate your faults by the rectitude of your spirit, and the example of your virtues. In this way alone will you wash out the blot put upon the glory of your ancestors.

“ ‘ Scarcely will you appear before the people of neighboring kingdoms, when they will joyfully submit themselves to your dominion. None of them will risk life for a vicious king, their persecutor. All will hasten to enjoy your benevolence. A clement man has no enemies.’

“ ‘ One day Meng-Tseu entered the house of Leam-Jam-Vam, the successor of Lean-Hoei-Han, and that prince began as follows : ‘ All the kingdoms into which the empire is divided are at war ; when shall we have peace and tranquility ?’

“ ‘ When the imperial authority becomes complete, centred in a single chief,’ replied Meng-Tseu.

“ ‘ When,’ rejoined the prince, ‘ will that be effected ?’

“ ‘ When there is a prince who abhors the effusion of human blood, and who loves piety and practises it.

“ ‘ The empire is divided into kingdoms, because the chiefs slay without caring for any other right or form than mercenary force.’

“ ‘ But each kingdom has a chief,’ replied the prince, ‘ how shall I deprive any one of these of the crown to give it to another ?’

“ ‘ Prince, you understand the art of agriculture ; observe what I say. If in May and June there is great drought when the rice is in leaf it fades, but if the weather change it becomes green again and yields

fruit. Under such circumstances what can embarrass vegetation ?

“ ‘ These chiefs you speak of, instead of ruling with equity are insatiable of human blood ; they are to their subjects what a burning dry atmosphere is to the rice. If a man should appear who detests the effusion of blood, the people would elevate their heads to look upon him and obey him in the hope of deriving from him the benefit which the rice receives from the rain.

“ ‘ What do I say ! They would not wait for this virtuous man to appear to them ; they would run to meet him and join themselves with the neighboring people ; and as copious rains unite to fall on the least elevated places they would unite, and who then could resist their impetuosity ?’

“ ‘ The philosopher left the kingdom of Cui to visit Ven-Van, the king of Ci, a virtuous man and Siouan-Uang, king of Tshi, who inquired of him if it were true that Tching-Tang had deposed king Kia, and if Uou-Uang, the founder of the third dynasty, killed the last king of the second ?

“ ‘ ‘ Whoever perpetrates a theft,’ said the philosopher, ‘ is called a robber ; whoever robs justice is called a tyrant ; tyrants are the worst of men, be their hierarchy what it may ; therefore, do not wonder that one should be deposed and the other condemned to death in virtue of the law.’ ”

“ *Chapter 7th.* ‘ Whoever can cultivate the capacity of his mind,’ says Meng-Tseu, ‘ knows his own nature and the nature of things ; but he should not employ his understanding on useless objects. It is requisite to follow the inspirations of nature and reason ; whoever follows these two guides fulfils the designs of heaven.

“ ‘ Short life or long life does not trouble him who knows the nature of things ; for he knows that dispositions determine the duration of human life ; nor does he trouble himself in expecting eternal felicity ; his care is to spend an irreproachable life, so that he may conform to the will of the supreme understanding.

“ ‘ The views of every wise man proceed from heaven ; therefore he is ever ready to be thankful or resigned. Whoever reads the decrees of heaven, does not undertake imprudent things ; he will not stand near a

all that leans from the perpendicular. Living according to the rules of justice and piety he dies tranquilly.

“ ‘ Modesty is the most valuable quality in the world ; still those who have no shame cast of their impositions. They regard as prodigies those who are encumbered with honest sentiments. What being possessing any thing of humanity is without modesty ? Who can respect it ?

“ ‘ The wise man, although poor, follows the rules of justice ; if placed in authority he never transcends the law. Under such men the people thrive. The wise men of antiquity labored for the happiness of the people, and when they retired to private life they left their fame to the whole empire.

“ ‘ Though the precepts of morality teach the road to virtue, man can be virtuous without studying them. There are creatures endowed with minds so superior that they form themselves without the aid of precepts or of masters.

“ ‘ Imagine one who, from an inferior class, raises himself to a well-merited reputation, and who, in the midst of prosperity and honor, considers himself as if he had acquired neither wealth nor credit. The excellence of such a man is very superior to that which boasters arrogate to themselves.

“ ‘ Virtuous example penetrates to the heart, but words, rarely. People submit to the precepts of virtue more easily than to those of law. They have reason to esteem the first and to abhor the last. Virtue attracts their hearts ; the laws take from them the fruits of their labor.

“ ‘ The prince Chum, while yet young, being banished to the valley of the mountain of Lie, was employed in gathering wood ; his companions were wild-boars ; nevertheless, as soon as he heard virtue mentioned and explained, he required neither precepts nor masters, but he entered upon the road to perfection with so much zeal that he never left it.

“ ‘ The mind is developed best in misfortune. None anticipate evil more, or watch more assiduously over the heart, than the great when banished far away from Court, and bastards separated from their parents. Therefore when they are in public office they

are sagacious in deliberation and provident in execution.

“ ‘ Three things afford joy to the wise man. 1. The health of his parents and union of the family. 2. To raise his eyes to heaven, and having nothing found in his heart offensive to it, nor any thing in respect to man that should make him ashamed. 3. To be able to inspire the people with the desire to enter the career of virtue.

“ ‘ In our time there is no virtue : the abhorrence of poverty and the love of riches and honors are the cause of this great evil. Hunger and thirst do not distinguish flavors. Poverty and insignificance have the same effect in regard to riches and honors ; they are all considered excellent, no matter how obtained.*

“ ‘ Do not hesitate a moment to raise above other men him, who in poverty and obscurity, preserved his heart free from the thirst for wealth and honors. When virtue and discipline are in force, a wise man may accept employment of state (office) and adapt the customs to the doctrine ; but if virtue is banished from the land, he should not accept employment, as then also he adapts the practice to the doctrine.

“ ‘ Men who give great attention to small matters and neglect the great, are ignorant of what should occupy them. For example, there are persons who give their whole attention to the rules of politeness at table, and yield to the excesses of gluttony. There are ministers skilled in all the rules and etiquette of the palace, who nevertheless overload the people with vexations. Frivolous occupations destroy the energies of the soul?

“ ‘ Kao-Tseu, founder of the dynasty of Siang, reading the works of Meng-Tseu and coming to where the philosopher says : ‘ The prince who looks on his subjects as the earth he treads upon, is regarded by them as the worst of assassins.’ ‘ Sovereigns must not be spoken of in this manner,’ exclaimed Kao-Tsou ; ‘ whoever uses such language should not be at the side of Confucius.’ He ordered the portrait of Meng-Tseu to be removed from the hall where it hung beside that of his master, and decreed—‘ Whoever opposes this order shall suffer death.’

* There has not been any very great change of opinion on this point any where, since the days of Meng-Tseu.

"Tieng-Tang, president of the tribunal of justice, desired to be the first sacrificed in honor of Meng-Tseu. He prepared a memorial in which he explained the meaning of the philosopher when he drew the picture of bad princes, and concluded thus: 'It was of these that Meng-Tseu spoke and not of the good. It is painful that after so many centuries, a crime should be made of that which has always been esteemed a virtue. Execute your order; I will die content in honor of Meng-Tseu: posterity will avenge us.'

"Coming to the gate of the palace, he said to the sentinel, 'Carry this memorial to Kao-Tsou, that he may restore Meng-Tseu to his honors: I know your orders; discharge your duty.' The soldier fired at Tieng-Tang, and carried the memorial to the emperor. Kao-Tsou read and approved the reasons of the chancellor; he directed that his wound should be treated with the greatest care, and restored the philosopher to his honors."*

Speaking in another place of hereditary nobility amongst the Chinese, Andrade says: "Among other things to-day I asked an aged and learned Chinese what reason exists why there should be no hereditary nobility in the empire, except in the family of Confucius. He replied after the following manner.

" 'Whatever separates men in society is injurious; on one hand pride, and on the other envy, give rise to oppression and revolution; hereditary distinctions are immoral. God did not divide the species into plebeians and nobles; he endowed it with more or less valour, strength or weakness, reason or folly, and seems to give worse children to the arrogantly proud than to common families.

" 'Our progenitors were equal in rights; nevertheless, some obtained preëminence through their wisdom and virtues. Then each head of a family was its natural judge; there was neither perjury nor war; afterwards an increased population brought crimes; it became necessary to make laws and elect a king to watch over their execution. Upon the whole we are happy; either by the connexion of morality with the laws and government, or by not having among us hereditary distinctions, or through our kindly disposition for the human race.

* Carta, L—ut supra.

" 'Still in the natural state men are all equal in rights; if the people then do not discover this important secret, and it is fitting that the king or his ministers conceal it, they do not abuse ignorance; they respect the people as if they were informed; in this way they avoid great evils. *The tyranny of the great arises from the ignorance of the little*: respect and ceremonials have limits; it is necessary to obtain these by merit and never through violence; force cannot fetter thought, and in it alone consists the dignity of man.

" 'Our fundamental law does not tolerate hereditary nobility. What! should our legislators constitute that an inheritance which God has denied to man? If public usefulness is the only title in the eyes of reason which distinguishes citizens; if true honor consists in the estimation of other men, merited by toil and virtue; if an enlightened government rewards him only who distinguishes himself in the service of his country; if consideration and respect are due to the most excellent in virtue and talents, what are the men who ought to be preferred in society to the rest of its members? The citizen is great only when he labors most usefully for the benefit of the public.

" 'It is education and not blood that makes citizens and renders them worthy to be employed by the government: few would labor to acquire merit and practice virtue, knowing that their ancestral names were sufficient to bring them honors and estate. Such are the reasons for not having a hereditary nobility in our empire. Besides the imperial family, that of Confucius alone enjoys this preëminence, sustained with dignity through a long period of twenty-three centuries.'

* * * * *

"There is no better criterion for appreciating the honors and titles conferred by monarchs, than the nobility of Siam. The king bestows on his favorite elephants, titles equal to those which distinguish the grandees of his realm!"*

Andrade quotes from one of the sacred books, Tao-Te-King, the doctrine followed by the Chinese in relation to war:—"The most inglorious peace is preferable to the most brilliant success in war. Military victories are as the flames of a devouring fire; those

* Andrade. Carta, lxxi.

who shine in their glare, have a thirst for human blood; they should be banished from society. To conquering warriors are scarcely due funeral honors, in memory of the homicides committed. The monument of their victories should be surrounded by mounds and cypress."

MEMORIALS OF THE DEAD.

There is nothing which denotes a higher degree of refined feeling than the care which is taken to perpetuate the memory of the dead by suitable memorials. The plainest and most unpretending head-stone, indicating the last resting place of a father or mother, sister, brother or child, or the stranger who was carried forth from the gates a lifeless body, bespeaks the existence of filial, fraternal and parental love, as well as love for the human race. Such monuments, however simple, serve as impressive lessons to the living, by inspiring them with the desire to rival in usefulness the example of the good and virtuous, and to avoid the errors of those of an opposite character. Standing by the tomb, the emptiness and vanity of all else in life than the practice of virtue, forcibly impresses itself on the mind. It is the tomb of one, for example, who, as tradition would inform us, in his day enjoyed all that wealth could bestow; his splendid equipage, his sumptuous table, his servants in livery. All bowed to him as he passed along, and yet here he lies "food for the worm," and none so poor to do him reverence. But for his grave-stone his name might have been lost to the memory of the generation succeeding that to which he belonged. His life was passed in rounds of self enjoyment and no act of benefaction to his fellow-man marked his career; or it may be that we bend over the inscription of one of a somewhat different character, whose whole business in life was to accumulate money, and who made his thousands by hard exactions and went down to the grave unwept by any. What did it avail the human family his acres and his gold? Who that was rich and in prison was visited by him? Who that was naked was clothed by him? who that was hungry received food at his hands? And yet even in that monument so devoid of all to excite human sympathy, there lies a lesson of great value—"Thou hast gone to thy long sleep a devoted worshipper of Mammon—call upon thy God now to aid you—bid him raise you from the tomb amid the music of dollars striking on each other, the only music known to you in the flesh, and display to your sight mines of boundless wealth and a heaven glowing with silver and gold." Thy God is powerless poor wretch, and thou shalt awake to a resurrection of a different character. The epitaph of Dr. Arbuthnot on Francis Charles forces itself upon our memory as we stand by the side of the monument of such a one, and we are ready to exclaim, "Oh indignant reader, think not his life useless to mankind. Providence connived at his designs to give to after ages a conspicuous proof and example of how small estimation is exorbitant wealth in the sight of God by his bestowing it on the most unworthy of all mortals."

The teachings of our Saviour impress themselves no where more forcibly upon us than in the brief sentences which we find inscribed on tomb-stones. The same truths are circulated from the pulpit, and we ponder over them

in our silent hours, but each gem is surrounded by others of equal force and brilliancy, and the rays of all are so blended and united as to produce a general and not a particular effect. But when we find inscribed upon the grave stone a single great truth as uttered by the Saviour, it speaks to us in a tone of peculiar solemnity—impresses itself enduringly on the memory—attends us through the business of the day—in present in the meditation of the night, and speaks to us in the whisperings of a hope upspringing towards heaven. Yes, most truly may it be said that the tomb-stone, however humble, is a sermon in itself, and its inscription a lesson of incalculable benefit. Who that bends over, in silent mourning, that of the most eminent in his day, does not feel the littleness of human grandeur and human fame? and as he turns away from the contemplation of this last resting place of the great, does not look upon this life as a fleeting shadow, and all its greatness as the splendours of the rainbow, "evanishing amid the storm." The shroud of Saladin accompanied by the cry of the Herald through the hushed streets, proclaiming the death of the great conqueror in the historic words, "behold all that is left of Saladin the mighty conqueror of the east," is only in degree more impressive than the simple *hic jacet* upon the plain head-stone upon which is inscribed the name of one who has borne a busy part in the affairs of the world. Here is a lesson for the boldly ambitious, as well as for the humblest of the race of men. Each may indulge in soliloquizing as did Hamlet over the skull of Yorick, and seeing that earth gives no permanence to life, the truth is forced upon us, that all else is vanity but the unceasing practice of virtue.

We have been induced to indulge in these remarks from no melancholy mood, but from a desire to turn them to practical uses. In wandering over the State of Virginia, we have been struck most painfully with the fact that but few memorials of the dead are to be found among us in the country. A tomb-stone is rarely to be met with, and almost the only memento of the dead is to be found in clumps of evergreens which here and there present themselves in the open field unenclosed and neglected—there they stand telling the wayfarer that underneath their branches some persons who once lived, are buried; but in the great majority of instances their very names are forgotten, and tradition gives but a feeble and glimmering light concerning them. In a few years their exposed burial-places will have passed away, and the grave-yard, once sacred in the affections of that generation, become the cultivated field. This custom of private burial-grounds upon every estate, would answer very well in countries where there was a perpetuation of estates under laws of primogeniture and entail. It might impart an increased interest to the ancestral home, to have the dead of many generations with their monuments and armorial bearings evermore present with the living, a solemnity would be imparted to the scene, and the separate history of each family, thus making up the true one of the State, would be every where present—a sort of Westminster Abbey would thus be presented at each baronial castle, and the deeds done by each of the departed members of the family, would be preserved in the chronicles of the household. But how vastly different is our condition under our laws? By the course of their operation, there is no abiding place for the living or the dead. The father plants and the stranger to his blood and family waters. His descendants flee the land of their birth, and are found in distant regions. Change is the order of the day with us, and the graves of our relatives are overgrown with briars and noxious weeds, and the ploughshare sooner or later destroys all vestige of the spot

where they rest from their labors. The character of our institutions forbid a change in our laws and nature demands, as well as the good of society, that they shall not be altered. Can the much to be deplored result to which we have alluded, be remedied without an abrogation of a policy so essentially necessary to the freedom and prosperity of our country? We are happy in the belief that it may be done, and that by the simplest means. Some of the cities have already fallen upon the expedient we have to suggest, and permanent resting-places for the dead have been provided. Mount Auburn, Laurel Hill, Greenwood Cemetery and now Hollywood, not to mention others of less note, are provided, and the example of these great and beautiful republics of the dead, we may hope will soon be followed by every town and village in the country.

What we would propose is, that a similar arrangement should be made in each county under the supervision of Trustees, to be appointed by the Court or Legislature, and that a tract of land of such extent as might be deemed necessary, should be procured and set apart for the burial place of the dead, to be divided into lots of suitable size, and, if needs be, sold out for a sum sufficient in the aggregate to return the purchase money, and pay for a permanent enclosure and suitable guardianship, securing permanency in the arrangement; a sanctity would be thrown around the grave which it now so sadly wants, and we must add a higher and more exalted moral and religious feeling would be produced. As journalists we can do no more than suggest, and we earnestly appeal to the religionists of all the different persuasions to take up the suggestion and to carry it out. The preaching of the tombstone will come in aid of the pulpit, and the history of the country be preserved in the history of its parishes. As things now are, our bones when we are dead only serve to "play at loggets with," and that religious veneration which should linger for centuries around the grave, is substituted by utter neglect and followed by a disregard of every thing but the too eager pursuits of earthly objects.

These reflections have been forced upon us by our having accidentally stumbled over two tombstones on a spot near the banks of the James river, in the county of Charles City, which was once a cultivated field, but which is now overgrown by the forest—the one bearing date 1675: the other 1692. They purport to be the memorials of a father and a son, of the name of Hunt, and indicate from their finish, that their tenants were in their day men of wealth and consideration. The concluding sentence on that of the youngest is—"The day of his birth was one of joy—that of his death, of sorrow." Our minds were irresistibly carried back to "good master Hunt," the first minister who migrated to Virginia, the beloved pastor of the church at Jamestown, who administered the rites of baptism to Pocahontas in the Christian faith. We would have given much to have been able to trace back the pedigree of the two, whose memorials were before us, to that exemplary teacher of divine truths; but there they were, the Alpha and Omega of their race, and their very burial-place forgotten by the great world around. The first of the Hunts lived in stirring times in the colony. Nathaniel Bacon had bearded the royal Governor, and had taken into his hands the administration of public affairs. The elder of the Hunts had most probably given to the *great rebel* shelter and comfort, or he may have shouldered his musket as one of his followers. It was quite prudent in his successor not to have that fact, if it was so, inscribed upon the slab.

I have said the history of families constituted the history of the State. Take the inscription on a solitary

gravestone, which when a boy we remember to have seen at Shirley, in the county of Charles City, displaced from its proper position and propped up against a cedar tree so as to be removed out of the way of the plough. We remember the inscription, although when we saw it we were quite young. It ran thus, if not in these very words: "Here lyeth the remains of Edward Hill, Coll. and commander in chief of the counties of Charles City and Surry, Member of his Majesty's privy council for the colony of Virginia, and sometime judge of his Majesty's Court of Admiralty;"—thus affording a leaf, in early local history, of some interest and value. What if each county had contained a spot devoted to the dead, how many similar leaves now lost to history might not have been preserved. We cannot too strongly urge this subject on public attention, or invoke too strenuously aid in its accomplishment at the hands of the Christian and Philanthropist.

AN OUTCAST.

BY E. JESSUP EAMES.

I.

The Roses that bloom for the Pure in Heart, have faded
from her brow—
And the Lily flowers of Innocence lie dead in her path-
way now :
Once she was young and beautiful, and sinless-soul'd as
thou !

II.

A bright and happy home she had, and friends true
and true,
With whom her gay and guileless years to happy May
time grew—
And her gentle heart all other hearts with the cords of
kindness drew.

III.

Look at her now! her cheek is thin, and in her hollow eye
Welleth a burning fount of tears whose source is never
dry ;—
Ah! gladly would she lay her head down in the dust—
and die !

IV.

And she was young! alas too young for the spoiler's hand
to win—
And the cruel scorning world refus'd to take the erring in,
So she pursued the evil way, and lived a life of sin!

V.

Jesu! be kind, and pity her, even as that one of yore
To whom those blessed words were said, "Go thou, and
sin no more!"
Her cry for mercy kindly heed, and pardon we implore!

MODERN REPUBLICANISM.

The death of Charles the First has employed the historian, the painter, the poet, orator and the divine. The faults and virtues of the man and the monarch have been overlooked, because he died courageously and with dignity. He reminds us of what Lamartine says of the Girondins—they show only how to speak well and to die well. Charles knew how to present a graceful appearance when on the throne, and to bear himself with dignity when on the scaffold. When he sat for his portrait, he looked romantic and melancholy, and he has been forthwith immortalized; he laid his head on the block for crimes committed when king, and was immediately transformed into a martyr. Some men are indebted to their lives, their deeds or their learning for the fame they have left behind them; he is solely indebted to his death; for his whole life as king had nothing in it to recommend him to posterity. Let us look into this man's character and that of his times; let us see what men were thinking and doing, and how it came to pass that Mary Stuart's grandson lost his head on the scaffold.

Many causes had combined to stimulate and to educate the English people since the death of Mary. The establishment of the reformed opinions among them, definitely decided by that event; and the presence of a still more free and pure form of church government among their neighbours, the Scotch, had, in some measure, united both nations; and this, as well as the prospect of a definite union of both crowns on the death of Elizabeth, tended to remove ancient animosities and to unite the inhabitants of the island of Great Britain into one nation. The war with Spain and the destruction of the Armada had given a character and an influence to England among the continental nations, that she had not for a long time possessed. The establishment of foreign commerce with Muscovy, with India and Africa, the many efforts to explore a northwest passage, the opening up of the coasts of North America and the settlement of colonies on the coast of the Pacific had produced a wonderful effect on the English people. Commerce is every

where the nursery of freedom. It marked the republics of antiquity, it peculiarly distinguished the free cities of Italy, and was the support and safe-guard of the Hanse Towns of northern Europe, it aided materially to break up the feudal system, by freeing men from dependence on the nobles, and by protecting them in cities and towns, and it now became one chief means of indoctrinating the English nation in the principles of liberty. Commerce opened their minds and taught them to rove as free in thought as the winds that carried their ships. As the class of merchants rose to power and wealth, their opinions spread through England and worked a great change in the mass of the nation, especially that part of it residing in towns and cities. This was seen very clearly, when in the contest between Charles and his parliament, every large town and every trading community ranked itself against the king. Commerce is the great democratic moving power of the world, and is a fair test of the freedom of a people. Holland, England, and the United States are instances of this truth. The Anglo-Saxon spirit does not tend more to freedom than it does to trade; and it is now extending its empire over the earth, rather by its sails that whiten every sea than by its force of arms and by the military posts, whose "morning drum beat following the sun and keeping company with the hours, encircles the earth" with the martial music of the Anglo-Saxon.

Commerce is now king, merchants are princes, the accountant's pen is the modern sceptre, the ledger is the law of nations; and instead of Kings grasping their neighbour's territory, the People regulate tariffs and arrange the terms of international trade.

The merchant is the true standard of the Modern Republican, and as long as the disposition to buy and sell exists in human nature so long will the tendency to free government exist. Beside these two causes acting on the English people, there was still another not without great influence also upon the nation and its destinies. Apart from the revolution in religion awakening the heart, and the creation of commerce opening new avenues to wealth and stimulating the desire for money and power, there had been vast strides made in learning; and literature

sprang into existence in this nation, previously barren of learned men and wanting in great minds. We still feel the influence of the mighty minds who formed that galaxy of intellect which created the Elizabethan age of English literature. Spenser, Sydney, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher and Shakspeare; Ascham, Raleigh, Bacon, and many others; divines, poets, historians, essayists and politicians exhibited their talents, and shed a lustre round the court and the age that will ever remain.

And this literature did not only adorn the court, it instructed the people; for it spread, not as now to every cottage in the land, but to every hall and manor house, and to every city and town. It was felt in the schools and colleges, and multiplied itself in the pulpits and parsonages. As the revival of learning among the schoolmen and clergy had brought about the Reformation in the age immediately preceding, so the extension of knowledge to other classes, showed the necessity of other reforms and brought new principles into action. The light which at first tips the mountain tops and enlivens them, as the orb of day rises higher and higher, descends upon the hills and into the vallies, giving light and life to all. So here the first dawning appeared upon those high things that pertain to man's worship of his God; then as the ages went on other rights became understood, heat as well as light was eliminated, and the mass of men became enlivened and enlightened. Knowledge became a powerful means to elevate the middle classes as a counterpoise to the power of the great nobles. Indeed the policy of the whole house of Tudor, and especially of Elizabeth, was to depress and break up the strength and influence of the nobility, and to raise up the class of gentry in the country and of merchants in the cities as a middle class in the state. Hence we see that although many revolts occurred in her reign, they consisted of combinations among the powerful dukes and earls and their immediate followers; the mass of the people, the burghers and the farmers, took no part in them, but were, on the contrary, her most devoted adherents. It was from this class that she selected her counsellors and friends; Burleigh, Cecil and Bacon were of a lower

order of gentry; Raleigh was the son of a country gentleman; Dudley, made Earl of Leicester, was grandson of the obscure extortionate minister of Henry Seven; and it was for this reason that she encouraged the building of the Merchants' Exchange in London, and knighted Sir Thomas Gresham, the mayor of that city.

For the same reason she encouraged the rising of the middle class; by it was raised a new class of honorables, who received patents for their nobility immediately from the hand of Almighty God. And it was this class, this middle class, that literature chiefly flourished. Indeed it may be said to have descended lower than the middle class; Shakspeare was the son of a tanner, and Jonson's father was a bricklayer. Almost every man who distinguished himself at that time, in the religious controversies, in discoveries, in commerce, or in literature, occupied a middle station in society. Let any reader look over the names of those who made that age famous, and he will find that while the old nobility kept themselves aloof from the court and the queen, new men were acquiring favor and station.

The study of the dead languages opened up a knowledge of the great principles of Greek and the republican principles of Greece and Rome, and had infused a spirit of patriotism in imitation of the peculiar love of country so much extolled by the great writers of those two nations. We see this element in some of the plays of Jonson and Shakspeare; the tragedy of *Sejanus* the former showing the character and fate of a tyrant and his oppressive prime minister, and that of *Julius Cæsar* by the latter have had some effect in shaping the mind, and in aiding the tendency towards free thought and freedom in action.

We consider the theatre of that day as much more largely frequented and as a powerful means of educating the country, as of a republican tendency. It kindled the spirit of freedom.

And while this spirit was growing in the land, its opponents were becoming fewer and weaker. The death of Mary was the pivot on which all their machinations

and the destruction of the Armada had ended the league of kings, and by the accession of Henry IV. to the throne of France this terrible agency was for a time hushed up. The spirit of free inquiry spread through Europe; Spain was effectually weakened, and her possessions became prey to English adventurers. A bright and beautiful future was opening upon England.

Then came the accession of the preposterous blunderer, James the First; of whom the philosophers had endeavoured to make a perfect man, and only succeeded in making a madman, because nature had beforehand denied him to be a fool; and these bright expectations were clouded over. Perpetually ignorant of the divine right of kings, he continually gave in his own person and character proof, that if he like Midas had held communication with any god, he also in like manner had been furnished with the asses' ears that rendered that sovereign so famous; convincing all who had access to him, that he was not the god from whom he derived his power, but rather one of the heathen deities, some of the same sort too, being rather Bacchus or Mordecai the god of drunkenness, and the god of the East, and not Minerva the goddess of wisdom or Jupiter, the wise judge of men. This ignorant pedant very early disgusted the English, and his continual arguments in favour of the divine right led them to examine the question and to doubt the correctness of the proposition. The arguments of a philosopher rarely fail to strengthen his opponents' reasons; in this case James argued with the English nation and clearly convinced them that he was in error. Very soon after his accession he became unpopular with his subjects, both in England and Scotland. Several causes contributed to this, apart from personal ones that made him disgusting in appearance and contemptible in character. No sooner had he entered England than he began to oppress his former subjects by imposing on them a change in their form of religion, the religion in which he had been educated and which he had sworn to preserve inviolate; he wished to make them all obedient to bishops appointed by himself. This alienated from him his own people, and did not strengthen his influence

among his new subjects. The existence of a literature as well as the other causes of prosperity and renown had given a character of nationality to the English. Shakspeare's historical plays must have tended powerfully to gratify that most easily excited of all passions—national vanity; and the lavish praise poured out by him on the house of Tudor, made the English often look back with regret to the days of good Queen Bess. To the mass of the nation James was a foreigner, and a foreigner of the worst kind; not understanding their language, manners or prejudices, and about as palatable to the nation as the Hanoverian dynasty was afterwards to the Jacobins of Scotland.

This point has not been sufficiently insisted on by historians, and yet it had no doubt a very powerful influence in alienating the minds of the English people from hereditary monarchy and bringing about the great revolution. We will consider this subject further on, after mentioning the other producing cause of this great outbreak. The Reformation in religion had not been as complete in England as in other parts of Europe; it had been made by the king and by his tools, the bishops; the people had acquiesced in it, and so they did in the return of the former faith under Mary the Bloody; the mass of the nation had not been consulted, they had not even been led; the leaders had changed, and the nation had stood still.

The true English Reformation began in the re-action from the fires of Smithfield, and was in progress during the reign of Elizabeth. The efforts of Mary Stuart and the league of kings forced the English nation, as a nation, to take a decided stand in the ranks of the reformed party. It was this decided stand that gave Elizabeth so much trouble; they were not satisfied with the church as reformed by Henry VIII., and wished changes made in the book of prayer. These Elizabeth refused to make, and consequently there was a large dissatisfied party in the state. This party looked to James for aid, expecting countenance naturally from a prince educated in a faith akin to their own; yet he proved a harder foe to them than Elizabeth had done, putting them down with rigour, and persecuting their co-religionists in Scotland.

James did two things that filled England with Puritans, he ordered the Bible to be translated, thus furnishing them with a whole armory of weapons; and he wrote and caused to be read his book of Sabbath sports, thus irritating the religious sensibilities of his people. In him the religious part of the community saw only the son of his mother, that daughter of the Guises who had wrought so much ill to their cause. By a wonderful skill in blundering, that would be worthy of all praise, if it had not been unintentional, he succeeded at one and the same time in irritating the whole people by his exactions, in completely alienating the Scotch, in disgusting the patriotic English mindful of the glories of the house of Tudor, and in increasing and exasperating the powerful body of Puritans.

Every thing had heated the public mind to a white heat when Charles First came to the throne. The state of affairs required a very cautious, firm, wise man, one willing to make concessions, and by skilful home management or perhaps by foreign war to turn the minds of the people into new channels. Charles came to the throne a most amiable man, a good husband and father, possessing a fine taste in art, with manners highly polished and with various accomplishments. He would have made an excellent private gentleman, he would have done honour to the House of Lords, he would have served well on a foreign embassy, and have commanded with ability in battle. Yet his very excellencies as a man made him a bad king, and his very good qualities as a citizen rendered him a tyrant. His firmness and decision of character as a man became obstinacy in a king, who had no one above him to whom he could look up with reverence; that very loyalty which as a subject would have done him honour, as a sovereign made him unmanageable; he considered himself the highest of earthly authority, even higher than any thing earthly, because he firmly believed that his rights were divine, and that resistance to him was sacrilege. He could not comprehend the revolution that destroyed him; it is matter of doubt if he ever understood it, or believed that his people had any grievances to amend; not the most devoted of his subjects was as loyal as he was

to the king, for he revered himself; he thought every one should reverence him. He looked upon the command of a king as of like importance to the command of a noble, and although regardless of both truth and wisdom in his utterances, was indignant when want of truth and want of wisdom were proved upon him.

He seems to have regarded his kingdom in the same light that a nobleman would regard his estates; his imports and ships he believed to be a new mode of revenue, and was as much incensed when people refused to pay and rose in arms as they had tried to deprive him of his property. This was characteristic of the Stuart family; they were of an Asiatic mind in affairs of government; Robt. Crusoe like, they believed themselves lords of all they surveyed, and that their subject was a man Friday, born and educated only to execute their behests. This could not only provoked resistance, but alienated the partizans of the king after the contest began; for Charles demanded and received pecuniary aid from his nobles and gentlemen which they received scarcely thank and never repayment. This cooled the ardour of his adherents before the war was over; the demands for *voluntaries* were so frequent that even the loyalty of his party could not stand it.

We have not time here, nor is it material to our purpose to mention all the grievances that precipitated the contest, nor to detail the various actors who figured in it, nor the manner in which it was successfully conducted by Parliament. These we may take up at some future time; our intention is to speak of the king and his execution. Much more sentimentality has been shown in reference to this killing, even by those who justified the contest that preceded it; and some arguments have been wasted to prove that the execution was unnecessary and unwise.

The matter lies in a nutshell; if the king's resistance was right, if the war was just, if the killing of the king was also right, if the king had been slain in battle as a consequence of the war, nothing more could have been heard; and the difference between his being slain in battle and his being executed after it, is only the

ence between killing a criminal in the act of crime, and hanging him after deliberate trial. If resistance is at all right, there can be no limit to this resistance; for if so, who is to decide upon that limit, when it is reached or when it is passed? They who decide to resist a tyrant must surely be the best judges how far it is necessary to carry that resistance; and if the tyrant will not cease from tyranny and cannot be trusted, the only way to resist him successfully is to place him in a situation where he can do no more mischief. If therefore in no other way can a king be prevented from being a tyrant than by cutting off his head, and if it is right to resist him at all, it is right to cut off his head; and those who decide in the one case are competent to decide in the other. The one right springs inevitably from the other; it is merely a question of expediency in each case.

That Charles was a tyrant is clear to all men of sense, that he could be trusted is believed by but few, that his death was unnecessary and was a mere act of vengeance is a commonly received opinion. He was a tyrant and untrustworthy by hereditary descent, as well as by nature and education. The dying words of his favourite Wentworth, and his whole course before and after his imprisonment, proved him to have been a man who could not be depended on.

Put not your trust in princes, was the minister's exclamation when Charles consented to sacrifice him; unconsciously quoting the Psalm, It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes. And by this expression of his minister ought we to try the king.

The historian Macaulay, who justifies the war, condemns the death of the king as unnecessary and foolish, because Charles was a prisoner and his son at liberty; and consequently the loyalty of the cavaliers would be at once transferred to the young prince, against whom even the parliament could only bring the charge that he was his father's son.

With all due deference to the opinion of this great historian, we join issue with him on this question. We consider Charles to have been far more dangerous as a prisoner in captivity than as king at the head of his

army; his true strength lay in his ability for intrigue, not in force of arms, and he did not discover this until he became a prisoner. To have spared his life would have been to renew the scenes witnessed during his grandmother's captivity, with more probability of success. To cut him off was to place at the head of his party a mere boy, too young to command in arms and too juvenile to be skilled in intrigue. Macaulay is no doubt correct in asserting that Cromwell wished to spare the king's life, yet not in the way he mentions; his aim was to allow the king to escape to France, well knowing that this would be esteemed a voluntary abdication, and well knowing too that he would return with a French army to aid him in recovering the throne. This we believe to have been Cromwell's scheme, and this would have alienated the English people from him and his race more effectually than they were alienated from his son James Second. To slay the king would either intimidate or exasperate his own party; if it intimidated them there was an end of the struggle; if it exasperated them Cromwell possessed sufficient force to put down all opposition. And if the Prince attempted to avenge his father's death he might also suffer his father's fate, and thus the royal race be exterminated. Such a fate he narrowly escaped. Instead of uniting, this blow dashed to pieces the hopes of the royalists; the king alive and in prison there was still hope; while he lived that majesty which doth hedge a king would have armed some and influenced others, encouraged his own party and enfeebled his opponents. The blow that struck off the sacred head of the Lord's Anointed did more to shiver into fragments the party of the king than any other blow struck during the war. More potent than that of Marston or Naseby—for they demolished only the externals of the temple—this prostrated the idol from its throne. and showed that it was but Dagon, mere wood and clay. It was a deed of intimidation and of warning; a deed deliberately done, and the more terrible from the calm decision and formal deliberation of its performers. It was a defiance flung in the face of Europe, a challenge to all kings, and a pledge to the royal party of England that the men who ordered this ex-

ecution were thorough going in their opposition to monarchy. For it was at once apparent that those who had gone the extremest length would go any lesser one, and that they who had cut off the head and front of the royal party would not hesitate to destroy its branches. Had the second Charles been also seized and executed, had the king of France then led an army into England to place James on the throne, we should have heard no more of the Stuart dynasty; England would have anticipated the United States, and an aggressive republic have been formed in Europe, that would have pushed forward the world's history two centuries.

The effect of this execution and the subsequent success of Cromwell was to intimidate and awe not England only, but all Europe; and the royal party was about as much encouraged by the scaffold and execution at Whitehall, as a highwayman would be by the sight of a gallows on which a comrade had been hung.

Let us now turn aside for a time and ascertain where these men learned their king-killing and republican doctrines, for we regard the terms as synonymous.

They were the Bible reading Puritans; men who delighted rather in the stern records of the Old Testament than in the mild narratives of the New. In the pages of that book, every part of which they believed, (and their belief was right,) to be written by the inspiration of God, they read that when a nation was selected and a government formed on earth as the government of the chosen people of God, it was not of kingly character, not a despotism either of priest or sovereign, but a Republic wherein faithful and able men, called to office by God himself, ruled over the nation without burdening the people.

The inauguration act of this government was to destroy a king and to drown his army—that king who had so cruelly oppressed the chosen people. Its march through the wilderness and its progress into and through the promised land was marked by the destruction of kings and the overthrow of their idolatrous worship.

We read that no tribe or family or individual possessed ruling power. Moses, a man of the tribe of Levi, led the people to Ca-

naan; Joshua, of the tribe of Judah, led them into it and conquered all its kings. Then, one of this tribe or one of that became chief man among them, as circumstances required; sometimes there was no ruler at all; then a woman, Deborah the prophetess, governed. Whenever the occasion demanded, either because of intestine strife or foreign aggression, the right man was raised up at the proper hour; humble in station, poor in purse, unknown and ignorant of government, each one ruled for his lifetime and to the best of his ability, the nation over which the consent or election of the people, and the call of God had placed him.

Take the case of Gideon—him of the fleece—he is a poor man's son of the tribe of Manasseh, and is called unwillingly in troublesome times to lead the nation against its enemies, the kings of Midian. We find him going forth and conquering, showing skill, courage and all the qualities of a great leader, destroying the host of the enemy, taking prisoner their kings and deliberately executing them. And then we have the request of the people, Rule thou over us and thy sons and thy sons' sons, for thou has delivered us from the hand of Midian. And he said, I will not rule over you nor shall my son rule over you; the Lord shall rule over you. Yet he judged Israel forty years in peace and quietness.

If any weighty matter occurred, the whole people came together as one man to decide it, and to carry out their decision. Then again we read that the people asked for a king, and one was given in anger and destroyed in wrath; that when another was given, his children led Israel into idolatry, so that the narrative of the kings of the chosen people is an account of their crimes, and of their punishment. Here then we find the Republicanism of the Puritans. They regarded King James pretty much as the Israelites regarded King Pharaoh; and esteemed his book of Sabbath Sports, or the ceremonial observances of Archbishop Laud, in the same light that a devout Hebrew must have looked upon the altars of Baal, or the ceremonies of idolatrous worship. They believed that a Christian people were absolved from obeying an ungodly monarch. And no sophistry, no persuasion, no distort-

ed argument drawn from Scripture, no force of blows or power of sword could convince them of The Divine Right of Kings to Do Wrong. They believed that as there was a place of punishment for sins in the other world where individuals were made to suffer, and that as neither nations or kings existed as nations or kings in that realm, therefore, national and kingly sins must here be punished; and they regarded themselves the instruments appointed to do vengeance on the ungodly house of Stuart. They believed in a Theocracy or God-government, administered by the men most able to rule, and most likely to serve him in ruling—men who lived in their Great Task Master's eye, and who were accountable to God in whose name they ruled, and to the people for whose good they laboured. This seems to have been the Puritan idea of government, and it is essentially Republican. They were not monarchists, even those of them who supported Cromwell in seizing and exercising supreme power, for he dared not take the name of king. They were not democrats in our sense of that word. Indeed the liberty striven for and obtained was rather of an aristocratic cast. It was to save her *subjects* from a sovereign of a different faith and one who would oppress them, that Elizabeth took the life of Mary Stuart. It was to save *themselves* from spiritual and temporal tyranny that the statesmen and gentry, the lovers of commerce and the lovers of learning took up arms against Charles. They acted in the name of the king for the good of the kingdom. We hear nothing about the people, the rights of man, natural liberty, equality, &c.; nothing whatever about the ancient commonwealth, or Greek and Roman freedom. The freedom of the ancient Israelites and their republican forms of government, are the only models referred to.

It was a move of the better classes, and of the educated against the king and his nobles; of the religious against the ungodly, of the moderate men against the advocates of arbitrary power. It is true that Cromwell and his immediate party, the Independents, were the advocates of a spiritual democracy, where every man could believe and expound and teach what he pleased, and in this sense of perfect equality resembled

the modern democracy. Yet Cromwell as a ruler came after the men who began the contest, and whose principles carried through the successful resistance. He and his party resembled the Mountain that overturned the Gironde, after that party had by character and eloquence overturned the French monarchy. The men who composed the Long Parliament and the Westminster assembly of Divines, (for they may be considered as parts of one body representing the whole Puritan party,) were men of a character for learning, piety and wisdom that has never been equalled or surpassed in the world's history. We can hardly characterise this effort as an aristocratic one, yet we cannot call it democratic.

These great and wise men did not believe all men to be free and equal, because the Bible no where declares them to be so. They saw grades of rank mentioned as existing even in heaven, and they knew the various degrees of excellence and of intellect that characterise different men.

These men did not live in vain; even the abuse heaped on them by their enemies and the contumely shown their memory has tended to preserve their principles and to record their deeds. The recollection of what they had done in resisting one tyrant inspired the people of England to resist another; and when the Revolution of 1688 banished forever the House of Stuart, and established the present constitutional government of England, then was reaped in joy the harvest that had been sown with so much blood and toil. The fall of the axe upon the neck of Charles the First, struck terror to the heart of James the Second, and the blood shed on the scaffold in 1649, by intimidating the son of him who was there slain, saved England from the horrors of a civil war in 1688. It was the fear of the king for his personal safety that made him fly to France; he valued his head more than his kingdom, and lost the one to save the other. Considered in this light, the execution of Charles was a most fortunate event for England. For us as Americans it was still more fortunate, because the principles that guided us in our resistance, were precisely those that were involved in the execution of Charles and the forced abdication of James.

We recognize true heroism in the men who, taking their lives in their hands, boldly confronted the powers of darkness and came off victorious. We do most heartily endorse the principles and applaud the act of these pioneers of freedom; and we rejoice that they have removed the obstacles and so prepared the path, that with the present light and knowledge, even the most foolish people may see their way clear to rational liberty.

We believe that when Milton contended against despotic Europe, to prove the killing of the king both just and necessary, he did a greater work for the human race than when he wrote the *Paradise Lost*. And although that mighty poem is filled with noble thoughts set in harmonious verse, he has nowhere written a line that expressed a truer thought or more noble sentiment, than when he declared—

“There can be slain
No sacrifice to God more acceptable
Than an unjust and wicked king.”

TO FRANK, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

BY HIS FATHER.

Three years have glided over thee,
My little darling boy,
Three years of blended memories,
Of sorrow and of joy,
Thou canst not know, my little one,
The thick and mingled maze
Of thoughts that swell my throbbing heart,
When on thy form I gaze.

I look upon thy speaking eyes,
So richly dark and deep,
And all the past within their depths
Seems mournfully to sleep,
Like shadows on a mountain lake,
So dark and yet so fair,
The mingled scenes of other days
Seem mutely mirrored there.

I gaze upon thy open brow,
And on thy sunny smile,
And on thy little artless ways
To win our hearts with guile,
And see the double love that still
Has wrapped thee from thy birth,
At once a Mother's love in heaven,
And Mother's love on earth.

Thy words at times so strangely tell
Of thoughts beyond thy years,
That lips unseen would seem to come,
And whisper in thine ears,
And when thy little knee is bent
In sweetly murmured prayer,
I seem to see an angel form
That bends beside thee there.

I know not what the angel voice
Would whisper in my ear,
Or whether it designs to tell—
Of hope or yet of fear,
But I would not allow thy love
To twine around my heart,
So fondly that its strings must break
If we were called to part.

Perhaps these buds of blooming hope
May have a chilling blight,
Perhaps this blush of early day
May have an early night,
Perhaps thy little life to us
But as a loan is given,
To twine our hearts around thee and
To carry them to heaven.

And yet, perchance, there comes to thee
A long bright day of life,
With all its mingled weal and woe,
Its victory and strife—
A day wherein thou shalt be called
To battle for the right,
In that stern contest it must wage
With wickedness and might.

Thine eye, perhaps, shall scan those lines
When years have passed away,
And this right hand that traces them
Has mouldered into clay,
And when thy father's form is laid
In that long dreamless sleep,
Across whose silent slumberings
Forgetfulness must creep.

Then let thy father's words, my boy,
Sink deeply in thy heart,
And never let thy footsteps from
Thy father's God depart,
Pursue the right; avoid the wrong,
Thine eye still fix above,
And heed the hand that beckons thee
To that bright world of love.

And ne'er forget the guiding stars
That God to thee hath given,
An angel Mother's love on earth,
An angel one's in heaven,
And thus thy father's grateful heart,
Shall never cease to thank,
The God whose love hath ever blessed
His little, darling Frank.

T. V. H.

Richmond, Va.

Sketches of the Flush Times of Alabama.

THE HON. FRANCIS STROTHER.

I nib my pen and impart to it a fine hair-stroke in order that I may give the more delicate touches which can alone show forth the character of this distinguished gentleman. It is no ordinary character and yet it is most difficult to draw. There are no sharp angles, no salient points which it is impossible to miss, and which serve as handles whereby to hold up a character to public view. The lines are delicate, the grain fine, the features regular, the contour full, rounded and perfectly developed, no where feeble or stunted and no where disproportioned. He is the type of a class, unfortunately of a small class; more unfortunately of a class rapidly disappearing in the hurly-burly of this fast age of steam-pressure and railway progress: a gentleman of the Old School with the energy of the New.

If I hold the pencil in hand in idle reverie, it is because my mind rests lovingly upon a picture I feel incapable of transcribing with fidelity to the original: I feel that the coarse copy I shall make will do no justice to the image on the mind; and, therefore, I pause, a moment, to look once more at the original before it is obscured by the rude counterpart.

Fifteen years ago—long years crowded with changes and events—such changes as are only effected in *our* country within so short a period,—the savage disappearing—the frontier-man following on to a further border—that border, like the horizon, widening and stretching out towards the sinking sun, as we go on;—*then* the rude settlement, *now* the improved neighborhood, with its school-houses and churches; the log cabin giving way to the mansion,—the wilderness giving way to the garden and the farm; fifteen years ago, I first saw him. He was then, so far as I can remember, what he is now:—no perceptible change has occurred in any outward or inner characteristic, except that now a pair of spectacles occasionally may be found upon his nose, as that un-resting pen sweeps in bold and beautiful chi-rography across his paper; a deeper tinge of

grey may be seen in his hair, and possibly, too, his slight, but graceful and well-knit form may be a trifle less active than of old. I put these as possibilities—not as matters I can note.

The large, well-developed head—the mild, quiet, strong face—the nose, slightly aquiline,—the mouth, firm yet flexible—the slightly elongated chin—the shape of the head: oval and protruding largely behind the ears in the region that supplies the motive-powers, would not have conveyed a right meaning did not the blue eyes, strong yet kind, beaming out the mingled expression of intelligence and benignity, which, above all other marks, is the unmistakeable, uncounterfeitable outward sign of a true gentleman, relieve and mellow the picture. The voice kind, social, gentle—and the whole manner deferential, simple, natural and winning—self-poised, modest, friendly and yet delicate and gracefully dignified. *Dignified* is scarcely an apt word in the vulgar meaning attached to it; for there was no idea of self, much less of pretension or affectation connected with his manner or bearing. But there was, towards high and low, rich and poor, a genuine and unaffected kindness and friendliness, which every man who approached him felt had something in it peculiarly sweet towards him; and made the most unfriended outcast feel there was, at least, *one* man in the world who felt an interest in and sympathy for him and his fortunes. Towards the young especially, was this exhibited and by them was it appreciated. A child would come to him with the feeling of familiarity and a sense of affectionate consideration; and a young man, just coming to the bar, felt that he had found one who would be glad to aid him in his struggles and encourage him in difficulty. Were this rare manner a thing of art and but a manual gone through with—put on for effect—it could not have been long maintained or long undiscovered. But it was the same all the time—and the effect the same. We need scarcely say that the effect was to give the subject of it a popularity well nigh universal. It was a popularity which during years of active life, in all departments of business affairs, public and private—all the strifes of rivalry and collisions of interest never shook. The

fiercest oppositions of party left him uninjured in fame or appreciation: indeed no party ties were strong enough to resist a popularity so deep and wide.

He had passed through the strong temptations which beset a man in a new country, and *such* a country, unscathed, unsoiled even by suspicion, and ever maintained a reputation above question or challenge. It were easy to have accumulated an immense fortune by an agency for the Indians in securing their claims under the treaty of 1850; and he was offered the agency with a compensation which would have made him a millionaire; he took the agency but rejected the fortune.

He was the genius of labor. His unequalled facility in the despatch of business surprised all who knew its extent. Nothing was omitted—nothing flurried over—nothing bore marks of haste, nothing was done out of time. System—order—punctuality waited upon him as so many servants to that patient and indomitable industry. He had a rare tact in getting at, and in getting through a thing. He saw at once the point. He never missed the joint of the argument. He never went to opening the oyster at the wrong end. He never turned over and over a subject to find out what to do with it or how to commence work. He caught the *run* of the facts—moulded the scheme of his treatment of them—saw their right relations, value and dependence. and then started at once in ready, fluent and terse English to put them on paper or marshal them in speech. His power of statement was remarkable, especially of written statement. He could make more out of a fact than most men out of two: and immaterial matters he could so dove-tail and attach to other matters that they left an impression of a great deal of plausibility and pertinency.

He loved labor for its own sake as some men love ease. There was no part of office-work drudgery to him. He carried his writing materials about with him as some men their canes: and that busy pen, at a moment's notice, was speeding over the paper throwing the g's and y's behind at a rapid rate.

A member of Congress—he was in the House, defending the Pre-emption System,

out of it, attending to some business before the departments; in again, writing with a pile of letters before him; in the committee room, busy with *its* business: again before the Secretary of War arguing some question about the Dancing Rabbit Treaty, 14th article:—and then consulting the Attorney General, so that persons who had no knowledge of his ubiquitous habits, seeing him at one of these places would have been willing to have sworn an *alibi* for him if charged with being that morning at any other.

Returning to the practice, it was the same thing. The management and care of his own property—his attention to a large family and household affairs—these things would have made some inroads upon another's time, but these and a large practice, extended over many courts and several of the wealthiest counties of the State, at a time when every man was a client, did not seem to press upon him. He could turn himself from one subject to another with wonderful ease: the hinges of his mind moved as if oiled, in any direction. Trying an important case in the Circuit Court, as the jury retired and the Court was calling some other case, he would propose to the opposite counsel to go down into the Orphan's Court, and try a case there, involving a few thousands; and, that despatched, might be found in the Chancery office preparing a suit for trial there; which finished, he would hear the result of the law case, and, by the meeting of Court, have (if decided adversely) a bill of exceptions ready, of a sheet or two of foolscap, or a bill for an injunction to take the case into Chancery. At night, he would be ready for a reference before the Master of an account of partnership transactions of vast amount; and, as he walked into the Court next morning, would merely call by to file a score or two of exceptions; and, in all the time, would carry on his consultations and prepare the cases coming on for trial, and be ready to enjoy a little social conversation with his brethren. In all this, there was no bustle, hurry, parade, fuss or excitement. He moved like the Ericsson motor, without noise, the only evidence that it was moving being the progress made.

He was never out of temper, never flur-

ried, never excited. There was a serious, patient expression in the eyes which showed a complete mastery of all things that trouble the nervous system. Even when he complained—as he often did—it was not a testy, ill-natured, peevish grumbling, but seemingly the complaint of a good, gentle nature whose meekness was a little too sternly tried. He never abused any body. He had no use for sarcasm or invective. Even when prosecuting for crime a heinous criminal, he used the language of civility, if not of kindness. Indeed, he seemed to seek a conviction from a sheer feeling of consideration for the prisoner. He would cross-examine a swift or perjured witness in a tone of kindness which seemed anxious to relieve him from embarrassment; and plying with great tact, question after question, would, when the witness faltered and stammered or broke down, seem to feel a lively sentiment of commiseration for his unfortunate predicament. In commenting upon his testimony, he would attribute his unhappy course to any thing but wilful misstatement—to strange hallucination, prejudice, an excitable temperament, want of memory, or even to dreaming: but still the right impression was always left, if in no other way, by the elaborate disclaimers and apologies, that, with such persistent and pertinacious over-kindness, he made for the delinquent.

There was business skill in everything he did. His arguments were clear, brief, pointed—never wandering, discursive or episodic—never over-worked, or over-laden, or over-elaborated. He took all the points—took them clearly, expressed them neatly and fully—knew when to press a point and when to glide over it quickly, and above all—what so few know, he knew when he was done. His tone was that of animated conversation, his manner, courteous, respectful, impressive and persuasive: never offending good taste, never hurried away by imprudence or compromising his case by a point that could be made to reach it; and probably making as few imprudent admissions as any member of the bar.

But in many of these points he was equalled: in one he was not—his tact in drawing papers. In a paper showing for a continuance or for a change of venue, the skill with

which the facts were marshalled and conclusions insinuated was remarkable. Like shot-silk the light glanced over and along the whole statement, though it was often hard to find precisely where it was or what made it; yet, if admitted, a little emphasis or a slight connection with extraneous matter would put his adversary's case in a dangerous position.

A more pliant, facile, complying gentleman than the Hon. Francis it was impossible to find on a summer's day,—so truthful, so credulous, so amiably uncontroverting. It seemed almost a pity to take advantage of such simplicity, to impose upon such deferential confidence! Such innocence deserved to be respected, and like the Virgin in the fable, sleeping by the lion, one would think that it ought to carry in its trusting purity a charm against wrong from the most savage brutality or the most unscrupulous mendacity. This view of the subject, I am forced to say, does not quite represent the fact. The Hon. Francis *was* very limber—but it was the limberness of whalebone, gum-elastic, steel springs and gutta percha—limber because tough—easily bowed, but impossible to be broken or kept down. He had great suavity—but it was only the *suaviter in modo*. Substantially and essentially he was *fortiter in re*—mechanically he was *suaviter in modo*: the *suaviter* was only the running gear by which he worked the *fortiter*. In his own private affairs, no man was more liberal and yielding, or less exacting or pertinacious: professionally, his concessions took the form of, and exhausted their energies in beneficent words, benignant seemings and gracious gestures. But his manner was inimitably munificent. Though he gave nothing, he went through the motions of giving most grandly; empty-handed, you felt that you were full; you mistook the filling of your ears for some unsubstantial benefit to your client: there was an affluence of words, a lingual and manual generosity which almost seemed to transpose the figures on the statement which he proposed as a settlement. With a grand self-abnegation, he would allow you to continue a cause when his side was not ready to try it, and would most blandly merely insist on your paying the costs, magnanimously waiving further advantage of your situation.

He would suffer you to take a non-suit with an air of kindness calculated to rivet a sense of eternal obligation. No man revelled in a more princely generosity than he when he gave away nothing. And to carry out the self-delusion, he *took* with the air of giving a bounty. Before his manner of marvellous concession all impediments and precedence vanished. If he had a case at the end of the docket, he always managed to get it tried first: if the arrangement of the docket did not suit his convenience, his convenience changed it by a sort of not-before understood, but taken-for-granted general consent of the bar. There was such a matter-of-course about his polite propositions, that, for a good while, no one ever thought of resisting them; indeed, most lawyers, under the spell of his infatuating manners, half-recalled some sort of agreement which was never made. In the trial of a cause he would slip in testimony on you in such a cozy, easy, insinuating fashion, that you were ruined before you could rally to oppose it. Even witnesses could not resist the graciousness and affectionateness of his manner, the confidence with which he rested on their presumed knowledge:—they thought they must know what he evidently knew so well and so authentically.

He lifted great weights as the media do heavy tables without any show of strength.

The Hon. Francis had no doubts. He had passed from this world of shadows to a world of perfect light and knowledge. He had the rare luck of always being on the right side: and then he had all the points that could be made on that side clearly in his favor, and all that could be made against him were clearly wrong. He was never taken off his guard. If a witness swore him out of court, he could not swear him out of countenance. He expected it. His case was better than he feared. In the serene confidence of unshakeable faith in his cause, brickbats fell on his mind like snowflakes, melting as they fell, and leaving no impression. If he had but one witness, and you had six against him, long after the jury had ceased listening and when you concluded, he would mildly ask you if that was *all* your proof, and if you proposed going to the jury on that?

But if the Hon. Francis had no doubt had an enormous development of the of wonder. He had a note of admirat his eye as large as a ninepin. He won that a party should have brought *such* a that another had set up such a defence the counsel should have taken such a p that the court should have made such ling (with great deference,) and he won that the Supreme Court had sustain *Nil admirari* was not his maxim.

I was a little too fast when I said he never taken by surprise. He was once deed twice. Casually looking at some pers Blass held in his hand, as an imp case was being called for trial, he saw he took to be a release of the action by of the nominal plaintiffs: in order to the effect of this paper, he applied for tinance, which it was never difficult fo to obtain. Finding out afterwards his take, he moved to set aside the order of tinance. It required a lion-like boldm make and assign the grounds of the mo this effort he essayed with his usual ing ty. He commenced by speaking of E high character—that he had been dec by the real and implied assurance of that he acquitted B. of all intentional propriety: he entered into a most elab disclaimer of all injurious imputation spoke only of the effect: he had only hastily a paper endorsed as a release should be surprised if the gentleman v hold him to the order taken under sud cumstances of mistake—a mistake v had misled him, and which he took thees opportunity of correcting. “In other wa said B., “you peeped into my hand and took the card, and now you want to because your eyes fooled you.” “Ab said S., “I have already stated the fa “Well,” said B., pulling out the paper will let you set aside the order if you p ise to go to trial.” “No,” S. answered believe not: on further reflection, pe it might be irregular.”

On another occasion he had been examining an Irishman, and the Hibe desiring to come prepared to make a di in affidavit elocution, had written out h timony at length; but having got dru had dropped the MS., which being fou

the client of Mr. S., was put into his hands. Mr. S. opened the paper and inquired of the witness, "Mr. McShee, did you ever see this paper before: have the kindness to look at it?" The witness snatched up the paper and answered quickly, "Sure, yes—it's mine, Mither Strother, I lost it meself, and where is the \$5 bill I put in it?"

Being pressed for time, one morning, Mr. S. entered a barber's shop in Mobile, where he saw a brother lawyer of the Sumter bar, Jemmy O., highly lathered, sitting in much state in the chair waiting for the barberian to sharpen his blade. Mr. S. addressed his old acquaintance with great warmth and cordiality—requested him to keep his seat—begged him not to be at all uneasy on his account—protested that he was not in his way—he could wait—not to think of putting him to trouble—pulled off his cravat—it was no intrusion—not at all—by no means—politely disclaimed, affirmed and protested—until J. O., thinking that Mr. S. somehow had precedence, got up and insisted on Mr. S. taking the chair, to which Mr. S., like Donna Julia, "vowing he would ne'er consent, consented"—was duly shaved—all the while protesting against it—and went out, leaving J. O. to think he was the politest man he had ever met with.

When J. O. afterwards found out that S. had no precedence, he said he had been taught a new chapter of law—the title by disclaimer.

At length the Hon. Mr. Strother got his hands full. He got at last to the long wished for enjoyment which was to reward the trials of his earlier years. He was made commissioner of the State Banks of Alabama. He had it all to himself. No partner shared with him this luxurious repast. Such a mass and mess of confusion—such a bundle of heterogeneous botches; in which blundering stupidity, reckless inattention, and both intelligent and ignorant rascality had made their tracks and figures, never before was seen. He was to bring order out of chaos—reconcile discrepancies—supply whole pages of ledgers—balance unbalanceable accounts—understand the unintelligible—collect debts involved in all mazes of legal defences, or slumbering cozily in chancery—to bring all sorts of agents to all sorts of settlements—to

compromise bad debts—disencumber clogged property—to keep up a correspondence like that of the Pension bureau—and manage the finances of the State government. The State trembled on the verge of Repudiation: if the assets of the banks were lost, the honor of the State was gone. The road through the Bank operations was like the road through Hounslow heath, every step a robbery. To bring the authors to their responsibility—to hunt up and hunt down absconding debtors and speculators—to be every where at once—to be in Boston, Mobile, New Orleans, New York—and then to keep up his practice in several counties just for holiday refreshment, were some of the labors he performed.

He succeeded wonderfully. He kept untarnished the honor of the State. He restored its solvency, and, clothed with such vast trusts, greater than were ever before confided, perhaps, in the South-West to a single man, he discharged them with a fidelity which can neither be exaggerated nor denied. He, like Falstaff, "turned diseases to commodity:" the worthless assets of the Banks were turned into State Bonds; and the State, relieved of the pressure upon her resources, rose up at once to her place of honor in the sisterhood of States, and shone, with a new and fresher lustre, not the least in that bright galaxy. Relieved of her embarrassments, in no small degree through the instrumentality of the distinguished citizen, whose name shines through the *nom de guerre* at the head of this article, improvements are going on, mingling enterprise with patriotism, and giving forth the most auspicious prospects for the future. It is, therefore, not out of place to give some passing notice of one more instrumental than any other in redeeming the State from the *Flush Times*, in the course of our hasty articles illustrative of that hell-carnival.

MR. TEE AND MR. GEE.

One of the most distinguished lawyers in the State of Mississippi, was W. Y. Gee, Esq. He was distinguished not less for his legal learning than for the acuteness and subtlety of his intellect. He was fond of

exercising his talents in legal speculations, and was pleased when some new and difficult point was presented for solution. John S. Tee, Esq., was not of that sort. He was a man of facts and figures, and practical and stern realities. He cared nothing about a law-suit except for the proofs and what appeared on the back of the execution, and thought the best *Report* ever made of a case was that made by the sheriff. He was completely satisfied if the *Fi-fa* was. He was doing a large collecting business: he prided himself more on the skill with which he worked on a promissory note than he would have done if he had pinned Pinkney, like a beetle, to the wall, in *Mc Collough vs. The State of Maryland*, or made Webster "take water" in the great Dartmouth College case. What seemed to him "the perfection of human reason," was not the common law, but that part of the Statute law which gave the remedy by attachment, and which statute was, as he was fond of saying, "to be liberally construed in favor of justice and for the prevention of fraud:" and he thought the perfection of professional practice under the "perfection of reason," was, to get a skulking debtor fixed so as to give an opportunity for starting the remedy after him, and thus securing a bad or doubtful debt out of property which might otherwise be "secreted," or squandered in paying *other* debts, for which the debtor might have a sickly fancy.

Squire Tee was a great favorite of Northern creditors, and deservedly. He clung to them through thick and thin, through good report and through bad report, in hard times and in easy times, and through all times. He "kept his loyalty, his love, his zeal" in a perpetual fervor. His confidence in them was unbounded. Nothing could either increase or diminish it. He would have sacrificed his own interest to theirs—he did, no doubt, frequently: and the more he gave of service to their cause—by the usual law of charity—the more he was capable of giving—the widow's cruise of oil grew by the giving to two widows' cruises of oil.

Among other things, he practised an intimate acquaintance with the facts of his case. No man was more sedulous in the preparation of proofs. He knew that however well a case was put up on the papers, it was of

but little avail if it was not also well put up in the evidence. He liked evidence—a plenty of it, and good what there was of it: better too much than not enough;—he liked to converse with the witnesses himself—to know exactly what they would prove: it pleased him to hear them rehearse, and then it prepared him for the coming on of the piece when he could act as prompter. He was an amateur in evidence; he loved it as an antiquarian an old fossil—as a machinist a new invention—as a politician a new humbug; it was a thing to be admired for itself—it had both an intrinsic and an extrinsic value. Receiving many claims when the times were at the hardest, he found himself frequently opposed by the ablest counsel of the State; and the incident we are to relate of him occurred on one of those occasions.

It should have been stated that, as in collecting cases, many of the clients lived at a great distance from the debtor, the attorney acted, in such instances, as the general agent of the creditor, to a great extent: and, in preparing a case for trial, had to do the work of both client and counsel. Mr. Tee was often brought into correspondence with the debtors afterwards to be made defendants. Opportunities afforded by such relations, it will readily be perceived, could very easily be improved into occasions for eliciting such facts as would, in no few instances, be very useful evidence on the trial. In this way, Mr. Tee's research and industry had been rewarded by a vast amount of useful information of which his duty to his clients made him not at all penurious, when it became their interest to have it turned into testimony. He had a good memory, a good manner, an excellent voice and a fine person; and he knew of no more pleasing way of putting to account a good memory, a good manner, an excellent voice and a fine person, than in delivering testimony in open court for a Northern client. He had one advantage over most witnesses; he knew something about the facts before he heard the parties' statements: he paid the most particular attention with the view of having matters definitely fixed in his mind, and then, being a lawyer and a good judge of the article proof, he was able to refer his statement to the proper points, and to know the relevancy

and bearing of the facts on the case. He was fluent, easy, unembarrassed, though somewhat earnest of manner and speech, and had a lively talent for affidavit, elocution and a considerable power of compendious, terse and vigorous narrative in that department of forensic eloquence. It affords us pleasure to be able to pay this deserved meed of justice to an old friend and associate. *Some* men are niggardly of praise. Not so this author.

This marked fidelity to the interests of his clients had made Mr. Tee somewhat familiar with the witness box, and the result had almost universally been a speedy disposal of the matter involved in the controversy in favor of his client.

The bar, not always the most confiding of men, nor the least querulous, had begun to find fault with this *euthanasia*, as Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, in his Bunyan-like style, expresses it: they wanted a law-suit to die the old way, and not by chloroform process,—the old bull-baiting fashion—fainting off from sheer exhaustion, or overpowered by sheer strength and lusty cuffs, kicking and fighting to the last. And so they *complained* and *averred* it was to their *great damage*, *wherefore they* *advised* Tee to *discontinue proceedings* of this sort, but *he refused, and, possibly, still refuses*.

A suit had been brought by Tee for a leading house in New York, in the U. S. Court, on a bill of exchange drawn or endorsed by a merchant, and W. Y. Gee, Esq., employed to defend it. The amount was considerable, but the case promised to be more interesting as involving a new and difficult point in the Law Merchant upon the question of notice.

The case had been opened for the plaintiff—the bill, protest, depositions, foreign statutes and so forth read, and one or two witnesses examined. The court had taken a recess for dinner—it being understood or taken for granted that the plaintiff had closed his case. The defendant either had no witnesses or else preferred submitting the case without them, the point on which Mr. Gee relied having been brought out by an unnecessary question propounded by Tee to his own witness.

After the meeting of the Court, Mr. Gee, who was a little near-sighted, was seen before the bar, leisurely arranging a small li-

brary of books he had collected, and by the aid of which he was to argue the point on the notice. Having accomplished this to his satisfaction, he leaned his head on his hand and was absorbed in profound cogitation—like an Episcopal clergyman before the sermon. The Court interrupted him in this meditation by announcing its readiness to proceed with the cause. Gee rose and remarked to the Court that the defence was one of pure law and he should raise the only question he meant to make by a demurrer to the plaintiff's evidence. "Not until the plaintiff gets through his proof, I reckon," said Mr. Tee. "Why, I thought you had rested," replied Mr. Gee. "Yes," said Tee, "I did rest a little, and am now tired resting, and will proceed to labor—Clerk, SWEAR ME."

Gee jumped from his seat and rushed towards Tee—"Now Tee," said he—"just this one time, if you please, forbear, for Heaven's sake—come now, be reasonable—it is the prettiest point as it stands I ever saw—the principal is really important—don't spoil it, Tee." But Tee, fending Gee off with one hand, held out the other for the book. Gee grew more earnest—"Tee, Tee, old fellow—I say, now, look here, Tee, don't do this, *this* time—just hold off for a minute—come listen to reason—now come, come, let *this* case be an exception—you *said* you were through—if you will just stand off I won't demur you out any more."

But Tee was not to be held off—he repeated, "clerk, swear me, I must discharge my professional duties."

Gee retired in disgust, not waiting to hear the result—barely remarking, that if it came to *that*, Tee would cover the case like a confession of judgment and the statute of *Jee-fails* besides. We believe he was not mistaken; for his *affidavit* carried the case sailing beyond gun-shot of Gee's batteries.

Gee contented himself with giving notice to Tee that he should require him for the future to give him notice when he meant to testify in his cases, as he wished to be saved the trouble of bringing books and papers into court. To which Tee replied he might consider a *general* notice served upon him *then*.

SCAN. MAG.

Patrick McFadgin found himself indicted in the Circuit Court of Pickens County, for indulging in sundry Hibernian pastimes, whereby his superflux of animal and ardent spirits exercised themselves and his shillaly, to the annoyance of the good and peaceable citizens and burghers of the village of Pickensville, at to wit, in said county.

One Squire Furkisson was a witness against the aforesaid Patrick, and, upon his evidence chiefly, the said McFadgin was convicted on three several indictments for testing the strength of his shillaly on the craniums of as many citizens; albeit, Patrick vehemently protested that he was only in fun, "and afther running a rig on the boys for amusement, on a sportive occasion of being married to a female woman—his prisint wife."

A more serious case was now coming up against Pat, having its origin in his drawing and attempting to fire a pistol, loaded with powder and three leaden bullets, which pistol the said Patrick in his right hand then and there held, with intent one Bodley then and there to kill and murder contrary to the form of the statute, (it being highly penal to murder a man in Alabama contrary to the form of the statute.)

To this indictment Patrick pleaded "Not Guilty," and, the jury being in the box, the State's Solicitor proceeded to call Mr. Furkisson as a witness. With the utmost innocence, Patrick turned his face to the Court and said, "Do I understand yer Honor that Misther Furkisson is to be a witness fornent me agin?" The judge said dryly, it seemed so. "Well, thin, yer Honor, I plade guilty sure, an' ef yer Honor plase, not becase I *am* guilty, for I'm as innocent as yer Honor's sucking babe at the brist—but jist on the account of saving Misther Furkisson's *sowl*."

Joseph Heyfron, an Irish barrister with a broad brogue, was trying to convince Judge Starling in the Lauderdale Court one day, that something he laid down as law *was* law; but the Judge promptly ruled the point against him. Not satisfied, Jo. took up

Blackstone and commenced reading sage to prove he was right. But the interrupted him somewhat indignant the interrogatory, "Mr. Heyfron, mean to say that this Court does not stand the law?" "Oh, no, yer Honor," diately rejoined Joseph in his blarney: "I don't mean to say that yer Hono understand the law, but I was merel ing the passage to show what a Div fool Blackstone was."

THE EXILE'S SUNSET SON

When from thy side, love,
In silence and gloom,
Half-broken hearted,
Fate tore me away,
All humbled in pride, love,
I thought in my doom,
That Hope had departed
For ever and aye!

But Fate may not banish,
From memory's store,
That blissful communion
Of years that are flown,
Nor make yet to vanish
The lustre which o'er
Our fond thoughts of union,
So tenderly shone.

And still o'er the ocean
My fancy takes flight,
Where oft I see gleaming
Thy figure afar;
And I think with emotion,
That sometimes at night,
We watch the same beaming
And tremulous star.

The sunsets so golden,
That stream round me here,
But call up thy shadow
The landscape between:
And when in the olden
Dim season so dear,
It tripped o'er the meadow
With step of a queen.

As the light of the moon, love,
Like snow softly falls,
And rests on the mountain,
And silvers the sea,
That midnight in June, love,
My mem'ry recalls,
When up to the fountain
I clambered with thee.

How sweetly the river
Reflected the ray
Of moon through the willows
Or sun o'er the hill:

Does the moonbeam there quiver,
The sunset there play,
Upon its gay billows
As splendidly still?

My spirit is weary—
An exile I grieve,
When morn's early voices
A glad song proclaim,
And the faint Miserere
Of nature at eve,
To me but rejoices
To murmur thy name.

Yet Hope, reappearing,
A vision unfolds,
Of rapture together,
In joy's happy reign,
When love all endearing
The full eye beholds,
We'll walk o'er the heather
At sunset again.

J. R. T.

The Press---its Power and Mission.

The press, in whatever respect considered, is a fruitful and interesting topic. For what it has done it deserves our regard; for what it *may* do, it is still more worthy of our attention.

It has accomplished a great moral and intellectual revolution, but this unlike most revolutions has been peaceful in its character and beneficent in its influence. Steam, in its application to the boat, the ship, and the car has been to the press the most efficient of handmaids. The former stimulating the latter to exertion, and distributing, worldwide, whatever it published. Together they have done wondrous things; it is their certain destiny to accomplish far greater. The genius of our Fultons incalculably increase the power and usefulness of our Franklins. Common honor to the printer and the machinist!—joint laborers in the same great mission of social regeneration and the extension of the area of civilization. The progress in the mechanic arts, particularly in the present century, has multiplied beyond computation the sphere and power of the press. The surface of the earth has become a vast net-work of railroads, while innumerable canals are auxiliary to the diffusion and exchange of information. The air above us, by the aid of modern science, is no longer a

"mare clausum"—it is open, navigable. The courses of travel are marked by tens of thousands of wires, along which are borne a great and increasing commerce—a commerce whose freight is thought and whose sails are the wings of lightning.

Prolific as steam is in blessings, social and political, it becomes not only useless but direful, unless properly directed by pre-arranged pipes and valves. So also the press may be powerful for good or ill. Some restraint is necessary. We should rather avoid putting too much than too little restriction on the press; prune a tree carefully and it will flourish the more, lop and hack it too freely and it will die. The freedom of the press mainly consists in its exemption from censorship *prior* to publication. The only restraint upon it tolerated in this country consists in the liability of libellers to prosecution before a jury of the country. The liberty of our press should never be surrendered. It is not the growth of a day, but an offshoot from the venerable tree of British liberty, into which it was only ingrafted after much delay and many difficulties.

The art of printing with moveable types was invented by John Gutenberg of Mayence about 1438, A. D. The first book published in England was the Game of Chess in 1474, which was printed by the press of Caxton. The *Weekly News*, edited by Nathaniel Butler, the first number of which was issued in London the 23d of May 1622, was the pioneer of English journals. Butler's paper was chiefly devoted to the affairs of the Continent, for the Star Chamber prevented it from speaking freely of internal matters. The enterprise was without the patronage of the great and was even ridiculed by the literary.

The first French journal originated April 1, 1631, and was edited by Theophrastus Renaudot. Its success was immense. The sagacious Richelieu patronized it, and by granting it favors contrived to make it a dependent of Government. But the true policy of the press is to avoid entangling alliances. It should never bind itself by the obligation which springs from the golden patronage of high officials; it should never consent to be a pampered slave when it should wield the

power of a beneficent master; its type should be not the parasitical ivy, but rather the manly oak which bares its front to every wind of stormy winter. The Gazette was literary rather than political; the Court of Louis XIII. would not permit it to discuss with freedom the prerogatives of royalty, or the rights of the people.

Soon after the invention of printing the Church of Rome assumed a censorship over it. In 1515 the Council of Lateran decreed, that "no publication should be issued in any place where the Church of Rome had jurisdiction unless such printed work had first obtained the written sanction of the bishop, or of the inquisition of the diocese." The Star Chamber of England made itself for many years justly odious by being the instrument of destroying some of the noblest manifestations of genius. It frequently called into requisition the pillory and the branding-iron to deter writers from exposing the vices and follies of those in power. The popular irritation consequent upon the trials of Prynne, Wharton and Lilburn probably caused or rather compelled Charles I. to abolish the Star Chamber.

A whole brood of newspapers, nearly two hundred, sprang into being from 1641 to the time of the restoration of the Stuarts—partly in consequence of the destruction of that grim Censor, but more especially as a necessity of revolutionary times, as an instrument to attack and defend. Parliament was not disposed to be tolerant; it did not as yet perceive the true mission of the press. In May 1640 Parliament appropriated to itself the censorship of the *printing of speeches*, and, on the 2d of February 1641, Sir E. Dering was expelled from the House of Commons and confined in the Tower of London for *printing his own speeches*. A member of our Congress would think himself hardly used if lodged in the Washington jail for a similar offence. In 1643 Parliament assumed the full censorship of writings *prior* to publication; in 1647, it increased its powers of censorship. Oliver Cromwell suppressed the Royalist sheets; though a thorough hater of kingscraft and priestcraft he did not properly appreciate an unshackled press. But there was an illustrious contemporary of his who saw the truth clearly and expressed

it boldly. "Give me the liberty," said Milton, "to know, to utter, and to argue freely, according to conscience, above all other liberties." The religious wars of the 17th century by increasing the use, greatly stimulated the production, of journals. The restoration of the Stuarts in the person of Charles II. was a great check to the legitimate power of the press, but the Revolution of 1688 gave to it a commanding influence, placing the Government, in a good degree, under its control. Both Whigs and Tories desired to use this peaceful, yet effective instrument of party war—the allowance of a good degree of freedom to it was a popular want. The Licensing Act expired in 1694, and was never re-enacted and upon this *negative* foundation the liberty of the English press still stands. The framers of our Federal Constitution through a wise caution have made the freedom of our press *an* express part of the fundamental law, prohibiting Congress from abridging it; and most of our State Constitutions have forbidden their legislatures from interference with its liberty. In Anne's reign the periodical press exerted great influence, then for the first time it fairly embarked on the tempestuous sea of politics; then it was that Swift dipped his pen in gall, writing with a license and fierceness previously unknown. Can we estimate the good accomplished by the Spectator, the Tatler and the Guardian? It is incalculable. These journals, literary rather than political, were scathers of vice, ridiculers of folly, and commendators of virtue. The names of Addison and Steele are linked in immortal memory with the press, for by it they achieved victories nobler and more useful than those of "the tented field." For a long time there was a controversy often renewed and stoutly contested between English judges and juries whether the latter were competent to decide as to the correctness of an allegation of libel as stated in the indictment. Thanks to the exertions of Fox, Erskine, Mackintosh and Sheridan, it has been decided favorably to liberty. The eloquence of Erskine when defending the press often triumphed over the learning of Mansfield, for he addressed juries of his countrymen. In 1672 Fox's Libel Bill became law—a great step and an onward one in the cause of civil

liberty. By it juries were empowered to find verdicts on *the whole matter* and were no longer legally restricted to the question of *whether the libel was published or not by the accused*.

Prior to the French Revolution of 1789 the press of France was much restricted; it had no manliness of tone, no voice but the voice of servility and flattery. It was a French monarch, Louis XIV., who invaded Holland confessedly on the ground that the Dutch Gazettes discussed his conduct too freely; but he was repelled as he deserved. During the French Revolution, Parisian mobs frequently demolished printing presses. Camille Desmoulins was executed by the Jacobins for editing a Jacobin paper. Nothing shows more conclusively that the revolutionists of that day had no idea of rational liberty than the tyranny which they exercised over the press. Powerful tyrants have paid to it indirect homage. The great Napoleon seemed more sensitive to the newspaper squibs fired at him across the Channel than to the discharge of British artillery.

Russia, France and Italy have established within their respective limits a strict censorship of the press. It is not, therefore, surprising that their people are wretchedly governed. The various *coup d' etats* of Louis Napoleon were followed, as might have been expected, by the strictest surveillance of the press. He and his abettors feared free discussion; "they loved darkness, because their deeds were evil." No wonder that usurpers have ever been opponents of a free press; for among an *informed* people, such power is only held by the most uncertain of tenures. In order that a people may wisely govern themselves, they must be accurately informed as to the conduct of their agents and as to the nature of public affairs, and experience has proved that the best means to acquire this knowledge is through a bold, an able, and a truthful press.

Lord Erskine, in the latter part of the last century, was one of those who most clearly saw what a mighty engine a free press was in the cause of human progress. What would he say if he now beheld its giant strides? "She has her ambassadors in every quarter of the globe, her couriers upon every road." The press is now a power in the

state. The journals published in Great Britain in 1850, exclusive of reviews and magazines, were 623 in number. It has been calculated that the sheets of its daily journals added to the weekly and semi-monthly journals of London and the provinces for the year 1849, would cover a total surface of 1,446,150,000 square miles, and may I not add that their influence is felt wherever civilized man exists. The census of the United States taken in 1850 shows that they have in all 2,800 periodicals and newspapers with a circulation of five millions. Some of the leading newspapers in our large cities have a daily circulation of 50,000 or 60,000. Some of our magazines have 100,000 subscribers. When we consider that thousands read newspapers, or hear them read, who do not subscribe to them, we perceive that the press of the present day has more than Briarean arms; it penetrates into mountain gorges, and its influence is diffused amidst primal forests and blooming prairies scarcely opened to the eye of the adventurous backwoodsman. The newspaper is read by millions who scarcely read anything else. As Bulwer eloquently expresses it, "the newspaper is a law-book for the indolent, a sermon for the thoughtless, a library for the poor." A newspaper when properly conducted is a public benefaction. Its daily influence is like the gentle dew from heaven which is felt only in the blessings it brings. Its real is far more than its apparent power—for its action is continuous.

"Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi, sed sæpe cadendo."

This is its peaceful, ordinary action, but when outraged, it is more terrible than an army with banners, falling and grinding to powder all who oppose it. An able editor has over thousands a plastic power; he addresses more than the stentorian orator. His profession is one of the most useful, one of the most honorable, but is not fully appreciated. Its opportunities for good or evil are manifold, its duties arduous, its responsibilities great. An enlightened public opinion will hold to a rigid accountability those who abuse so great an instrument for good. James II., Charles X. and Louis Philippe were never friendly to the exercise of the legitimate powers of the press; men high in

official station seldom are. We know the opposition of these rulers to a free press; let their fate—exile—be a warning to kings and to presidents.

Be the people but intelligent, the press when once fully free, cannot be enslaved. The intelligence of a people will and must find some adequate mode of expression; if there is none, it will make one. A pent-up volcano cannot be pent-up long. The first and last attempt to fetter the press in this country was the Sedition Act of the 14th of July, 1798. It was generally odious; and though by the terms of the bill its operation was to be short, it became a dead letter *very soon after its passage*. The American feeling on this subject is well expressed by the poet,

"This is true liberty when free born men,
Having to advise the people may speak free,
Which he who can and will, deserves high praise."

In a representative republic like ours, a free press is of inestimable value. It keeps up a constant intercourse between the representative and the represented, instructing the former in the interest of the latter, and informing the latter of the faithfulness or unfaithfulness of the former. The profession of the editor, like all others, is sometimes encumbered with the venal and incompetent. But at this day, and especially where the English language is spoken, the press maintains a proud position. As an informer and organ of the people, as a denouncer of official corruption and usurpation, its influence is felt and respected. No man, however powerful, can safely stop his ears to the voice of the press, for generally it is the expression of public opinion. A newspaper conducted on proper principles is uninfluenced by threats and unseduced by bribes, and never for popularity's sake panders to the passions or prejudices of any. No. Its mission is higher, nobler—to speak the truth, the whole truth, for the enlightenment of nations.

Republics are not usually destroyed *per saltum*, but are consolidated into monarchies or dismembered by gradual encroachments. To guard against these should be the special care of presses in all free countries; they thus become the preventers of civil revolutions by rendering them unnecessary.

The defender of the press hazards at this nothing, or to speak more accurately, he chimes in with the popular feeling. But it was not ever thus. The press has had its dark days, and like the Christian Church its many martyrs full of zeal and patience.

Shades of Lilburn, of Twyn, of Tutchin, and Defoe, of all those who have suffered in the past, for freedom of expression!—your punishment has left nothing of disgrace upon your memories, while such as Hyde and Jeffries will live in lasting infamy.

Many illustrious men have acquired a large portion of their fame in the editorial chair; in foreign countries, a Thiers, a Brougham, a Sidney Smith, and a Jeffrey; in ours, a Franklin, a Legaré, and an Edward Everett. The general literature of a country is indicative both of the morality and taste of its inhabitants. The best guaranty for the purity and integrity of the press is a sound and virtuous public opinion. They act reciprocally upon each other. Let the people frown upon corrupting and lying publications, but preserve, at all hazards, the press in its freedom, for it is an essential part of our American constitutional liberty.

If this article shall induce, as I fondly hope, an abler pen to do ampler justice to my noble theme, my labor will not have been fruitless.

D. S. G. C****.

Nelson Co., Va.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

(FROM A PICTURE.)

It will be readily perceived that the following lines were suggested by a picture which was itself suggested by Campbell's stirring Lyric—

Our bugles sang truce, &c.

The lines, however, have no similarity to the original poem, while they can not but please by the quiet domesticity which pervades them.—[ED. MISS.

While o'er the bloody field night's shadows crept,
A weary soldier on the green turf slept;
One arm his gun still clasping in his rest,
The other thrown across his brave, young breast,
With limbs worn down by all the toils of war
His spirit in his slumber wander'd far.

He had a dream,—'twas of his far off home,
To which all crown'd with honors he had come:

He felt his wife's embrace, his infant's kiss,
And his soul revell'd in the envied bliss,—
For which he had so toiled and fought, and borne
All the privations which his frame had worn.

His fav'rite spaniel came his step to greet,
And play'd, and gamboll'd round his dust-worn feet;
Each kind domestic smiled, his voice to hear,
And pour'd their gladdening welcomes in his ear.
Shrub, tree and flower, as they met his sight,
Made him forget awhile his Country's fight.

Sleep on brave soldier! morn will come again,
And bring to thy glad heart, distress and pain;
Thou'lt know that joys which now so *real* seem,
Are but the sweet delusions of a dream.
And 'mid the angry cannon's deepening roar,
Those voices of thy home thou'lt hear no more.

C. L. M. JORDAN.

Lyackburg, Virginia.

MAITRE ADAM, OF CALABRIA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH. BY S. S.

VIII.

THE GREEK CAP.

Scarcely had Mattéo returned home when, for the third time, some one knocked at the door of Maître Adam; but this time it was a friend. Fra Bracalone, in making his collection, had been apprised of the accident which had befallen Maître Adam, and hastened to offer the sufferer spiritual and temporal relief. The spiritual relief consisted of such common-places as he recollected of the exhortations *in extremis* of Father Gaétano; the temporal, of a flask of good Cantanzaro wine, a fowl for broth and some fish famous for their delicacy and tenderness. He was a brave man, as we may see, that Fra Bracalone, the slave of his word, and as soon as he had learned that Corporal Bombarda was in danger of death had hurried to bring to him the promised indulgences. But unhappily the corporal had already recovered his senses, and, as he was a bold spirit, had repelled, in his attachment to the things of earth, the advances Fra Bracalone had made towards him on the part of heaven. The worthy sacristan did not consider himself defeated; he rarely suffered more than two or three days to pass without getting up between himself and the wounded man some controversy as to the different mysteries of

our holy religion—controversies in which the sceptic was not too often victorious. At length the corporal signified his acceptance of Fra Bracalone's tenets with a humility which deeply touched the holy father, who became truly attached to his neophyte. So that it was not without real regret that he had seen him depart for Messina. And it resulted from this tender affection with which the son had inspired him, that he forgot his ancient animosities against the father. Our readers have already divined this when they have seen Fra Bracalone courteously send his ass to Maître Adam, and not a doubt has been left them on the subject in seeing the sacristan go forward with provisions to Maître Adam's death-bed. Fra Bracalone seemed truly affected when the old woman, Babilana, walking before him into the first apartment, related the calamity which had happened to her, and asked if he would not say a prayer at the pillow of the bed of death. But the story of the old woman reminded the sacristan of another promise he had made; it was that he would provide for his friend, Maître Adam, a funeral solemnity worthy of him. He therefore declined, saying that he had not too much time to make all the arrangements for the funeral, and that as it would be necessary to keep the vigils over the dead in the church, he would recite at the coffin all the prayers that the most exacting soul could desire. In saying this he withdrew, leaving the provisions and promising to send immediately a decent coffin which should not be used a second time.*

Maître Adam had not lost a word of this conversation, and he saw at once in what the sacristan had said and done, a good and bad side; the good side was the provisions he had brought, of which the dead man began to feel the want; the bad side was the scrupulous exactitude with which Fra Bracalone had kept his engagements, and at which the living man was terrified. In effect, if Fra Bracalone should remain all night near the coffin, Maître Adam must determine

* In Italy, interments are not made, as with us, in a cemetery, but in an immense vault, situated in the middle of the church, into which they penetrate by raising a flag stone. They let the dead fall into this charnel house and upon each body they throw quick lime to prevent mephitic exhalations. This will explain how one coffin could be used several times.

either to be buried or to admit the friar into his confidence. Burial was disagreeable—the confidence dangerous; Maître Adam had counted on the solitude of the church to make his escape without being seen, and the next morning his wife was to explain his disappearance by declaring that the Madonna of Nicotera had appeared to her in a dream, carrying away Maître Adam in glory to heaven. Thus the absence of the body would be easily accounted for; the respectable painter not being endowed with omnipresence, and, therefore, not able to be, at the same moment, in heaven and upon earth. This fine plan then was threatened with defeat; but our readers know Maître Adam well enough to have appreciated already his unalterable trust in Providence. He occupied himself, therefore, with the present, leaving the future to the hands of God, and ordered his wife to prepare a supper such as was suitable for a man who had eaten nothing for thirty hours, and who, when this repast was over, did not know when he should eat again.

The good Babilana applied herself to her task, and with the help of some charitable neighbours she collected together what was necessary for cooking the supper, for of a soup-pot, a grid-iron or a frying-pan there was none, beyond a doubt, at the house of Maître Adam. Seeing that he never had any thing to fry, to broil, or to stew, he was situated, in respect to this predicament, more or less advantageously. Thanks to that courtesy which she would not, perhaps, have met with on any other occasion, the poor old woman succeeded gloriously, and at the end of two hours she had cooked a supper to bring back the dead to life. Such was the effect it produced upon Maître Adam, who, on seeing her come in, raised himself with an air of satisfaction that would have convinced any that might have been looking through the keyhole, that the worthy painter had enjoyed a foretaste of eternal bliss. At this moment there was a knock at the door; the old Babilana hurried to lay aside the dishes and open; it was the coffin which had been brought. This incident, which had produced, perhaps, a certain impression on a dead man less philosophic than Maître Adam, caused him no loss of appetite. The worthy painter

made, on the contrary, one of the heartiest meals he ever recollected to have made. He had swallowed the last mouthful of fish and emptied the last glass of wine, when harsh and discordant strains were heard at the door. The old woman trembled.

“They are the *angels* who come to seek me,” said Maître Adam. “Hold, wife, there remains yet a little wine in the bottle; give it to them. Let it not be said that they have been with me for their crowns of gilt paper and their wings of pasteboard. Meanwhile I go to shroud myself to the best of my ability, and as becomes an honest corpse. Go, wife, go.”

The old woman obeyed, closing the door behind her, so that Maître Adam might not be disturbed in his little arrangements. It was indeed the four children of the village choir, who had come, according to custom, dressed as angels with long robes of calico, wings of pasteboard and ‘halos’ of paper, in search of the corpse which was to pass the night in the church. Behind them were the bearers, and behind the bearers a body of men from the village, at the head of whom marched the crony Mattéo. The good woman gave the angels the little wine she had, but as these celestial messengers, on account of the well-known poverty of Maître Adam, had not counted on any thing more than pure water, they were agreeably surprised at this unexpected windfall, however weak it might seem to them coming from a much wealthier corpse: they struck up, therefore, the *De Profundis* in a truly grateful voice, while the bearers carried forward the coffin on the bier and took the head of the procession, accompanied by the four angels and followed by Mattéo who marshalled the mourners and who, thanks to the custom they observed in Calabria of bearing the dead with face uncovered, did not lose sight of that blessed Greek cap, the possession of which was to indemnify him for the loss of his three sous.

They reached the church about nightfall. It was distant from the village by the whole length of the garden, where Marco Brandi had formerly concealed himself, and rose from the acclivity of the mountain. It was one of those little stone buildings which lie so well for the landscape painter, displaying, as it did, the warm tint of its masonry above

wan foliage of the chestnut trees. It, like the rest of the abbey, in a sufficiently bad condition, but Fra Bracalone had adorned it, with new flowers and old tapestries, as well as he could, the solemnity of the thing being duly considered. Faithful to his promise, he awaited at the threshold the body of his friend. The bearers deposited the coffin upon a sort of stage raised in the midst of the choir, and while the angels chanted their last psalm, Fra Bracalone lighted up, around the coffin, the six scintillated tapers. This scrupulous punctuality more and more dismayed Maître Adam, who could, by no means, now doubt that the worthy sacristan would carry out his promise to the end in watching him all night. The psalm having been performed, the angels went out of the church, the bearers followed the angels, and the citizens of Nicotera followed the bearers, with the exception, however, of the crony Mattéo, who found an opportunity of slipping, without being observed, to a confessional. The result of this was, that Maître Adam, instead of one watchman, ended to have two, a circumstance which, had it been known to him, would have changed his anxiety into positive terror.

Fra Bracalone closed the door after the procession, and returning to take his seat near the stage, commenced muttering his prayers. All this time Maître Adam was turning over in his mind what course it was best for him to adopt: should he wait until Fra Bracalone fell asleep, which event could not fail to occur sooner or later? Should he trust himself to him, and inform him that he was keeping a vigil over a living man? This latter resource seemed to him most hazardous; moreover, there was time enough to have recourse to it. He resolved therefore to be patient, and held himself in that motionless position which he had often, without success, requested of his models. As for Mattéo, he also took patience, relying, to put his plan into execution, upon what Maître Adam should do on his part, upon the sacristan's relapsing into slumber.

Thus passed away half the night, and the two, deluded in their expectations, began to find themselves uncomfortable enough—the one in his coffin, the other in his confessional, when Fra Bracalone broke off in the middle

of his prayer, and rising all of a sudden, like a man who has neglected something of the last importance, walked rapidly towards a small door opening upon the corridor which led to the cloister of the church of the abbey. In truth, the worthy man happened to recollect that he had overlooked one of the promises made to Maître Adam—that of wrapping him in a consecrated frock; and he went in great haste to search in the cell, situated at the other extremity of the abbey, for the holy garment prepared for this funeral ceremony.

Maître Adam and Mattéo supposed, each for himself, that the hour of deliverance had arrived. Accordingly Maître Adam raised his head and Mattéo half opened the confessional; the former seeing himself already free and the course clear—the latter believing himself already the owner of the famous cap. But at the moment that both put forth timidly a leg—the one from his coffin, the other from his sentry-box, a loud noise was heard beneath the porch, and the door opened with violence, admitting a troop of armed men who distributed themselves, shouting, throughout the building. Each withdrew his leg and kept himself mute and motionless, awaiting the result.

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IX.

THE SOULS FROM PURGATORY.

This troop, which entered so tumultuously and at a moment so inopportune, was the band of Marco Brandi. Since they had lost their chief, these brigands had been the prey of a deplorable anarchy and fatal insubordination. For some days after his disappearance they had been kept, it is true, under military restraint by the fear that they would see him reappear at some moment or other; but by and by the idea that he was a prisoner or dead acquired the force of a 'fixed fact,' so that the powerful hand, which held in check all their bad passions, being withdrawn, these miscreants had commenced to act according to their own caprice, following their brutal instincts, recognizing neither obligation nor law, cursing God and the devil at every turn, saying the *Ave Maria* in the

drinking shops and celebrating their orgies in the churches.

Now, the afternoon of the *day* in question, having learned that the mail-coach which passed over the road from Gioja to Mileto, at half-past six in the evening, bore the tax-money of Palermo to Naples, twelve or fifteen of these reprobates had placed themselves in ambush between the two villages, and, putting to flight the guard which accompanied the vehicle, had without respect for the service of the State, laid violent hands on the public money; after which they had retired to an inn where they had supped after the manner of men who have two stomachs and no conscience. Then, half-tipsy, and exceedingly distrustful the one of the other, they determined to go, for the purpose of dividing their booty, to the church, in order that, if any of them was capable of cheating his comrades, he might be restrained by the sanctity of the place. This was no sooner said than done, and it was with this praiseworthy intention that they happened to enter at so unpropitious a moment for Maître Adam and the crony Mattéo.

They had, at first been surprised to find the church so well lighted; but, on reflection, it occurred to them that this illumination would facilitate the division they had come to make, and, in their ignorance of the means Providence employs to punish the guilty and convert sinners, they congratulated themselves upon this unexpected incident. Some of them, less hardened than the others, had meanwhile endeavoured to make the rest of the troop understand that it was too impious a sacrilege to engage in such a business in the presence of death; but they had been hooted down unanimously, and, by one of those contradictions so common with rude natures, they now cried louder than any, that they might make their companions forget their former timidity. In the mean time, thanks to a lingering obedience of the orders of a lieutenant, the noise subsided by degrees, they seated themselves in a circle and proceeded to the division. They began with the large pieces, afterwards passed to those of medium value, then finished with the small ones: all being counted, there yet remained three sous.

It was a sum difficult enough to divide

among fifteen persons, especially in a country where the decimal system had not been adopted. So it was arranged that the three sous, instead of being divided, should be drawn by lot. Each then proposed a different method: some offered to play for them at *heads or tails*, others at *even or odd*; but neither of these expedients met with general approval. Those who made propositions sustained them; those who declined them persisted in their opposition: the disagreement was beginning to be a quarrel, high words threatened heavy blows, when the lieutenant raising his voice said that he had hit upon a plan which would satisfy every body, and which, at the same time, offered to the company a most agreeable recreation. This double promise quieted their spirits, and they kept silence to hear the lieutenant. His suggestion was indeed a most ingenious one: it consisted in setting up the coffin so that they might make the dead man a target; each one should fire one shot of a carbine, and he who placed a ball in the middle of the forehead, should have the three sous. The lieutenant was not mistaken; his proposition gave entire satisfaction and was received with general applause.

Each one immediately busied himself with the necessary preparations for this novel sort of target-practice. One calculated the distance; another prepared the carbine: this one measured the powder; that one counted the balls;—then, when all this had been done, all surrounded the coffin that they might raise it to a proper position. But no sooner had these impious wretches placed their hands upon it, than Maître Adam, judging that he had no time to lose if he did not wish to be shot, raised himself at full length in his coffin, crying out in the voice of a Stentor, "A Soul from Purgatory!"

At this cry and this apparition, the brigands fled from the church, leaving on the pavement of the choir not only the three sous in dispute, but also the fifteen portions which they had not time to pocket, and which made up, altogether, a sum of 7,530 francs.

Maître Adam remained some time with his arms extended and his mouth open, astounded, as he was himself, at the effect he had produced. Then he leaped lightly from his coffin, thinking that the time had come

for him, in his turn, to take to his heels. Nevertheless, he was a man of too much sense to leave thus unappropriated the goods God had sent him, and as he had frequently heard Fra Bracalone declare that he who robbed a robber only made the devil laugh, he prepared to make the devil laugh with all his heart in robbing for him fifteen robbers at once. Accordingly, he took the sheet which had served him for a shroud, spread it upon the floor and gathered together in an instant the fifteen different portions. He had just finished this, and was contemplating with the greed of a miser the pile of gold, silver and bank notes before him, when he felt a slap on the shoulder, and heard a voice whisper in his ear these dreadful, but unexpected words—"Share between us, comrade."

Maître Adam turned quickly and saw Mattéo, who, standing behind him with his arms folded, regarded him with a jeering expression. There was but two plans to adopt; he must lose all or divide the amount, and secure secrecy in buying up an accomplice. Maître Adam did not hesitate a moment, but with that promptness of decision for which the reader knows him to be distinguished, he invited Mattéo to be seated opposite and handed over to him the pile. The division was made; each found himself possessed of three thousand, seven hundred and sixty-five francs.

There remained yet the three sous which had caused the dispute between the robbers. Maître Adam laughingly remarked upon them.

"Precisely," said Mattéo, reaching out his hand towards them, "these are the three sous I lent you; give them to me."

"Indeed," replied Maître Adam, seizing them, "this is a curious affair. I have made you a present of three thousand, seven hundred and sixty-five francs, and yet you demand of me these three sous."

"I demand them because you owe them to me," replied Mattéo, "and I shall demand them as long as you will not pay them. Come, you are rich enough to pay your debts. Give me my three sous."

"Your three sous! bless me, you might well say my three sous."

"Will you give me my three sous!" cried Mattéo, seizing Maître Adam by the hair.

"Will you leave me my three sous!" cried Maître Adam, catching Mattéo by the neck.

Both had gone too far to retreat: moreover they were as stubborn as the Calabrais, so each continued to pull at the other, yelling with all his might, "My three sous—my three sous."

Let us now leave these venerable antagonists to throttle each other at their leisure and bellow at their ease, and let us return to the troop of Marco Brandi.

The robbers had decamped as if all the devils of the infernal regions had been at their heels. But, so complete had been their panic, that it was natural enough they should not have stopped until their breath was exhausted. Then some had propped themselves against the trees—others had seated themselves upon pieces of rock; this party had fallen flat on their faces—that party had lain down upon their backs. At last they recovered their breath, when it occurred to one of them that they had been greatly mistaken, and had been the dupes of an illusion of the senses. He timidly hazarded this opinion; but the apparition was yet too recent for him to bring back at once a great number to his opinion. After some minutes, however, the calmness of the night, the purity of the atmosphere, the freshness of the mountain, quieted them by degrees. All of nature that surrounded them was so peaceful and majestic that they could not comprehend that at a quarter of a league from the place where they had stopped, the physical order of the universe had been violated in one of its primary laws. It was not exactly thus that these reflections came upon them, but in whatever manner they came, they did not make the less impression. It resulted that after a short interval of silence, all were convinced that they had been in too great a hurry to get out of the church—the more especially as they had left there their money and weapons. Accordingly, one of the bandits proposed to return for them, and though, after what had elapsed when the former opinion had been uttered an instant before, one would think that this proposition would be but indifferently received, it turned out quite

to the contrary—each one having taken courage and chased away his fear. But as in taking courage and chasing away his fear each one had become conscious of his disgrace, they rose up silently, and the troop proceeded on their way without uttering a single word.

Meanwhile, in spite of the brave resolution they had formed with such unanimity, in proportion as they advanced towards the church, the bandits felt certain vague tremors reawaken in their breasts, unmistakable symptoms of the return of their fright. Now and then, he that marched at the head stopped to listen, and all the troop stopped and listened with him. Then he commanded perfect silence, which enabled each one to hear the beatings of his heart; afterwards they recommenced their march with a step all the more retarded because they were drawing nearer to that terrible spot, where all the world comes and at which no one wishes to arrive. At length they reached the summit of a hill from which they perceived the church, like a shapeless mass of black, with its blazing windows. It was a proof that the funeral stage was still erected there. The robbers looked at each other asking with the eyes whether they should proceed further. At last, the lieutenant seeing the general hesitation, took his stand and declared that he would go alone, because being in a state of grace on account of having received absolution that very morning from a monk whom he had robbed, he had less to risk than the others. The robbers promised to wait for him; the lieutenant made the sign of the cross and departed. His comrades followed him with their eyes, in the midst of that sweet oriental night, purer and clearer than our twilights of the west, and saw him advance with a step sufficiently deliberate towards the building, gradually fading from their vision as he got farther from them. Finally, he was lost by degrees in the sombre tints of the nocturnal horizon, and the whole troop rested in motionless silence, their eyes fixed upon the spot where he had vanished, and where he was expected to reappear. Two minutes thus passed in a solemn stillness, which inspired in their superstitious souls greater fears than they had experienced in the shock of musketry. Then they saw emerge from

the shadows a human form which rapidly approached them. Their first impulse, it must be confessed, upon observing the celerity of the lieutenant's course, was to fly without waiting for him; but soon perceiving that nobody pursued him, they were ashamed of their alarm. On his part, the lieutenant had no sooner perceived them than he redoubled his speed; at length, after some minutes, he arrived pale, panting for breath, with hair on end.

"Well," said one of the bandits, "is the lost soul still there?"

"I firmly believe so," replied the lieutenant, stopping between every word to catch his breath. "Yes, yes, he is there and many others with him."

"You have seen them then?"

"No; but I listened at the door."

"Then how do you know there is so large a number of them?"

"How do I know?" rejoined the lieutenant; "I know it because I heard each one of them demand his three sous; judge then how many there must be, when, out of a sum of seven thousand, five hundred and thirty francs, there is but three sous apiece!"

One may imagine, from the state of mind in which the robbers were, the impression produced upon them by this story. Each one said aloud a blessing on himself, and uttered in a whisper the vow to live hereafter as an honest man, before the lieutenant had related the affair with a marvellous semblance of truth. The fact is that he had arrived at the door of the church at the warmest of the quarrel, and at a moment when Maître Adam and Mattéo were pummelling each other in such a manner and yelling so loudly, that they had not even observed that they were surrounded by a dozen gendarmes, of whose presence they had been aware but a moment, when the corporal cried out to them in a voice of thunder,

"Lay down your arms, wretches, you are my prisoners."

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X.

AN EARTHQUAKE.

When Marco Brandi arrived at the capital of Calabria, he found half the town in ruins, what was yet standing empty houses

and the population fled: there had been in the night an earthquake. Marco Brandi had slept in a secluded inn, three leagues from Cosenza. While in his first doze, he had felt the bed move, and had supposed it a dream. In the morning he found himself in the middle of the room, and as, at the same time, he saw daylight through the walls which had been cracked in two or three places, he comprehended what had happened. As for the proprietor of the inn, who slept less profoundly than his guest, as it appeared, he had fled at the earliest shock and had left Marco Brandi master of the house. Marco Brandi, who would have stopped, without the least hesitation, a traveller or a diligence passing along the highway, would have considered it unworthy of an honest brigand to go out of an inn without paying his reckoning. He calculated, therefore, the worth of the supper and the bed they had given him, not forgetting some *carlins* for the maid, left the whole in the most conspicuous part of the room, and departed from the house not without some anxiety as to the effects which had been produced at Cosenza by the shock which had passed over him so quietly that he had not been aware of it, as we have said, until the following morning. Indeed, in proportion as he proceeded, his fears became more and more alarming—for all the houses which he passed on the way showed signs, more or less terrible, of the occurrence. But it was much worse when he reached the summit of the mountain which overlooks Cosenza on the side of Martorano, and when he could take in, at a glance, the whole disaster which had extended from one end of the village to the other with all the variety and accidents of caprice. Thus, in the middle of a street, entirely in ruins, one house stood on end; another, of which the front had fronted north, had turned round and now looked towards the south; this one had entirely disappeared, swallowed up in a chasm which had closed over it; that one was held up by frail props and tottered like a drunken man; while, from the midst of the rubbish came human groans and the cries of animals, plaintive enough to freeze the blood in the heart of the bravest.

Marco Brandi advanced to the middle of this scene of desolation, his heart oppressed

with the idea that his father was, perhaps, among the victims, and looking every where for some one who could give information concerning him. But the streets were deserted. Old Placido Brandi lived in a quarter opposite that by which his son had entered; so that the latter was compelled to go to the other end of the town before learning anything. On arriving at the little stream which flowed there, he saw that it was dried up, and that in drying up it had left its bed bare. Workmen were digging furiously in this bed in many places, under the direction of the *savans* of the town, who had read in Jornandés that Alaric, confined in three coffins—the first of gold, the second of silver, and the third of bronze—had been buried in the bed of the stream which had been diverted by his soldiers; then, the interment being completed, they had permitted the Busento to resume its course. This time it was not the hand of man which had undertaken this gigantic work; it was God who had breathed upon the river, and the river had disappeared. Marco Brandi approached the workmen to inquire for what they were searching there, whilst the wounded victims, entombed under the ruins of the houses, waited in vain for assistance; they replied that they sought the body of Alaric, who had been buried for fourteen hundred years. Marco Brandi thought the earthquake had made fools of the Cosenzans, and kept on his way. About two hundred paces further on, he saw another group composed of an old man, three or four monks and a dozen Sisters of Charity. These were excavating at a house from which could be heard the most dreadful groans. Marco approached and recognized his father in the old man who directed the labor. The two Brandi threw themselves into each other's arms; then each took a pickaxe and set actively to work: they had the gratification of rescuing a woman and two children.

As for the workmen at the Busento, they were in a tumult of joy: they had happened to find a little bronze horse worth at the most a crown.

Marco Brandi and his father hastened to another house, while the *savans* continued their digging. All day, the one worked to save the living, and the other to rob a corpse.

At evening, worn out by fatigue, Placido Brandi and his son retired to the house of the old man; it was still standing, the third, in the midst of the ruins of a whole street; the *sarans* bivouacked in the bed of the river. In the home of the two Brandi, who thus remained in a building which might tumble down at any moment, there was a courage sufficiently daring, or a trust sufficiently strong, for by and by they were the only persons who dared abide under a roof in such a night. All the inhabitants had fled to the fields and had hurriedly erected a sort of bivouac of timber and straw. This impromptu camp might have been mistaken for a kraal of Hottentots, if the aristocracy, which appears every where, even in earthquakes, had not broken the savage uniformity of these temporary dwellings by the appearance of a large number of carriages, to which the horses were already harnessed, with the masters within and the drivers on the seat; the proprietors of the equipages having found this shelter more comfortable and altogether less vulgar than that of the sheds. Beyond this, nothing could be more sad than the general aspect of that unhappy population, where each one had somebody or something to lament, and where those who had lost the least were those who had lost only their fortune.

The night was terrible, for it is to be remarked that the shocks succeeding the first concussion, let that have occurred at what hour it may, almost always happen during the night. Perhaps the earth fears to abandon herself to her delirious convulsion at an hour when the sun looks down upon her, and awaits the repose of her King to fall back into the paroxysms of the fever which causes her to groan and writhe, consumed by the fire which rages in her entrails. At every moment shudders ran along the ground, the clocks struck of themselves, and the cries of Earthquake, Earthquake, resounded mournfully and frightfully; it was a funeral harmony of wails, groans and lamentations, which resembled, in rising up to heaven, the last sigh of one of the accursed cities mentioned in Scripture. Old Placido Brandi and his son slept nearly two hours; then, although God seemed to protect the roof which covered them, they went out of the house, not to fly or to murmur, as did the greater part

of the inhabitants, but to endeavor to carry assistance to the unfortunate persons who could yet breathe, buried beneath the ruins of their dwellings. They were arrested at the threshold by a grotesque procession which came towards them. It was a train composed of thirty Capuchins, of whom some bore torches, and others, naked down to the waist, beat themselves with cords studded with nails, who walked through the town doing penance in public for their sins and those of their fellow-citizens.

On their way, men and women issued from the ruins, like spectres, and came forward on their knees, mingling their prayers with those which the flagellants chanted beating time upon their shoulders from which the blood ran down in streams. The old man and his son got down on their knees like the others, beginning with them the holy litanies. But at the moment when these expiatory martyrs passed before them, the voice of Marco Brandi was suddenly hushed, his hand seized the arm of his father; he happened to recognize in the leader of the flagellants his lieutenant Paolo, and in the others the remainder of his troop, whom he supposed in the midst of the mountains of Calabria, engaged in any thing else than doing penance. Marco Brandi could not believe his eyesight; but too devout to interrupt his friends in their pious occupation, he contented himself with accompanying them, together with a multitude of people who, seeing the devotion of these holy men, joined them in singing praises, not doubting but that such an offering would appease the wrath of God. On arriving at the steps of the church, the bearers of the torches redoubled their chants and the flagellants their blows. So worthy an example was upon the auditory; every body knelt down, the men tearing their hair, the women beating their breasts, the mothers whipping their children, so that the expiation was complete, from the innocence which could not yet sin, to the impotence which could sin no more. At length, when the chants were finished, the bearers of the torches went first into the church, the flagellants followed them one by one, and Paolo, like a general who commands a retreat, remained the last; he came forward to enter in his turn when Marco Brandi detained him by the arm. The lie-

enant, whose conscience was probably already sufficiently burthened, notwithstanding the penance he had performed, endeavored to disengage his hands without turning round, deeming it prudent not to show his face to one who manifested so evidently his desire to be brought in contact with him. At this moment he heard his name pronounced by the well-known voice of Marco Brandi.

"The captain!" cried he, turning round.

"Myself," replied Marco. "But what the devil are you doing here?"

"You may see, captain, we are giving thanks to God who has moved us, and doing penance."

"That happens marvellously well," said Marco Brandi, "for I came to give you my resignation, and I fear very much to have anything to do with reprobates."

"I congratulate you, captain, on your return to the path of rectitude," rejoined the lieutenant with an air of deep contrition, "but you must tell me how you find yourself here, when we supposed you a prisoner or dead."

"And you, come relate to me how I find you muffled in the frock of the Capuchin when I left you wrapped in the cloak of the bandit."

"*Oui Capitaine*; but let us enter the church: we shall be more quiet there than here. I am always afraid lest there may be in the crowd some gendarme who thinks that he might perform an action agreeable to the Lord in laying his hand upon my collar, and, just now, when I felt myself detained by you, I vow I had not the least courage in the world: I have already contrition enough for repentance but not enough faith for a martyr."

"Be it so," said Marco Brandi following Paolo and laughing in his sleeve at the fright he had caused his lieutenant.

Arrived at the sacristy, Marco Brandi found there the remainder of his troop, who received him with real joy, for, as we have said, the captain was well beloved. Nevertheless a feeling of alarm mingled with this joy; the poor devils were afraid that Marco Brandi had re-joined them with the desire of carrying them back into the career of crime.

But Paolo hastened to encourage them, assuring them that their chief was not less

penitent than themselves, and that he came, on the contrary, to hand in his resignation, and to release them from their oath. The moment this news was made known nothing disturbed them but the joy of their reunion. They applauded with all their heart and told him, in their turn, how the dead had appeared to them just as they were about to divide in a church the proceeds of robbery, and how, already moved by this apparition, they had retired into the mountain with the intention of renouncing the pursuit which up to that moment they had exercised, when the earthquake of the preceding night, which had evidently been occasioned by the sacrilege they had committed in so hallowed a place, came to confirm the more strongly that pious resolution.

They had then left immediately for Cosenza where there was a convent of Capuchins renowned for twenty leagues roundabout for their piety; they were conducted to the prior and had confessed to him their sins, submitting in advance to undergo such penance as it should please him to impose upon them. The prior, who never forgot the good of his order when it did not conflict with the service of God, had thought to turn to some account a repentance so remarkable and unexpected. Accordingly he had arranged the nocturnal procession which should bring all the more honour to his order as the penitents should chastise themselves the more severely. We have seen how conscientiously the bandits carried it out: so the pious suggestion of the prior had already met with its reward, and every body had fully determined, in case the earthquake should not be followed by others, to attribute the cessation of the disaster to the happy intercession of the reverend Capuchin fathers.

As soon as Marco Brandi had recognised Paolo and Paolo had told him the whole troop was there, the chief had conceived the idea of making some use, on his part, of men whose courage he knew and whose devotedness he had more than once tested. He addressed them, then, in the language of a brave man who knows that he speaks to brave men, commended them for what they had done, but added that he thought their repentance would be more pleasing to God, if after having employed spiritual means for averting

the evils to come, they would now come down to temporal means for repairing, as far as was in their power, the past misfortunes. They were fifteen men strong, courageous and skilful: and it was no more than they ought to do to carry succour to the different places where it might be supposed that succour would yet be useful, and three or four unhappy persons rescued from death, whose voices might intercede for them, was a reinforcement of prayers not to be despised by rogues whom Heaven might, perhaps, reproach for having thought, a little too late, of placing themselves in a state of grace. Such a proposition could not but be accepted; so it was received with enthusiasm, and under the lead of their chief, the bandits scattered at once throughout the village, exposing themselves with wonderful boldness, and giving by their example something of courage to the most disheartened. Their efforts were largely rewarded and already five or six persons had been taken out by them from the rubbish when they heard loud cries from the neighbourhood of the Busento. They hastened thither immediately; but whatever diligence they might have made, they would have arrived too late. God, who in the evening, had commanded the river to dry up, now ordered it to resume its flow; accordingly the waters had suddenly returned, bounding like racers, and carrying off to the sea the respectable *savans* who in their archaeological ardour, had not been willing to abandon the place where they hoped to find the tomb of Alaric.

This accident was the last that, for this time, they had to deplore in the capital of Calabria. The shocks which followed lost by degrees their violence, so that in the morning, with the light which revealed their disaster, courage came to support that unhappy population, which, moreover, never knew who were those to whom they ought to render thanks for the relief which they had received in a manner so unlooked for and miraculous, the bandits being prudently inmured at day break in the convent of the Capuchins, and Marco Brandi being shut up with his worthy father to receive his blessing and arrange all the little money affairs relating to his marriage.

(To be concluded.)

POEMS OF ALEXANDER SMITH.

When Imlac had counted over to the prince the labours that lay in the path of his determination to become a child of song, "enough," exclaimed Rasselas, "thou hast convinced me that no human being can ever be a poet." There has been no age in which the world has not at least been convinced that the heart and harp of genius have lost a string, and may in vain essay to sing again as they have sung. The graves of Shelley and Keats on which the grass is still green, are sad evidences of its unwillingness to disavow this conviction. We have reason to hope these graves have haunted mankind into a partial repentance. There are unmistakeable indications that a salutary change is overspreading the spirit of this bigotry. These strange times in which we live are even now standing tip-toe in expectation of a poet, and are prepared to load him with such honors as were never showered upon mortal before. But the person who aspires to set this age to music must come panoplied with power to achieve great things. Standing aloof from parties and prejudice he must plant himself upon the platform of those eternal truths that change not with time or place. He must explore the depths of mysticism, and yet discover no love of the transcendental in his writings. He must understand that highest teaching of all philosophy, that the True is the Beautiful. He must appreciate the divine significance and import of all things—from the highest to the lowest—'from God, to foam-bells dancing down a stream.' He must understand aright the importance of his mission on earth, and making it, not the study of an hour, but the one business of life,

He must go forward in his spirit's strength,
To grapple with the questions of all time,
And wring from them their meanings.

Alexander Smith, we fear, has failed very decidedly in proving himself this Magnus Apollo of our times, but he has written a book which contains much of genuine, veritable poetry. No man of accurate taste and judgment can read his book without feeling that he is in the presence of a poet. There is one circumstance connected with the no-

tices that have been published of this emergent genius which may be regarded as a most emphatic reversion of all precedents—the reviews on the other side of the Atlantic have, with one consent, merged their usually unrelenting disposition to criticism, in the most prodigal eulogy and commendation, while those on this side have, with scarcely a single exception, been depreciative of his claim to a position in the first class of English poets. And we believe it will not be difficult to show that if his fellow countrymen have been somewhat excessive in their admiration—his American reviewers on the other hand have judged him with an unwonted severity. He certainly has many faults of which we may, with good reason complain, but he is still a ‘born singer’ of the golden order. He is, we learn, a very young man, being only twenty-one years old. And it will be still more surprising to the readers of his poetry to hear that he has all his life followed the unpretending profession of clerkship in a mercantile house in his native city, Glasgow. It is a singular fact that most of the great poets have lived cloistered within the dismal walls of cities, where the eye can rest upon none of the beauties of mountain, or plain, or river,

Swelterers in towns,

Who ne’er can glad their eyes upon the green
Sunshine-swarthed earth; nor hear the singing rills,
Nor feel the breezes in their lifted hair.

We certainly, however, would never suspect that he had thus passed his life; we put down his book and picture to ourselves a glowing, ardent, imaginative youth, rambling among the wildest grandeurs of nature and giving impassioned expression to its influences which are to him a feeling and a joy. We picture his home among the bowers of Nature’s own hand, and surrounded by her most gorgeous splendors, and that

To feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of nature wrought,
Fair trees and lovely flowers;
The breezes their own languor lent,
The stars had feeling which they sent
Into those gorgeous bowers.

And in truth, the objects which seem to inspire him in his halcyon moments are those which were the delight of the Georgian youth in the beautiful poem “Ruth,” from which we have just quoted. With him as

with the youthful lover who won the gentle heart of Ruth—

The morn, the glory of the sun,
And streams that murmur as they run,
Have been his dearest joy.

It seems as if he has turned away, sickened, from the crowded, murky streets of a city, and poured his soul out in a song

Sung into the cold ears of the stars
Beside the murmured margin of the sea.

There are too many indications that this is so. One great fault of the book is the frequent allusion to the stars, and moon and ocean. If you read it just before falling to sleep at night, you will be almost certain to dream of some golden-haired poet, who has used the waters of the ocean as ink, and written a poem, employing the stars for italics, and the different phases of the moon for capital letters. With the exception of a few sonnets and three short lyrics, the book consists of a long confused poem, entitled “A Life Drama,” but which could hardly have been more inappropriately entitled. It is a mere common-place, sicklied love story, told in regal language. It is that silver stream of which he sings that in his memory ran

A shining thread
With sunsets strung upon it thick, like pearls.

In fact, the conclusion is irresistibly forced upon the belief that it was never intended to be the development of any lofty conception. He does not place actors upon the stage, each taking part in some nobly conceived design, and permit them to give expression to the involuntary outbursts of lofty passions, and out-flowing of affections “long subdued, subdued and cherished long.” He does not thus stand behind the curtain and speak the decrees of nature like prophecies from the lips of the Pythoness. It rather seems as if unable to restrain the uprising of poetic feeling in his soul, he has hastily brought forward two or three personages to give utterance to it—and being too few to describe it all, they seem at times almost choked with its outgushing. His soul is a vase full-brimmed with poetry, and in this drama it overflows in all directions, and without order. The “Life Drama” is in truth altogether devoid of that most indispensable prerequisite of every poem which

pretends to dramatic power; the requirement that its different parts shall be so disposed and correlated that each conduces to and sustains an intimate connection with the final catastrophe. In this poem, not only are there two distinct catastrophes, but we are conducted to each through a succession of episodes which have no connection either with one another or with the ultimate design. And thus when we are just beginning after much labour to trace the thread of the story it is again wafted from us like the fabled Sibylline leaves, upon the breezes of an over-luxuriant imagination. As this "Life Drama" was written when the author was nineteen, we are in a manner prepared to anticipate the burden of his song, which is, Love, Love, Love, to that exclusive degree which would most certainly have dispossessed Voltaire of the least charity for its dramatic pretensions. Walter, a youth of sanguine temperament, is followed

By strong ambition to outroll a lay
Whose melody shall haunt the world for aye,
Charming it onward in its golden way.

He is at times overcome with irresolution, fearing, lest it may not be his fortune "to fling a poem like a comet forth"—

I seek the look of Fame! Poor fool—so tries
Some lonely wanderer 'mong the desert sands
By shouts to gain the notice of the Sphinx
Staring right on with calm, eternal eyes.

In one of his rambles, he falls asleep in the woods, and is aroused by the voice of a lady who has found some of his verses by his side and is reading them aloud. He at once forgets all his high purposes and aspirations and falls desperately in love at first sight. The conduct of this love-scene reminds us very forcibly of that beautiful little poem of Coleridge in which the knight sang a ditty to the "Ladie of the Land." Walter tells his love in an allegory drawn out to a most disheartening length—a tale of an Indian page and his Lady-mistress—which ends by Walter's declaring

"Then close the tale thyself, I drop the mask,
I am the sun-tanned page—the Lady thou."

He is doomed however to disappointment, when she was all in leaf, the frost-winds came, and now when the summer's breath runs o'er her it waves but iron boughs. Her

hand is promised to an old man of gray hair and eyes of cold and cruel blue, who has never succeeded in securing her affections. Walter is for a short time as profoundly in the depths of despondency as he was before closely entangled in the fastnesses of love.

"——— He sees the future stretch
All dark and barren, as a rainy sea."

But the keen edge of his sorrow is gradually worn away by time. The soft gales of hope-breathing pride and whispering promise, soon drive off his gloom. He is introduced by his friend Edward to the family of an old gentleman who has

Wind billowed plains of wheat, and marshy fens,
Unto whose reeds on midnights blue and cold,
Long strings of geese come clanging from the stars.
Yet wealthier in one child than in all these!
Oh! She is as fair as Heaven! and she wears
The sweetest name that woman ever wove,
And eyes to match her name—'tis Violet.

The first time he sees Violet he would give everything in the world to be "the very floor that bears such a majestic thing." He is again as happy as the singing heavens, and in due course of time they pledge mutual vows. They are finally married, but after an experience, pitiable indeed, and which has justly been characterized as shocking every finer sentiment of taste as well as of morals, by its superfluous environment of misery and shame. We have seen it stated that this portion of the play was more than questionable in point of truth to nature. No one will deny that this chapter of guilty love grates harshly upon our ideas of virtue and chastity. We persist however that the repulsive turn thus given to the tragedy was altogether a question of taste with the author. We admit that he displayed very bad taste, for he could not have forgotten that he was writing a story of love for readers of the nineteenth century, and not for the Knights who wore the Garter, or Troubadours who sang in the ears of lovely women "songs not more decent and certainly less refined than those of Ovid." But Alexander Smith knows what many of his readers seem to be ignorant of, that human nature is the same in an enlightened as in an uncivilized age; and if he has never intermixed the natural soil of his mind with artificial manners, he certainly is not less a poet of

nature on that account. We could indeed have wished to see the drama end without this page of sorrow. But the plain truth is that Smith, as we before stated, has drawn his characters to suit a certain amount and variety of poetry which he felt glowing in his soul, before he ever planned the drama. He knew that this chapter opens to the poet the finest field for the display of deep and strong feeling, and therefore is it that the drama is more repulsive but not unnatural. We have heard it intimated that the final marriage of Walter and Violet after this piteous experience is what we could never have suspected. This is a shameful truth. We should not have suspected the marriage, because we have so long witnessed the operation of those adopted principles of our nature that are glossed with the trail of the serpent. But we take direct issue with those who see in this anything lacking in delicacy of sentiment or truth to the nobler current of human affection. We contend, despite the crisis of horror from the palsied, distempered morality of our age, that this marriage is true to the holiest instincts of humanity. We have no admiration for that code of justice or morality which for the same offence places a ban upon woman that time and repentant tears can no more efface than rains can wash out the lightning from the storm, and reproaches man with a frown perhaps that is forgotten with the passing hour. Walter is a man of purer and higher morality than those who rebuke him for his afterthought of justice and honour.

We venture the assertion that no one has read the work entitled "Poems by Alexander Smith," who has not risen from its perusal with a consciousness of his inability to discover any one leading or elemental idea, characteristic of the author, and pervading, with its moulding influence, every passage in the book. No one has read his poems who has not failed to find traces of a master-passion interwoven with every sentiment, and running through the entire book "like honeysuckle through a hedge of June." We go a step farther, and believe that the unanimous assent of our readers will bear us out in the assertion, that these Poems have less the stamp of an individualising and absorbing sentiment than the writings of any of the

more modern British poets of strong *imagination*—certainly of any who have written within the memory of living man. Byron is without change a moody despiser of his kind. There is one sentiment of churlish and satirical misanthropy infused into every page of his writings and underlining the entire superstructure of his poetry. In the philosophic *simplicity* of Wordsworth, there are ever present the foot prints of a deep-searching spirit, that

Has learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Not harsh and grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue.

It is in his power at any moment to fathom the very fountains of our inmost being, and surprise us by calling up the most exquisite and ineffable emotions, which else had slumbered unsuspected in our bosom. However attenuated his sentiments we cannot read his poetry without feeling

A presence that disturbs us with the joy
Of elevated thoughts.

But every page of it is unmistakeably marked with that nicety of analysis which characterizes the "Lakers."

We need not weary our readers by mentioning the peculiarities of other poets. The two we have referred to are striking illustrations of the fact that a strongly predominating principle in one's character will invariably betray itself in his writings.

If there is any exception to the general statement we have made, the honour, if it be deemed such, is due to Sir Walter Scott. Yet in every one of his metrical romances there is manifest that veneration of ancestral customs and courtly usages, which mingles alike in the softest and sternest strains of his harp, when strung full high to sing the boasted deeds of border chivalry. His writings in a very great degree and those of the poets first mentioned is a still more satisfactory manner afford us an insight into the inclination and bent of their minds. This is not the case however, as stated above, with the writings of Alexander Smith. There are several passages which evince a lively perception of the beautiful and poetical that lies

concealed under the stern forms of external nature.

And it has seemed to us that if indeed there be one feature of his character shadowed forth in his book with more distinctness than another it is a genuine poetic distaste for the utilitarian tendencies of the age. We select the following beautiful verse from several we have marked which seem to indicate this rare and certainly very commendable cast of mind.

All things have something more than barren use;
There is a scent upon the briar,
A tremulous splendour in the autumn dews,
Cold morns are fringed with fire.

But whatever traces we discover of this disrelish for the mammon propensities of our times, they amount to nothing approaching an exclusive sentiment, nor are they ever very distinctly defined. In fact it is impossible to say what principle of action in his mind is mostly distinctly depicted on the pages of his book. There has been such a diversity of character among modern poets, and consequently—in accordance with the principle we have alluded to—so many poems, each one tinged throughout with an infusion of some prominent passion, that even if it indicated nothing positively desirable we should still regard with decided pleasure this peculiarity, or rather lack of peculiarity in these new poems. But it is with especial pleasure that we observe this, for we think we can discover in this young author elements of *dramatic* power.

We should have no inclination to indulge this opinion, however, if what we have stated concerning his poetry were not true, and we will attempt an explanation of the reason in a few words. Before proceeding any farther, we may remark that his "Life-Drama" considered solely with regard to its dramatic pretensions is a decided and altogether one of the most interesting failures of the age. No one will urge however, we presume, that there is anything very inconsistent or anomalistic in this fact and the position we wish to establish. For this is his first effort and its simply failing to be a well-drawn drama does not logically argue his inability to execute one, especially if it be shown that there is nothing inherent in his poetry which in any manner indicates

the absence of dramatic genius. It cannot be denied that nothing more effectively betrays the lack of dramatic genius than a *particular* and determinate inclination of the author's mind. That the poetry of Smith discovers no such particular bent of his mind we think will hardly be questioned.

These remarks will be more clearly understood if we call to our aid, as illustrations of their truth, the poets to whom reference was made above. Neither Byron nor Wordsworth could have written even a respectable drama, although life itself had been the forfeit.

If the author of "Childe Harold" had introduced a dozen actors upon the stage, however well each one maintained his identity in the beginning, they would all end in the same moralizing, morose philosopher,

Who brooding sits a melancholy owl
Among the twilight branches of his thoughts.

If Wordsworth had attempted the same thing, he would have made a still more complete failure if such were possible. However varied his design, his characters would all have acted the same part. Each one would be forever holding up to the audience a mental mirror, as it were, in which they would see reflected those minute and shadowy workings of their own minds of whose very existence they were before ignorant. Such authors would soon reduce the dramatic art to what it was before the time of *Æschylus*—clothed perhaps with all the refinements of an enlightened age, but not the less wearisome and monotonous on that account. In all probability if the last named of the modern British poets had put forth his talents in such an attempt, he would not have permitted two of the personæ dramatis to open their mouths before he became regardless of the presence of the others. And thus the second actor in the scene would have gone off in a strain of abstract moralizing, till the audience had become thoroughly drilled in a school of dramatic poetry, which would have surpassed the author's own favorite ideas of *simplicity* at least as far as the complication of the plot was concerned. The innovation on accustomed rules would have been altogether more original, though decidedly less fantastic than the introduc-

tion of dances and choral songs from half-naked Satyrs in the tragedy of the Ancient Greeks.

Our position then is that there is that exclusive cast of mind about these two poets which precludes at once the supposition that they could ever possibly have written a drama. Every character in the play would have been in every essential point the same. But this the audience would hardly be able to determine we confess, for whoever got possession of the stage first would harangue them the entire evening.

But it may be said that so far as the *length of the passages* is considered, the same objection applies to the "Life-drama." This is unquestionably true, but the explication of it is as obvious as it is simple, this poem is scarcely more dramatic in its composition than the "Excursion" or the "Bride of Abydos." So far indeed as its success as a drama is involved he would have suffered but little if instead of attempting the least complication of his poetry into a drama he had quietly introduced some single spokesman of his sentiments like the "Vagrant Childe." He has in effect done the same thing by introducing two or three characters instead of one to the reader. But how much more strikingly is this negative argument we have been using bodied into tangible shape when we follow up this comparison.

Childe Harold is a character we cannot fail to recognize whenever and wherever we see him,—yesterday, to day and forever he is the same snarling cynic. And indeed it has often occurred to us that in an academy of sneering cynics Lord Byron's works would be seized upon as the first class text book on Immoral Philosophy. Entirely different, however, is the poetry of Alexander Smith. His poetry is not passage after passage infected with the breath of a sickly misanthropy. Nor is his poetry the expression of any *single sentiment*, either diseased and repulsive, or fresh and beautified with the bloom of nature. The sentiment of his song changes with every note. The current of his thought must be followed down a different channel in almost every page. With every leaf of his book we turn over a new leaf of the author's mind. Now Smith has no more than Byron displayed as yet any decided

dramatic genius. But the *character* of his writings proves beyond doubt that however labored the attempt, Byron could never have made Manfred anything but a *dramatic poem*, as it is properly styled. There can be on the other hand, nothing found in the poetry of Smith to show his inability to produce, at some future period, a nurseling of the muse that shall be fairly entitled to the proud name with which he has christened this offspring of his youthful and untamed imagination.

Now this is quite as far as the argument legitimately conducts us. And we never intended to be understood as wishing it to conduct us farther. We are as fully satisfied as any of our readers that nothing thus far *proves* that Smith has within him the certain elements of a genuine dramatist, but we may remark in support of the suggestion we have thrown out that he has executed several passages with a tragic power which we may say, without mockery, is truly Shakspearean. But Alexander Smith himself must make good his title to this tribute. We have disappointed our readers, doubtless, in not before this presenting them with extracts from the poem, and we will now give them a full compensation.

Walter has in the most unpardonable of all manners, proved unworthy the confiding love of a girl who loved him "as a fountain leaps to light, and can do nothing else." He is summoned before that most merciless of all tribunals—his own withering reflections, when the hour of infamy is over.

If the following scene affects the reader as it did us when we first read it, he will almost be able, now and then, to see an irrepressible tide of despair flow, mingled and blackened with the ink from the author's pen :

Good men have said

That sometimes God leaves sinners to their sin,
He has left me to mine, and I am changed ;
My worst part is insurgent, and my will
Is weak and powerless as a trembling king
When millions rise up hungry. Woe is me !
My souls breeds sins as a dead body worms !
They swarm and feed upon me. Hear me, God !
Sin met me and embraced me on my way ;
Methought her cheeks were red, her lips had bloom ;
I kissed her bold lips, dallied with her hair :
She sang me into slumber. I awoke—
It was a putrid corse that clung to me,
That *clings* to me like memory to the damned,
That rots into my being. Father ! God !
I cannot shake it off, it clings, it clings ;—
I soon will grow as corrupt as itself. [A pause.

God sends me back my prayers, as a father
Returns unopened the letters of a son
Who has dishonored him.

Have mercy, Fiend!

Thou Devil, thou wilt drag me down to hell.
Oh, if she had proclivity to sin
Who did appear so beautiful and so pure,
Nature may leer behind a gracious mask.
And God himself may be—I'm giddy, blind,
The world reels beneath me.

[Catches hold of the parapet.

(An Outcast approaches.) Wilt pray for me?

Girl (shuddering.)

'Tis a dreadful thing to pray.

Walter.

Why is it so?

Hast thou, like me, a spot upon thy soul
That neither tears can cleanse, nor fires eternal?

Girl.

But few request my prayers.

Walter.

I request them.

For ne'er did a dishevelled woman cling
So earnest pale to a stern conqueror's knees,
Pleading for a dear life, as did my prayer
Cling to the knees of God. He shook it off.
And went upon His way. Wilt pray for me?

Girl.

Sin crusts me o'er as limpets crust the rocks,
I would be thrust from every human door;
I dare not knock at Heaven's.

Walter.

Poor homeless one!

There is a door stands wide for thee and me—
The door of hell. Methinks we are well met.
I saw a little girl three years ago,
With eyes of azure and with cheeks of red,
A crowd of sunbeams hanging down her face;
Sweet laughter round her, dancing like a breeze.
I'd rather lair me with a fiend in fire.
Than look on such a face as hers to-night.
But I can look on thee, and such as thee;
I'll call thee "Sister;" do thou call me "Brother."
A thousand years hence, when we both are damned,
We'll sit like ghosts upon the waiting shore,
And read our lives by the red light of hell.
Will we not, Sister?

Girl.

O thou strange wild man,
Let me alone: what would you seek with me?

Walter.

Your ear, my sister. I have that within
Which urges me to utterance. I could accost
A pensive angel, singing to himself
Upon a hill in heaven, and leave his mind
As dark and turbid as a trampled pool,
To purify at leisure,—I have none
To listen to me, save a sinful woman
Upon a midnight bridge. She was so fair.
God's eye could rest with pleasure on her face.
Oh, God, she was so happy! Her short life
As full of music as the crowded June
Of an unfallen orb. What is it now?
She gave me her young heart, full, full of love:
My return—was to break it. Worse, far worse;
I crept into the chambers of her soul,
Like a foul toad, polluting as I went.

GIRL.

I pity her—not you. Man trusts in God;
He is eternal. Woman trusts in man,
And he is shifting sand.

WALTER.

Poor child, poor child!

We sat in dreadful silence with our sin,
Looking each other wildly in the eyes:
Methought I heard the gates of heaven close,
She flung herself against me, burst in tears,
As a wave bursts in spray. She covered me
With her wild sorrow, as an April cloud
With dim, dishevelled tresses hides the hill
On which its heart is breaking. She clung to me
With piteous arms, and shook me with her sobs.
For she had lost her world, her heaven, her God,
And now had nought but me and her great wrong.
She did not kill me with a single word,
But once she lifted her tear-dabbled face—
Had hell gaped at my feet I would have leapt
Into its burning throat, from that pale look.
Still it pursues me like a haunting fiend:
It drives me out to the black moors at night,
Where I am smitten by the hissing rain,
And ruffian winds, dislodging from their troops,
Hustle me shrieking, then with sudden turn
Go laughing to their fellows. Merciful God!
It comes—that face again, that white, white face,
Set in a night of hair; reproachful eyes,
That make me mad. Oh, save me from those eyes!
They will torment me even in the grave,
And burn on me in Tophet.

GIRL.

Where are you going?

WALTER.

My heart's on fire by hell, and on I drive
To outer blackness, like a blazing ship.

[He rushes away.

There is, now and then, a sentiment of irreligion dimly shadowed forth in this passage, which we are sorry to say in other portions of the book assumes a more unmistakeable form. We do not, however, discover in the book any traces of that defiant, infidel step with which Shelley walked above earth upon the mountain heights of imagination, as if to sneer more directly in the face of Almighty God. There are so many beautiful passages in these poems, that we may only hope to extract a very small number of them.

A CHILD.

O thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God;
The motions of thy limbs are swayed
By the unceasing music of thy being!
Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee.
'Tis ages since he made his youngest star,
His hand is on thee as 'twere yesterday.
Thou later revelation! Silver stream,
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine,
Whence all things flow! O bright and singing babe!
What wilt thou be hereafter?

LISTLESSNESS.

My drooping sails

Flap idly 'gainst the mast of my intent.

I rot upon the waters when my prow
Should grate the golden isles.

A PURPOSE.

A mighty purpose rises large and slow
From out the fluctuations of my soul,
As, ghost-like from the dim and tumbling sea
Starts the completed moon.

IRRESOLUTION.

My life was a long dream; when I awoke
Duty stood like an angel in my path
And seemed so terrible, I could have turned
Into my yesterdays and wandered back
To distant childhood, and gone out to God
By the gate of birth not death.

NIGHT.

Is shout out from the Night, which like a sea
Breaketh forever on a strand of stars.

LOVES OF THE OCEAN.

The lark is singing in the blinding sky,
Hedges are white with May. The bridegroom sea
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space, to see how fair she looks,
Then proud, runs up to kiss her.

POET.

Oh! 'tis a sleeping poet! and his verse
Sings like the Syren isles.

JOY.

I am drunk with joy.

This is a royal hour—the top of life.
Henceforth my path slopes downward to the grave.

A POET.

He was one
Who could not help it, for it was his nature
To blossom into song, as 'tis a tree's
To leaf itself in April.

Such is the staple of Alexander Smith's book. The passages last quoted are genuine poetry. There is no one who is accustomed to "beget the golden time again" of childhood, but can recall some occasion when he listened with delight to the notes of the cuckoo that seemed to come to him from a thousand different points, until baffled in tracing the source of these sweet sounds, he was half seduced into the belief that the grove was wakened into life by

No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice—a mystery.

Just similarly are we effected by some passages of these poems. We may be unable to render even to ourselves an intelligible explanation of the sensation, but we are not on that account the less alive to its delightful emotion. The following passages, for instance, no more tire from repetition, than is the rainbow less lovely from being exposed to a thousand skies.

GREAT MEN.

Books were his chiefest friends. In them he read
Of those great spirits who went down like suns,
And left upon the mountain-tops of death
A light that made them lovely.

POLLUTION.

Your ear, my sister. I have that within
Which urges me to utterance. I could accost
A pensive angel, singing to himself
Upon a hill in heaven, and leave his mind
As dark and turbid as a trampled pool,
To purify at leisure.

OBLIVION.

That largest Son of Time,
Who wandered singing through the listening world,
Will be as much forgot as the canoe
That crossed the bosom of a lonely lake
A thousand years ago.

DEATH.

She was too fair for earth. Ah! she would die
Like music, sunbeams, and the pallid flowers
That spring on Winter's corse.

We have said so much in commendation of this poet, that we would be glad if we could count upon the patience of our readers and point out what seem to us the defects of his poetry. This we shall not do, however. Whoever reads the book will meet them on every page.

There are several passages in this book which resemble in a most remarkable degree some we have seen elsewhere. In the "Wanderer of Switzerland" there is the following beautiful verse:

On the western hills afar
Evening lingers with delight,
While she views her favorite star
Brightening on the brow of night.

And on the 155th page of these poems, we find these lines:

Look out my Beautiful upon the sky!
Even puts on her jewels. Look! She sets
Venus upon her brow.

This is very close cutting, if it is not travelling on the same track. But a still more remarkable case occurs to us. The third canto and third stanza of "Childe Harold" begins thus:

In my youth's summer I did sing of one
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind;
Again I seize the theme then but begun,
And bear it with me as the rushing wind
Bears the clouds onwards.

On the 13th page of these poems we find the following uncommonly fine passage:

Books written when the soul is at spring-tide,
When it is laden like a groaning sky

Before a thunder-storm, are power and gladness
And majesty and beauty. They seize the reader
As tempests seize a ship, and bear him on
With a wild joy.

On the 41st page of these poems are the following lines—

I saw the dreariest sight. The sun went down,
And all the west was paved with sullen fire.
I cried, "Behold! the barren beach of hell
At ebb of tide."

In Manfred we find the same idea much more beautifully expressed and the figure more grandly brought forward,

Clouds

Rise curling fast beneath me white and sulphury,
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell,
Whose every wave breaks on a living shore
Heap'd with the damn'd like pebbles.

We have marked several such coincidences, which we have not seen noticed in any review of this book. The most remarkable case, however, is noticed by his reviewer in the Westminster. We will extract the remarks of this journal.

"In Currer Bell's novel, 'Shirley,' there is a beautiful passage describing an April day, when a 'sunbeam kissed all the hill tops, making them smile in clear green light, or when a shower wept over them, hiding their crests with the low, hanging, dishevelled tresses of a cloud;' it is probable that Alexander Smith may have seen this passage, and that it was murmuring indistinctly in his ear when he wrote the following, for plagiarism is the last charge to be preferred against one so opulent:"

She covered me
With her wild sorrow, as an April cloud,
With dim, dishevelled tresses hides the hill
On which its heart is breaking.

Alexander Smith certainly has faults, but they are such as will be lessened, if not overcome by age.

He is a poet greater in promise than in attainment. We cannot think of what his future may be, without reflecting that there appeared in that same Glasgow, not fifty years ago, a young man of exactly his age, who, like him, sent a poem adrift upon a cold world. It was a noble flight of the muse. At the first proud wave of her plumage a world paused to gaze in admiration, and the rushing of her wings shall be heard in the

chambers of the human heart till the latest generation. But she wearied from this flight and folded her wings in repose. True, she now and then unfolded them; and although her flights have been more graceful, she never again circled around the uplifted admiration of man, like the eagle round his mountain home. The "Gertrude of Wyoming" is a softer and sweeter poem, but it has nothing of the impassioned ardour of the "Pleasures of Hope." "The fact is," said Sir Walter Scott to Washington Irving, "Campbell was in a manner a bugbear to himself—the brightness of his early genius was a detriment to all his future efforts. He was afraid of the shadow that his own fame cast before him."

This first effort of Alexander Smith has challenged the admiration of the world. We hope his fame will not be a bug-bear to the future flights of his muse.

He has a proper appreciation of the poet's mission. This is clear from the subjoined magnificent passage, which we will extract from his book, and then put down the scissors. No one can fail to see that all the author's ambitious prophet-sight into the heavens of his future glory is gleaming from every line. He has run one conqueror's course on the Olympic plains, and gathered up much of the glistening dust on the chariot wheels of fame. We trust he will not tire with this effort. We hope he will not rest by the wayside like the noble poet of whom we have spoken, who, like him, was born in Glasgow, and like him commenced with such promise of prospective greatness. Let him not like Campbell "tarry in the Calypso island till the sun be down, and Ithaca yet afar."

A Poet must ere long arise,
And with a regal song sun-crown this age,
As a saint's head is with a halo crown'd;—
One, who shall hallow Poetry to God
And to its own high use, for Poetry is
The grandest chariot wherein king thoughts ride:
A mighty Poet whom this age shall choose
To be its spokesman to all coming times.
In the ripe full-blown season of his soul,
He shall go forward in his spirit's strength,
And grapple with the questions of all time,
And wring from them their meanings. As King Saul
Called up the buried prophet from his grave
To speak his doom, so shall this Poet-King
Call up the dead Past from its awful grave
To tell him of our future. As the air
Doth sphere the world, so shall his heart of love—
Loving mankind, not peoples. As the lake

as the flower, tree, rock, and beading heaven,
 as reflect our great humanity ;
 the young Spring breathes with living breath
 and branch, till it sprouts fragrantly
 leaves and sunny flowers, shall he breathe life
 in every theme he touch, making all Beauty
 setry for ever like the stars.

L. M.

icksburg, Va.

Notices of New Works.

as Delivered before the Society of Alumni, of
 versity of Virginia, at its Annual Meeting,
 he Public Hall, June 29th, 1853. By JAMES
 COMBES. Published by order of the Society.
 id : Macfarlane & Ferguson. 1853.

we have always been of our State Univer-
 sity as we cherish the associations which clu
 our Alma Mater, we are conscious of regar
 yet higher interest its condition and its hope
 ave read the admirable address of Profess
 c. A more elegant contribution to the fleetit
 of the day has not been made anywhere, fro
 of innumerable Harvard "bosom'd high in tu
 to the seats of science in the sunny regions.

Mr. HOLCOMB has acquired a considerab
 as an accurate and laborious lawyer and h
 ve learning of his arduous profession with an
 of a high order of excellence. His accessio
 of Law in the University as Assistant Pr
 hailed as a most fortunate event for the inst
 when we heard of his selection as the Au
 ator of the Society of Alumni, we felt assur
 uld not fail to present views worthy of serio

But we confess we did not expect an effort
 and purpled over with the glow of eloquence
 dorned with the graces of literature, so imbue
 ne spirit of classical learning. We did Mr. H
 stics. The fraternity of the quill are apt
 e, we think, the literary pretensions of men b
 other professions, and concede with reluctan
 yer or the physician an exalted position in h
 losing in the one case that the ever increasin
 of medical science would leave little time f
 ctivation, and in the other, that devotion to l
 lisquisitions of CORE and FRANK, and lig
 that sort, would incapacitate the mind for tl
 of COWLEY and SHAKESPEARE, GRAY ar
 n. Mr. HOLCOMB is a striking proof of tl

He has not, like Pope's heavy sergeants, w
 eir heads at Murray as a wit," grown dull
 g of the black-letter; he has kept his ear
 tern unweakened by the constant labours
 , he has exercised it indeed, in ranging, wi
 faculties, over the luxuriant fields of authorshi
 urously explored

the mighty dominion of genius and lore
 the infinite circle of song.

The topic selected by Mr. HOLCOMB for discussio
 before the Alumni was the true ends of a great Universi-
 ty and the means by which those ends are to be accom-
 plished. In the treatment of it, he has pointed out with
 great clearness and candour some of the defects of the
 present organization, and has urged the importance of
 remedying them, with a force which cannot be resisted.
 The want of a more thorough system of instruction in
 the School of Ancient Languages, by which the beauties
 of the classics may be wedded to the memory of the stu-
 dent, at the same time that his mind is instructed in phi-
 lology, is very gracefully handled, and no alumnus can
 read what Mr. HOLCOMB says on the subject, without
 feeling its truth. We mean no reflection upon the worthy
 Professor of Ancient Languages, who is, doubtless, alto-
 gether as learned and laborious a person as the most eru-
 dite Dutchman that ever put a Greek root into his pipe
 and smoked it—when we say that while his Lectures may
 impart to the student an insight into the structure of the
 Latin and Greek languages, they utterly fail to give
 him any perception of the genius and eloquence of Greece
 and Rome. The two things are quite distinct from each
 other—to study the ancient languages after the German
 method alone is like forever groping in the crypts of a
 great minster, leaving unvisited the magnificent interior
 above, with its vaulted ceiling, its storied windows, its
 antique carvings and the glories of the canvases which
 look down from its consecrated walls. Mr. HOLCOMB
 suggests the proper change in the school—that of an as-
 sociate Professorship of Ancient Literature.

The lack, too, of an historical department is made the
 subject of some excellent remarks by the orator, but as
 we hope, by and by, to present our views on this subject
 at some length in the Messenger, we forbear to do more
 here than allude to it.

We wish we could quote as largely as our taste would
 incline us to do, from this address. But we can only pre-
 sent the following fervid passage on the importance of a
 native literature. Let it be widely read and acted upon :

"Literature being the only form in which the finest sen-
 timent and opinion of the state can reach the masses,
 which wield its political power, may be regarded as the
 most important of the conservative elements of the future.
 It is eminently fitted to cure the peculiar infirmities of
 democratic society, to introduce a train of benignant arts,
 and ring as it were the golden age of humanity. Ameri-
 can literature is charged with an independent but sublime
 mission. It belongs to her, to mediate between the angry
 passions of opposing parties, to heal the wounds of sec-
 tional strife, to cement by a cohesion stronger than laws,
 a distracted people, to preserve the integrity of national
 history, and to hold up in its true light, both before our
 own time and future ages, the character and condition of
 that great region of the confederacy, around which igno-
 rance, prejudice and fanaticism have spread their darken-
 ing mists. Domestic slavery has impressed such distinct
 and peculiar features upon Southern society, that it can
 never be comprehended or appreciated by the rest of the
 world, without a class of native authors, Southern born
 and Southern bred, to interpret between us and them.
 Northern men of the most enlarged patriotism, seldom
 visiting us at home, and then in a ceremonious way, look-
 ing at us through imperfect lights, and judging us by false
 standards, catch only the sharp points which rise up above
 the face of our institutions, and are unable to form a fair
 and intelligent estimate of our character. Hence our
 history, our moral and social habits, our opinions, all the
 circumstances of our condition, are discoloured by the

partial and broken medium of that Northern literature, through which only they are now exhibited to the world. It will be idle to look for the pure light of truth, until the rays of knowledge, sentiment and opinion, reflected from the diversified surface of our whole country shall intermingle and melt in a comprehensive and truly national literature."

* * * * *

"The fact that literature has been recently brought to bear upon the institution of slavery, ought not to be dismissed by us, who know how lasting, diffusive, and almost omnipotent is its influence, without the gravest consideration. The success of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' discloses the most formidable danger which crosses our line of future march. Moral delusions can not be resisted by physical resources. They can subdue the power of fleets and armies, treasures, fortifications and natural bulwarks. We have no cause to fear, lest a breach be made in the constitution by the bloody hand of violence, lest

'Some dread Nemesis,

Break from the darkened future, crowned with fire,
To tread us out for ever ;'

lest our people be called to fall in despairing files, around their violated hearth-stones, and amid the horrors of national fratricide 'the gates of mercy be shut upon mankind.' We are threatened by a policy more insidious in its approaches, but not less fatal in its results. The native and foreign organs of fanaticism have expressly avowed it as their object, so to corrupt the moral sentiment of the North, that it will be ready to sanction either an open violation of the constitution, or a dishonest perversion of its meaning, and so to divide the public opinion and weaken the public spirit of the South, that when legislation is invoked to consummate the last act of injustice, it will be impossible to rally in that unbroken phalanx, which might bid defiance to aggression.

"We can no longer cover the salient points of our institutions, through the bulls of Congress. The voice of the statesman and the orator can not reach the masses, with whom lie the issues of life and death. Literature alone can dispossess the demon of fanaticism by its 'sweet compulsion.' Let us appeal to her varied forms, of poem, drama, novel, history, and essay, to enter every cottage in the land, and disperse the delusions which invest this whole subject of domestic slavery. Let them vindicate it before the reason and conscience of our people, and hallow it as a great instrumentality of Providence, in their affections. Let them declare, how earnestly we resisted its original imposition, how consistently we have laboured for its subsequent amelioration, how uniformly we have sustained every measure of policy which promised for it a peaceful euthanasia, and how fiercely those who still roll in the unblest wealth of that bloody commerce from which it sprang, have sought to close every avenue for its gradual extinction, and hem it in, to perish amid social and national convulsion. Let them point out in characters of light, which all who run may read, that human wisdom has yet devised no scheme for its abolition, which does not call upon a great and enlightened people to sacrifice all the civilization which makes life valuable for the mockery of conferring an empty freedom upon a race unfit for its enjoyment. Let them show that although the same imperious necessity which suspends ordinary laws in times of peril, forbids us to banish from the statute book the provisions which uphold the power of the master over his slave, yet that all human laws receive their form and pressure from the spirit of a people, and like the atmosphere we breathe, although possessing a weight more crushing than iron,

may be made to bear lightly as the gossamer film of summer. Let them exhibit the mighty, though noiseless influence of public opinion, in softening the harsher features of slavery, and converting its elements of danger and suffering into springs of refinement and virtue. Let them deliver to an immortality of honest scorn, the libeller who has raked through the prison records of a nation, that she might hold up the isolated and exceptional cases of cruelty to be found scattered over the tract of half a century, among its millions of population, as types of a whole people, and generalizations of their character. Let them rid us of the superstition, that slavery is a cleaving mischief, and by contrasting the general comfort, content and virtue of our people, with the pictures of English life that have been drawn to our hands by her favorite poets and novelists, with 'the fierce confederate storm of sorrow, barricaded evermore in her great cities,' with 'the solitary anguish, piped by humanity amid her groves and fields,' with the visions of crime and despair, which welter through the pages of Dickens, and Thackeray, and Jerrold, bring conviction home to the most unbelieving and desponding amongst us, that the age of gold was not more unlike the age of iron, than is our primitive society remote from the vice and suffering which mark the civilization of the old world, and which are beginning to draw miniature lines of their darkest features around the free States of the North.

"Let us Southern scholars but be true to the responsibilities of our time and place, and the darkness will no longer 'dare affront the light.' We shall divide the public opinion of the world, break the force of its sympathy, and by pouring through the bosoms of our people the living tide of hope, strengthen their hearts for the day of trial, and cover our land and its institutions with a shield of fire."

Harper & Brothers have completed their edition of Coleridge by the publication of the Seventh Volume, containing his Poetical and Dramatic Works. We have already more than once remarked on the excellence of this edition and, now that it is complete, we commend it warmly to the favor of book buyers.

We are indebted to the same publishers for a copy of "A Journey Round the World, by Gerstaecker." This rather portly volume contains an account of the travels of a respectable German to California and back to Fderland, taking the two oceans in his course. The narrative is not remarkably sprightly, still it tells of life and manners among the antipodes after a pleasing fashion and is by no means hard reading. The gold regions of Australia were among the points visited, *en route*, and we should judge from the dedication that the susceptible Mynheer retains one impression more than usually tender of that auriferous land; the volume being inscribed "To his dear little Friend, Sarah Mary Richards of Sidney."

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. BY MARY SOMERVILLE. With Notes and a Glossary. By W. S. W. Ruschenberger, M. D., U. S. Navy. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea. 1853. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

Mrs. Somerville's Physical Geography has already become a standard work, and the present volume is a reprint of the Third Edition, rendered more valuable by the notes of Dr. Ruschenberger, whose learning and ability are so well known to the public.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

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VOL. XIX.

RICHMOND, OCTOBER, 1853.

No. 10.

"REPRESENTATIVE MEN."

ANDREW JACKSON AND HENRY CLAY.

(*Concluded.*)

If these great rivals agreed in nothing else, they agreed in hating each other with uncommon fervor. They had early come in collision. Clay had attacked Jackson in language studiously guarded, but still in effect strongly reprehensive. His speech on the Pensacola business was marked by great vigor and more than characteristic eloquence: and doubtless, in the frank habit its author had of saying what he thought and felt without mincing words, he had said things of Gen. Jackson's conduct, which, repeated with or without the usual exaggeration, were not particularly agreeable to his eager and passionate nature. But this might have been forgiven: it is certain that it was glossed over. The parties met and civilities were interchanged. When, however, the affiliation of Clay and Adams was consummated, a spirit of bitter, uncompromising, life-long enmity was aroused. Its course and its consequences we have partially attempted to sketch.

Clay had a great deal to forgive. Probably his magnanimous and generous temper enabled him to forgive as much as any man. He had use for all his energies in that department of Christian virtue. If any man could ever be justified in turning misanthrope it was he. Jackson had dealt him a prodigious blow. He had struck him not only at the worst time for the victim—but in the most vital spot, and with a weapon he himself had placed in his hand. Clay was at the age when men are most ambitious, and he was naturally more ambitious than most men. He had ascended the political mount with toil and labor, and saw the promised land glowing in the beauty of a lovely landscape, gilded with the enchantment distance lends to the view: and to be hurled rudely and suddenly back to the foot of the hill with a

mountain of obloquy rolled upon him, was no pleasant experience.

Clay had plumed himself upon his elevation of character. He had formed to himself a model and an ideal far above the vulgar standard of statesmanship. He had taken his type—he could not have taken a higher—from the brightest examples of the Virginia school, in the young and palmy days of her glory and greatness. His ambition was to fill a niche in the Pantheon in which the Henrys, the Madisons, the Marshalls stood. His large love of approbation sought gratification in the respect and homage of the moral and the intellectual of the land. He was a gentleman and desired to stand high in the front rank of the gentlemen of the country. He loved general popularity, too, not wisely but too well. His strength lay in the lofty appeals he made to the nobler and higher qualities of the heart, to whatever dignified and ennobled ~~our~~ nature, and in his withering scorn of the base, mean and sordid. He had but little skill and no inclination to address the prejudices or to arouse the groundling passions of the masses; but those who have listened to his stirring and animated appeals to the reason and the moral sense and the generous sensibilities of men, until every nerve thrilled at his bidding, know how strong was the power of that eloquence which, equally in youth and in age, could sway senates and courts and people, as the moon the tides of the sea. To assail him in the source of his power was to attack his very life's life. He found himself so assailed. He found the very notion of his existence associated with the idea of meanness. He found his name the synonyme of intrigue, treachery and political knavery. He found the popular heart inflamed against him as a colossal cheat. The charge Jackson preferred against him could not be answered; for in the tempest of indignation which prevailed, his voice could not be heard above the din of the elements. Jackson had stained him all over like an Easter-egg. He had

piled upon him mountains of infamy, which it required more than the strength of the Titans of old to upheave. A thousand presses rang with the charge; ten thousand orators echoed it from ten thousand stumps. He was the theme of hundreds of thousands of tongues, busy in the work of acrid denunciation: in the council hall, in the town meeting, in city and in country, at the church door, in the dram shop, at the muster ground, by the fire-side, in the stage coach, on the steamboat, on the busy wharf, at the log-raising on the remote frontier, his infamy was the engrossing topic of discourse. More: the leading issue of a presidential election was his corruption *vel non*; and the popular verdict, with almost unequalled unanimity, was against him; and what is worse, in the election upon that issue, his native State and his adopted State both went against him.

As a mass of quicksilver attracts to it the vagrant globules, so the other errors of his free and unguarded life ran into and swelled this monstrous accusation. He had played cards, as every other gentleman had—as Jackson had: he was now set down as little short of a regular blackleg, who had turned his skill in that sort of cheatery into politics, and, in conspiracy with Adams, had cut, shuffled and dealt, on a stocked pack, General Jackson and the whole American people out of the presidency! It cannot be denied that, at this time, John Randolph's merciless sarcasm was the expression of the public sentiment; that he occupied the place in politics assigned to Captain Riley in private life, or Black George in the character of fiction; and that sentence of virulent satire, condensing the venom of a whole brood of cobra capellos—"the union of the puritan and the blackleg—of Blifil and Black George"—spoken, as Junius would have uttered it, conveyed the general sense at once of his conduct and his character. No wonder Clay called the sardonic satyr to the field, and essayed the sharp marksmanship of splitting a bullet on him—the edge of his shadowy outline being nearly as sharp as his wit.

Gen Jackson was not a man to leave a work half done. All his influence was exerted and his energies employed to clinch the nail driven into Clay's character. The bold and constant denunciations of him by

Gen. Jackson, were matters of knowledge to all who approached the White House. Clay found those who had been his warm—some of them his confidential and trusted friends, in the ranks of the opposition, not merely waging a political warfare against him, but the loudest and the bitterest in the warfare waged against his character. It was a valuable lesson in human character that was taught him; but the tuition charge was somewhat high.

It cannot be denied that the Southern statesmen looked upon Mr. Clay with something of jealousy and something of unkindness. Many of these were hereditary politicians—almost all of them were gentlemen born, bred and educated. They seemed to look upon the Kentucky senator as a specimen of the parvenu—as a new man—as a hoosier—and a hoosier meant half-horse, half-alligator, and a little touch of the snapping-turtle. He had come from the backwoods at a time when the backwoods were a wilderness. He had passed through no college. His ancestral name was undistinguished. He had served no apprenticeship to any great man. He had been heralded and endowed by no great man. Worse than all: he walked up to the first positions—asking no leave, conciliating no patronage, shunning no responsibility, soliciting no favors, and acknowledging no precedence, and ready to assail all men and all questions that came in his way. He had risen with marvellous rapidity—first senator, then member—in the first class of orators and statesmen; Speaker, commissioner to Ghent, offered the rôle of Madison's appointments, refusing it again under Monroe, candidate for President, and seemingly, though defeated for the present, on the highway to the presidency, if not checked in his forward course.

Besides, he had not borne himself very humbly—certainly not in a very conciliating spirit to the Virginia influence, then the dominant influence for brains and political accomplishments in the House. He had given them sundry raps on the knuckles; he had defeated their candidate for the speakership; he had opposed their policy on the internal improvement and tariff questions, and with much of the sweetness of temper and frankness of Charles Fox, he had a cool, lounging

sort of effrontery—a way of "giving a piece of his mind"—an air of deviltry gleaming out of his sparkling eye, before the chin lengthened into the earnestness and expressed firmness of his iron resolution, which was a little mocking and annoying to the second-rate men of Congress—oracles at home—whom he encountered, and handled sometimes not very gently.

Almost without exception these gentlemen joined in the clamor against Mr. Clay's imputed corruption; and almost without exception did they live to regret or to recant the charges they uttered. The rising talent of the country, especially of the South, with probably a more justifiable prejudice, caught at the story and made the stump ring and the press groan with their callow and rampant sophomore philippics, before their porcupine quills had grown out of the pin-feather.

Clay returned to the shades of retirement, and Jackson stepped into the Presidential office. Never was an administration inaugurated more auspiciously, nor started upon its voyage on a smoother sea or with more favoring winds; and from the seat of power its chief looked down with grim satisfaction upon his rival's prospects clothed in true cerulean hues,

'Darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.'

The high office did not change the iron man a whit—however he may have changed it. He was as much at home in the White House as in his marquee; and wore the robes of office with as graceful a dignity as if his life had passed in courts and cabinets. *Mens equa in arduis* might have been his device, as Hastings' in India.

The calm delight of rural retirement and peace did not long hold the active spirit of Mr. Clay, then in the golden prime of his faculties, in luxurious repose. He was self-denying enough to leave the shades of Ashland for the public service. He returned in 1831-2 to the Senate of the United States.

And now began in good earnest the war of the giants. Each was in the place best fitted for the display of his talents: Jackson in the executive department—Clay in the great arena of debate, the American Senate. They now were where they could be seen

and their influence felt by the whole American people. The administration of Gen. Jackson was spirited: his strong hand was felt at the helm: the tendency and character of his administration was to consolidate a party: he impressed his own individuality upon the government and the nation: his exercise of the power of removal and appointment inspired a new excitement into the irregular and torpid pulse of party action.

Mr. Clay made one or two moves on the board—and these unfortunate ones for his popularity—in favor of the Cherokees and against pre-emption to settlers on the public lands, in favor of internal improvements and the bank of the United States, and against the appointment of Mr. Van Buren as minister to England.

Another presidential election came on and Clay took the field against the old hero again, and was signally defeated. Gen. Jackson came into his second term, and Mr. Clay remained in the Senate; and now for four years the struggle was renewed with an earnestness, a bitterness and ability which brought out the energies of the two opposing leaders to their utmost power. Hitherto parties had been more personal than political. But now parties were to be formed which should divide the country for a quarter of a century. throughout its entire length, with distinct creeds and well-defined principles. The spirit of Jacksonism was now to be seen in its full agency upon the country. The public mind was now prepared for the revelation to be made of it. The series of measures affecting the currency, beginning with the removal of the deposits, constituted the leading measures of contest. Never was the personal popularity of a man more thoroughly tested—the firmness of a politician tried more effectually—nor a popularity and nerve more triumphantly sustained. The veto of the bank was nothing. It was rather popular independently of the assailant's popularity. Money changers are not, and never have been from the time they were driven from the temple, popular favorites. Corporations are not popular in republics—exclusive privileges—money oligarchies—rag barons, are phrases which catch the popular ear. Besides, their power is independent of the people. They are controlled by wealth,

and wealth has no friend in envious poverty. Besides, charges were made against the bank; and to make a charge against a colossal shaving shop is the same thing as to prove it. Proof is irrelevant and out of place. Moreover the State's Rights party, who only tolerated the bank from necessity, now that the necessity had passed, opposed it. But the removal of the deposits was another thing: that was a measure of unequalled boldness: it involved the question of the powers of the different departments of the government: it brought into conflict the legislature and the executive. The Senate refused to sustain the measure: it rebuked the President and charged him with usurping power. The President retorted upon the Senate: he offered his protest: it was refused a place in the Senatorial records. The President accused that body of prejudging his case, and of trying and convicting him of crime unheard and without impeachment. He appealed to the people.

The course of the Senate was unwise. We think it unfortunate for the whigs that Clay and Calhoun were there at all, able and powerful as were their efforts against the President. The popularity of Jackson was with the masses, and it was a popularity against them. The more conspicuously he stood out before the people, especially as the object of assault, and of assault by his personal enemies, the more the popular sympathies would side with him. *Their* attacks and proceedings carried with them the suspicion of malignity, or at least of prejudice and interest. There was something too in the contest of Jackson against the tremendous array of talent, (of which Clay, Webster and Calhoun were only the heads,) embodied against him—himself standing in heroic defiance like Cocles at the head of the bridge, against such a host, that was calculated to inspire admiration as well as to excite sympathy, with a generous, warlike and chivalric people. There were too many on one. The President stands as a personality—a warm and living man; the Senate as a corporation. The former draws sympathy as a man from men: the latter may excite terror by power, but does not win sensibility through feelings of a kindred humanity. Besides the Senate is the aristocratic institution. Our idea of

it is that of an army; of the destruction of the whole of which we can hear without emotion; while the portrayal of the sufferings of an individual arouses our pity and excites our interest. It was impolitic to have put Jackson on his resources—to have stimulated an activity already sufficiently morbid: it were better to have "given him rope" and taken the chances of his betrayal into rasher schemes or projects, or of his leaving—a small chance—unfortified his positions. The question *must* have been made; and the great struggle should at once have been begun before the people, before the administration and its friends had foreclosed inquiry. Above all, the pretexts or criminations which he found in the conduct of the Senate, should not have been given him. The man of the whole people would beat the confederation of the men of the States with any thing like an equal showing.

His administration was aggressive, exciting, bold, daring; yet not rash, considering the head of popularity which brought him into power, and the small and feeble opposition he might expect to encounter. What he did he did boldly, and much is forgiven in a free country to boldness. He vetoed the bank bill, which pleased the State's Rights party, then a powerful interest, but he broke the effect of the veto in other quarters by leaving the intimation that some differently organized institution might meet with favor. He pocketed the land bill, broke up the cabinet, quarrelled with Mr. Calhoun, and kept up a pretty brisk cannonade on the bank, then floundering and spouting like a whale harpooned with the veto.

But the leading influence on the country was the doctrine and practice of removals from office: he rewarded friends and discarded enemies: he gave out the idea pretty distinctly that it was worth while to work for his side, and very dangerous to the officeholder or expectant to work against him. In this way he diffused his own spirit and energy through every department of the government and into every section of the country; nor in this way only, but by his port, presence, bearing, enthusiasm, personal and official correspondence, and his earnest and decided expressions to all of the many who

came near him, he excited the public mind in his favor, and seconded the efforts of an able press in his behalf. He had one advantage without which all this were of but little avail: he had the ear and the prepossessions of the people; and no man who ever lived could better address their passions, and apply the arguments, and ply the appeals which found approval or would create an impression on the common mind. It is astonishing what one powerful and active mind, concentrating its energies on a single purpose, can accomplish. Jackson was the *boss* of the great political workshop, and he tolerated no idleness among the journeymen and apprentices. The great central will was at the remotest corner of the empire. The administration was a highly-charged galvanic battery, and the office-holders and aspiring politicians were the media diffused throughout all parts of the country, by which the electric current flowed out upon the people.

As a mere party appliance, the spoils doctrine, as it is called, was and is—it seems to have been practically adopted by both parties—the most effective engine of party efficiency. It establishes communication all over the country: it gives an interest to thousands in the success of an administration; it secures a corps of supporters and stimulates exertion, besides furnishing them with means of offence and assault; it makes the office-holder's place of business a party barrack, and himself *ex officio* drill sergeant and recruiting officer, and furnishes him with the *matériel* for obtaining recruits, and instituting and perfecting organization. If it addresses the lower passions, the lower passions are the more active and energetic faculties: a man in politics may do a good deal for patriotism, but he does it by spasms and desultorily; but he will work all the time for money and promotion: and one or two active men and their tail can stir up a prodigious commotion in a community if they will only do their best. The origination of this system was worthy of the genius of Ignatius Loyola.

The proclamation of the President against South Carolina, and the Force-bill, issued in accordance with its principles, was a severe and, in its result, a decisive test of Gen. Jackson's popularity. We have alluded to

the enthusiasm with which the State's Rights party had supported the general, and to the brilliant array of talent it brought to his aid. The Virginia influence had brought the prestige of the '98 doctrines, and the statesmen of that school, to the hero's standard. It had supported Jackson, or, at least, had opposed Adams and Clay upon State's Rights grounds. Some purple patches of the old Professor of Rhetoric, intended to dizen out the commonplaces of one of his messages,—something about "lighthouses in the skies," and a toast about "ebony and topaz" which came pretty well up to the Scotchman's definition of metaphysics—neither the author nor reader understanding it,—were taken very much on trust, to be a covert assailment of the honored tenets of 1798. But what were these milk-and-water vaticinations to the strong meat of the proclamation? The proclamation denied the sovereignty of the States: it assumed the power of the general government to treat a State as a revolted province, and to hang and quarter its citizens for high treason, if they in obedience to State laws or ordinances, opposed the course of the laws or authority of the federal government within the limits of the State. Its principles unquestionably surrendered the State up to the mercy of the federal government; her very existence held at the tenure of the will of the national powers; saving only the right of revolution—a right of which power is the predicate, and power the only arbiter to determine whether the right exists in any given case. We wish the reader to understand that we express no opinion as to the correctness of these or of any other principles or practices which have divided parties; we are reviewing only the history of the time in perfect independence of partisan feeling. But, unquestionably, the heaviest blow ever stricken at the State's Rights school was dealt by the proclamation. It attacked those doctrines in the abstract and in the concrete, in the root and in the trunk, in the branches, in the flower and in the fruit. Jackson dealt but little in abstractions at any time; but on this occasion the proclamation was but a reading of the riot act before firing into the crowd, or rather it was only a programme of proceedings, of which the first step was to be the blockade of the port of Charleston. If it be

true that political or religious prejudices may, after long and incessant inculcation by generation on generation, be imbedded and ingrained in the mental or moral constitution, so that they become like the habits of animals, hereditary, State's Rights doctrines ought to have been ineradicable—flowing in the blood and mixing in the marrow of the Southern, especially of the Virginia, population. For since "the reign of terror," never was a doctrine, which no one opposed, so eloquently and powerfully advocated, taught, expounded and sworn by. The republican doctrine was affirmed and re-affirmed in every variety of expression, and with religious solemnity—year after year—and by every department of the State government—and by meetings of the people in every town and hamlet. It was the thirty-nine articles to which every candidate for holy orders had to subscribe before admission into the republican church.

No wonder then that the leaders stood aghast at this bold proclamation. No wonder that *they* opposed it. No wonder that the Virginia legislature, trembling for the honored creed which had given Virginia her political prominence and authority, and a line of Presidents for the confederacy, should have been startled into opposition to this new reading of the constitution, which ignored all she revered and all she had taught. Tazewell and Tyler and Upshur and Floyd and Gilmer, and a host of gallant and gifted men, took open ground against the President. There was another. He was away when this conflict between South Carolina and the President began. The bravest lance of all the Knights of the Temple was away, when "one blast upon his bugle-horn were worth a thousand men." He had gone—that proud and scornful despiser of office and placemen—that haughty contemner of the sycophants and hirelings of power; whose measureless contempt had been poured out in showers of vitriol upon sinecurists and dependents on official patronage and presidential favor, until elevation to office seemed to those who followed the direction of his bony finger to be the promotion of the pillory; whose strength even more than in the vigor of his sarcasm, lay, as Samson's in his locks—in the immaculate disinterested-

ness of his politics, and in his romantic loyalty to Virginia, and her service, and her rights, and especially as against the general government, which he regarded, as Hannibal looked upon Rome—as his sworn, hereditary, usurping enemy;—he, in a moment which he ever cursed as the darkest of his troubled destiny, had taken service under the administration: and where was this great Warwick, almost "the last of the barons" *now*? He had borne a body, emaciated to a skeleton by consumption, to the hyperborean regions of Europe—with the express permission to permit the office to be subservient to his personal comfort and convenience—with a constitution fit only for a nursery—with an intellect racked, and, at times, unseated from its imperial throne by physical disease and the exacerbations of a temper unfitted for the patient, coolly-arranged and wily plans of diplomacy; a presence and a person whose uncouth and eccentric movements only found apology and retained respect with those who knew him in the past, and knew the splendid abilities which lay behind that eccentricity and deformity: HE—of all living men!—HE went as a liveried sinecurist to the court of a despot, to exhibit himself to those whose language he did not know, and who did not know his, as a death's head at the pageant of the autocrat, to provoke the jeer or the more melancholy pity of a frivolous and half-civilized court!

But as the conflict thickened which involved all he had ever cherished and striven for of political principle, he returned home again, weak and staggering, but with the old fire kindling into fierce action his sinking pulse.

Like Brian De Bois-Guilbert in the lists of Templestowe, the Cavalier of Roanoke came to die in harness rather than to fight in the cause and as the champion of his order. Right clearly did his voice ring out the old war-cry, and the lance that had in his boyish hand struck hard and full upon the helmet of Patrick Henry, was now boldly aimed at the towering crest of Jackson.

Let us pause to do some meed of justice to this great man's memory. With all his faults and infirmities, great and glaring as these were, he was "the noblest Roman of them all." There was more of the true grit

of manhood in him than any man of his school Virginia ever produced. True, he was no Democrat, and not much of a Republican, save in the name. Like Burke, his mind was the mind of a man of a caste—he was a baron—but a baron of Virginia—a representative of the gentry—with all the ideas of one—with all the prejudices of class—a Bramin of the Bramins. He was opposed to the Union—opposed to the Constitution because it raised up a government and power greater than Virginia: it razed Virginia from her imperial state—it allowed the Yankee to interfere with her affairs, nay even to control her policy. He wished to limit the power of the Federal Government—to un-nationalize it as much as possible—to recover by construction what she had lost by concession; and for his life was he consistent—amidst a deluge of inconsistencies in his associates—in his politics. This was his polar star, and by it wherever the winds or tides of passion or of circumstance bore him, he meant to steer, as his guide over the troublous sea of politics.

Beneath all the banners under which he had fought, in all the associations into which he had come; in the hours of triumph and in the days of adversity—in all moods of temper and in all transitions of mind—in every alternation of physical condition, there was *one* sentiment constant and unchanged, and that was love of Virginia. His imagination, fervid and poetic, dwelt lovingly amidst the scenes and the incidents of her past glory: for it was Virginia, as she was or seemed to be, in her youth, in the days of her loosely-held colonial dependence—Virginia, as she was, when heroically, in the old English spirit her planters, with the pride of the Barons holding council and dictating terms to John at Runnymede—rose to throw off the British yoke, yet adhered so much of the order and conservatism of English institutions even in the very acts of resistance and revolution—it was the Virginia of the freeholders ruled by the gentry—cherishing her talent and exulting in the virtues and renown of her great men, that won the affection and drew out the reverence of her gloriously-gifted son. His veneration for her made her very defects seem virtues to his idolatrous eyes. She was a model.

He resented, as little short of impiety, any alterations in her government or laws. Every proposition for reform he considered as an invitation to desecration of the sacred labors of his fathers. As in a lover's eyes, so in his, blemishes apparent to all others were beauties. Progress was a name for ruin and destruction, and the desire to remodel her Constitution the idea of Vandals or Jacobins. It was his love for Virginia that survived the last, as it lived the strongest, of his affections. Like the Venetian exile's his heart never beat for his commonwealth,

—— but with such a yearning as
The Dove has for her distant nest.

But with what feelings could he and his associates think of the government which, according to their ideas, was before too strong, and which should only be a bureau of a limited national agency, enlarged into the colossal and stalwart structure of almost imperial power and grandeur; the state governments playing like satellites around the great central sun.

Jackson had got between the politicians and the people. It is true to a limited extent that they had introduced him. It is true that they had contributed to impress him upon the public mind. They had been profuse of eulogiums upon his character. They had exhausted commendation upon him. But they could not recall the impression they had made, and they had made him greater than themselves, individually or collectively. They had a good deal mistaken their own power and popularity, after Jacksonism came into fashion. They thought they had made *it* when they were but made *by* it; floating upon it as drift-wood, while they vainly thought they were propelling and giving motion to its resistless current. Its proud waves would not be staid at their bidding, but dashed to destruction amidst the rocks and breakers, those who sought to turn and buffet the raging flood.

Many politicians experienced the truth of this observation. Many, who before the Jackson era, had flourished as Pachas in their local demesnes, found to their sorrow that they had raised up a Sultan who could bow-string them at pleasure for a word of contumacy or an act of rebellion against his au-

but sympathy and passion work their way without troubling the brain for thought or research for facts. The first are spontaneous productions—the last only come after cultivation and labor; and the masses prefer the indigenous articles.

The second term of Gen. Jackson's administration was crowded with stirring and startling events. Never probably were crowded in times of peace, so many events and movements, fraught with all the incidents and excitements of war, into so small a space of time. Washington resembled the headquarters of a commanding General. The whole series of measures affecting the currency—the exciting episode of the French difficulty—the South Carolina business—the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands—the collision with the Senate—Jackson's triumph over it by the passage of the expunging resolutions—these and other measures coming in quick succession, occupied the public mind and furnished food for continual agitation.

We have spoken of the Compromise and the agency of Mr. Clay in affecting that momentous measure upon which hung the peace and the integrity of the nation. This agency was most important to his character. It redeemed him from the old charge in the estimation of those who had been most active and influential in urging it against him. It made him friends in a quarter where before

of the spirit of opposition to us tyranny, as was charged, which genius of Clay evoked. The great of the nation, whose eloquence had come classic, were co-operating in the Senate alone a profound ability was found, such as, at any revolutionary period, all the department the government together could

In the House, Clay had a brilliant young, fire-eyed enthusiasts, but resolute, charging the very heights and eager for the fray with the commercial interest—the old mercantile interest—the States' Rights Party servative interest—the old fogy party, were now banded together to give greater volume to the strident of original friends of Gen. Jackson. He desired the election of Hugh L. White to the Presidency, instead of Mr. Van Buren, the Presidential favorite, united with them. Such a combination would be invincible: but it was not. The

and lurid, but with the dun, ominous aspect that betokens a coming storm.

But the election of 1836, showed the opposition its underrated strength, and rescued the struggle with the revived hopes of the assailants. In the mean time, the clouds had thickened and the terrible storm which seemed but to be waiting for the old thunderer to retire, began to blow like a tropical hurricane upon the country. No such period as that awful one of monetary panic and commercial disaster had ever before visited the nation. Scarcely yet recovered from its effects, we remember it with the vivid recollection of a fresh and horrible catastrophe.

Mr. Van Buren was inaugurated just as the embarrassments of the country were beginning to be felt in their first spasms of acute distress—Jackson had sown the wind—he was to reap the whirl-wind. And the little Sybarite, looking out from the terrace of the White-house, "perfumed like a milliner," saw trees dancing on their heads and the air filled with missiles, and the waves rising mountain-high, and heard the whistle of the tornado, and felt the ground rocking like an earthquake all around him. It were a curious thing to see how the old chief would have met this great crisis. Could he have weathered the storm, the achievement would have been the brightest illustration of his genius. What course he would have taken we cannot know; but we know what he would *not* have done. He would not have contented himself with holding on by one hand and fending off with the other. The administration of Mr. Van Buren was a long stagger and a fall. Its enemies pushed on their batteries against the citadel: they sat down before it—they cut off his supplies—they dug a trench around it and battered down his walls. The campaign of 1840 opened, and it was obvious to all calm observers that the chances were greatly in favor of the opposition. The Harrisburg Convention met, the country had unequivocally pronounced in favor of Mr. Clay, and it was supposed that the only purpose of the Convention was to announce the popular decision. Mr. Clay evidently expected the nomination, and his friends congratulated themselves that the long-delayed hour of his triumph had come. Contrary to all expectation, the nomination of the politicians fell

on another—a good, brave, kind-hearted old man, but whose whole brains could have been hid under Clay's bump of comparison.

If Clay felt the disappointment, he did not show it. His voice was the first heard in ratification. The nomination seemed at first to shock the public mind; but it was only the shock of the rail car as it starts on its rushing course. Clay took the field for his rival. The people rose almost *en masse*: the whole country was divided as if in civil war into hostile factions: banners flaunted the sky—the air rang with acclamations—the people met in armies—the pursuits of business were neglected for the strife and strivings of political canvassing: and an excitement careered over the land which in any other country would have drenched it in blood and upheaved the government from its foundation stones. Tennessee was wrested from the spell of Jacksonism, and at Nashville, a multitude, which no man might number, composed of the old enemies of Clay, hung upon his accents and rent the air as he denounced the principles and measures of Jacksonism, with thunder-shouts of applause which invaded even the peace of the Hermitage. So near came the old rivals that they hurled upon each other scorn and crimination. The result we know. Harrison came into office upon the sea-tide of popularity. A month passed. He died and was succeeded. The funeral meats furnished forth the banquet of the enemy. The whig policy was defeated by the veto of its own President, and whig spirit and whig principles were paralyzed. This was the bitterest cup Clay ever drained. Yet he did not despond. He rallied and cheered his broken forces. He bore himself as loftily as ever. Nay more loftily than ever. The party, though shorn of much of its strength, was still powerful. It had still the capacity to win another victory on old issues. It met in Convention, and, this time, it made sure of its man: the cowardly policy of indirection and conciliation was discarded. The real leader was put at the head of the army. The Democratic party, with its wonderful recuperative energies, was reanimated and resuscitated, and already in the field panting for an opportunity of avenging its late defeat. The democratic people had indicated a preference for

Mr. Van Buren: but the opposition to him, arising from his anti-Texas opinions, induced the managers to throw the political Jonah overboard to appease the raging elements. Another was nominated with a new issue. And all men felt that the great struggle for life or death was now to be fought out between the two great parties. The battle was fought with a resolution worthy of the stake. Clay lost it, and, with the old leader, went down the distinctive principles of the party he had built up, sustained and lived for; and the last hope of its permanent ascendancy was extinguished forever. He died of that disease—so fatal to such a host of ignoble men—the disease of Jackson-phobia: the *old charge*, and the support given by Gen. Jackson to Mr. Polk's nomination, and his brief, military bulletin letter in favor of Annexation, did Clay's business as effectually as if they had been three pills of strychnine.

Shortly after the induction of the new administration, Jackson died. He died at peace with the world in which he had been so prominent an actor, forgiving all his enemies; the last and greatest of whom was his early rival; an act of Christian grace tasking his renewed temper, as he declared, to its most difficult exercise. He yielded him submissively to the only foe to which he had ever, in all his long and stormy career, submitted. The grave closed over him as over meaner victims, and he rested, at a patriarchal age from his heady conflicts. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well," by the side of her to whom through life, in manhood and in age, and for whose memory after her death, through all the tumultuous scenes and stirring exigencies and excitements of his eventful career, he had clung with a fond and doting tenderness. Earth to earth—ashes to ashes is the universal and inevitable doom.

Thus passed from the world one of the most remarkable men, who in all the generations of mankind, ever made his mark upon his age. It is vain to deny to Jackson a title to greatness. He achieved great things, and won a succession of splendid triumphs, unequalled in the history of any man, save one, of his generation. He achieved them, not by the force of accident—but because of the power within him. It is idle to discuss the ability or the merits of a man, who, in different, and these the highest, departments of human enterprise, succeeds, not in one department or as to one measure, but in all departments and in all all things, throughout a long succession of years and of struggles, against the greatest and most various opposition. Such successes do not come by chance. But if we will not take this general conclusion, let us look to particulars. What did he accomplish? He raised himself, in a profession, the least suited to his genius, of all others, at a time of life, when men of real merit are only preparing themselves for local distinction, to the offices of Attorney General and of Judge, and when the scene changed from peace to war, he rose at once to the post of General, and, in a few months, won the most brilliant successes and the brightest laurels of the war, and placed himself side by side with the great captains of the world. He took his seat in the Senate of the U. S.: he was soon the strongest candidate before the people for President, bearing the palm from the veteran politicians and established statesmen of the country. Defeated in the house by the politicians, he turned defeat into victory, and established upon it a sure and lasting ascendancy. He was lifted by the strongest tide of personal popularity to the first office of his country, and held power against an opposition more powerful than ever before assailed an administration. But he did much more than this: he impressed his name and character upon the country more deeply than any man, the father of his country only excepted, ever did before or after him. He gave a fresh and awakening influence to the popular mind,—taught, more effectively than Jefferson, the masses their power; threw off the influence of old politicians, and started the government and the people onward in a new and more impulsive career. He opened a new era in American politics, with new measures, new ideas and new politicians. He founded a party more perfect in its organization, more lasting in its duration than any before established—giving its own line of statesmen and its own course of policy to the country; a party from which was to rise a stronger influence upon the world and the indefinite increase of the wealth, territory

and population of the Republic. He consolidated the strength and energies of the government; made it formidable, feared and respected by foreign powers: insomuch that he addressed the head of the second power of Europe with the imperious tone of a rich creditor pursuing a bilking bankrupt, and forced him to a settlement of a claim upon an open threat of chastisement. He found a confederacy—and left an empire. He altered the monetary system of the government—struck down the Bank of the United States—raised up and sustained the State Banks, and finally blew them up as so many torpedoes; and, for a time, nearly abolished the whole credit system of a great trading people. He struck down the doctrines of States' Rights in their sanctions and substance, and in their strong-holds, and with them, the flower of the disciples of that school to whom he had owed his elevation, in great part; and established national doctrines and ideas, which placed the government on the basis vainly before contended for by Washington and Marshall. He subdued the Senate. He placed his rejected minister at its head; it rebuked his course. He made it draw black lines around its records: and he raised up another, if not two, presidents to rule after he had withdrawn from office; and continued after his retirement and to the close of his life, the ruling spirit of his own party. This he did without the aid of the politicians:—he needed no conduit between himself and the people. He operated *directly* upon the public mind: indeed the most popular of his followers held his popularity on the tenure of his will and as a reflection of his chief's: desertion of him and his cause was popular ostracism. If he were powerful enough to raise up whom he chose—he was powerful enough to put down whom he chose. His name and his influence were as pervasive as the atmosphere: it fixed the selection and promotion of the cabinet minister, even of the President—and also that of the lowest official of an obscure municipality.

Mr. Calhoun was sitting upon the comfortable perch of the Vice Presidency, thinking no harm, evidently quite content with the prospect before him. It was seemingly a good time for him. His foible was not supposed to be a criminal indifference, much

less an unconquerable aversion to the high posts of the public service. He was young—just reaching the meridian glory of faculties equal to the discharge of any civic duty to which he could be called: he had already won the highest distinction; and he had won it without calling into service half of the talent he possessed. Jackson was in the heyday of a popularity such as no man of his country, its father and founder only excepted, had ever held; and he was Jackson's lieutenant; and yet so unexceptionably had he borne himself, that, though identified with the administration and its early supporter, he had given no offence to the opposition;—indeed he had run upon its ticket too for Vice President. States' Rights doctrines were in the ascendant, and the executive countenance shone kindly upon them and their supporters. The long-sighted politicians had begun to look upon him and fawn around him as the successor; Clay was under the ban:—the man of Braintree, like a greater, was on his ocean rock:—Crawford was a paralytic. Who and what stood between him and Dwight's prediction, or, rather the fulfilment of it? Serenely—we may imagine him—gazing through the bow-window of the Capitol, up towards that building at the other end of the avenue, and bethinking him that only a few more years, with all the accidents which might shorten that period in his favor, stood between him and the golden guerdon for which so many hearts were fevering. Jackson's angry stamp disturbed the reverie, and, with that stamp, the platform fell beneath him, and he dropped down a thousand feet into the political charnel house below! Where were now the legions of friends with whom his slightest utterance was the definition of a proverb—"the condensed wisdom of a nation?"

He counted them at break of day,
But when the sun set, where were they?

Who offended Jackson was doomed. Like a mighty Nimrod, he threw his lariat from the Capitol, and throttled and broke down to death or submission the most powerful senators even at the remotest corner of the Republic. Talent and genius and learning and eloquence and statesmanship cordoned themselves around him in strenuous warfare; but

his single arm, like Murat's on the Mount of Transfiguration, rolled back the brilliant charge and left him still unhurt—not a feather of his plume awry—in possession of the heights of power.

And, finally, according to Tom. Marshall, when he was about quitting the world, he turned Presbyterian and trampled Satan under foot, the last, and perhaps, the greatest of his victories!

It may well be doubted if the records of ancient or of modern times transmit or exhibit to us a name more distinguished for sublime and unfaltering courage than that of Andrew Jackson. He never seemed to rise to, but ever to stand level with, its loftiest exigencies. There was nothing in the shape of danger or responsibility which he feared to brave—not to meet merely, but to go in quest of—not to endure, but to defy and to master. He was chary of his fame: he loved applause; but when did he pause in the execution of a purpose to count its cost to his reputation, or when did he ever falter when the chivalry and the flower of his early and better supporters deserted his banner by battalions? If anything can appal a politician's heart or stay his hand, civil war may do it. But in the case of South Carolina, he contemplated that result and prepared for it with the coolness and determination of a common-place business matter. He stood forth a peculiar and original man in the great attribute of conceiving and executing purposes and plans from the very contemplation of which common-place politicians shrink in dismay.

Yet one thing this great man lacked. He lacked the crowning virtue of magnanimity. Generosity towards a personal or political enemy and charity for opposing opinion were not numbered among the virtues in his calendar. We are pained to be forced by truth to say it: but the hero's character of such robust and stalwart proportions and vital with such massive and masculine strength, was incomplete. Like some Gothic tower dimly seen by star-light, it leaves the impression of power akin to the terrific and sublime; but wants the mild and softening light of this absent grace to make it lovely to the contemplation and dear to the heart.

We turn from the Man of Progress to the

Man of Conservatism—from the Man of War to the Man of Peace.

The war with Mexico composed the questions to which it mediately gave rise, transferred the scene of contention to our own borders. As this collision was coming on apace, an opportunity came for electing a Whig President, as the New York politician held one of the arms of the Democracy in the fight. But gunpowder again prevailed. The old claims of the civilian were laid aside for the fresh pretensions of the soldier. The old trick of an inexpedient expediency was revived, and the last chance of electing Clay to the Presidency thrown away.

But though denied the first office, he was not denied the first position in the country: that he held by the grace of God—and without the leave of the politicians. Soon was the value of this position to be tested; for the great sectional contest awaiting only measures of practical legislation in regard to the newly acquired territory broke out in all its fury. The danger of this conflict brought Mr. Clay from his retirement, to the national councils.

Mr. Clay occupied now his true and natural position. He was no longer a candidate for the first office. He was out of the dust and strife of the arena. He was not an object of profitable assault to the politicians. Slander might well afford to intermit its labors of hatred, and prejudice and interest could pause to take a calmer view of his character and history. It is surprising how soon these calumnies died out; and how soon the great and shining attributes of the illustrious patriot caught and fixed the gaze of his countrymen of all sections and divisions, however before alienated from him. The truth is that Clay was hated more from fear than from contempt, or rather there could be no mixture of contempt or scorn for such a man. His chivalrous and lofty carriage made men respect even while they hated him. His countrymen were always secretly proud of him, and in the great crisis of the country felt a confidence in his wisdom and skilful pilotage which they felt for none other. He came now on a national errand. He had sunk the partizan. Modes of administration became a small question compared to the question of the preservation of the country.

matter in hand now was no less than the dismemberment of empire. grave questions which stood in the way of a settlement of the sectional disturbances then inflaming the public mind had defied the wisdom of all who had essayed to solve them. They seemed, indeed, to be impossible of adjustment. Fifteen state legislatures in the Free States had committed themselves and instructed their representatives to insist on the Wilmot Proviso; the Free States with equal unanimity had decided their intention to resist such a measure as an act of dissolution. The public mind had become deeply excited; sectional passions were becoming more and more intense: crimination and recrimination, insult and obloquy, gross personalities, violent argument, furious invective, scorn and abuse became the staple of familiar public and private discourse. The inherent difficulties of the question were even more formidable than these external hindrances to settlement. The old half-healed, half-festered sore of the slavery question was reopened and lacerated again by the rough friction of the North, and the South, proud and sensitive, as of old, was goaded to the last point of patient endurance. The patriot's heart sank within him at the prospect.

It was a dark time for the Republic, darker because a desire for the adjustment of these fearful questions seemed to desert with hope.

At this juncture Henry Clay took his seat in the Senate. His very presence was an event in the political history of the country. A cold light was on his lofty brow—and in his eye and in his voice were the fire and tones which could yet save his country. He seemed in view of the new work before him to breathe another youth. With the vigor of his ripe age, he seemed to have drawn from the past the vigor and the prime of his meridian fire. There was patriotism enough in the country to save it: but it was dormant patriotism. Clay waked it up—he was the medium which poured the electric current of the people upon the politicians and the public counsels. Never had he before fully shown himself the man God made him; for fifty years he had never had a rival for a whole session, as an ora-

tor and leader in a deliberative assembly; but men had compared him to himself—had noted how far he was in this speech or that, from his high-water mark of excellence:—now he was above himself—above where the flood of his sweeping and surge-like eloquence had ever gone before. As a mere orator he left the great deeds of his youth and middle age behind—but his oratory was the least remarkable of his claims to attention or gratitude. He was eloquent in everything—instinct with eloquence as if possessed by its spirit—in movement—in manner—in writing—in speech—in tone—above all, perhaps, in social intercourse transfusing himself into others: but now, in the closet, at the mess table, in the committee room, in the drive, on the street, every where—in every way—seeking no repose—wanting none—it was the fever and fanaticism of soul that carried him—with but one object before him—and yet that fever and fanaticism, presided over by a judgment and tact that never forsook and never misled him.

All know the result. All know how he passed through the long agony of glory and of triumph. He conquered and the Union lived.

Fate awarded him poetical justice at the last. He had linked the most brilliant passages of his life to the Union—the last link of the chain, too, he threw around its pillar. His eloquent life was brought to its peroration and that peroration was, as in his great speeches, the most beautiful—the grandest—the most eloquent of all its parts.

He could retire now. Why linger "superfluous on the stage?" His sun trembling on the verge of the horizon, like a tropical sun gorgeous, yet with a solemn and sacred aspect, magnified even beyond his size at noon, might now go down without a cloud or shadow—lighting up all the sky around with rays of marvellous glory long after he had set!

Why pursue further the theme? The grass upon his grave is just making green the sod above him, and the words of eulogy and the deep wail of a nation are almost yet stirring the air. He died bravely as he had lived; he had lived out his term and worked out faithfully his time; and now the Republic mourns, throughout her wide borders, and

will honor till its last stone be removed, the greatest orator, and, except Washington, the wisest statesman and most useful citizen this country ever called into her service.

And so the long feud ended and the leaders' fight is over. The old Knights died in harness and were buried with the honors of war, and chivalrous enemies do homage to their graves; and the political battle is left to be fought out by the squires.

The good Knights are dust,
And their good swords are rust,
And their souls are with the saints we trust.

SALLY STROTHER.

Washington Irving has "witched" the world" with a creature of his own imagination in the person of Rip Van Winkle, who, after a sleep of twenty years suddenly awoke, not to look upon old and familiar scenes, but to be startled at the new face which places once familiarly known to him, had assumed in the long period of his unbroken slumber. We do not propose an imitation, either of the style of his narrative or of his imaginative being, but to present a real person of flesh and blood, the antipode in all respects of Rip Van Winkle, who years ago, when we carried our schoolboy's sachel, was universally known to the citizens of Williamsburg as one of the inhabitants of that ancient city.

Sally Strother had known Williamsburg when it was the centre of all that was polished and fashionable. She had witnessed the royal state in which a succession of Governors, the representatives of the King's anointed Majesty, had lived and moved, who failed not on the annual return of King George's birth-day, surrounded by all the Honorable members of the privy council, the *Colonels* and *Commanders-in-chief* of all the counties, and gentlemen of high distinction in the colony, along with a large retinue of the most accomplished and beautiful of both sexes, to do suitable honor to an event so auspicious. She had recollected too, when the night had set in, the blaze of light which had streamed from the palace halls, and the music and dance which rendered gay and happy its spacious parlours.

She also remembered that on such occasions, the double row of Catalpa trees which grew on each side of the green, leading from the main street to the court of the palace, of which not more than two at this day remain, were all brilliantly illuminated with lanterns suspended from their branches, "making night day's counterfeit." Other right royal sights had Sally seen, almost rivalling in splendour the King's birth-night; but still the spontaneous and unanimous shout of all the loyal subjects of the crown, (and who in that day was not loyal?) repeated by the voices of thousands and echoed back by every hill and vale, of "long live King George the Third," had rendered more enduring the memory of the birth-day celebration than all things else—and on the recurrence of that anniversary, so long as Sally Strother lived, she greeted the rising and the setting sun, with the same cry of "long live King George the Third."

Change had come over all things. No royal Governor was longer seen to roll in regal splendour through the streets of Williamsburg, and the ruins of his palace had become the hiding place of the ill-omened bird of night. Thirty years had passed since the roar of the cannon at Yorktown had ceased to reverberate, and most of those who were there assembled in freedom's cause, had with their immortal leader gone down to the grave, while the leader of the British forces had long been an actor in the affairs of another and distant hemisphere, yet that natal morn was hailed by one voice which had aided to swell the shout of thousands, and "long live King George the Third," greeted the rising sun, and bade farewell to his departing beams.

That same King George had long before acknowledged that these States were free, sovereign and independent, and each State had put on the toga of manhood, and each with the others had entered into a mutual compact in the form of the present Constitution of the United States. The stars and stripes were floating at the mast-head of many a gallant ship, whose thunders had been heard upon the high seas and under the walls of Tripoli in bloody contest with the Frenchman and the Turk, yet all these changes were unnoted by Sally Strother, who thought of, and lived only in, the past without

nowledge of the mighty events which had inspired around her. She knew nothing but noted nothing in the great world, but the natal-day of King George, which she ever reverently saluted with her wonted cry of "long live King George the Third, our ever blessed sovereign."

In the return of that anniversary she was long before the sun, and dressed in courtly elegance, watched and hailed his rising with her well-known salutation. She then disturbed twelve months repose of her rich brocade; present, doubtless, of some high-bred lady whose royal times, made after the most approved fashion of the day, with all the tawdry finery that could be thrown around it. At the same time was disinterred from the trunk, where they too had been undisturbed for a year, her high-heeled prunellas adorned with innumerable spangles, and with her head ornamented with a cap of antique fashion, but in the height of the fashion of its day, she went forth to hail the early morning and to arouse from their slumbers the drowsy citizens with her well-known cry of "long live King George the Third."

Nor did the sun go down before she had been led at each house in the good old city, the inhabitants of which failed not to bestow on this true and faithful subject of King George some slight but acceptable token of their affection, not forgetting in some instances to administer a drop of "creature comfort," which caused poor Sally, to use her own expression, to feel 'cherry-merry,' and added new zest to her feelings of devotion to her royal master. Her residence was a small wooden building which occupied the site of the present Clerk's Office of Williamsburg and James City. Often have we seen her go forth, dressed out in rich array, from her humble dwelling on that natal-day; and as often after the sun had bade the world good-night, have we heard her exclaim upon entering her lonely dwelling—"long live King George the Third, our ever blessed master."

Sally Strother was the last remnant of the royal government, and she has long ceased to exist; but I never visit that good old city of her days, without looking out upon the spot where her dwelling once stood, and recalling the memory of the incident here related.

She and her royal master have mouldered into common dust—but could *her dust* be re-animated, the grave would not have blotted out the memory of King George's birth-day; and poor Sally's voice would still utter forth the cry of "long live King George the Third."

TO ADÈLE.

I know 'tis a crime to adore thee,
I know it were base to repine
That the happy horizon before thee
Is not dimmed by the shadow of mine.

But my heart like some field flower is sending
An incense thine own may despise,
To the lustre and light that are blending
Their beams in thy beautiful eyes.

Let it worship in harmless devotion—
Let it fade when those beams are withdrawn;
Nor awaken a deeper emotion
Than a tear, when 'tis withered and gone.

Sketches of the Flush Times of Alabama.

BENJAMIN OPPELT, ESQ., OF MISSISSIPPI.

DEAR BEN:—I address this running account of you to yourself. It will save repetition and circumlocution. I have placed you under the shadow of no *nom de guerre*. It is wholly unnecessary. Where you are not known this more public method cannot hurt you: where you *are* known you would be discovered by the very first mark of my charcoal around your well-characterized phiz, under whatever disguise I sought to hide you.

You remember, Ben, when you and Jo. M. and I were the leading resident counsel of the Kemper bar. We had a right to be, Ben, seeing there were no others to contest the palm. Bolus had not come in then: pity for you, Ben, that he ever did. We carried it with a high hand over the natives at that early day—didn't we, though? Many long years have passed over our heads since. We were in the vale of obscurity then, Ben. Since that day, we have *risen*—or those who are left of us, and the others, too, we hope: Jo. M. to a seat in the Senate, and on the Cir-

cuit Court bench for a time—you to be a Probate Judge, and I—ahem—to be *your* biographer. It were a pity that such distinguished merit as ours should lie hid in "dark unfathomed caves," or in the twilight of a more local distinction when men, less remarkable and deserving, are now flaming luminaries in the horizon, set there by the hands of accommodating Law-Magazinists. I will do my best, Ben, to rescue *you* from oblivion, and hope, in and by the effort, to keep myself afloat, as a painter of some rare face of genius or of beauty makes a memorial of himself by the work which perpetuates the subject of his art. Well, Ben, though I address *you*, yet I address you in a sort of Mr. Speaker way; though you seem to be the only reader, yet really you are the very one least necessary to be addressed; and so I must refer to things you already know, though others are ignorant thereabout.

You know, Ben, my friendship for you. You know my appreciation of you. You know how I esteem that incorrigible and loving honesty—that simple and artless nature—that frankness of disposition—that uncorrupted and incorruptible truthfulness that never could lie for love or money, or even for a client. You may think, Ben, I am taking a liberty with you—well, it does look something like it. But you remember what Charles Surface said when he was auctioning off the portraits of his ancestors: "if man can't take liberties with his friends, I should like to know who in the devil he *can* take liberties with." Besides, Ben, you know the trick you played on me, when you made me carry that crooked sweet-gum sprout all over the country from Texas to the State of Mississippi, under the delusion that it was a stick cut from the memorial field of San Jacinto, you having picked up the same in the streets of Houston. You always claimed, Ben, that you had a large balance against me on our account; but I think you will allow that this little job I am now doing for you will entitle me to a receipt in full.

And turning now, my dear fellow, from you to the reader, I will release your patience and spare your blushes, while, for a moment or too, I say something, by way of introducing—or, rather—*before* introducing you to the out of Kemper public. Consider

your back turned, Ben, while I discourse then a little on matters personal, private and confidential.

Kind reader! what a head have we here! Here is an olla podrida indeed! This is Judge Oppelt, a mass of incongruities, comprised of a curious list of elements, and these more curiously mixed. Credulous enough to be the dupe of the shallowest trickster—so incredulous that he rejected what all other men believed—trusting blindly whoever professed friendship for him—suspicious to a proverb of men whom every body else trusted—benevolent and kind-hearted as uncle Toby—snarling, captious, sarcastic of mood as Sir Mungo Malgrowther—of that transparent honesty which could not conceal even the slightest shade of thought or motive on purpose—ready to believe that the whole world around him was up to their eyes in trick and intrigue—these qualities were of the most prominent that made up this character. Ben was of German descent—of the Suabian lineage—born in Pennsylvania—from whence he had floated over into Virginia in early manhood—from thence into North Carolina—from that state to Alabama, where he had read law, and then, on the organization of the Mississippi counties in the Choctaw purchase, he had set up his sign in the pleasant village of De Kalb, Kemper county, in the year 1833 or 4; of which town he is now the oldest inhabitant. His speech still betrays his descent: being too original a character ever to recover from the bias and habits into which his tongue had got in childhood.

Verily the faculty of reverence for mortal man was not in Ben. He was independent of all human opinion and influence, except when flattery or coaxing was brought to bear upon him, and then he was as malleable a piece of metal as I ever saw. His candor was surpassing. He could say things about others, without apology or provocation, which few men, with any degree of provocation, could be brought to speak; simply because it was in him and *had* to come out. If any man's vanity itched and he went to Ben to tickle it, Ben rasped it with a brick-bat for him. Not that he wished to hurt any man's feelings, but because his crude and unsophisticated honesty inspired his tongue with an

irresistible itching until he had spoken out his thoughts. Like old Coriolanus, "what his breast forges, that his tongue *will* utter." Nothing checked him—nothing impeded the flow of his irrepressible gab. If any thing could, one would suppose that interest and fear would have done so, but they did'nt. He cursed his clients as freely as his avowed enemies, and, so far as I could ever see, that gentle preceptor of manners and prudence, a Bowie-knife, had no more terrors for him than a broomstraw. Indeed it was tried on him more than once. Momus could never have thrown up to Jupiter, that, in making man, he had committed the great blunder of not making a window in his breast to let the crowd see what was going on within—if all men had been made like Ben; for Ben had no secrets.

Ben knew nothing of conventionalities. The common civilities of social life were further than he had ever got in the catechism of manners. If you met him in the street, it were ten to one if he spoke to you at all; and if you offered to shake hands with him, he would grudgingly hold out one finger and mutter ugh! Nor was he choice in the essential article of eating and drinking—how it was done—when, or where, so there was plenty; though he had his favorite dishes—they were blue collards and chalots—the last raw; and he would sweeten his coffee occasionally with a little "red eye," of whose flavor he was something fond.

Now it must not be supposed that Ben had no social qualities; on the contrary, he was a generous, whole-souled, jovial fellow, full of humorous matter—anecdote and playfulness—and with a manner, certainly original, and frequently grotesquely comic. He made some capital hits and said some wonderfully shrewd things occasionally; though, truth to say, his repartees—"like the course of mercy—were *not strained*;" albeit, the strainers would have helped them mightily.

Being simple in taste and habit, and having never outlived the antiquated notion of considering there were *two* parts, as well as two parties, to a debt—contracting *and* paying—debtor *and* creditor, Ben's industry and frugality enabled him to accumulate something. He had, indeed, as I have indicated,

few luxuries. He had two, however, the luxury of a fine-looking horse and "the luxury of being cheated." He treated a horse with parental affection; and, like a fond parent, could see no fault in his favorite. Captain Peter was at one time his ruling love, and he had paid a round price for the Captain. But the Captain—do all Ben could for him—would'nt do anything for Ben. Twenty miles a day was the Captain's extreme maximum of travel; and Ben, after a while, had to give him up as a riding horse. But Ben kept the old favorite for the good service—mostly imaginary—he *had* done. A certain Joe. Dean, "an eminent horse dealer" as J. F. would say, coming along, was kind enough to sell Ben, at the price of a negro, a famous steed he had brought out from the West: a beautiful animal, a glossy chesnut sorrel, whose skin shone in the sun like a pigeon-cock's neck plumage in the billing season. But the new steed had been fattened and flax-seeded up for Ben's especial behoof, and had no wind or bottom. It was a sad disappointment to Ben when he mounted the chesnut *duly* caparisoned; for Ben had more horse furniture than a Mameluke or a Mexican Cavaliero: such bridles and bits, such surcingles and cruppers, and double-girths and blankets, and the saddle covered with a Lama skin! These alone were enough for a small horse to carry. Ben could scarcely mount—the horse was so spirited—and after mounting, such sidling and caracoling and coquetting—such blowing and snorting and pulling against the bit, and scaring at every thing—and dancing crosswise: it was as much as Ben could do to hold him in. But the misfortune was that the sorrel would'nt go without being held up: he would run not so much away as over himself, and come sprawling to the ground whenever let out. He expended all his energies in extras and didos, and left nothing for regular travelling—like a fine gentleman, wasting all his money in trinkets, and bilking his landlord. Ben never got more than thirteen miles a day—that is in latitude: but if the various crossings and ups and downs could have been added, it would have been much more. It was a picture to see Ben looking at his new purchase—how he stepped around him to view his good points

—how, with hands in his pockets—not as deep in as the said Joe's—he gazed upon his glossy hair and would brush off an imaginary speck that dimmed the shine of his neck and breast—his very soul going out in admiration through his eyes. But now the introduction over we must proceed to speak to Ben—whom we left standing alone at the porch.

And now, Ben, you remember that time I pushed you into the lake. I repent me of it a good deal, Ben; but it was so fair an occasion that the temptation ought to go largely in mitigation. What did you get so near the edge of the water for, and try to push the buggy up the bank as I pulled by the shafts? How could I help letting it slide down on you? And what did you keep backing so for? Why not let go all holds and let it slip aside? And how could I *help* laughing when you came out shivering, and didn't you curse me for it, and dispute my word when I told you I didn't mean to do it, and swear you believed I did it “a purpose, a little pettifogging rascal;” and, “if you *thought* so, you would drown me in the lake like a blind puppy:” and isn't all that an offset? Yes, Ben, two offsets.

But, Ben, you played the mischief with me when we went to Texas in company in 1839. What did you make up to Baron Hackett, on the boat between Mobile and New Orleans, and splutter high Dutch with him, and pass yourself off for a real *bona fide* Judge, when you were only Judge of Probate, for? And then setting at table with him and Lavallé and the other big bugs, talking over the affairs of the nation, drinking wine and cracking nuts and jokes, and what not? And when we got to New Orleans, why did you pretend to my unsuspecting innocence that you had been in cities before, and knew all about city ways and doings? Wasn't that fraud *per se*; and getting my credulous confidence, wasn't *that* obtaining goods on false pretences? You remember old Lavallé? Wasn't he a rum one? Talk of politeness, Ben! why he could take the shine off of you if you practised at a dancing school from now to millenium, and had the run of the French Ambassador's kitchen besides. Such easy manners—so self-possessed—so considerate—and such a power of face, not

even smiling when he got us in tow, and we cut up our rusties at his *hotel* in the rear of the St. Charles, with the marble front and steps! When, on landing in New Orleans, without having changed our habiliments for ten mortal days of travel in July, he invited us to come to his house and take a glass of wine with him, in that polite, easy way of his, what on earth, Ben, made you think he was a bar-keeper? and that he was electioneering for custom? Didn't I tell you he didn't look to me like a rum-seller, and you said “I was green and didn't know the way they did things in these big cities.” You remember we came to his house, and his ringing the silver-handled bell, and its jingling about a quarter of a mile back, and a handsome mulatto fellow coming and opening the door, and his starting when he saw the sort of company his master had fallen in with—and my wanting to draw back, and you saying it was a gin-palace—you had seen the like in the English papers, and then the porter threw open the doors and we went up stairs and were ushered into *that* elegant room—and how we felt when the big mirrors began to show us what sort of furniture we were to such a room—and Lavallé invited us to sit on the sofa—and how you sank down and bounded up and said Lordy! and that it nearly took you breath away; and, when Lavallé went out, I proposed to beat a hasty retreat, but you wouldn't hear to it? Don't you remember the nurse bringing in the little curly-headed children, and how afraid she seemed of your touching them, and then Lavallé's apologizing for his wife's not making her appearance, (from *indisposition*) and you *excused* him (as most sincerely I did) when the wine and other refreshments were brought in on the silver waiter? Don't you remember old Lavallé's asking you what you would take—and your telling him you would take “prandy strait,” and his saying he did not believe he had any of *that* brand, but there was some very excellent cogniac; and you decanting half a tumbler of the reverend stuff, and smacking your lips and saying it was “tevilish cood.”

And then, when we were about leaving, how many French *extras* and apologies and pressings to drink more and stay to dinner, and what not, and regrettings that we were

to leave town so soon—and that his carriage was not at home to take us to the hotel—and such urgent insistings on our calling when we returned; and then you snorted out that if *he* should ever come “to De Kalp,” you would be glad to see him “at Madame F.’s taferu, though it was not any thing *extra*.” When he parted with us so cordially, (the only really sincere part of the performance,) what upon earth did you fumble in your pockets for? Ben, if you *had* offered him those two dimes, I should have had, out of sheer respect, to shoot you: it is well for you, old fellow, that you took your hands out of your pockets when I shook my head at you.

And you thought, Ben, as we were going to the “Verandah,” that, “after all, these city fellows are petter than some men in the up-country think for, and they know in a very little time a gentleman when they see him”—which was complimentary to the town beyond its deservings; for going to the “Verandah,” having left our *saddle-bags* on the boat, we didn’t find it so, Ben; for that long gangling loon at the bar, would not hear us when we ordered a room, but just pointed with his thumb over his shoulder: and we made out at last to translate his pantomime, and found out he pointed to a written label, (or libel,) to the effect that “strangers without baggage must pay in advance;” and we had to pay for dinner, supper and lodging before getting the same.

What a hard run of luck you had, Ben, on the real estate you purchased near De Kalb. You gave for it more than it was worth; then Bennett, the blacksmith, who entered it in the land office for you, took the certificate in his own name; and it was held under judgment against him, and you had to redeem it for more than you first paid, and then under that abominable old law that made the land of the debtor bound by the first judgment, though sold under junior ones, they drew out another execution against Bennett—and then another—all of which you had to discharge, until, at last, they got the very oldest judgment of all to work on the land, and you attended the sale and was bidding more for it than the land was worth: and when some friend interposed to remonstrate with you for bidding more than the

value of the land, your reply was very natural, Ben—“I know that, but you fool, don’t you see if I don’t puy it in I’ll lose all I paid pefore.” I am glad, Ben, you got a good title at last; you deserved to have one. Perseverance *will win*, Ben,—if a man only holds on long enough.

That vastation with which Bolus visited you, Ben, was a thing I might remind you of as a lesson and a warning to your amiable credulity; but I know that you have never forgotten it or him for a moment, and Bolus was an operator in his walk so thorough, that like Hyder Ali, he never left any thing for a successor to do. But I beg pardon for aluding to this unpleasant business; I cannot pursue this theme further. In the touching pathos of Chief Justice Collier, in the case of *Jones vs. Jones*, 13 Ala. Rep.—“It could subserve no other purpose than to awaken unpleasant recollections, and open still deeper wounds which, though not healed, may have become less painful, because they have become chronic.”

I laugh every time I think of the way you put it to H. G., when Henry cursed the little bullet-headed bailiff at Philadelphia, the Choctaw, not the Quaker city, in 1838, when that high official came to him to tell him the grand jury were waiting for him. You recollect *where* he told him to go, and to *what* warm climate he consigned the grand jury, and what compliments he lavished upon those respectable dignitaries. With what an engaging innocence, Ben, you told him that “*that* was a *very* tifferent tone from what he used when he was a candidate for tistrict attorney. Then he was *very* civil.” You told him “you put me in mind of a little runt pig leaning up against the crib, half-starved, and crying out sque—squee—squee-e-e; but now you have got in and got fat, you put me in mind of that same pig growed up to be a saucy, chuffy poar—his tail all cork-screwed around, going about, lazy and frothy at the mouth, and nobody can come near him, but he runs at him, bristled up, chuff! chuff!! chuff!!!” That, Ben, was a libel in the duplicate—by speech and picture both.

Moderation in all things, Benjamin, is a virtue I have often recommended to you, but I am afraid not always with success. To

use the luxuries of life in temperance is a hard thing to learn, but it is a wise thing: if you had practised it, Ben, you would not have gone into that arrangement with Tom Davis: you would not have insisted, as a condition to that fight, that you both should lock yourselves up alone in the room and fight it out: if the outsiders had not broken through the rules and the doors both, as soon as they did, the consequences might have been serious. But, Ben, I know you lamented the occurrence: indeed, you wore both eyes in deep mourning in consequence of it for a month afterwards. Let that be a lesson to you, my friend; and the next time you have a fight with a blacksmith, don't be so selfish as to keep it all to yourself.

Leuen Rogers came very near getting you, Ben, that evening when he beguiled you into the grocery under pretence of treating you, but really to take you at advantage, when you had just got off from "Captain Peter." Leuen was a bloody-minded fellow. When he gave you the lie and you kicked him, it was a providential thing that the long spur struck him in the side. You fell, but couldn't get the spur out of his side, and when he drew his bowie and struck at you, he couldn't come nearer than six inches to your body: you well remarked, Ben, that now was the time for a stiff leg—and well it was for you that you held it firm on the joint, or you would have been no more in the land of the living. When those men dragged him away from you, it was rather rough travelling over the ground you had, Ben, but better that than be carried out in a different fashion and not come back any more.

When the gambler in Tuscaloosa flashed the pistol at you, for making some free observations upon that large and useful class of professors of the fine arts, it was rather an odd time to stop the proceedings to institute a claim to the weapon, although, no doubt, you had the better title, though that was one of the instances in which possession is better than ownership; but the observation was equally true and appropriate that it was "a pretty pass of impudence the blacklegs were coming to, when they got to shooting a gentleman *with his own pistol!*" Sensible to the last!

Old Anguish McIntyre! What a prodigy

of villainy he was to be sure. He was to all other rascals what Bonaparte was to all other generals. It was a long and bitter feud you and he had, Ben. How did you come to fall into his hands so easily? When he flattered you up with being such a fine looking fellow; but you ought not to stuff yourself out with pistols and bowie-knives and the like: and you told him you did not have any—and then he drew his pistol on you and pulled out a document—he called it a libel—for you to sign on pain of instant death; and you had to toddle, Ben. But when you got your gun *he* had to do the same, and make that little roan pony *vamose* the ranch in hot haste. You might have hit him if you had tried to bring him down at a long shot—but your eagerness to be sure of bagging him and bringing him home on a pole, was too great for a *contingent* fire.

Ben, you deserved better luck than befel you when the Alabama man came over and got you to take depositions for him; and, after spending two or three days at it, Kit Thompson, one of the commissioners, sitting by, but *you* doing all the work, the man pulled out a \$20 bill on that swindling, mock-shin-plaster bank, (the Commercial Bank of Enterprise,) you, thinking it a bill on the Commercial Bank of Columbus, (on the same plate of which it was printed,) paid him ten dollars good money in change and gave Kit five dollars, in silver, for *his* share on account, as you told him to sweeten the gift, of his being "a poor tevil with a wife and six children to bread."

What an easy, cozy, familiar way you had, Ben, of getting along with Themis, and what liberties you sometimes used to take with the stuck-up, dignified old jade! Especially when you spread your motion on the docket "for leave to *file a few* more additional pleas;" and that other time, when you asked the court to instruct the jury that "it was *rather the law* that the giving of a note presumed a settlement of pre-existent accounts." Nor were you wanting in a nice and curious subtlety upon occasion: for example, when the man brought you the note, to sue on if the action could be maintained upon these facts, the payor and payee made a contract for the sale and purchase of the latter's improvement on public land—the

payor to pay \$100 cash on the next Friday; but not having the money then, he gave the note. You told your client if the note was given for the improvement, the Supreme Court had decided it was void, as against public policy, declared by the U. S. laws; "but if *the money* was to be paid for the improvement, and the man not having the money, *gave the note for the money*, there was abundance of authority to prove that a note given for money was good; but it was a devilish nice pint," and you "doubted if the fool of a judge would see it"—as, Ben, you might well have doubted.

You were pretty pungent on one of your successors in the office of probate judge, when several of the wills having to be probated again on account of having been wrongly probated before, you said that he "was getting to be a *re-probate* judge."

I never can sufficiently admire, Ben, that trusting faith of yours and that artless simplicity which were illustrated in the quiet and touching pathos of the reply you made when, with the privilege of old friendship, I asked you as to your prospects, and you answered that you were "waiting for Bolus's returning sense of justice!" Heaven speed its transit! May it arise early and journey late—for, Ben, it has an awful long road to travel before it gets home again! May you live until that happy re-union of long-dissevered friends—Bolus and his sense of justice!

And now, Ben, old fellow, farewell; I take my leave of you, Ben, with a feeling of something more than regret, and as near as I can come to it, a soberness bordering on sadness. The world has not used you well, old fellow. It passes crude judgments on men. It judges by trifles: more by what is loosely hung about a man, than what is in and of him. A word of petulance, a pish or pshaw of impatience it offsets against the sterling virtues, the fidelity to principle, the point of honor, the unswerving independence, the deep-grained honesty, the candor that cannot lie or feign, the real generosity and humanity that cannot help doing a kindness, and the placable spirit that cannot hold a sense of wrong: all these, Ben, were yours, and more than these—a brave and manly spirit, an artless simplicity, a true heart and open hand; and if some weaknesses and faults mingled

with these large virtues, let him who is without them throw the first stone.

THE VOICES OF THE WOOD.

Deep in the wild wood voices are ringing,
Ever and anon, through the dark hanging trees,—
Echoes they seem, all ethereal, flinging,
Fitfully floating, their notes on the breeze.

Is it the sound of the cataract rushing,
Foaming and dashing along on its way?
Is it the voice of the crystal fount gushing
O'er the bright pebbles in innocent play?

Is it the song which the wood-bird is singing,
Carolling gayly all guiltless of care?
Is it the music of zephyrs soft winging
Viewless their spirit-like course through the air!

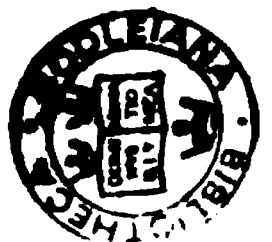
Oh, 'tis the whisper that cometh at even,
Soft as when wafted o'er Eden's fair trees,
Solemn and pure as the converse of Heaven—
"The voice of the Lord," as it floats on the breeze.

Peaceful it speaks to my bosom's wild heaving,
Sweet are the accents that through my heart thrill;
Gently it chideth my spirit for grieving,
Though 'tis a murmur, so "small" and so "still."

Earth is an Eden, while round us are wreathing
Branches so verdant, and flow'rets so fair;
Earth is still Eden, while round us are breathing
Voices that once at cool eve floated there.

M.

Morven, Aug., 1853.



MODERN REPUBLICANISM.

THE EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.

We come now to consider the third great blow that has been struck for liberty in Europe; and it will not be difficult to show its close connexion with the Revolution that caused the death of Charles the First, through the links of the Revolution that deposed his son, and the one that freed the American colonies. The Revolutions caused by the struggles of man for liberty, are all mirrors reflecting with more or less brightness the same ray of light; some absorbing and altering; others flashing out with yet greater brightness the divine ray which cannot be obscured or destroyed. It has in the progress of ages often disappeared, as light is sometimes long in passing through the dark regions of space from star to star; yet it has

always shone forth again and vivified and enlightened wherever it came. We still live just outside of the whirlpool of the French Revolution, and the nations yet feel the giddy effect of its impetuous motion. Not even now can men look calmly on its progress and its termination; nor are they able to discern what was good in it and what was evil. It was a tempest that destroyed much that was admirable and excellent, and much that was worthy of destruction; an earthquake that shook down ancient and splendid temples in which false gods were worshipped, destroying the lying priests, overturning the deluding oracles, burying a gorgeous panoply of devotion, and at the same time crushing in a frightful death the young and the pure, the wise and the innocent; blending in one common ruin beauty and deformity, virtue and vice—that excellence which was venerable from age and that corruption which resulted from the long accumulation of ancient evils. And the same storm and earthquake that thus bore down and engulfed this magnificent temple, cut through the morass in which it stood, and which had accumulated for centuries around it until the very air was evil, and to breathe it produced pestilence, and forcing a violent outlet, drained as it destroyed—purified while creating a tornado—swept into ruin what already tottered to a fall from the very corruptions it had raised around itself; yet made more stable the things that remained, and carried off with itself the very causes that produced the ruin.

The keystone of this temple was the king; and this keystone the men of the Revolution with sacrilegious hands, yet with honest intentions, displaced by violence, and in its fall caused the whole fabric to come down in ruin. Unlike the men of Cromwell's time, who with English deliberation, removed their king and replaced him by a Lord Protector, as men might remove one keystone and replace it by one of another kind—they with the haste of madmen tore it out as with a blast of gunpowder, and perished, Samson like, in the ruin their own hands had wrought. How strongly the leading men of the French Revolution remind us of the great Hebrew champion in his mixture of vices and virtues, in his love of country and debasing love of

women; irregular, gigantic strength, and absence of true wisdom to resist temptation, striking terror into his enemies and shaking down in a similar spirit of self-devotion upon his own head the temple that contained his country's foes.

No candid man at this time denies that a reformation was needed in the government of France. No one now asserts that the old abuses should have been allowed to remain, and that a just and economical administration of affairs should not have been substituted.

A country where the power of the king was absolute, and where a long series of tyrannical and licentious monarchs had sat on the throne, where the will of the people, as expressed in parliament, was never heard, where the power of the press did not exist, where religious liberty was unknown, and where persecution had followed all who attempted to plant it. A country where the nobles, forming a large and powerful class, as every son of a nobleman was himself a noble, were exempt from taxation and all State burdens, and at the same time enjoyed all State honors and emoluments; where the clergy formed another immense body likewise exempt from taxation and the bearing of burdens, and where the mass of the people had to pay all taxes and bear all burdens, and yet be without a voice in saying what those burdens should be, or how they were to be distributed; where the king taxed the people, where the nobles taxed the people, where the clergy taxed the people, where the collectors of revenue plundered the people in raising the revenue, that they might enrich themselves; and where there was no appeal and no means of making legal complaint. A country where the Bastille and the *lettre-de-cachet* had all the force of the Inquisition; a country burdened with debt; exhausted by unsuccessful foreign wars as an outward sore, and by the general corruption of all ranks and the unbounded licentiousness and extravagance of her kings and nobles as an inward canker; such a country was rife for revolution. Moreover by the unavenged massacre of St. Bartholomew, by the persecution of the oppressed Huguenots, by the terrible and cruelly oppressive wars with other nations, by the long catalogue

other national crimes, France had laid up herself a store of vengeance within and without. The measure of her iniquity was full, and the overflow of wrath was poured upon her until the nations stood aghast with horror. Savage races were not, as in old times, brought against her for punishment; barbarians of her own bosom came forth and bit and tore her with diabolical violence, as if up lava would tear and destroy the mountain that contained it before its overthrow. The scenes of the French Revolution show that civilization contains within itself more savages than the most barbarous times of nations can exhibit. But our object is not to describe the horrors, nor to explain the causes, that led to this revolution. We have only to deal with the death of the king and to show how, in our opinion, that death was necessary to the cause of republican liberty. We do not justify the indiscriminate use of the guillotine; we do not justify the cruel death, or the death at all of Marie Antoinette; we do not justify the manner in which Louis was tried or treated before death; we condemn the cruelty that marked both the trial and his end. Nor do we in any manner justify the mode in which the French revolution was conducted; we should not like to see it repeated; yet we are not sorry that there has been a French Revolution, and that such an ebullition of popular rage has occurred; because it tends more forcibly than all the teachings of philosophy to show the evils of misgovernment; it proves more clearly than a mathematical demonstration, that popular rage and mob violence follow tyrannical power. It might as well be asserted that pent-up waters will not break forth and overthrow all before them, as that an oppressed people when they acquire power will not abuse it.

The French Revolution is a commentary written in fire and blood upon the misgovernment of kings. We do not attempt to extenuate its evils; we should as soon think of apologising for an earthquake: nor do we censure it any more than we should utter a voice of wrath and anger at the ruin wrought when the city of Sodom was destroyed. We do not deplore the French Revolution; we deplore the causes of which it was the legitimate and necessary result. And we expect

and wish, that whenever a people are as much oppressed as were the French, that then again and again this moral tornado shall sweep over the land, until kings and rulers have learned a lesson of justice and forbearance; for as surely as a burning coal applied to powder will produce explosion, so surely will human nature burst into bloody and terrible extravagances when released from great oppression.

But to our subject—the death of the king: was it right? We take it for granted that no one will deny that a tyrannical monarch may be resisted by his subjects. No one in this country, and few in civilized Europe believe, with divines of the Church of England in the time of James and Charles, that any resistance to regal power is a sin against God. The question is this; was Louis a tyrant, and if so, how far was resistance to him just and necessary? What then is tyranny? We define it as the arbitrary exercise of absolute power. There are but three sources of government; by the consent of the people frequently asked; by conquest and long continued custom; and by Divine Right. If a king governs by divine right, then must he govern according to divine law; or if he fail to do so, he is false to his trust—he is an impostor—and as such must die. Custom may be as readily changed as it was created, and conquest may be reconquered. The consent of the people often sought must be the foundation of true government. Such, no matter how named, will be republican in character. Louis did not govern by divine right, or if he claimed so to do, he deserved the death he received. Nor did he govern by the consent of the people; they consented to his death. He ruled by custom, derived from the conquests of his ancestors, and from the long habit of submission in the people. If we say then that any exercise of arbitrary power is tyranny, and that no length of time, however long, can make that right which is itself wrong; if we say that an absolute sovereign exercises a power to which he has no right, we say that an absolute sovereign is a tyrant and as such deserves death. We will not, however, take this advantage in the present case, and thus condemn Louis. Although we do hold that any sovereign who has the power that he had, and does not

exercise it by the consent of the people, does in the very exercise of that power sentence himself to death, and justly deserves it. Let us look farther into the merits of this case, and see whether other charges cannot be brought against Louis, than simply that of holding by descent arbitrary power. But first let us see how to treat a tyrant when you have proved him to be one.

There are but three ways of disposing of such a character; either to expel him the kingdom and keep him out; to confine him for life, or to put him to death. We do not ask which is most expedient; but which he best deserves. When one monarch usurps the throne of another, the tyrant is either exiled or imprisoned; the usurper, himself a king, perhaps a kinsman, does not like to shed royal blood, by form of trial. If he slay him he does it secretly, and is ashamed to confess the deed. But when the people have risen against tyrants, and have deprived their former head of power, it becomes a grave question, how can his kingship be abolished. If he is banished, he is only a king in exile, and may return with other kings to regain his throne. A banished king is still of the blood royal. Imprison him, and you create among his subjects that sympathy which in exile he obtained from foreign princes. He is still a king; you cannot uncrown him; he was born to this honour, and only leaves it at death. To remove his kingship you must slay him. Death only can solve the bond that birth has drawn. His title and authority come of his descent; it is in his blood, and you must shed blood royal to annul it. The ancient Athenians, when a citizen was too popular and they feared his power as likely to prove a kingly one, *ostracised* him into honorable banishment. We refuse public confidence and deny office to our great men when we cannot trust them. The axe is the ostracism of kings. And the only way to show distrust of them and their power, is to put them in that condition in which their power is harmless. We hesitate not to say, that a regal criminal, no more than any other criminal, should escape punishment for crime. If he has committed or sanctioned murders in the exercise of the power that he holds, either by himself or by his subordinates, then he deserves death.

Louis came to the throne in a time ble and turmoil, when even those w little for existing abuses clearly s some abuses must be removed, or ernment must fall. The country wa fully governed; some reform was at necessary. Louis was absolute; power to render the government a bet he could lessen abuses, regulate aff equalize burdens; he had power an tunity to make his people happy and popular. No king ever had such a t opened before him to earn for him proud title of benefactor and fathe people. England and the United St set examples of popular governme proved that the people were at least of participating in the management lic affairs. The people of France no oured for this share of power; hithe king with his nobles and clergy ha and this immense mass of evil had r Now the Tiers Etat—the mass of t tion—wished that some share of the l should fall on the hitherto privileged and that the powers of government be more equally distributed. Only tv ses were open to the king; he shoul have granted willingly and at once all just in the demands of his people, should have held firmly the reins of defied all opposition and ruled as his had done. He did neither; he cou ther quell the storm nor shun it. W people were making Constitutions, fashioning locks; and instead of s the divine art of ruling men, he wa mering away at a base mechanical e ment. When danger came, he could anticipate nor escape it; and when his was assailed by an infuriated mob, ther gave orders to fire upon them cease from firing when resistance w less; and leaving his brave body-g Swiss without orders and without mander, he escaped with his family a refuge in the Convention. Naturali us of that foolish bird, the ostrich, th utterly bereft of its small senses by of an enemy, it thrusts its head into t or the nearest bush, and esteems its from danger because it cannot see How much like King Louis; he

eyes to danger, and lo! the danger ceased to exist; he deserts his post, rushes into a Convention of enemies for protection, and because the firing is distant and he is still unhurt, thinks that it is all well. We have elsewhere called him the King Log of his time, and the comparison is not out of place. Some heathen nations wisely worship the heavenly bodies—the sun giving light and heat, making food for man and thus preserving him in life—the moon and the stars guiding him by night. Others worship the storm and the tempest—the thunder crash and the lightning stroke. Others more debased worship stocks and stones. Of this last class was King Louis. He was to the Kings who had founded and strengthened the monarchy, what a rough statue of Hercules, executed in coarse sand-stone, is to the living, breathing, working demi-god. What matter if the idol is thrown down from its pedestal and destroyed?

For an absolute ruler to permit evils which he can prevent, is to create evils for which he is responsible; and he is therefore guilty of every evil that passes under his government.

We accuse Louis then of being an absolute ruler in a government full of crimes. We accuse him of permitting, and therefore of sanctioning, the existence of evils that he had power to prevent. We accuse him of neglecting and abusing the trust placed in his hands for the good of the whole people. We accuse him of being a mechanic when he should have been a king. We accuse him of the death of his Swiss guard and of his subjects slain in the assault. We accuse him of imbecility and ignorance; high crimes in a King at the head of a State. Finally we accuse him in the name of all the crimes of all his ancestors; as he inherited their place and their power, he was responsible for their acts, and received the consequences of their deeds.

Other men suffer for their crimes in person, or in their families; they lose life or wealth or power or character, and their descendants in being deprived of their fathers' advantages are punished for their fathers' misdeeds. It is not so with Kings; they inherit full honors and full power, and with them the heaped-up and long-delayed ven-

geance of generations of crime. Throughout the Palatinate of Germany had gone up to God the cries and groans of homeless, starving multitudes, when by the order of Louis XIV. that fair land was ravaged and its peaceful inhabitants butchered or driven off, its towns and villages burnt, and the whole land rendered desolate. The south of France had been made a place of mourning, when the same King sent his bloody dragoons into the households of his own subjects, that by the persuasive argument of fire and sword they might be converted from a faith they believed true to one they knew to be false. And when vast numbers had been slaughtered and 50,000 families had been forced into exile, his Moloch purpose was accomplished, and the King's conscience was satisfied, while the soil of France was drenched with blood, and the air filled with lamentations and cries for mercy. Upon the entire frontier of these colonies the war-hatchet had been dug up and the terrible horrors of savage warfare been let loose to gratify the passions of the House of Bourbon. None had been spared; the scalping knife and the torch had done their work, and the wages of blood were paid from the treasury of the French Kings; for the monarchs of this House have the unenviable reputation of being the first who stirred up the passions of the savage, and offered gold as the price of human scalps. The cry of agony and terror that went up from the royal family of France, was but the echo of that midnight wail from horror-stricken multitudes which resounded through Paris on St. Bartholomew's day, when 80,000 Huguenots perished by command of a King and Queen of France. It had reverberated from the ravaged plains of Germany, from the vine clad hills of sunny Languedoc, from the broken-hearted sufferers chained unjustly in the galleys, or from the homeless exile, and had acquired a peculiar note of horror, when in the far off woods and mountain valleys of America, the infant's wail and the woman's shriek had been united in a cry of suffering and terror, as the savage mingled again in one common stream the blood of mother and child. It was this echoed cry that startled Europe. The blood of these thousands called from the earth for vengeance; and it came, full measured,

heaped up, running over. Men stood aghast at the sight; they knew not that the time of settlement had now come; nor did they see that impartial justice, whose invisible balance rod extends over centuries, having beheld one scale slowly filled with the accumulations of crime, now suddenly poured into the other the lives and hopes and happiness of the whole family of royal criminals, and thus visited with terrible vengeance the sins of the fathers upon the children.

How complete the punishment, and how certainly had retribution been meted out to the offending race, and been carried back to the source from whence the evil flowed. Upon the people of France had oppression fallen; by the people was the oppressor torn down and destroyed. The whole fabric of society had been so constructed, that redress in a legal manner could not be obtained, and the whole fabric of society was, in consequence, uprooted and overturned in the efforts to redress evil. The church and the nobility had lent their aid to the cause of arbitrary power; and the church ceased to exist, the estates of the nobles were confiscated, and their possessors perished on the scaffold or sorrowed in exile. Never was there a more complete overturn, never was there a more thorough and searching retributive vengeance than was made by the people of France upon the rulers of France. And having spoken of the previous two executions as resulting from the vengeance of a monarch, and the resistance of the higher classes, (so that they might with propriety be described as kingly and aristocratical,) we speak of this execution as essentially and entirely democratic. Such it was in the intention of those who struck that blow for liberty. They slew Louis because he was a King, and they gloried in the killing, because they believed it essential to the advancement of democratic principles. And if we seek out the reasons and examples that prompted them to this deed, apart from the oppression under which they had suffered, we shall find them in the free people of antiquity, in the conduct of Cromwell and the Puritans, and in the successful efforts of our American Revolution.

We must consider the glorious age of Athens,

after she had expelled the sons of Pisistratus from the throne, and had beaten back the armies of Persia. We must read the annals of Rome when the Tarquins were driven out, and the Republic established. And we find that these ancient nations, whose literature exerts so powerful an impression upon modern intellect hated the very name of king, applied to every absolute ruler the title of tyrant, and esteemed king-killing a worthy occupation for free citizens. The democratic doctrine of the perfect equality of all men, first promulgated in our Declaration of Independence, and carried out in our system of government, set on fire the feelings of the oppressed French people. And hurried on by excitement, goaded by centuries of oppression, accustomed to cruelty and blood, restrained by no religious motives or true teachings, animated by such examples as history set before them in ancient times, and with the whole mass of society corrupted from top to bottom, the people plunged into the excesses of the Revolution, and the nation appeared like one huge mass of shrieking bloodshedding madmen, let loose from Bedlam to work their will. However much some may deprecate the execution of the king, the boldness and the courage of the men who counselled it is deserving of all praise. When we consider the desperate condition of affairs in France at the time this deed was resolved on and executed; when we know the fact that the kings of Europe had united together to invade that country to rescue and revenge the king, and that their armies had driven into rout the brave but undisciplined masses opposed to them, and that when the Republic was declared, these armies were within a few days' march of Paris; when we recollect these things, and remember also that public sentiment throughout all Europe was opposed to the action of the French leaders, and that a large portion of their own people were secretly or openly hostile to them, there is a degree of sublimity, an extent of moral daring in their action unparalleled in history. They declared a Republic when kings and emperors were victoriously marching on Paris; they struck off the head of the king while the soil of their country was overrun with invaders; and with every prospect of present destruction and future

execration before them, they uttered a loud protest against the misgovernment of kings. How well Danton's gigantic figure of speech expresses their situation and their action, 'The coalesced kings threaten us, we fling at their feet as our gage of battle the head of a king!' These men felt that they were devoting themselves to death and, worse than death, to a loss of that reputation which is dearer to man than life itself. We again quote Danton, the master spirit in this movement. When he uttered the sentiment, "let my name perish, but let the Revolution be accomplished," he expressed fully the sentiments of his associates, and exhibited a degree of self-devotion and self-sacrifice, compared with which the courage that crossed the bridge of Lodi shrinks into insignificant cowardice.

The French Revolution is generally considered a failure, because it did not result in a permanent Republic as its authors expected and intended. The end is not yet; nations cannot easily make great and thorough changes; time is an important element in forming character, and time enough has not yet been allowed for all the good to develop itself that will result from this mighty effort of the human race to free itself from bondage. Many sapient criticisms were no doubt made in ancient times while the escaped Hebrews were toiling through the wilderness; and when having left a land of plenty behind them, they spent many years in desert-wanderings. Yet the forty years succeeding their great revolution, although apparently idly and uselessly spent, were not wasted; it formed the education of the nation, and Israel became what that forty years made it. Although at present the face of affairs in Europe presents a darkened countenance, and the power of the sword in the hands of kings, together with the influence of priestcraft, keeps down the people, yet even this is an advance upon the former state of things. For it is an acknowledgement that kings no longer rule by authority alone; there is no more a feeling of loyalty; the divinity that doth hedge a king has ceased to exist, and now monarchs confessedly rule by the power of the sword. They are brought face to face with the people, and the strongest rules because he is the strongest. How

long will this state of things continue? It must have speedy overthrow; the present anomalous condition of Europe cannot last. The least cessation of vigilance, the least relaxation of power, or the exercise of that power beyond the point of forbearance will precipitate kings and people into a contest that will shake every throne and nation in Europe. The army of the king is as an extinguisher to quench any blaze that bursts forth; yet what if the extinguisher be inflammable, and itself take fire? Soldiers are but men; the doctrine of equality makes them citizens with full rights. What effect would be seen if they assert those rights, and refuse to fire upon their fellow citizens? Europe would be at once revolutionized; and kings and their thrones, with all the adjuncts of noble and priest, would pass away as in an explosion of gunpowder. The time is ripe for this, and the sooner it comes to pass the better.

If every royal family in Europe should perish in blood, and be cut off at one dead blow, without leaving a single scion of royalty to continue the race of kings, the nations of the old world could hold a joyful jubilee; and would then begin to lay the foundation and to build up the superstructure of fair freedom's temples. It would benefit the world to destroy its royal houses, just as it is of use to society to destroy the races of wild beasts that prey on man. The lion may be king of beasts, yet men destroy him whenever he is found, or keep him only as a curiosity to be stared at; so should they treat those who make themselves kings of men. Let them mount the Scaffold or fill the Lunatic Asylum.

The world will not improve until this is done; these useless and hurtful excrescences on society must be lopped off before any beneficial permanent change can be made. It is necessary to pull down before you can build up, and to clear away the rubbish of the Old before you can erect in its place the New. Men now are no more bound to obey a king because their fathers did so, than they are to wear the garments, use the armour, speak the dialect, and follow the customs of their ancestors. One generation cannot prescribe rules and maxims for the regulation of another; those who lived an

hundred years ago cannot claim the right to direct men who now live, in the cut of a coat or in the style of habitation; and the tailor or the architect who would require men to follow the fashions made by their artizan ancestors, and to receive their dresses and build their houses by such models as had hereditarily descended, would be laughed to scorn and be kicked out of society. Government is but the garment of a nation; it is the habitation in which it dwells, and the cumbrous character of kingly government is well represented in the burdensome splendor of ancient armour, useless against the force of gunpowder, or in the dreary grandeur of ancient castles, strong fortresses, when first erected, yet now easily battered down by modern artillery.

We repeat it; the royal families of Europe must not simply be removed, they must be destroyed. That which is waxing old and is ready to perish must be made entirely to vanish away. No settled peace will come to Europe and the world until this is done.

We are not of that rose water class of philosophers who deplore the French Revolution because of its excesses, nor do we regret the wild irruption of those Goths and Vandals who tore to pieces the rotten empire of Rome. Both were needed, and the world is better for such rough surgery. Each was like fire applied to a gangrened sore that was destroying the constitution; the corroding mischief was burnt out with pain, and good results from the apparent evil. There are now no barbarian nations to pour down as on the worn out civilization of ancient times, and to renovate by putting fresh life into the exhausted frames whose corruptions had made them fall an easy prey. The Governments of Europe do not fear from without; the French Revolution has proved, and the convulsive throes of the nations still prove, that each people possesses within itself that renovating power, (call it barbarian, call it Vandalic, call it democratic, call it what you will,) which seeks to overturn and utterly to destroy that which is corrupt and corrupting, that which checks and turns back the human mind in its onward march toward liberty and happiness.

And this work must be a thorough one. The throne of the king is guarded and con-

ducted by the priestly hierarchy and the hereditary noble; they are parts of one whole, bound together by the same spirit of oppression and the same lust of power. In fact, King, Priest, Noble, form a Tripod of Despotism; and upon it sits that evil spirit which now bears rule over continental Europe. They are the triple manacle that bows down body, soul and mind—the threefold cord, tightly twisted, that hampers every effort made for ease and freedom. And the spirit of liberty sits, a bound Sampson, with strength untried and with locks not yet full grown. If she knew but her own power, these manacles and cords would be only as the green withs and the hempen ropes that were burst asunder as soon as the effort was made. What matter if the chains that bind a freeman are torn off and thrown away; what matter if the broken cord and wrenched off hand-cuff be cast into the fire and be destroyed? What matter if in securing freedom for the nations of the world, king, noble and priest perish together? Europe now needs a deluge as much as ever the old world did. These ancient customs of kingly government—antediluvian at once in extent of years and in amount of crimes—must perish, and the world be renovated by a new and uncontaminated race. Nor will it be in this case that the masses perish, and the single family escape. This deluge will be one of fire, and will strike, as does the lightning, the tall summits and tree-tops that lift themselves proudly above all lower things, whilst it spares the level plains and the lonely valleys, fertilizing and enriching one as it destroys and shatters the other. We expect this, and we hope for it; and the sooner it comes the better, both for those who have to suffer and for those who expect to cease from suffering.

Many may condemn us for the sentiment here expressed; many may shrink back from contemplating such a scene of horror as must be presented when these things come to pass. We do not delight to look on human suffering, yet we can still less tolerate the exhibition of human crime. We do not glut our eyes with the sight of an execution, yet we consider hanging a just punishment for murder. Let the criminal suffer, and let his punishment be proportioned to his crime is the

dictate of reason, and is at once the law of man and the law of God.

Our opinion, therefore, clearly is, that if every royal house, if every hereditary class of nobles, if every priestly hierarchy in Europe were destroyed—aye! if the king's palace, the noble's house of pride, the lordly cathedral and the pretending convent should have the earth that they have cursed so long and wearied by their iniquities, open beneath them and swallow up all their inmates, so that their very place and memory should perish—if these things could be, then might the world shout for a great deliverance, in the same spirit and for the same reason that the chosen people rejoiced when the king and his host sank like lead in the mighty waters. And while we shall take no part in producing, and take no pleasure in witnessing the baptism of fire and blood that will be poured out on the Sodom and Gomorrah races that oppress Europe, we do not anticipate it with horror, we will not lament when it comes, we shall not mourn when it is over.

We hope and believe, we assert and know, that when it has passed away there will not be left a Sea of Death—black, lonely, desolate, a perpetual monument of wrath—but the eye will rest upon a smiling plain—rich and beautiful—well fitted for the abode of a renovated race.

We have thus traced the march of Modern Republicanism from its birth in the minds of the reformers until the present time, when it is the adopted policy of all who have obtained and of all who are struggling for freedom. If to one man more than to another belongs the praise of having given it birth, that man is John Knox; and this principle started into being when he alone of all Scotland, dared to tell Mary Stuart that monarchs, as well as subjects, were amenable to law, and should be resisted and punished if they did wrong. To Oliver Cromwell belongs the second praise, in having so effectually expounded the meaning of Knox—in having produced so clear a commentary on his text of resistance—that future times could not fail to understand the precept or hesitate to imitate the example.

To our own forefathers do we give the highest honour, because they so wisely car-

ried into practice the principles derived from the Puritan followers of Knox and Cromwell. They had less to destroy and a fairer field on which to build. France has not yet succeeded, and Continental Europe is far behind France; there is so much to destroy and so much work to be done that ordinary men shrink back from the task; and unfortunately Europe is now wanting in great leading minds. There must come forth some man of intellect and character, who will dare to take his life in one hand and his reputation in the other and risk—aye, and if it be necessary,—lose both to accomplish this great and holy purpose. The time for this great work draws near, the hour approaches, the nations sit expecting, yet the man has not come. His forerunners have appeared, their cry has gone forth, and we may hope that ere long from some obscure position,—some unexpected Nazareth—the voice of the Master will be heard, gathering together the separated elements, bringing order out of the present chaos, destroying the old, creating from its shattered fragments the new, giving another life and breathing another existence into the inert mass that now only needs the breath in its nostrils to be quickened into life and strength and beauty.

LINES.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

Thou art dying! and thy soul to God is fleeing,
Oh Lady! whose glad voice I used to hear;
How throng the thoughts of many a joyous meeting
Ere thou knew sorrow, or ere I knew care.

Thou wert lovely, and alas! alas! how often
We gazed on thee, or listened with delight,
How did this worldly heart with sadness soften,
When weeping friends foretold thy death to night!

Lady, when last we met thy charms were fading—
Thy fragile form was sadly bowed with pain—
Yet thy soul's light my faithful memory aiding,
Brought thy youth's image freshly back again.

They tell me thou hast nobly borne life's duties—
Nor have they lightly been upon thee cast—
And peace is gilding with unfading beauties
Thy sunset moments now declining fast.

We still may toil on sadly—spirit-broken,
Our tearful eyes bent on the things of earth,
Yet is thy friendship still a cherished token
Our souls are not insensible to worth.

Still 'tis a double sorrow thus to lose thee,
Since thy pure spirit soon will hover where
No yearning of a sinful soul pursues thee,
Whose brightest future is, alas—Despair.

Notes and Commentaries, on a Voyage to China.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Education in China; Female Education; Treatise of Pan-Hoei-Pan; Religion of the Chinese; Roman Catholic Missionaries; Modification of Church Rites; Protestant Missionaries; Toleration; Emperor's Address on expelling the Roman Catholic Missionaries; Chinese objections to Christianity; Arguments of a Parsee against Christianity; Revolution in China as a means of Evangelization.

The religious and moral opinions of a people may be gathered from the theory and system of education which prevail amongst them. The intelligence of Andrade, his knowledge of the Chinese language, and his association with Chinamen for twenty years entitle his statements to respect; for this reason I translate the following paragraphs from his well written volumes:

"The treatise on Chinese education was composed more than three thousand five hundred years ago; its foundation exists in the sacred books. Even in that epoch the Chinese were persuaded that the attentions given to the social condition, contributed very much to withdraw the human species from its natural rudeness and render it a friend to order. Thus, visits, salutations, presents, public and private decency, are not formalities resulting from custom; they are established by laws, respected and observed by all, from the Emperor to the meanest of his subjects.

"Chinese legislators desired—1. To regulate the customs relative to the civilization of the people. 2. To promote the study of the language, history and philosophy. 3. To prohibit offices or public employments from being conferred on men who were not distinguished by merit and virtue. The sons of illustrious parents, that is, those who were devoted to the service of the country, were obliged to make their fortune the same as if they had descended from obscure citizens; being deficient in talents or lazy, they fall into the order of plebeians. The son inherits the property of his father; but to

obtain honors, he must climb up by the same gradations through which the distinguished man who gave him life elevated himself.

"The Chinese, in spite of their endeavors, do not perceive in other nations any point of comparison with their own; and they find in this an additional reason for persuading themselves that the sciences and philosophy originated in their country where they have been cultivated in all ages by very many learned and great men. Filial piety prescribed in the L-Y-King, the work of Fou-hi, and in the Chou-King, a work extracted from the annals by the wise Confucius, the former the first, and the latter the second of the sacred books, was always respected, studied and followed, in the assurance that it was the virtue of all others most capable of rendering the nation happy.

"The common people of China, as I have already told you, are ignorant; the agricultural and commercial classes in general, imperfectly understand the classical books: to attain honor and virtue, it is sufficient to follow the doctrines drawn from them, which are based on filial piety, considered, by excellence, the virtue of man. The elucidation of this virtue fills many volumes; the limits of a letter will not embrace a clear notion of it.

"Observing in practice the good resulting from their education, I asked another literary man, who was the founder of so sublime a doctrine? He replied: 'The first work of the creator was to separate light from darkness; obscurity is neither good nor useful; the genius of evil is a dark principle. Tien (Heaven or God) is the fountain of light superior to the sun: therefore, to deny light to the people is to be the enemy of God and man.

"Our legislators, setting out upon these principles, succeeded in establishing the best laws: the most commendable rule in the school of Confucius, for the direction of public education, requires every one to be prompt to do what he says, and to say what he does. The laws and custom forbid that our education should be contradictory. The lessons of parents, of masters and of society are always in harmony. We tell our children that they ought to adore God and be just: in the schools they learn the same and

they observe the same in the father, the master, and in the emperor. Citizens distinguished by merit and virtue enjoy public esteem; this reward is enough to extol education in our land.

“The principles of our education are found in the Chou-King, in the place where it treats of morality, of philosophy and of government: the simplicity of its style and the clearness of its proofs, constitute its merit. Its language is full of energy and of evidence; it carries conviction to the very soul. It does not regard the passions nor the prejudices: in men it beholds only man. It considers war and despotism as devouring fires; when the light of the consuming flames has passed away, they leave ashes and tears. Men have many wants and little strength, so that the superfluity of some may not be the necessity of others: therefore, ambition and luxury are reputed to be rocks to public happiness; and the sword, which the king grasps, an instrument to take his life, should he use it unjustly. The learned call it (the Chou-King) the school of virtue; the father of justice and of truth; the law derived from heaven; the art of reigning; the rule of all ages, &c.: behold the institutor of the divine doctrine which we follow.’ If I was struck by the good result of Chinese education, I did not wonder less at the eloquence of the scholar.

“In truth, if the power of the state depend on the spirit of the people, if strength proceeds from union of will, they should be inspired with the sentiments which their interests require. In their infancy is the period to perfect their hearts and fill them with love for the public good. Then only can they be habituated to recoil more from shame than from death; from this mode only, will they prefer merit to opulence, talent to birth, and virtue to distinction. Virtues extol man: thus he is sober, liberal, sincere and compassionate.

“For more than four thousand years the Chinese have respected and venerated men eminent for virtues and letters: in Europe, to our shame be it spoken, the most plausible and honorable discoveries for the human race were condemned. They condemned as absurdities the sphericity of the terrestrial globe, the existence of the antipodes, the

system of Copernicus and of Galileo, the project of opening navigation by the east and then encompassing the earth by the west; and they persecuted the discoverers of important truths in proportion as they were virtuous!

“The fact is that in Europe there existed, there exists and perhaps ever will exist men so attached to darkness that the weakest light is to them a ray precursive of horrible torment. The Chinese government and the men who direct public education in this empire exemplify the saying of Solomon—‘It is easier to govern an enlightened people than the rude and ignorant.’

“What shall I say of the education of women? Even in Greece, the land of light, their education was slighted! In India as soon as they enter upon adolescence, they are placed in harems and ruled by tyrants of a new species, that is by monsters who belong to no sex. In China, for fashion’s sake, women are lamed when born. Nevertheless they cultivate the mind: observe the flight which the genius of the celebrated Pan-Hoei-Pan took and you will see that the sex shines wherever the education of women is attended to.

“‘At fourteen years old,’ says Pan-Hoei-Pan, I came from my paternal home to the house of Tsao-che-chou, who was selected by my parents to be my husband. I did not reach thirty years of age without acquiring experience in many things, and I learned the obligations of one-half of the human race which by nature has been subjected to the other. While in my father’s house I was docile to the instruction I received; I was careful to profit by the lessons of those who gave me life, in the assurance that they were all designed for my future benefit. As soon as I was a woman I took care to fulfil my duties, persuaded that the way to be happy myself consisted in rendering contented the man who had chosen me in the bonds of matrimony. [In China children are affianced in infancy, and married when they attain a suitable age.] To obtain this good result it is necessary to practice while single the lofty virtues which men exact in the persons of those destined to bring them offspring and to participate in their domestic troubles. Maidens deceive not yourselves:

if in your paternal home you fail to discharge your duties, you will never be good mothers, nor very long succeed in pleasing your husbands. To attach you to them I have written this work, which I offer you in the hope that it may be profitable.'

"Pan-Hoei-Pan divides her treatise on the education of females into seven chapters: I give the substance of the fourth which is sufficient to impart a correct notion of the education given to Chinese women.

"The qualities which make a woman lovely,' says Pan-Hoei-Pan, 'may be reduced to four: virtue, words, figure, actions. Her virtue should be perfect and constant; a woman must be docile and always honest; she should weigh her words and use them to the purpose. If she is instructed she should make no display of erudition; a woman who frequently cites the poets and philosophers, never pleases; but she secures esteem when she knows how to conceal her knowledge to be used on proper occasions. When speaking of the sciences and literature, she should be concise, even to those who desire to hear her.

"Vanity, the common passion of both sexes, holds great sway over ours: as it is displeasing to see exhibitions of vanity in others, we should control it in ourselves. A woman becomes insupportable whenever, by her expressions and manners, she exacts the attention and esteem of persons around her. This defect and others that spring from it should be avoided, as we should be convinced we ought never to open our mouths to offend.

"Regularity of features, delicacy of complexion, elegance of form, and every thing which in common opinion completes a beauty, doubtlessly contribute to render a woman lovely; but it is not in the charms of her person, in my opinion, that a woman should seek to make herself loved. Beauty does not depend upon ourselves, and I claim those qualities which may be acquired; they far exceed those of nature.

"A woman is handsome in the eyes of her husband when she uniformly manifests softness in her voice, mildness in eyes, cleanliness in her dress and person, modesty in her discourse, and above all, when she accords to him respect. She ought not, in ac-

tion, yield to any habit which displeases her husband, or may not be an example to her children and servants. She ought to make the care of the house her principal employment, but so regulated as not to be a slave at any moment. She should be industrious in every thing, but without inconvenience; amiably agreeable, but without affectation, &c.'"

The stability of government, the safety and happiness of society depend upon the morality, the education and on the religion of the people. If they are generally well instructed and are controlled by sound morals, it is of little or no consequence to the well being of society what forms of worship or what theories of religion they observe. Under this restriction, errors in religious belief do not affect the community; the influence, the terrible consequences of misbelief and disbelief will be known and felt hereafter, when too late for correction.

If we consider carefully and without bias, the immense population, the degree of information or education; the state of manufactures, agriculture, commerce and literature; the safety and security afforded by the government to the lives and property of the citizens generally; their social happiness and contentment as a people; the paucity of crime compared in this respect with the Christian nations of the West;* if we observe, too, the suavity of manners, politeness; the advanced state of moral or psychological science, and lastly, that the Supreme God of the Universe is recognized amongst them; I say if we keep all these things in view, the philosopher and statesman may well question whether change of religion among the Chinese, their conversion to Christianity might not be fatal to the existence of the government and the present happy condition of Chinese society. It is probable that the people of no nation or government are superior to the Chinese in this respect.

* It is certain that the Chinese place more value on human life than we do in the West and always exact life, and however corruptible the judges may be in other points, in cases of homicide and murder they have proved themselves to be inexorable. It is remarkable that the Chinese never carry arms as parts of their personal attire; neither knives, pistols nor swords are worn, as was once the universal fashion of Christian gentlemen of all nations.

therefore, it is to be feared, their political and worldly condition cannot be improved by evangelization. Indeed, it may be anticipated that the words of our Saviour instructing his disciples, will be sorrowfully proved to the Chinese—"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household."* Evangelization will bring to the Chinese, as it has to all other people, disputes, dissensions, hatred, malice and bloodshed; not because there is want of purity, or there is any defect in Christianity itself, but because the followers of our Saviour do not universally imitate him in charity and meekness of spirit.

Be this as it may, we may look at the nature of the labors and difficulties which Christian Missionaries in China must encounter, and entertain ourselves with conjectures on the degree of success that awaits them.

The Chinese are not Atheists: generally speaking, they are rational Deists; and their worship is ceremonial. The images and shrines of Buddhist temples, being tangible representations of the supposed attributes of God, like the pictures, crucifixes and holy statuary of Roman Catholic churches, first arrest and then enchain the attention of the people, especially of those whose minds have not reached independent operation through knowledge and discipline. The religion of Budha is tangible, palpable to the senses; and in this respect, does not differ more widely from the Roman Catholic religion, as I have seen it exhibited in different parts of South America, than Romanism does from the ceremonial worship of high church Episcopalians, or from what certain protestants denominate Puseyism.

It might be anticipated from this fact that the Roman Catholic missionaries encounter no very great difficulty in gaining the consent of the Chinese to enrol them as members of the church; the transition from the formalities of the Buddhist temple to those of the Roman church is seemingly so simple

that no violence is done to that description of prejudice which is established by habit. The attention of the people having been fixed by the formalities of tangible worship, they listen to the teachings and exhortations of the priests and comprehend and believe the grand truths of Christianity.

Roman Catholic priests comprehend what politicians understand by the word expediency; they are careful not to violate prejudices, nor establish religious rules difficult or disagreeable to observe; and the church ceremonies are, if possible, moulded to suit the taste and genius of the parishioners. In Mexico and other countries of South America, the Spanish Roman Catholic priests did not hesitate to alter or to add to the church rites according to their fancy; indeed the Conte Carlo Vidua, an Italian traveller, born in the centre of Catholicism, was shocked to see in Mexico how the ceremonial of his creed had been overloaded. He says:—" *La nostra religione, voglio credere che sia stata conservata intatta dagli Spagnuoli in quanto al dogma; ma in quanto al riti ed alle pratiche, l'hamro caricata di tante esteriorita, che agli occhi stessi d'un Italiano nato nel centro del Cattolicesimo risuccano e ributtano.*"*

The precept to be all things to all men has been liberally construed; the Romish missionaries from the time almost of its discovery, did not fail in any part of South America, Spanish or Portuguese, to bend the rites or ceremonials of the church to the prejudices or rather to the mental simplicity of the Aborigines:—in their wrestling with the devil in such cases, the priests thought proper to "take a low hold." They studied to make the church ceremonies attractive to the eye and impressive to the imagination, while they carefully avoided the imposition of any rules, whose observance might be irksome to the children of the forest. Frequent repetition of forms made them customary; and some of them have descended and are observed in modern times. I have seen effigies of the birth of our Saviour, of his trial, passion and death, and resurrection, all of life size, borne through the streets in procession. An effigy of the Virgin kept in a

* Matthew x., 34, 35, 36.

* Lettere del Conte Carlo Vidua pubblicate da Cesare Balbo.—Lib. iv. Tomo iii. Torino 1834.

chapel at Payta, on the coast of Peru, was wont to weep tears of blood on Good Friday; and the wounds in the effigy of the crucified Saviour were wont to bleed afresh on that day. In some of the South American cities, the events of Good Friday are dramatized in the church for the information of the people.

Within twenty years the drama was effectively enacted in Brazil. A French writer speaking of the ceremonies of Good Friday in Rio de Janeiro describes the scene in a church. "It is seven o'clock: enter the church of Terceiros near the palace; the people crowd in masses, the darkness is almost complete, and dark drapery conceals the choir. Suddenly the priest mounts the pulpit, and, after a few moments of self-communion, he begins his sermon on the passion. The Brazilians are a nation of orators, and it may be said of them that eloquence does not depend on him alone who speaks, but also on the listener. No matter what may be the state of mind on entering the temple, it is impossible not to be moved by every word recalling the sacrifice, and inviting us to repent; but when, after enumerating the pangs of Christ and the ignominies heaped upon him, the Priest suddenly cries, *Behold the Saviour you have murdered*, the great drapery falls and Jesus (in effigy) appears reposing in the tomb, surrounded by his disciples and guarded by the Roman soldier, it is impossible not to perceive the religious terror which rushes through the assembly, and we may imagine what was the influence of those great religious dramas of the middle ages, exhibited to a credulously wondering congregation."*

These statements go far to explain the fact that Roman Catholic missionaries, wherever they go in heathen lands make more proselytes, ten to one, than protestant missionaries of all denominations. As an illustration of the success and beneficial results of the social and political condition of a people, springing from the labors of Roman Catholic missionaries, we may look at the Spanish possessions in the Philippine islands. There, the missionaries have brought the aborigines to a tolerable state of civilization, so that three millions of Indians are held subordi-

nate to the provincial authorities of Spain without the aid of a single company of European soldiers. Throughout India the European is feared, but hated; while in the Philippines he is *almost loved*.* Let us not forget that all Spanish America owes its condition of Christianity and civilization to the labors of Roman Catholic missionaries, chiefly of the order of Jesuits; and the work has been accomplished in three centuries.

The self-sacrifice and devotion of the Roman Catholic missionaries in China, were frequently mentioned to me, while at Canton, in terms of approbation and admiration, by protestants of all sects. On their arrival these fathers in the church assume the Chinese costume, queue or tail and all, and at once plunge into the interior. Instances are cited of some of them not being heard of for twenty years: and then they were discovered to be the centre of some little Christian community of Chinese "created by their exertions through the blessings of the Redeemer." By at once assuming the garb and mode of living of the Chinese, they acquire the language much in the same way as children do.

Protestant missionaries have nothing in their forms of worship which is tangible, palpable, to invite the attention of the people. Their teachings are, as it were, confined to abstract principles, doctrines not likely to be attractive or interesting to uneducated, ignorant people. To remedy this difficulty several plans have been adopted. Under the pretext of gratuitously healing the sick and wounded, hospitals have been established and schools instituted, in order to exhibit to the Chinese the practical workings of Christian benevolence, and to secure attention to the oral instructions of the missionaries and to induce the Chinese who receive corporeal benefit from the hospitals to accept and read translations of the Scriptures. Thus far the success of these efforts has been very small.

Between the years 1807 and 1847, both inclusive, the Protestants of England and United States have sent to the Chinese 110 missionaries, Episcopalians, Baptists, Presbyterians and Methodists. Of this number

* Denis. *Histoire de Bresil*.

* *Lettere del Conte Carlo Vidua*.—Lib. v. Torino 1834.

14 have died, and 30 have retired, leaving 66 still in the field at the close of 1847.

The labors of Christian missionaries began in China with the Nestorians as early as the year A. D. 505,* more than thirteen centuries since and have been continued to the present time. Nevertheless, it is generally conceded, at least by protestant writers, that an exceedingly small number of Chinese have become *bona fide* Christians—possibly, not equal to the number of missionaries labourers sent amongst them, unless we include all who have assisted at worship and submitted to the ceremony of baptism. Many Roman missionaries considered all to be converts who attended to the rites of the church, taking little notice of the dogmas: "*Molte ceremonie e poche prediche, rari catechismi.*" "It is hardly possible to doubt when reading the letters of these two men, (Dufresne and Gagelin,) [Roman Catholic missionaries,] both of whom were martyred for the faith thus preached, that they sincerely loved and trusted in the Saviour they proclaimed. Many of their converts also exhibit the greatest constancy in their profession, suffering persecution, torture, imprisonment, banishment and death, rather than deny their faith, though every inducement for prevarication and mental reservation was held out to them by the magistrates, in order to avoid the necessity of proceeding to extreme measures. If suffering the loss of all things, is an evidence of piety, many of them have proved their title to it in many ways. But until there shall be a complete separation from idolatry and superstition; until the confessional shall be abolished and the worship of the Virgin, wearing crosses and rosaries, and reliance on ceremonies and penances, be stopped; until the entire Scriptures and the Decalogue be given to the converts; and until, in short, the great doctrine of justification by faith be substituted for the many forms of justification by works, the mass of converts to Romanism in China can hardly be considered as much better than baptized Pagans. Their works and influence on their Pagan countrymen show how little leaven of godliness there has been in the lump, and both priests and people cannot

well refuse to be judged by evidence furnished by themselves."†

Toleration may be reckoned among what may be termed unpracticed abstractions:† even the fundamental law of our country is not sufficient to enforce it in all cases in the United States. In this respect the history of the Mormons may be referred to.

The spirit of proselytism and toleration are incompatible; toleration requires forbearance, while the proselyting spirit, which is the missionary animus, stimulates interference with religious notions, opinions or practices not in conformity to the views of the missionary or religionist. In Europe the Roman Catholics and Protestants are intolerant of each other mutually, and equally violent, and are restrained in a great degree, from perpetrating acts of hostility on each other, by the advanced condition of political science. The same is true of the United States, where Mormonism and Millerism are not tolerated: the burning of the convent in Boston (the Athens, &c.) and of the churches of Catholics, in Philadelphia, may be submitted in proof. The various sects of protestants are not tolerant, even of each other. The laws protect the Jews; but the public opinion of Papists and Protestants who constitute the majority of religionists, is against them. The Jews do not tolerate Christians; they cannot mingle with them connubially without infringing the rules of the Synagogue. Nor have the Romanists more spirit of toleration in their views of matrimony, nor do they harmonize entirely amongst themselves; the priests of different orders quarrel; Dominican, Franciscan, Benedictine, Carmelite, &c.

The doctrine or notion of the St. Sebastianists, a Romish sect numerous in Brazil and Portugal, is not more absurd than that of the Mormons, Millerites, New Harmony-ites, Shakers, Budhists or Brahmins. But from being accustomed to moderate differences, their absurdities escape notice of the proselyting spirit; it seeks broad and glaring

* The Middle Kingdom, vol. 2, p. 324.

† In reply to an application of certain midshipmen to visit in ladies' society in a foreign port, the Captain of the frigate said: "The abstract principle of midshipmen going on shore to visit ladies I admit and admire, but I don't admit the practice of the abstraction; therefore, gentlemen, I'll be ——— if you shall go out of the ship."

* The Middle Kingdom.

opposition of views. A handful of self-confident priests place themselves on the shores of China, and without knowing the language, absolutely entertain the fond hope of persuading 360,000,000 of people, that they must adopt the religious views they came to teach, or be utterly lost. Were they to add a thousand missionaries a year, they would exert more influence than at present and accelerate the completion of the work; but if at the same time one were to add a gallon of Cologne water every day to the Atlantic ocean, in expectation of perfuming the China sea, the two enterprises would be achieved about the same time: the Christianity of the Chinese and fragrance of their sea would be acknowledged universally on the same day. The efforts are hopeless of success and absurd; until Papist and Protestant propagandists learn to tolerate each other, that is forbear mutual reproaches, and confine their labors to convincing others by persuasion of their own absolute correctness of doctrine.

Certain tracts, under the name of Small Books on Great Subjects, contain useful hints for those who cannot abide the existence of any views, opinions or practices not in conformity to their own. These honest fellows, "feel that they are right;" and so do those honest fellows who oppose them, but *these* cannot perceive that *those* have the privilege to feel.

About the beginning of the last century various disputes and discussions took place among the different orders of Roman Catholic missionaries in China. Some of their converts resisted the Emperor's commands touching ancestral rites; and the statesmen of the empire represented that the tendency of the new religion was to undermine and destroy the authority of the government. The facts stated and opinions expressed, provoked from the Emperors, edicts against the propagation of Christianity, and in 1724, Yungching ordered the missionaries to leave the empire.

On a certain day he caused the missionaries of the different orders to assemble at Court, and addressed them a farewell speech, in substance as follows: "Toleration always appeared to me to be a bond of union amongst men and nations, and the first duty of sovereigns. If any religion can claim to

be true, it would be that of China. You yourselves admit that we worship the Supreme Being in a decorous and worthy manner; and we worshipped him long before the use of writing was known among western nations. Before your petty nations came into existence we constituted a regular and powerful empire. But, as its duration afforded occasion to corrupt the religion of the people, we tolerated the bonzies of Fo, the Talapöins of Siam, the followers of Mahomed, the Jews, the fanatics of San-Kium and yourselves: and viewing all men as brothers we never punished them because they erred, for error is not a crime. The tribunals of the empire do not condemn your absurdities, but pity them; still, they cannot forgive you for coming from the end of the world to rob us of peace, and to sow amongst a happy people the errors and animosities that consume you. We have detailed information of the evils you caused in Japan. There, twelve religions flourished under the auspices of a moderate and prudent government; you scarcely appeared when discord disturbed those islands and human blood was shed in them all. The same happened in Siam and in the Mollucas, and would succeed among us; I am bound to preserve the empire from so fearful a scourge. I am tolerant; but I expel you, because you are not; on the contrary, hating each other, you seek to instil into the Chinese people the poison you carry in your own hearts. I do not condemn you to death, nor order you to be shut up in dungeons, as they do in Europe, men of better judgment. In China we do not convince by violence nor sustain religion by means of executioners. Go then, and bear with you to some other land your disagreements; and may you learn to be more wise. Vehicles and boats are ready to conduct you to Macáo, and soldiers to watch over your security. Go; and in Europe be living witnesses of my justice and clemency."

From that time to the present the motives of Christian missionaries have been more or less suspected; and the government has occasionally manifested its fears of their influence which it deems to be in some manner subversive.

But there are, comparatively new yet, very

* * The Middle Kingdom.—Andrade.

serious obstacles thrown in the way of Christian missionaries of every denomination. Both in India and China, disputants and tractarians have sprung up who labor to prove that Christianity is not true; and to disparage those who profess it.

"In the account given by Mr. Medhurst of his labors, is a notice of a tract written against him by a Chinese, in which he argues, 'that it is monstrous in barbarians to attempt to improve the inhabitants of the celestial empire when they were so miserably deficient themselves. Thus introducing among the Chinese a poisonous drug, for their own benefit to the injury of others, they were deficient in benevolence; sending their fleets and armies to rob other nations of their possessions, they could make no pretensions to rectitude; allowing men and women to mix in society and walk arm in arm through the streets, they showed that they had not the least sense of propriety; and in rejecting the doctrines of the ancient kings they were far from displaying wisdom: indeed, truth was the only good quality to which they could lay the least claim. Deficient, therefore, in four out of the five carnal virtues, how could they expect to renovate others? Then, while foreigners lavished money in circulating books for the renovation of the age, they made no scruple of trampling printed paper under foot, by which they showed their disrespect for the inventors of letters. Further, those who would be exhorters of the world were themselves deficient in filial piety, forgetting their parents as soon as dead, putting them off with deal coffins only an inch thick, and never so much as once sacrificing to their manes, or burning the smallest trifle of gilt paper for their support in the future world. Lastly, they allowed the rich and noble to enter of-
fice, without passing through any literary examinations, and did not throw open the road to advancement to the poorest and meanest in the land. From all these, it appeared that foreigners were inferior to the Chinese, and therefore most unfit to instruct them.'

"To these arguments, which commend themselves to a Chinese with a force that can hardly be understood by a foreigner, they often add the intemperate lives and reckless cupidity of professed Christians who

visit their shores, and ask, what good it will do them, to change their long tried precepts for the new fangled teachings of the Bible? The pride of learning is a great obstacle to the reception of the humiliating truths of the Gospel everywhere, but perhaps especially in China, where letters are so highly honored and patronized."*

It is related that a certain protestant missionary solicited a lot of lumber at the first cost for the purpose of building a church, and urged it on the ground that whoso giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. Almost immediately after obtaining the lumber he sold it at a hundred per cent. advance and thus made a good speculation. The same missionary frequently visited a distinguished Chinese portrait painter, and exhorted him to embrace Christianity. He had presented him a copy of the New Testament in the Chinese language. One day the portrait painter was exhausted of patience, and said: "Me no want-she see you—you take-y too muchey me teem (time)—you make-y talk-ey one hour. Some piece man want-she he face-y just now—that one hour me make-y thirty dollar. Me make-y read that book; me think-ey that book no proper—me see in that book that your Joss take-y some piece loaf and piece fish and make-y feed too muchey men, women and chilo. Me think-ey that big lie. Cheenaman no can believe that pigeon. Me see other big lie. How can make dead man walk-ey; no can do."

Flimsy as such arguments may appear to us, it is no easy matter, as Mr. Williams suggests, to combat their influence on the minds of the Chinese. He who succeeds in the effort will prove himself to be ingenious, very strong as a logician and learned as a theologian.

In the discharge of their holy office, missionaries are obliged, from its very nature, to exhibit by argument and illustrations drawn from various sources, not only the truth of Christianity, but also the untruth of every other religious doctrine they may meet in the field of their labors. In China, for example, they should be prepared to demonstrate incontrovertibly to the meanest as well as the highest capacity, the absurdities of the religion of Budha, of Fo, and of the

* The Middle Kingdom.—Vol. p. 378, '9.

other various religious creeds in fashion: in Arabia he must be equally prepared to grapple with the fallacies of the Koran; in India he must encounter Budha, Brahma, and Zoroaster. To accomplish these ends, a missionary should be endowed with a high order of intellect, and be highly educated; for, if he should fail, not in the estimation of the Christian world, but in the opinion of misbelievers whom it may be his lot to teach, to make good his positions against any system of misbelief he may attack, a triumph, temporary though it may be, is given to his opponents and the march of Christianity is interrupted.

These notions were suggested from looking over an octavo pamphlet of 221 pages, of which the following is a copy of the title page: "Discussion on the Christian Religion; as contained in the Bible, and propounded by Christian Clergymen and Theologians; between Pestonjee Monockjee, Editor of the *Jam-I-Jumsheed*, and the Rev. J. M. Mitchell, Editor of '*The Native's Friend*.'

'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord.—*Isaiah* l. 18.

'Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.—1 *Thessalonians* v. 21.

'Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.—*Romans* xiv. 5.

'Let Truth and Falsehood grapple. Whoever knew Truth put to the worst in a free and open encounter?—*Milton*.

'The course of argument and fair reason cannot be impeded.—*Bombay Government*.

'Bombay. Printed at the Dufter Ashkara Press. 1845.' "

It seems to me almost certain that all the Parsees and natives of India who read this production will be satisfied, not only that the Rev. J. M. Mitchell has been routed in argument, but that the doctrines of Christianity are absurd and fabulous. Consequently, a blow has been struck which must retard the progress of Christianity in Hindoostan.

To show the ability of this Parsee writer, and the scope of his researches in connection with the subject, I quote some passages from the "introduction" which explain the origin of the controversy. "It may not be amiss to remark that the Rev. Dr. John Wilson, missionary of the church of Scotland at

Bombay, arrived in this Presidency in 1829, and soon after commenced religious discussions on the Hindoo, Mahomedan and Parsee religions. He is admitted to be one of the most able, intelligent and zealous missionaries ever sent to this part of the world. The remarks he has published against the different systems of religion professed in this country have lately been answered and refuted by the respective members of the native community. But owing to the conversion of two ignorant boys of their tribe in 1839, through the instrumentality of Dr. J. Wilson, the Parsees showed more than ordinary zeal and earnestness in their religious discussions with this distinguished missionary, who published an elaborate work against the Parsee religion in the beginning of 1843, containing more than 600 pages. In July 1842, the Parsees published a bi-monthly magazine, (afterwards monthly) of 64 pages, 8vo., entitled the '*Kahnooma-i-Zurtoshtee*' or '*Guide to Zoroastrians*,' with the two-fold object of defending their own religion from the attacks of Dr. Wilson and other Christian missionaries and refuting the Christian religion.

* * * * *

"Christian missionaries themselves have from time to time challenged an unrestricted examination of the religion they offer to the Natives. Their challenge has been duly accepted by the Parsees, as will be evident from the discussion herein offered to the public. But the matter shall not rest here. The Editor of the *Jam-i-Jumsheed* avails himself of this opportunity to declare his readiness to discuss, on a more extended plan, with any Christian missionary, two important and extensive subjects, viz: the internal and external evidences of Christianity, and the authenticity of the Bible—subjects which he has carefully studied and minutely investigated for several years, and on which he is prepared to conduct a calm and courteous discussion with any Christian layman, divine or clergyman who may be disposed to come forward and accept his challenge. These discussions will, it is hoped, be productive of much good, and no evil."

This clever Parsee, like the Chinese adversaries of the Christian missionaries, points to the vicious, immoral condition of Chris-

tian countries with much force. He says—

“You refer me to the present and past condition of Europe, America, and the Islands of the Pacific in proof of the moral influence of Christianity. Let us see, Mr. Editor, what the Rev. S. Chandler, an orthodox Christian and a priest, says on this subject, [History of Persecution.] ‘If any person,’ says he, ‘were to judge of the nature and spirit of the Christian religion by the spirit and conduct only of too many, who have professed to believe in it, *in all nations*, and almost through *all ages* of the Christian Church, he could scarce fail to censure it as an institution unworthy of the God of order and peace, subversive of the welfare and happiness of societies, and designed to enrich and aggrandize a few only, at the expense of the liberty, reason, consciences, substance and lives of others. What is the best part of Ecclesiastical History, better than a history of the pride and ambition, the avarice and tyranny, the treachery and cruelty of some, and the persecutions and dreadful miseries of others?’ Bishop Kidder, [Demonstrations of the Messiah,] another Christian Ecclesiastic of high rank and learning, is of opinion that—‘Were a wise man to choose his religion by the lives of those who profess it, perhaps *Christianity* would be *the last* religion he would choose.’ Peruse, sir, with serious attention, these admissions, which orthodox Christians themselves have been obliged to make; and ponder on the confessions truth has elicited from them.

“Without going so far as America or the Islands of the Pacific, let us see the present moral condition of your own country, Great Britain and Ireland. In this most civilized country of Europe, where the ‘benign influence of Christianity’ universally prevails, ‘the whole system of trading and shopkeeping,’ says R. Griffith, ‘is deeply stained with falsehoods and fraudulent practices; drunkenness and fornication are extremely prevalent; malice, envy, revenge, blood-thirstiness, uncharitableness, slander, pride, hatred, and contempt of poverty, widely pervade *all ranks and conditions*, and not the least, the *Christian priesthood*.’ The writer of a book called ‘Thoughts on Executive Justice,’ says, ‘There are more crimes in *England*

than in any *other* country. We are no more secure in our property of every kind, than if we were *savages*; perhaps we are upon the whole *less so*.’ The Rev. T. Belham says, [Progress of Improvement, 1814, p. 9,] ‘The present times in England are bad. Vice and immorality in every shape abound in *all* ranks and descriptions of the community.’ ‘If,’ says another orthodox Christian writer of learning, [Christian Remembrancer, 1833,] ‘if 200,000 persons, who in London alone support themselves by vagrancy, dishonesty, prostitution and theft, average 12 shillings a week, as the produce of their crimes, the country is taxed £6,000,000 a year for their support. The estimate is probably underrated. It has been calculated that the annual depredations in London exceed £2 000.000; and that it has 60,000 prostitutes, (some say 80,000;) 75,000 persons were taken into custody there in 1832.’ ‘In Ireland, so conspicuous for its religious fervency, morality is indeed at a low ebb. A clergyman who sometime ago visited it, left it as his opinion that it was *Gospel-hardened*, [Presbyterian Penny Magazine, October, 1834.] With regard to the morality of the Irish, their own countryman says: ‘Nothing but the dread of the law and fear of punishment bridles their fury, prevents them from turning the whole country topsy-turvy and reducing to one frightful chaos all the elements of society,’ [O’Croly’s Essay, 1835.] Dr. Ryan in his ‘Philosophy of Marriage,’ page 18, thus describes the immoralities of the British metropolis: ‘According to the reports of the society for the prevention of Prostitution in London, established under the patronage of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the city in 1836–39, it appears, that it has been proved that upwards of 400 individuals in London procure a livelihood by trepanning females of from eleven to fifteen years of age, for the purposes of prostitution. That during the last eight years, there have been no less than 2,700 cases of disease arising from this cause, in children from eleven to sixteen years of age, admitted into three of the largest hospitals in London. Not less than 80,000 prostitutes exist in London, a great proportion of whom are of tender age. It is computed that 8,000 die every year, and yet the number is on the increase. It is lamentable to

observe that scarcely a day passes without bringing to light, by means of the public papers, some new act of seduction, of desertion; and how often has the humane mind bitterly reflected on the amount of life sacrificed, either by disease or suicide! This, sir, is a just and impartial estimate of the wretched condition of morality under the influence of Christianity,—a picture drawn on the spot by your own countrymen by orthodox Christians, whose evidence I have purposely selected and preferred quoting, in order that no one can question its accuracy. Though I have not had the good fortune to visit England, yet some of my friends who have been there, corroborate the truth of these facts and statements; from which it appears beyond doubt, that the Christian religion has proved a weak and inefficient check against vice and immorality, both private and public.

“ ‘If a man were to select any part of the British metropolis,’ says a Native who lately visited England, [*Manuscript Journal of a Residence in Great Britain, by a Parsee,*] such as St. Giles’s or Shoreditch, what will he find there? Hundreds and thousands of poor, wretched, miserable beings, unable to read or write, of depraved and sinful habits; many of them the illegitimate offspring of those Christians, who, having gratified their lust by seducing the mothers of these children of wretchedness, have abandoned them to poverty, destitution and crime,—many of them the progeny of abandoned, dissolute parents, who brought their children up to habits of thieving from childhood. These call aloud for Home Missionary exertion and for the liberality of the English in their own country. Visit any seaport town, or any place in the neighborhood of a military station in England, and there see the streets thronged with multitudes of unfortunate women, who, blessed by their Maker with attractive features and having fallen victims to unprincipled men, who cast them off after a short season, haunt all the public thoroughfares, set public decency at defiance, use language of a most horrible and obscene nature, and continue in the path of vice, until disease puts an end to their wretched existence.’ ”

* “Crime has increased in a quintuple ratio as com-

“Almost every Overland Mail, that arrives from England every month, brings horrid particulars of the immoralities and shameless atrocities committed by all classes of Christians in ‘the land of the blessed Gospel,’ as you call it. We receive almost every month heart-rending accounts of parents murdering their own children, wives their husbands, brothers avenging on their sisters, and *vice-versa*; priests and clergymen committing violent assaults, murders and depredations; actions for bigamy, criminal conversation, perjury, assumpsit, trespasses, larceny, burglary, treason, and a host of other offences; persons of rank and intelligence fighting duels, committing suicide and other ‘abominations of the Lord;’ shocking instances of drunkenness, lewdness and other vices, disgusting in the extreme, and less frequent even among ‘the benighted heathens.’

“Behold the moral influence of the Christian religion in your own country, Mr. Editor! and reflect on it seriously, before you again refer me to ‘the present and past condition of Europe, of America, of the islands of the Pacific and of the world.’ There is an English proverb which says “Charity begins at home.” I would therefore recommend that all the generous and charitable Britons, who, from a mistaken zeal in the cause of religion, send Missionaries like yourself, Mr. Editor, to this distant country, and many other remote parts of the world, to convert and civilize the natives, should begin the work of charity and civilization at home, reform their own countrymen, rescue them from ignorance, superstition, vice, irreligion, wickedness and debauchery; and then let all the different sects and denominations of Christians deliberate together, argue and determine one uniform mode of worship and belief, to which they should next attempt to convert all the divided sects of Christians. After having thus completed the work of reformation throughout Europe, (a very difficult, arduous and almost impracticable task, requiring many centuries to accomplish,) let

pared with the population, for it appears from official reports, that during the four years ending Dec. 31st, 1844, the population had increased only four and a half per cent., whilst crime, as compared with the average of the four previous years, had increased 24.7 per cent.”—*Principles of Criminal Law* in Small Books on Great Subjects.

hem send missionaries to India and other countries to convert the Natives. If Europe, America, the Islands of the Pacific and other countries of the world have been civilized, it is not owing to the moral character and influence of the Christian religion, but to the march of intellect, to the progress of science and knowledge, to progressive refinement, experience, and to the improvement of ages."

It must be painful to every benevolent, Christian mind to know that the references of this Parsee, a heathen or pagan in our notions, are substantially true; and all must perceive that as long as such weapons can be brought to bear against missionaries in their labors to persuade misbelievers of the truth of Christianity, their success must be slow. It would avail little with such opponents to urge that the debased moral condition of a portion of the population in Christian communities is owing to the absence of Christianity; for investigation has shown in several instances that a very large proportion of those arrested for crimes could neither read nor write, and had no definite ideas of religion of any kind. Consequently, these facts prove nothing against the efficacy of Christianity in the production of moral conduct; but they do most emphatically prove that we should get the beams out of our own eyes, before we go to the antipodes to seek for the motes in the eyes of other nations or peoples.

A specious and sophistical argument might be made against the power of Christianity, or rather the influence of a simple knowledge of its precepts and seeming belief in them, to retain its professors in the path of honesty and truth, by bringing forward the criminal priests and bishops, and exhibiting the social, moral and criminal offences they have perpetrated, in spite of thorough knowledge.

But Pestonjee Monockjee is not content to array facts against the usefulness of Christianity; he questions its truth and divine origin, and quotes many infidel as well as Christian authors to sustain his positions, and as corroborative of his views he refers to the religious condition of Germany, and quotes from "the Rev. G. R. Gleig's Germany, Bohemia, and Hungary, visited in 1837—London, 1839," the following:

"Whoever will take the trouble to investigate the history of Protestantism in Germany, throughout the last eighty or ninety years, will find that the spectacle presented by it to the eye of the Christian is exceedingly sad. Throughout that extended period a large proportion of the Reformed divines have not only *rejected* for themselves all belief in *the divine origin of Christianity*, but have labored with a zeal worthy of a better cause, to instil their own pernicious opinions into the minds of others. From the chairs of the theological professorships in the universities, of which at one time they had monopolized the possession, as well as the pages of all the most influential literary and religious journals, which were chiefly under their control, a body of Rationalists, as they call themselves, ceased not to condemn and hold up to ridicule all who professed their belief in particular inspirations; nay, the very pulpits became, in their hands, and in those of their disciples, fountains from which came forth continually the waters which canker where they flow. Moreover, the amount of learning which they brought to aid them in this unholy task, was undoubtedly as great as the skill which they displayed in adapting their arguments to the tastes and comprehensions of the different classes in society was remarkable. No wonder that the consequence should have been a speculative *infidelity every where*."

"The religion of the Bible is not *now*, and for many years back has never been, the standard of faith and morals within the Prussian dominions." [See *Gleig's Germany: Hawkin's Germany*, page 171-173, where the present state of religion in Germany is minutely described.]

"Almost universal religious infidelity prevails in the German universities. The principles of Kant, carried to an extremity by Hegel and others, have succeeded in making *Christianity regarded as a fable*. * * *

In Germany, Philosophy has *thoroughly clipped the angel wings of Christianity*. It has represented the miraculous histories of the Old and New Testaments as fables. It has described the wonders of God's providence, as exhibited in the establishment of the Jewish people, and of Jesus Christ's miracles, for the establishment of his religion, to be

legends, sagas, of the same character as all other ancient notions. This philosophy has seized on the *youth of Germany to a frightful extent*. The philosophical chairs are in *all* quarters infected by it. * * * Among the whole number of German students whom I have known, it would be difficult to select *a dozen*, who were not *confirmed deists*. Let those who doubt the extent to which this philosophical pestilence has spread, go and judge for themselves; but let none send out solitary youths to study in German Universities, who do not wish to see them return very clever, very learned and very *completely unchristianized*."—[*Living in Germany; or German Experience addressed to the English; by William Howitt—London, 1844.*]

While there exists in every community or nation of the Christian world, abundant cause to complain of or lament over, the constant commission of all the variety of crimes against persons and property, and the too frequent neglect, in practice, of the rules of what is called "minor morals," it seems inconsistent, at least in Christians, to expend their affections and money in attempts to better the eternal happiness of distant nations at the cost, or very great danger of their own spiritual welfare. In my humble estimation the souls of our own countrymen are as valuable as those of the Chinese, and as many of them are in quite as much danger of perdition, I frankly confess my preferences are in favor of those of my own country and those of my own race. The Chinese have had Christianity preached amongst them for a longer period of time, perhaps, than those of the Anglo-Saxon race; as we have seen the Nestorians were in China a little more than five centuries after the birth of our Saviour. They have the holy scriptures, and if they will not accept of Christianity, the loss is theirs. I cannot consent to make them believers at the point of the bayonet; or that the arms of the United States directly or indirectly should be employed to aid any, or all the sects of Christian missionaries, sent to China by the churches and societies of our country; or be willing to countenance those who are ready to provoke political revolutions in China, for the chance that civil war and the destruction of

the government would increase the willingness of the Chinese to become Christians. As respects morality in general I do not learn they are inferior to Christian nations; nor do I perceive that the Chinese nation is less happy or less contented than other nations.

If Mr. S. W. Williams fairly represents the opinions of the American missionaries in China, and I think he does, it appears to me, those gentlemen have forgotten that although our political Constitution provides for the toleration of all religious opinions, it carefully guards against giving its sanction to sustain any religious doctrine by force or otherwise. The missionaries seem to entertain a notion that the Chinese nation is to be opened to Christianity by force of arms, by war, and seem to listen, if not impatiently, at least anxiously, for the sound of the first gun.

I would not do these gentlemen injustice. The language of Mr. Williams is pregnant with meaning; it comes from the fulness of his heart, and is almost prophetic. He almost cries aloud—Woe! Woe! to the misbelieving infidels of China!

I quote from the last pages of his volumes, and mark some of the expressions by *italics*.

"The evangelization of the people of China is *far more important* than the *form* of their government, the *extent of their empire*, or the *existence* of their *present institutions*. They can live as happily under other rule as under that of their own princes; they cannot find either security or liberty while the principles of their government remain as illiberal as they now are. *Many influences* will be called in *to begin* and *direct* this desirable work; but the greatest portion of the *labor* and *suffering* in accomplishing it, will *doubtless be done by natives*, by Chinese of intelligence, piety, learning and judgment. Diffusion of sound learning, improvement in the arts of life, increase in domestic comforts, elevation of the female character, reconstruction of the social system by giving woman her rightful place in it, interchange of thought with other nations and with themselves,—in a word, every thing that can make them happier and better will flow from the progress of the religion of the Cross. The way is opening and will enlarge, the mountains be levelled and the valleys filled

up, until a free path is made for all these blessings; and *opposition* will only add *vigor* to the *determination* of those who know and feel their value to *persevere* till all should know them.

"Few plans of usefulness demand more wisdom, prudence, and union on the part of the church than this, and the *variety of agencies* to be employed in so extensive a field will call for all her means. Trade, manufactures, facilities for travelling and transportation, development of the resources and industry of the country, *political changes* and *even commotions* [bloodshed?], *may* and *probably will* tend to the furtherance of this work. They, and those engaged in them, are all instruments in the hands of the same wise Governor of the nations, and although they sometimes apparently conflict with the rapid progress of truth and good order, still good is educed in the end. The introduction of China into the family of Christian nations, her elevation from her present state of moral, intellectual and civil debasement, to that standing which she should take, and the free intercourse of her people and rulers with their fellow men of other climes and tongues, is a great work and a glorious one. It can only be done through the influences of the Gospel, and the truths and hopes of that system of religion are enough to do it. Through *whatever scenes of commotion, war and distress* they are to pass, the Chinese cannot again seclude themselves as they have done, nor can they shut out these causes of change. The Gospel is the only sure means of guiding them through their troubles, it is the only system on which they can safely reconstruct their shattered framework. This has now commenced, and *must go on*, and *happy they who shall assist* in the consummation. The promise which seems to refer to this people, (Is. xlix, 17,) has begun to be accomplished, and its encouraging nature offers a fit ending for the hasty sketch of the character and condition of the Chinese contained in these volumes.

'Behold these! from afar they shall come,
And behold these! from the North and from the West:
And these! from the LAND OF SINIM.'

Surely the above expressions do not envelope that spirit of brotherly love which our Saviour endeavored to inculcate—Love

thy neighbor as thyself. The founder of Christianity did not teach that wrongs might be inflicted and injustice perpetrated for the purpose of achieving an object commendable and proper. There is no kindness or compassion for the Chinese in those sentiments.

Is it possible, we may ask, that, in the middle of this nineteenth century, amidst the march of intelligence, that priests under the teachings of our Saviour dare to utter deliberately that rather than not accomplish what they arrogantly determine to be right, they would prefer to see the Chinese empire bathed in blood and parcelled out to conquerors of their own selecting? The Chinese "can live as happily under other rule as under that of their own princes." What facts in the nature or in the history of this people warrant this assertion? And if it were demonstrated to be true, would that constitute a conclusive reason why they should be enslaved? Those foreigners who conspire to substitute a form of political government in China different from that which exists, under a hope that a religious change must follow in accordance with their views, may encourage each other by the idea, that, the Chinese will be as happy as ever under the new government, although it should be found that, (as it surely will,) after they have revolutionized the government, curtailed the limits of the empire, and swept away its present institutions, the people of China will be no nearer evangelization than the people of Europe and America are now. If the pages of "The Middle Kingdom" shadow forth what the Chinese are to expect from Christians and Christendom, to whom shall she turn for succor in her time of trial?

Well may the statesmen of China look suspiciously upon the efforts of religious missionaries, and regard them as covert designs to subvert the Chinese government.

There they stand before the gates of the Chinese empire—the agents and ministers of the meek and peaceful religion taught by the Son of God—with matches lighted and weapons bare, crying as they knock:—"Peaceably, if we may; but, forcibly, if we must!" Does not our Saviour command that evil shall not be done under a pretext that good may be attained?

What ought to be the fate of men who should enter the capital of Great Britain, proclaiming that, without regard to the *form* of government, the *extent* of the empire, or the nature of existing institutions, they had determined to establish Calvinism because, in their opinion, it is the only true form of Christianity, and therefore the only mode of reforming the 80,000 public women of London, and elevating them to a proper position; the only mode of removing the necessity for the prison establishments in Van Diemen's land and Norfolk island, and because, "in a word, every thing that can make them happier and better will flow from the progress of the religion of the Cross" which they know positively represents Calvinism and nothing else? If a band of such men were threatening to shake the British government to its foundation, without hesitating to consider the bloodshed and misery which they expected, under the pretext of reforming the vicious and profligate, and of destroying the disposition of the people to commit crime, should they not be seized and conveyed to some remote spot to reflect upon the cruel absurdity they had engaged to enact?

Those gentlemen suggest that it is proper to perpetrate deeds such as are, in their consequences, treasonable, revolutionary, sanguinary, to achieve what *they think* will be a blessing to the Chinese without even consulting them on the subject. It should be demonstrated that in those parts of the world where the Bible is freely read and discussed, a large proportion of the people observe its doctrines more or less closely; it should be demonstrated that freedom to preach and circulate Christianity has always established it in the hearts of the people, before men suggest the propriety of revolution, civil war and bloodshed, in a community of 360,000,000 of human beings. "It is well to have Bishops of New Zealand when we have Christianized all our *own* heathen; but with 30,000 individuals, in merely *one* of our cities, utterly creedless, mindless and principleless, surely it would look more like earnestness on our parts if we created Bishops of the New Cut, and sent 'right reverend fathers' to watch over the 'cure of souls' in the Broadway and the Brill. If our sense of duty will not rouse us to do this, at least our

regard for our interests should teach us, that it is not safe to allow this vast dunghheap of ignorance and vice to seethe and fust, breeding a social pestilence in the very heart of our land."*

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

* London Labor and the London Poor. By Henry Mayhew. New York. 1851.

REVERIE.

BY SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY.

I am dreaming, idly dreaming,
'Neath the sweet autumnal sky—
Listless as the sunbeams gleaming
On the leaves that round me lie.

Many are the changeful fancies
Floating through my soul along—
Memories of old romances,
Snatches of forgotten song;—

Musings of the sober Real
Into finer fancies wrought,—
Forms of the divine Ideal
Sculptured from the earthly thought:—

All together softly glowing
As the tints upon the sky—
Ever ebbing, ever flowing
Into sweetest harmony;

With a murmur faint and thrilling
As may breathe in starry beams,
All my senses sweetly stilling
To a luxury of dreams.

Thus forever, oh! forever,
Could my idle fancy flow—
As the ripples on the river,
Softly chiming as they go.

With the beauty of all ages
Moving in a march sublime—
From the wisdom of the sages
To the poet's golden rhyme.

Changing with a spell Chaldean,
Classic forms and shapes grotesque—
Here the beauty Cytherean;
There, the fancies Arabesque.

Till enraptured with the vision,
Even life should brighter seem,
And its joy become Elysian
And its sorrow but a dream!

Richmond.

MAITRE ADAM, OF CALABRIA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH. BY S. S.

XI.**SELF-DEVOTION.**

We have said that the father of Marco Brandi was a man of system: all his accounts therefore were in order and his son could not but be satisfied with the manner, at once honorable and profitable, in which he had made use of his funds. But as, under present circumstances, the young betrothed had need of ready money, he took a thousand crowns in gold and fifteen or sixteen thousand francs in bills, payable to bearer, on the banking houses of Mariekoff of Naples and Torlonia of Rome, and left the balance, which might amount very nearly to the same sum, in the intelligent hands which had already nearly doubled his little fortune.

Marco Brandi had his reasons for not travelling twice along the same road. In the midst of the confusion which reigned at Cosenza, he had not been recognised, and this was a thing easily understood, every body being too much engrossed with his personal fears to occupy himself seriously with any thing else than the event which had thrown down one-half of the village, and which at each new concussion threatened with the same fate the half which was standing on end. He went then towards San Lucido, and thence, having made a bargain with the fishermen for his passage, he proceeded, running along the coasts, to St. Tropéa.

Upon arriving at this town, he learned, at the same moment, two items of news which he was far from anticipating: they were that Maître Adam had died and that Gelsomina had been for some days at the house of her aunt. He informed himself therefore of the residence of that good woman, and he found the poor child surrounded by some young girls of her own age who had come to offer her those commonplace consolations which double grief instead of soothing it: and the grief of Gelsomina was great, for, despite her capricious character and eager spirit, Gelsomina had a good heart and with all her heart she loved her poor father. So, no sooner did she see the door open and on the

threshold the image of him she loved, than, believing that God had sent her a soul into which to pour her own, shew threw herself on the neck of the young man bursting into sobs. The whisper passed around that the young girl was to marry the friend of her brother: each one recognised the betrothed in the new comer, and yielding to an instinctive sense of propriety, withdrew in order to leave them alone.

Marco Brandi did not attempt to console Gelsomina; on the contrary, he spoke to her of the excellent qualities of Maître Adam, of his affection for her, of all, indeed, that could sink deeply into her heart; and the young girl experienced in her tears the only consolation her grief could receive. Then, by degrees, some words of love glided into the midst of her sorrows, like a sunbeam in a storm; Marco Brandi ceased to lament the present in his hope for the future; he spoke of the plans of happiness that Maître Adam had arranged with them and which they should be compelled to carry out without him; so that he finished by raising, with a delicacy which one would not have expected of a half savage mountaineer, the pall which hung above the horizon of poor Gelsomina. She had commenced with listening, she finished by replying: she had made, under the guidance of resignation, the first step towards hope.

Towards night-fall, a strange rumour began to circulate through the town. It was said that Fra Bracalone journeying with Balaam to make his customary collection in the neighbouring villages, had let some mysterious words escape him concerning a certain resurrection which might be more distressing to the family than death itself. As for the circumstances which they demanded of him, attending the last moments of Maître Adam, he had replied by shaking his head, like a man who does not wish to say anything positively, but who does not prevent his hearers from conjecturing all they may desire. These half-revelations were related to the aunt of Gelsomina: the aunt, who could not comprehend that there could be anything worse than death, communicated to her niece all the rumours of which the worthy sacristan could alone give the explanation. Hope is the last thing that forsakes the heart of man.

Gelsomina commenced then to hope, without being able to account to herself what she hoped for. At the instant, Fra Bracalone appeared, turning into the street with his ass. Gelsomina wished to run to him: her aunt restrained her; but just as Fra Bracalone passed in front of the door, Marco Brandi obstructed his way, begging him to come in. The sacristian recognised his old acquaintance, whom he supposed, as did everybody, the friend of Corporal Bombarda, and thinking that, sometime or other, it must happen that Gelsomina would know the truth, he preferred that she should hear it from his own lips, for in this way she might learn it, with all the alleviations that could render it less afflicting.

Fra Bracalone had told the truth: the news which he brought was worse than that which was already known. Maître Adam linked with a band of robbers, Maître Adam feigning death to partake of the plundered treasure of the State in the very church where he was to be buried, it was what they could understand nothing about, all those who had witnessed that long and exhausting struggle which he had kept up against poverty. So Gelsomina, not being able to withstand the violence of the different emotions which she experienced, fell fainting in the arms of Marco Brandi, at the conclusion of Fra Bracalone's story. Marco Brandi was a man of sense who knew by experience that the swoons of women are sometimes long, but rarely dangerous. He placed Gelsomina, therefore, in the hands of her aunt, and, taking Fra Bracalone into a neighbouring apartment, begged him to relate the affair in all its particulars.

These particulars, new to Marco Brandi, have little of the unknown for the reader to be made acquainted with. The worthy sacristian had, as we have seen, left Maître Adam at the moment when he perceived that he had forgotten the most essential part of the promise he had made him. After an absence of some ten minutes, he returned with the frock, when he heard a great noise in the church which he had left a few moments before as silent as the tomb. He approached on tiptoe, softly opened the door, and saw the choir invaded by a dozen brigands who were dividing among themselves

a pile of gold. Fra Bracalone, who had not the least pretension to courage, did not, for an instant, think of attacking single-handed so formidable a troop. Consequently he withdrew as softly as he had advanced, and left the abbey to lay his information at the house of the judge. At the door of this honorable magistrate, who held so distinguished a rank in the villages of Calabria and of Sicily, he found the escort that accompanied the mail, which had rallied and come to the house of the same personage upon the same errand. Shame at having been put to flight without even a skirmish, fear of the dismissal which the robbery of money entrusted to their care would very naturally bring upon them, the hope of promotion if they could take their revenge and repossess themselves of the sum which they had allowed to be taken away, the practicability of surprising the bandits without defense and at a moment when they least expected an attack—all this brought back to the *sbirri** the courage they had lost, and, guided by Fra Bracalone, they entered the abbey at the moment when Maître Adam had put to flight the whole band, in raising himself up in his coffin and startling them with those terrible words—*A Soul from Purgatory!*

Our readers already divine the rest. The corporal and his squad, instead of having to do with Paolo and his band, had found no one else in the church than the crony Mattéo and Maître Adam. But as the stolen money was there, as the two venerable individuals were surrounded by firearms all loaded, it was evident that they were the accomplices, if not the leaders of that terrible band of brigands which desolated the country. Some even went so far as to believe that the name of Marco Brandi was no other than a *nom de guerre* adopted by Maître Adam, and that there did not exist in the world any other Marco Brandi than the respectable painter. Consequently Maître Adam and his friend Mattéo had been conducted to the jail of the village and the proofs of their guilt deposited at the house of the judge.

In proportion as Fra Bracalone advanced with his narrative, the veil which till then had covered the conversion, so sudden and so unexpected, of Paolo and his companions

* Officers of police.

was lifted from the eyes of his hearer. One thing alone remained for him to understand, for him who knew better than any body else the existence of the veritable Marco Brandi and the innocence of Maître Adam: it was the real cause of that pretended death which had been productive, to the sham dead man, of consequences so disastrous. But at last, as Fra Bracalone could not give him any farther inklings than those vague ones which he possessed himself, he took leave of the brave sacristan, who regained with Balaam the road to Nicotera, and went back into the chamber of the young girl.

She had recovered from her swoon, but a terrible fever had seized upon her. Marco Brandi advanced with anxiety towards her couch; she had a difficulty of speech, shortness of breath and burning eyes. She knew the young man nevertheless; but, even in recognizing him, she received him with a sort of terror. It was because she imagined that this last calamity which had befallen her family, had happened to it, as all the others, on account of Marco Brandi: there had been a fatality which reacted through that man upon her family, and she began to fear him. The first time that he appeared in the village, it was to ruin the reputation of the painter; the second time, it was to break the heart of the father, and the third time to blast the character of the man.

These ideas had already occurred, however, to the mind of Marco Brandi himself; so that he was at no loss to divine the true reason of the coldness of his betrothed. From some other cause the fever which consumed her became more and more intense; some incoherent words which escaped her parched lips indicated the commencement of delirium. Marco Brandi then attempted to take her by the hand: she withdrew it. He seated himself then behind the head of the bed, in such a manner as to be out of the sight of the sufferer, who, in her still increasing delirium, called upon her father with all the distractions of filial anguish. As for Marco Brandi, she seemed to have forgotten him completely; if by chance she pronounced his name it was with an accent of reproach which broke his heart. Marco Brandi knew that such a condition could not long continue. Feeble and nervous as Gel-

somina was, she would be carried off by three days of such delirium. The method of causing it to cease was to restore to her her father. Marco Brandi hesitated no longer.

The violence of the fever at last abated: the words issued less frequently from the lips of the young girl: debility and languor succeeded the frenzy and excitement; sleep disturbed by shudderings fell upon the sufferer. Marco Brandi profited by this occasion; he went from the couch of Gelsomina to a table, wrote some lines upon a scrap of paper, deposited in a little box the money and bills that he had received of his father, and placed the paper in the box. Then he softly approached the bed of his betrothed, pressed his lips to hers, murmured an adieu which might be the last, and left the house without confiding to any one his design.

The following morning, when Gelsomina opened her eyes, the first person that she saw at the head of her bed was her father. She uttered a scream, for she believed that it was only one of the visions of her fever. But the old man took her in his arms, and his tears and kisses soon convinced her that it was all real. Then she inquired how he found himself there, when she believed him a prisoner and under the weight of a capital accusation. The old man did not understand it himself. At two o'clock in the morning the judge had entered the prison and announced to him that he was at liberty. Maître Adam did not make him say it twice; he ran to announce the good news to the old woman Babilana; then reflecting upon the anxiety of his daughter, whether she supposed him dead or knew him to be a prisoner, he left at once for Tropéa where he had arrived the moment before she had opened her eyes.

There was in the whole affair something incomprehensible, which compelled Gelsomina to run over the confused recollections she had preserved of the evening previous. Then she remembered vaguely having seen Marco Brandi; now the memory became more distinct: she reproached herself for the coldness with which she had received him. But from this moment she recollected no more than the impression of a kiss which had interrupted her slumber and lingered on

her lips. She looked around her with affright; Marco Brandi was not there. As soon as her father had returned and was out of danger, all the tender emotions of her heart were again directed towards her lover; she called Marco Brandi—but Marco Brandi did not reply, and it was her aunt that came in.

She, at least, could give her some information; Marco Brandi had left, the evening before, at six o'clock, without telling the good woman where he was going, but apprising her that he left a letter for Gelsomina. Indeed Maître Adam had but to turn his head to perceive the letter upon the little box. Gelsomina snatched it, and read what follows:

"Thou art right, my Gelsomina: it is I that have caused the misfortunes of thy family: it is for me then to repair them. There is but one way to save the innocent, this is to deliver up the guilty. To-morrow thy father will be free. What I leave in the little box belongs to thy father: it is a very trifling amends for the fortune I have caused him to lose and the mortification I have occasioned him.

"Adieu, I ask no longer for thy love, but I demand my pardon.

"MARCO BRANDI."

Maître Adam opened the little box, hoping that it contained other intelligence; but he found only the twenty thousand francs which Marco Brandi had received of his father.

"Let us depart for Nicotera," cried Gelsomina raising herself in the bed, "I must see him again before he dies!"

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XII.

THE WEDDING GARMENT.

The desire of Gelsomina, sacred as it was, could not be granted: on arriving at Nicotera, the young girl and the old man found the prisoner in close confinement. It was a most important capture, that of Marco Brandi, and the government took all the deeper interest in it that this daring highwayman had more than once plundered the tribute money of Sicily. Now the government of

Naples, like all other governments, and even more than any other government, could not bear to see embezzled the funds of its taxpayers. The consequence was that Marco Brandi had not only no clemency to hope for, but had been treated during his examination after a more rigorous fashion than every other bandit who had taken the precaution to respect the treasury of the state and attack none others than travellers. So the examination was short. It is true that Marco Brandi, recreant to his paternal traditions, did nothing to spin it out; he avowed at once and without reserve all the crimes he had committed. The sentence therefore was not delayed: Marco Brandi was condemned to death.

At this intelligence, Gelsomina, who had not yet recovered from her first illness, relapsed into a more deplorable condition than ever. Upon the other occasion, she reproached her lover with having destroyed her father, now she accused her father of having killed her lover; the unhappy family for some time seemed accursed and could only change from affliction to affliction. As for Maître Adam, usually so fertile in resources, he was now barren and found nothing but tears to mingle with the tears of his daughter. It had occurred to him as a happy idea to go and throw himself at the feet of the king and remind the monarch that he had painted Our Lady of Mount Carmel on the standards of Cardinal Ruffo; but, besides that it had been already more than twenty years since that affair had taken place, which it might very well happen that Ferdinand had forgotten, especially as he had some of those motives which kings frequently have for not recollecting—twelve or fifteen days at the least were necessary for such a voyage and the execution was fixed for the day after to-morrow. They could only therefore wait the course of events, and trust in Providence. Marco Brandi had heard his sentence with an undisturbed countenance, and without arrogance or effrontery. The day that he had formed the resolution of rendering up his life to save that of Maître Adam, he had weighed all the consequences of the sacrifice and had familiarized himself by degrees with the idea of death. This resignation, for which his courage alone would have

been sufficient, was yet greatly assisted by the cruel conviction that had come upon him the night that Gelsomina had demanded of him her father, that the young girl had ceased to love him; and what was life henceforward for him without the love of Gelsomina!

The poor fellow was very far from suspecting, as we have seen, that at the moment when he was about to die for her father, Gelsomina was dying on account of him. She would have given all the world to see Marco Brandi; but it had been cruelly denied her: the judges feared lest some friend, in visiting the prisoner, would give him a weapon by means of which he might escape the designs of justice. They wished to make an example, and Marco Brandi had the honour of being reserved to teach a lesson in his punishment to all Calabria Citérieure which he had scandalised by his conduct.

Maître Adam did not leave the bedside of his daughter: the unhappy father, who had never lived without her, seemed destined to die with her. Without intermission he was there, his eyes fixed, weeping when she slept and smiling when she awoke. Each day, the worthy Fra Bracalone, who had become the friend of the entire household brought the flower of his contributions; but the good Babilana had in vain exhausted the arts of cookery in preparing these provisions, she merely tasted them with the tip of her tongue. As for Maître Adam he drank, from time to time, the remainder of the broth in which Gelsomina had moistened her lips, but that was all. So that it was a miracle how he could live thus nourished, and moistened only by his paternal anguish.

Gelsomina was no longer the same child; her fantastic desires and capricious waywardness had disappeared; she was soft and gentle in her complainings as a wounded gazelle, and her father was more disturbed by this resignation than he had been by her despair. Now and then, Fra Bracalone, who knew something of medicine, felt her pulse, and turning away shook his head sadly. The holy man thought neither of his sacred images, nor of his consecrated cakes, nor of his miraculous snuff. He kept all these resources to prevent disease among those who were in good health, but he did not risk trying their

effect upon the sick; besides, among his intimate friends, he had the good sense not to affect a very profound faith in all those relics so much sought after by others, and which he had distributed with a prodigality that ought to have enlightened these credulous souls upon the little value the worthy sacristan set upon them himself.

They had wished to conceal from Gelsomina the fatal condemnation; but it had been made public throughout the village at the beat of the drum: so that Gelsomina, on hearing the tap of that instrument which does not sound but upon great solemnities, had listened with all the more attention because she saw that Maître Adam sought to distract her from it. The child had then placed her hand upon the mouth of her father and, half-sitting up in the bed, she had heard all, even to the last words of the crier, who had announced the execution for the morrow. Then she had fallen back upon the couch, her eyes fixed and motionless; and from this hour her lips only had moved, and it had been already a day that she had been in this condition, indicating by the movement of the lips alone that she yet lived, when she heard the steps of Fra Bracalone who, according to his custom, came to visit his patient; then she turned toward her father and desired him to leave her alone with the sacristan.

Maître Adam was no more than an automaton without volition; he arose from his chair and left the chamber with a slow and mechanical motion. Gelsomina then opened again her eyes, burning with fever, and made a sign to Fra Bracalone to seat himself near her.

"*Mon pere,*" said she to him, when he had done as she desired, "I must see him."

"But you know very well, my child," replied the good sacristan, "that this is impossible, since he is in close confinement."

"Father," rejoined Gelsomina, "it has always been said that the condemned pass their last night in a lighted chapel."

"It is true," murmured Fra Bracalone.

"*Eh bien!* this is the evening which precedes his last night: where will he pass it?"

"In the church of the abbey."

"Father," said Gelsomina, seizing both hands of the sacristan with a violence of

which the latter was far from supposing her capable, "this church is your own. You can conduct me thither by some door which shall not be closed. They will not unloose him from the ring to which he will be chained; the guards will be satisfied with this. You shall remain at the door by which we shall have entered; you will therefore have nothing to fear."

"But what is your design, my poor child? the interview will but render the separation more cruel to you both."

"Since he must die, Father, I desire that he shall die at least my husband. It is I that have killed him; I wish to have the right of wearing mourning for him during the rest of my life. All the formalities have been complied with; nothing has been left but to fix the day. God has indicated the day; I accept it."

"But your father—your mother?"

"They will accompany me to the altar."

"It is impossible."

"You have promised me to prevail upon the prior to say my wedding mass; it is no longer gratuitously that I ask it of you: here! open this box and take from it what you wish."

"But how will you have the strength?" replied Fra Bracalone, without even turning his head in the direction the young girl indicated.

"Never fear, Father, that is my concern."

"*Allons*," said the worthy sacristan, "it must be done as you desire."

Gelsomina seized the hand of Fra Bracalone and kissed it.

"Go preëngage Gaëtano," said the young girl; "for myself I go to make preparations for the wedding."

Fra Bracalone departed, and Gelsomina called her father and mother.

"I am to be married this evening to Marco Brandi," she said to them; "you shall accompany me to the altar—is it not so, my father?—is it not so, my mother?"

The two old people believed that she had become an idiot and burst into tears.

"There is no time to lose in making my clothes," continued Gelsomina, her eyes lighted up with a feverish glow: "a white dress, that is all, a dress which can serve for my marriage and my burial. Send hither

Gidsa and Laura; they shall come to help me."

These were two of her young friends. Maître Adam and Babilana went out—the one to look for the young girls, the other to purchase the stuff that Gelsomina wanted—both believing that they were humoring a caprice of the fever; but both loved their daughter too well to refuse her anything.

In a short time Maître Adam returned with Gidsa and Laura; five minutes afterwards Babilana reëntered with the stuff.

The young girls looked at each other with astonishment; but, nevertheless, they gave a nod of the head indicating that they were at the service of their young friend. Taking then the scissors Gelsomina cut the stuff herself, distributed their tasks to her two companions seated on either side of the bed, reserving to herself her own, and all three set to work. While the young girls worked, Maître Adam said the prayers for the dead.

That evening the dress was finished.

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XIII.

THE VIATICUM.

In the mean time, Marco Brandi had been conducted to the church where he was to pass the night. In the middle of the nave surrounded by lighted candles, there was already a coffin in which the condemned was to be placed after execution, and at one of the pillars of the choir a ring had been fastened into the wall to which was attached a chain sufficiently long to admit of his walking on his knees up the steps of the altar. Marco Brandi made a calm survey of these preparations; he merely requested that they would disengage his hands so that he might clasp them in prayer. As he was chained by the waist and as a platoon of *stirri* with loaded carbines were not to lose sight of him, this privilege was granted him.

Marco Brandi was accompanied by a monk who had come to seek him in prison to exhort him in view of death, and whom he had received with the reverence at all times professed by him for churchmen. As we have said, it was neither from despair nor from hardened wickedness, but because he

had been born with a dagger in his belt and a carbine in his hand, that the young man had adopted the calling he followed; so, when about to die, he did not wish to make a show of pretended effrontery, but on the contrary, he received with gratitude the consolations which the man of God came to minister unto him. Nevertheless, whether he did not wish to abuse the devotedness of his spiritual guide or whether he desired, in meditation, to profit by the pious exhortations he had received, Marco Brandi insisted on the worthy father's taking some repose. Indeed, the monk, reflecting that the sight of the objects around him would keep him in holy thoughts, made no difficulty of leaving him alone, and withdrew promising to return at five o'clock in the morning. Marco Brandi began by saying his prayers, then he seated himself at the foot of a column, where very soon, plunged as he was in his reflections, he lay motionless and like one of the statues of the saints that surrounded him. It had been nearly an hour that he had been in the same attitude and the same impassiveness, so that his being was entirely wrapped up in his thoughts, when he was aroused from his torpor by the sound of a door opening. He turned mechanically in the direction whence the sound proceeded and saw a spectacle which he took for a vision.

Gelsomina, pale and serious, all dressed in white like a bride or a corpse, approached with the wedding wreath, followed by Maitre Adam and old Babilana. The father and mother stopped at a little distance. Gelsomina alone kept on her way towards Marco Brandi who, in proportion as she advanced, raised himself slowly against the pillar not knowing whether to believe his eyes: at length Gelsomina stopped before him.

"It is I," she said, "my beloved, God has not willed that we should be re-united on earth—but that awaits us in heaven."

"You love me then still?" cried Marco Brandi.

"Look at me and doubt it again. Am I not pallid and death-like enough? We shall part from each other for a little while, go, and you shall not wait for me long."

"Oh God, I thank thee!" cried Marco Brandi. "I shall die happy now, since I

should die assured of your love. But we have no time to lose; it is to morrow, do you know?"

"Hold, listen," said Gelsomina, and they heard resounding the first strokes of a bell—"here is Fra Bracalone who tolls our wedding mass, and here is the prior Gáetano who comes to us to pronounce it."

Indeed, a door opened at this very moment in the choir and the old priest ascended slowly and solemnly to the altar, bearing before his breast and his bowed head the body of our Lord. Then Marco Brandi understood all, and his love still further increased, if it were possible, in his admiration for this woman who came thus in the face of death to espouse him whom society had cast off. From that moment all that was earthly in his nature disappeared, and the two lovers advanced, sad and simple-minded, towards the tabernacle, the chain of the condemned allowing him, as we have said, freedom enough to walk on his knees up the steps of the altar. At this moment the doors of the church opened, and the inhabitants of Nicotera, called together by the sound of the bell and assembling through curiosity, entered in throngs, not knowing as yet what they came to see and stupified by what they had seen.

Then there took place, in this little corner of the earth, in this poor church of a miserable village, one of those solemn scenes so rare, not only in the history of individuals, but even in the annals of nations. A marriage was celebrated between two spirits, since, as for the bodies, they had already been set apart, the one to human justice, the other to divine clemency, and the coffin which was destined to separate them was at hand. At length the mass was finished, and the husband slipped the ring on the finger of the wife, when the last spectator entered who alone was wanting to this scene: it was the executioner.

At this sight, the little strength which during the ceremony had sustained the young girl seemed at once to vanish. Marco Brandi felt the hand he held between his own grow cold as ice, and Gelsomina would have fallen full length upon the pavement of the church if her old mother and the crony Matéo had not caught her in their arms. As for

Maître Adam, struck with the paralysis of despair, he remained motionless, dumb, and with clenched fingers, at the base of a column. They carried off the husband in chains, and the wife fell in a swoon. The inhabitants of Nicotera went out of the church behind them, the penitents took up the coffin and followed the procession, and all this happened without Maître Adam's having made a movement which indicated that he knew what was going on around him. But a moment after, as if he had been reminded by the solitude of the sentiment of grief, he looked around, and, seeing the church deserted, a despairing sob escaped from his breast, and, throwing himself upon his face on the earth, "O my God! my God!" cried he, "thou alone hast the power to save them."

"He will save them," said a voice behind Maître Adam.

The unhappy father turned around quickly, and perceived Fra Bracalone.

"And how then?" cried he.

"By a holy idea with which he has inspired his lowly servant," replied the sacristan.

"What is it? what is it?" murmured Maître Adam.

"At what hour does the execution take place?"

"At five o'clock," replied Maître Adam.

"At half past four, send to demand the holy viaticum for your daughter."

"What then, what then?" said the father who began to comprehend.

"Leave the rest to me," rejoined Fra Bracalone.

"Ah! my God, my God!" cried Maître Adam, rushing out of the church, "grant that she may not be a corpse between this and then!"

Marco Brandi had been taken back to prison, between the confessor and the executioner, the two hours that remained to him to live, were to be devoted to the consolations of religion and the arrangements for the punishment. These two offices were readily performed by the agent of human vengeance and the minister of divine mercy. Marco Brandi had been already freed from the earth, and to him the execution was no more than a sad formality. So, when the

hour struck, he walked forth with a firm step and appeared to the inhabitants of Nicotera assembled before the door of the prison, not only with a serene countenance, but with a smile upon his lips. Upon the threshold he stopped, and as he was elevated some steps above them, he took advantage of this position to thank the inhabitants of Nicotera, who, after having kindly assisted at his marriage, came to lend their aid at his death. Then, having embraced the confessor and the executioner, he mounted on the ass, his hands tied, and his face turned towards the tail, so as not to lose sight of the coffin borne behind him by the penitents who sang in chorus the *De Profundis*. The procession thus traversed the whole town, for the execution was to take place at the spot upon the route where had been committed the last robbery of which Maître Adam had been accused, and of which Marco Brandi had acknowledged himself guilty. It resulted from this, that the condemned had to pass before the house where Gelsomina was dying, which house was situated just between the village and the little church of the abbey.

This was the last trial reserved for Marco Brandi: as the only favor that he had implored was that of being carried to the place of punishment by another route; but the judge, who might have thought that, in yielding to a humane sentiment, he was swerving from his duty, had not even deigned to reply to this request. The victim followed the line marked out, and began to advance towards the residence of Maître Adam. Happily for him, turned round as he was, he could not see it, for, by a foresight of humanity, instinctive no doubt, Italian justice ordained, as we have said, that the victim should proceed backwards, so that instead of the scaffold where he was to suffer, he might have before his eyes the coffin in which he should suffer no more.

In the mean time, from the objects which surrounded him, Marco Brandi could divine that he was no longer but a short distance from that door which he had entered under circumstances so different, and before which he was about to pass for the last time. Soon, as if each one was affected with a profound pity for the child who was destined to be a widow before being a wife, the chants were

hushed, the conversation ceased, and a deep silence extended throughout the whole crowd which kept on its way mute and with heads bowed. Marco Brandi threw a glance around in passing, and saw that all the windows of the hospitable mansion were closed. The door only was open, and upon the threshold Maître Adam and the aged Babilana were on their knees praying. The *cortège* continued its melancholy journey, and had already passed the house nearly a hundred paces, when, in the midst of the death-like silence which enwrapped them, was heard vibrating the silvery and regular stroke of a little bell. At the same moment at the angle of the wall which ascended towards the church, there appeared first a chorister bearing a silver cross, followed by Fra Bracalone striking, with his habitual regularity, the little bell, of which they had heard the sound, then, at last, the good prior Gaëtano, who, in obedience to the invitation of Maître Adam, was bearing the holy viaticum to his daughter. Each one then raised a loud cry of joy, for each one divined what was about to happen.

The procession stopped immediately; they made Marco Brandi descend from his ass, and judge, criminal, executioner, penitents, people and *sbirri*, all got upon their knees to allow the holy viaticum to pass. But instead of proceeding on his way, the prior stopped before the judge, and raising the chalice wherein was contained the host which he bore to the dying:

"Judge," said he, "I command you in the name of the body of our Lord Jesus Christ here present, to untie the hands of the condemned, for every criminal who encounters upon his way the holy viaticum, escapes the justice of earth, pardoned as he is by the right of the King of Heaven."

The judge bowed his head in token of obedience and went himself to untie the hands of Marco Brandi. Then Gaëtano, preceded by the chorister and Fra Bracalone, kept on their way followed by the judge, the criminal, the executioner, the people and the *sbirri*, for it is the custom in Italy for all who encounter the holy viaticum to accompany it even to the door of the dying.

Gelsomina, whatever precaution the procession had taken, had heard it pass and had

made an effort to raise herself and see once again here below him whom she was destined to rejoin no more but on high; but her energies, exhausted by so many contending emotions, had failed her, and she had fallen back upon the bed, her eyes fixed, and as pale as if she had been already dead. It was in this condition that Gaëtano found her; she heard the sound of the bell, she heard the step of the man of God who approached her couch, she heard the crowd which filled the house of her father; but all this had not been able to raise her from her lethargy. Suddenly a hand took her own, and at the touch of that hand alone she reopened her eyes. On one side of the bed was Marco Brandi and on the other Gaëtano; then all around and on their knees, Maître Adam, Babilana, judge, executioner, penitents, *sbirri*, in fine every body that could get into the little mansion. The sufferer allowed her gaze to wander astonished over the whole assemblage, then fixing it at last upon Marco Brandi:

"Are we already dead," said she, "and in heaven?"

"No," replied Marco Brandi, "we are living and blessed upon earth."

"And now," said Father Gaëtano, "receive as Christians the God who has saved you."

And placing the host upon the pallid lips of the young girl, he withdrew, accompanied by Maître Adam, Babilana, the judge, the executioner, the confessor, the penitents, the people and the *sbirri*, who repaired devoutly to the door of the church. Only Marco Brandi remained near Gelsomina, to leave her no more.

XIV.

SAINT PHILOMEL.

I was at Naples in 1835 when the only thing talked about were the miracles of Saint Philomel. Our readers must have heard of Saint Philomel; for though of modern creation dating from 1827 or 1828, she has since made so much noise in the world, that she has more reputation than many a martyr, sent to heaven in the times of Tiberius or Caligula. This reputation moreover, has extended beyond the frontiers of Italy, for af-

ter having in some sort seen her make her *debut* at Naples, I found her afterwards held in great veneration in Belgium and Germany, and even in France, where we do not waste much adoration.

Although she appeared to us when she was already in her *apogee*, we were so dazzled by her splendor that we fell on our faces and worshipped her without inquiring whence or how she came. We had, however, the most interesting portion of her miraculous life, yet to learn, for it was secret and obscure. For my part, as any unpublished anecdote of the youth of Cæsar, of Charlemagne or of Napoleon, has more interest in my eyes than the complete account of the battles of Pharsalia, of Roncesvalles or of Austerlitz, all whose details I know by heart, I did not content myself with the present, but turning to the past I strove to travel up that river of beatitude which I saw majestically rolling toward the European veneration which it attained. I commenced therefore with my usual patience, and from miracle to miracle I finally arrived at its source. I shall therefore entertain my readers with the first acts and exploits of Saint Philomel, describing them, if possible, in all their simplicity and without drawing any philosophic or moral deductions—but taking for my guide the epigraphé of M. Barante, "*Scribitur ad narrandum non ad probandum.*"

Our readers no doubt know how new saints are made. In our days when martyrdom was no longer to be feared, and great virtues no longer to be hoped for; cotemporary canonizations by becoming more rare had raised the price of ancient relics to such a point that they could not be had; unless in the case of a town which like Paris had a revenue of thirty or forty millions. Certain skeptical spirits, disposed to laugh at everything, said that this was grievously humiliating for cities which, less favored by religion or fortune, had no indigenous relics and were too poor to procure exotic ones. Hence it resulted that the chief town of a department, as Arras, for example, had never got hold of more than three hairs of the Virgin, while the miserable village of Saint Maurice had the six thousand skeletons of the Theban legion. So partial a division might one day have excited as great a revolution as that

produced by the distribution of terrestrial possessions.

Luckily Pope Leo XII. anticipated such an evil, by proclaiming that every city, town or village which had no male or female Saint, might come and get one out of the catacombs where there was a large assortment of every size, rank and sex. It was an excellent idea, and one that which it is wonderful that none of his predecessors ever seized; for as the catacombs are nothing but the sepulchres of the primitive Christians, the faithful might fearlessly rely on them, certain of not falling even by chance, on apocryphal saints or smuggled relics. This wise measure produced its fruits and thenceforth every village, however small, obtained, if not an entire skeleton, at least the shoulder blade or shin bone of some martyr.

It is well known with what superstitions and errors the Italian people especially, have laden a religion so simple and so grand at its source. Our narrative is only another proof of the fact that ignorance and fanaticism may alter by ridiculous practices the most holy things. We are therefore speaking here only of false and not of true belief.

Towards the end of 1826 the inhabitants of the little village of Mugnano situated some leagues from Naples, had the misfortune to lose their curé, one of those good and worthy priests with no ambition for noise and fortune, who are content to edify their flocks by the example of their own virtues. Hence the old curé of Mugnano, although he had found his church without the smallest relic, had not thought of profiting by the permission of Leo XII, but had let his parishioners (who had put themselves under the protection of Saint Antonio) proceed peaceably in the same road as their fathers. But once dead, this worthy man was succeeded in his lofty mission, by the vicar of the church of Saint Claire, who had had a difficulty with his superior in regard to the Madonna de l' Arc, and who consequently hated the latter.

He was therefore no sooner installed in office than he conceived the idea of setting up an opposition altar, and repaying to that virgin, the most miraculous of the seven Neapolitan virgins, a few of the tribulations which she had inflicted on him. With this

view, he opened the eyes of his parishioners to their destitute state in the matter of relics, and proposed to set out for Rome, promising to bring back the best article to be found in the way of a Saint. And as the majority of his constituents preferred a female saint, and particularly a young and pretty one, he undertook to supply not a protector, but a protectress. Peradventure the crowd had decided in favor of a female, from the fear that Saint Antonio who had previously been very kind to them, might be angry at having a successor, while the same motive of rivalry could not extend to a woman, to whom the laws of politeness would compel him to give place. These arrangements made, the ambassador departed to Rome, went into the catacombs, boxed up the first bones he came across, had them baptised and blessed by the Pope under the melodious name of Philomel and carried them to his parishioners, who were enchanted at having for the first time a saint after their own heart. This did not prevent the people of Mugnano from feeling a proper regard for their ancient protectors; none but ardent and romantic souls abandoned the cenobite patriarch altogether, for their new and poetical patron. But St. Antonio had not lived one hundred and five years on this earth, without knowing how fickle and ungrateful is the heart of man; he therefore exhibited no displeasure at this defection, but tranquilly let the new boarder be installed in the church of Mugnano on an altar parallel to his own.

However, either from want of opportunity or from timidity, the new saint did not satisfy the general expectation, but remained nearly a year without giving any sign of existence. Every thing went on as formerly except that the curé said two masses instead of one; the parishioners did not change any thing.

Meanwhile the only son of a drover of Nocera was attacked with a sort of paralysis. His doting father began by summoning from Naples the best medical aid, which however proved entirely in vain. After the physicians came the quacks; but their powders and pills had no better effect. Finally the poor father, no longer hoping for a cure, raised his eyes from earth to heaven and demanded a miracle. But whether the seven

Madonnas to whom he successively applied were incensed at his not having come directly to them, or their intercession was thread-bare on account of the immoderate use they had previously made of their credit, affairs remained *in statu quo*, and the Madonnas were as powerless as the quacks and doctors. The poor farmer did not know what other saint to apply to, and was returning in despair from Naples to Nocera, when he met on the road a friend of his who lived at Sarno.

"Well, how is the patient?" said he, judging from the desponding air of the father that he was no better—"is he not better?"

"Stop, don't speak of it my friend," said the farmer, wiping away a tear with the back of his hand; "I shall go mad."

"And for what?"

"Because I don't know now whom to address; there is nobody left but St. Januarius, and ——"

"Pshaw!" replied his gossip, "St. Januarius is pretty much used up. The most he can do is to execute neatly his own miracle, wherefore he is busy with that all the year, and cannot attend to anybody else's affairs."

"What must I do then?" said the farmer sighing.

"Listen, I shall give you counsel."

"Give it."

"Do you know what I would do, in your place?"

"If I did, I wouldn't ask you."

"Well, I would go straight to Saint Philomel. She is a new saint and has her reputation to make. Go to her, gossip—moreover, his case is desperate, isn't it?"

"Alas!" replied the farmer.

"Then if St. Philomel does him no good, she can do him no harm. Go to St. Philomel, gossip, go."

"By my faith," said the farmer, "I believe you are right, I shall follow your advice. Good bye."

"Good bye."

And as the two friends had come to the fork of the road between Sarno and Norva, they separated and each took the route home. The next day the farmer thought of executing his plan. He went early to Mugnano, and assisted devotedly at the mass. When

the mass was said and the church empty, he knelt down before the altar of the saint, making, to render her favorable to him, a vow which proved the love he had to his son—viz: to give to the saint all the cows which should follow the bull when the poor paralytic should himself go to open the stable door. From that day the young man grew obviously better; six weeks after, he arose from the bed of pain where he had rested more than a year, and crossing the courts without aid, in the sight of his family and of the villagers who had come to see the cure, he accomplished to the letter, the first part of his father's vow. Nineteen cows out of thirty, followed the bull.

The father was at the same time very happy to see his son in such good health, and very sorry that it should cost him so dear. St. Philomel had done the thing well; but she had a large fee for it. The farmer thought of his gossip. He had already given him so good a piece of advice, that he did not despair of being again rescued from his trouble. He therefore took his hat and his stick and started to Sarno. The news of the miracle had already arrived there, and his gossip saw with profound astonishment the grief of the farmer.

"Well," said he, isn't the tale true that I hear?"

"O! bless me! yes," replied the father.

"You must be happy then?"

"Yes, very happy; only I am two-thirds ruined."

"How's that?"

"Nothing simpler. I vowed, that that the day when my son went to open the cow-house himself, I would give St. Philomel all the cows that followed the bull."

"Well?"

"Well. He went and opened it yesterday, and out of thirty cows that were in there nineteen came out."

"The devil!" said his gossip. "That's ugly. You are not going to break your vow?"

"God forbid!"

"Then here's all you can do. When you carry your cows to the curé of Mugnano, who is probably the saint's man of business, take at the same time with you half their value in money. There is every chance

that the holy man, if he does not know of his good luck, will have no immediate sale for nineteen cows, at least, unless he carries them to market at Naples, which is not probable. Offer him then half the value of the nineteen cows in money, and so, if he accepts, which is almost certain, you will have lost only nine and a half cows, and will be only one-third ruined."

"Zounds! gossip," quoth the former with profound admiration, "you are the best counsellor I know. I am determined. To-morrow I shall go with the herd and the money to the curé of Mugnano."

"Ahem!" said his gossip, "I should take only one of them."

"Yes, but if he should not wish that one, I should have to return for the other and so lose a day."

"Do as you please," said the man of counsels; "but"—

"Good-bye, gossip, good-bye."

"You are in a great hurry."

"What do you want? I am never tired of seeing my poor child on his legs. That good Philomel! She is a miraculous saint. Adieu—adieu, my friend."

And the farmer took the road home enchanted at the plan which his friend had opened to him, and not doubting that he would succeed to his satisfaction. On the morrow he set out, driving before him the nineteen cows, and having in his pocket half the price of them—viz: five hundred Roman crowns. The journey was a prosperous one, and he arrived at Mugnano under the best auspices in the world. He drove his herd into the meadow of the parsonage and went up to see the curé.

He found that gentleman very much surprised at what was going on. The curé was ignorant of the vow made to his saint, so that he could not explain to himself the invasion of his domicile by the horned guests who were trying to see which could low loudest in his court; but all was explained to him in a few words by the honest farmer. And as the whole affair was very advantageous, both to himself and his patroness, he received the maker of vows with a countenance promising much for the negotiation. In truth the curé was very accommodating in the matter of the cows. He understood that St.

Philomel would be better paid in money than in the beasts of the field, and after higgling for some time about the price, he finished by accepting the five hundred Roman crowns brought by the farmer. The latter, therefore, went down into the meadow, delighted at having gotten off so cheaply and without the saint's having any ground of complaint against him. As soon as he arrived, he endeavored to drive his cows out of the court. It was no easy thing: they had found a little fresh grass springing up under the shadow of the lofty walls; so that they were in no manner moved by his injunctions to quit so good a pasture. Seeing this the farmer drew near the one which was next the gate, and taking her by the tail, he strove after the manner of Cacus to pull her out backwards. But he was still less happy in the employment of force than in the use of persuasion; the cow, unaccustomed to that way of travelling, fixed herself on her fore feet, and not budging any more than if she had been of bronze, she lowed in a lamentable tone in testimony of the disagreeable state in which she found herself. When he saw this obstinacy, which seemed supernatural, a thought struck the drover—viz: that St. Philomel did not agree to the bargain struck in her name, and that while her man of business preferred the money to the cows—she preferred the cows to the money. So thinking, he dropped the tail which he had a moment before so zealously pulled, and striding up the stairs he burst into the curate's room pale, astonished, and covered with perspiration, just when the excellent man had deposited the five hundred crowns in the drawer of his secretary. The curé, hearing the door open, turned, and recognized the farmer.

"Well," said he, "my good man, what more can I do for you?"

"St. Philomel don't like your bargain, father," said the farmer.

"Who told you so?"

"My cows won't come out of your court."

"And you augur from this"—

"That she wants the cows and not the money."

"We shall see that," quoth the curé.

"How?"

"Your cows won't follow you, you say."

"Devil a one."

"And you are convinced that St. Philomel keeps them from coming out?"

"I am that."

"Well, there's the money in that drawer. Now if St. Philomel, as you think, prefers the cows to the money, since she won't let them go out, she will not let the money go in. One miracle is no harder than the other."

"True," said the peasant, "push the drawer, you will see that it won't go in."

The curé pushed the drawer, which slipped in as if by magic.

"Ah!" said the astonished farmer.

"You see," said the curé.

"Well! what does that prove?"

"It proves, my dear friend, that we were committing a grave error," quoth the curé, putting the key of the drawer in his pocket. "I thought that St. Philomel wanted the money and not the cows."

"Yes."

"You thought that she wanted the cows and not the money."

"Yes."

"Well, as I was saying, we both erred. St. Philomel wants the money *and* the cows."

"True," said the farmer, "I am wrong," and he went back with neither cows nor money.

The next day the curé refused for the relics of St. Philomel a hundred thousand ducats, which were offered him by a speculator.

It is obvious that with my well-known zeal for investigation, I could not stay two months at Naples without offering my devotions to the saint who had commenced with such a miracle.

I therefore engaged my cicerone for an excursion, *extra muros*, and on a fine October morning, we set out for Mugnano.

It is a pretty little town, picturesque and graceful, as are all the nooks of Italy where farm-houses are grouped around a church.

Like St. Rosalie of Palermo, the Virgin of Mugnano lies in the same altar which is consecrated to her and serves as her shrine; she is clothed in a robe of silver and gold, and has a crown of white roses. She is a pretty wax figure modelled on the same bones which the curé of Mugnano brought from Rome. She had not at that time the grand cordon of St. Januarius, with which

she was afterwards presented by his Majesty the King of Naples.

As the church, except the ex-voto gifts with which it was strewn, had no points of interest, I requested my guide, now that I had seen the saint, to conduct me to the scene of the miracle. Passing through a little door, and along a damp corridor, we emerged in the "*cows' court*."

I went up to a fresco which represented the miracle; the painter had chosen the moment when the farmer, drawing the indocile cow by the tail, begins to suspect a supernatural agency in the obstinacy of the animal. This expression was very faithfully rendered, and the face of the good man was a singular compound of fear and astonishment.

The fresco surprised me; it showed an absence of study and an artistic eye which indicated a man the pupil of his own works. In short it was very much above the street painting every where met with in Italy.

"Do you know," said I, turning to my *cicerone*, "that this fresco is not bad?"

"I believe you," said he. "It is by *Maître Adam*, of Calabria; he was brought from *Nicotera* expressly to paint it."

"Who is *Maître Adam*?" inquired I.

"You don't know him?"

"That's the first time I ever heard his name."

"Well then," said my guide, "since you are always asking me for legends, I will tell you one."

And he related to me the story which I have laid before my readers, regretting only my inability to preserve in our language the picturesque simplicity which it possessed in the original Neapolitan.

TO THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION

OF NEW ORLEANS.

We call him brave, who, when the trumpet's blare
Rang o'er the field of glory and of blood,
Went where the fight was deadliest, and stood
Where Duty placed him, with unaltered air:
For him the golden guerdon waits—the same
Which blows his deeds the extending fields along;
The poet weaves in tuneful verse his name,
And woman sweetly utters it in song.
No recompense like this for ye remains,
Men of a loftier courage yet than War
Could boast upon her drenched and crimsoned plains,
But ye have won a garland better far
Than fading laurel, and a fame above
What earth can ever give, Heaven's Messengers of Love!

J. R. T.

Editor's Table.

Our friend, Mr. Hubbard the artist, has at last succeeded in taking a perfect cast of the famous statue of Washington by Houdon, which our readers know to be an object of great interest in our eyes. Nothing could exceed the satisfaction with which we looked upon this exquisite work, a few days since, and recognised the fidelity to the original which is displayed in it. Mr. Hubbard has performed a service of incalculable value to the country, and we hope he will be abundantly rewarded by receiving numerous orders for the copy, which he will be prepared to execute in bronze or marble, as may be desired. Every State in the Union should have this majestic work of art in its Capitol and it should be seen in every gallery throughout the country. The first cast has been sent to the Crystal Palace, where it cannot fail to find thousands of admirers.

While referring to this matter, we must acknowledge a benefaction conferred upon us by Hubbard, in showing us a crayon drawing of his own which we consider the finest specimen of that branch of art that we have ever seen. It is an illustration by way of frontispiece to a series of drawings which Hubbard had it in contemplation at one time to execute for a new edition of *Young's Night Thoughts*. This purpose was abandoned, and while we cannot but regret that so magnificent a volume as it must have been, was lost to the lovers of the beautiful, we are inclined very much to doubt if our friend could have made anything more of the subject than he has done in this opening sketch. The whole imagery of *Dreamland* has been exhausted. All fair and radiant visions of innocent slumber are embodied with the most weird and horrible fantasies that ever penetrated the cell of the assassin. One-half of the drawing calls up to us readings of forgotten tales of terror, peopled by Brocken phantoms, and affects us as we been affected by Macready in *Macbeth*—the other half brings back the tender recollections of that sunny period when "*Heaven lay about us in our infancy*." The leading idea of the drawing is the face of Sleep, the one-half in the placid beauty of innocence and hope, the other in the grim horror of guilt and despair. Join together the features of the Madonna and the Medusa and you may imagine the effect produced by this wonderful effort. But we can not describe it. The resident reader should visit Mr. Hubbard's studio and see it for himself.

of our readers as have seen the article on Lord John Russell's Life of Moore, in the Quarterly Review, will understand the object of these editorial verses:—

Be the hope once so sweetly expressed,
 Look! in thy verse with a pathos so true,
 When in the grave they should lay thee to rest,
 And thy follies might slumber there too;
 If they were ever remembered, 'twere only
 For them a tear might in silence be shed,
 When the turf, in the valley so lonely,
 Clio her vigils keeps o'er the dead!

Where the daisies have tufted the spot,
 Comes a cold critic, and, after his kind,
 And those follies, by others forgot,
 Plants them like nettles to grow there entwined:
 And, in triumph at last thou rejoicest;—
 Death breaks the bowl at the fountain for aye,
 And he shone so brightly as gold of the choicest,
 And he lies as the vilest of clay.

Not that wonderful sharpness of sight
 Which suits microscopic to mark cannot fail,
 And virtues like luminous orbs of the night,
 Though its ken may in majesty sail:
 Do we wish that close logic to borrow,
 And strives to enwrap in a shadow abhorred
 That remembrance that woman in sorrow
 Is giving to—the faith and the love of her lord.

Quarterlies long shall have mouldered, and deep
 The fossils of critics time's strata shall lie,
 And verse amaranthine its freshness shall keep,
 As when it first bloomed to the eye;
 Though other minstrels to rapture may waken
 The genius as cunning the strings of the lyre,
 And that his Melodies captive have taken,
 Never "let song so enchanting expire!"

If our peace of mind were easily disturbed
 By violation of our rights of property in
 Literature, we should be kept in a state of
 Mental disquietude. We see the Messen-
 ger articles going the rounds of the news-
 press every day, without the slightest
 Acknowledgment of their origin, and many
 seem to regard what we publish as
 The subjects of plunder. During the last
 Year, "Lilly Leigh" and "Simon Suggs,
 &c." were appropriated by a couple of
 Editors, who very pleasantly called
 Attention of their readers to the merits of
 Respectively, as if each were contribu-
 ting a correspondent. More recently the
 Orleans Picayune laid violent hands on
 Alley's beautiful lines on the Death of
 The faller of Williamsburg, and the Au-
 Ga.) Constitutionalist seized upon an
 Article in our "Editor's Table,"—griev-
 ous which were rendered yet more annoy-
 ing by our seeing them subsequently copied
 In several prominent journals and credited
 To plunderers. We are always willing
 That what we publish in the Messenger should

be copied by the newspapers, and we have
 therefore never copyrighted the work, but
 we submit that when an editor thus avails
 himself of our labours to lend interest to his
 columns, he is bound in common fairness to
 give us the proper credit therefor.

Apropos of this, an amusing instance of
 literary piracy appears in the last Blackwood.
 A story is there published as original, enti-
 tled "The Duke's Dilemma," which is a
 translation from the French, and which we
 laid before our readers more than two years
 ago, under the caption of "The Manager."
 The reader will find it in the Messenger for
 February 1851. The literary morale is in a
 sinking condition, indeed, when old Ebony
 is driven to such larcenous expedients.

Every day brings out a new Bourbon and
 a new Junius. Another candidate for the
 equivocal honours of the latter character has
 lately been brought forward in the person of
 Richard Grenville Earl Temple, the most
 distinguished of the family of the Grenvilles
 so largely connected with the political history
 of England. A continuation of the volumi-
 nous correspondence of this family, volumes
 3 and 4, edited by William James Smith,
 contains an elaborate argument in support of
 the theory that Earl Temple and Junius were
 the same individual; the proofs adduced,
 however, being very similar to those hereto-
 fore employed in fixing the authorship of the
 famous letters upon fifty other men of the
 period. Similarities of style are pointed out,
 and certain phrases, quotations, sentiments,
 and terms of thought given, which appear to
 lend plausibility to the new doctrine, but
 these resemblances have so often been es-
 tablished that we can regard them only as
 indicating that there is a common property
 in such intellectual goods, in the leading men
 of an age. Two new facts are employed to
 sustain the claim of Temple, one that the
 handwriting of the letters to Woodfall is a
 very close counterpart of some of Lady
 Temple's hand; and the other that Mr. Smith
 has discovered one letter of Junius to be on
 paper of the same size, quality and water-
 mark as was used by Lord Temple within a
 week of the same date. The new theory
 has brought out a letter from Mr. Macaulay
 who still adheres to his long-entertained be-
 lief that Sir Philip Francis was Junius—a
 supposition which we have always thought to
 be negatived by the statement of Lord Shel-
 burne on his death-bed, that he knew who
 Junius was and that all the persons connec-
 ted with the Woodfall publication were then
 dead, when Sir Philip Francis was yet liv-
 ing. If it be admitted that Lord Shelburne

was a man of veracity, we do not see how the Francis theory can be any longer upheld. The question is one of but little importance in any point of view, and altogether unworthy of the amount of labour that has been expended on it. Mr. Hanson's chase after the Dauphin, however unprofitable and absurd it may seem, is far more consistent with reason, because he contends the game's afoot, and he hopes yet to come up with it.

Is the following story a Joe Miller or not? It was narrated to us as having just occurred in one of the South-Side counties of Virginia.

A would-be literary gentleman, who could not be brought to admit that there was anything he had never read, came upon a friend who was deep in the story of "Gertrude of Wyoming." Looking over the shoulder of the reader, he remarked, "Ah! yes—*Gratitude of Women*, a very pretty poem, I've read it frequently."

The following lines seems to us instinct with the peculiar graces of their author, the gifted Winthrop Mackworth Praed. We have rarely seen a more happy portrait:

A NUN.

She was a very pretty nun;
 Sad, delicate, and five feet one;
 Her face was oval, and her eye
 Looked like the heaven in Italy,
 Serenely blue, and softly bright,
 Made up of languish and of light!
 And her neck, except where the locks of brown,
 Like a sweet summer mist, fell droopingly down,
 Was as chill and as white as the snow, ere the earth
 Has sullied the hue of its heavenly birth;
 And through the blue veins you might see
 The pure blood wander silently,
 Like noiseless eddies, that far below
 In the glistening depths of a calm lake flow:
 Her cold hands on her bosom lay;
 And her ivory crucifix, cold as they,
 Was clasped in a fearful and fond caress,
 As if she shrank from its holiness.
 And felt that hers was the only guilt
 For which no healing blood was spilt:
 And tears were bursting all the while;
 Yet now and then a vacant smile
 Over her lips would come and go—
 A very mockery of woe—
 A brief, wan smile—a piteous token
 Of a warm love crushed, and a young heart broken!

We were engaged during the last month, for two days, in making collections in one of the wards of our city, for the sufferers at New Orleans. Happening to call on a professional gentleman whom we found early in the morning at his residence, we witnessed an incident that deserves to be recorded

The gentleman promptly responded to our appeal and entered his name for a sum which, on examining his pocket book, he could not make up by one dollar. He thereupon rang the bell and had recourse to one of his negro slaves (a household servant) who immediately loaned him the dollar he wanted. Very significant, this, is it not? of the oppressed condition of the negroes!

Our friend and poetical contributor, Paul H. Hayne, Esq., of the *Charleston Weekly News*, who has been enjoying a holiday in Northern travel, gives agreeable evidence of his return to the sanctum in recent numbers of his excellent gazette. We had the pleasure of meeting with him in Richmond on his way northward. Hayne, being a poet, is of course alive to musical impressions and his sketch of Jullien will therefore be acceptable to our readers—

M. Jullien is certainly the most ingenious composer and leader in the world—for out of the exceedingly meagre material of our two or three national melodies, he has constructed a grand set of quadrilles, which every night creates a tremendous furore at Castle Garden. Never was "Yankee Doodle" so twisted before—and with every turn of the screw, the irresistible theme recurs in such a manner as to create a tempest of applause. The grand military finale of this musical *rass* represents a battle fought and won. During the conflict, the booming of the cannon is heard above the crash of arms—the wail of the wounded rises upon the ear; and anon comes the trumpet blast of victory—the waving of banners, and the impetuous triumphal march of the conquerors! At this moment a series of loud *hurras* is introduced, which have a thrilling and irresistible effect upon the audience—and many a thunderous cheer is re-echoed from the balcony and the multitudes below. *Vive le baton de Jullien!*

Messrs. John Penington & Son of Philadelphia, whose delightful repository of curious and valuable books we commend to all bibliophiles visiting that city, keep us regularly supplied with English Catalogues from which we glean occasionally some pleasant information. Among a recent collection, we notice a catalogue of Autograph Letters for sale by "John Gray Bell, 17, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London," in which a singular graduation of value may be observed. The English statesmen of the present day do not seem to be in much request, for Aberdeen, Palmerston, and the Earl of Carlisle are rated at 1s. 6d., while the late Sir Robert Peel can be had (a fine specimen) for 3s., and "the Duke's" signature to a Commission is offered at 5s. The literary men of our time are quite as cheap. Ainsworth, Croker, Croly, Dickens, Leigh Hunt, Lockhart, Milnes, Tupper, are all held

at 2s. each. The late Theodore Hook, Dr. Maginn and Major Noah are entered at the same figure. Bulwer in a letter of 2 pages commands 2s. 6d, but Mr. G. P. R. James leads the whole of the modern literati, a similar letter of his being valued at 3s. 6d. Macready, the tragedian, can be had at prices to suit customers, from a stanza at 1s. 6d, to a "capital specimen" at 3s. 6d.—which latter commences

"Deep in the windings of a vale,
Beneath a sheltering wood;
The safe retreat of health and peace
An humble cottage stood."

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, the reigning beauty of her time, yields in public favor now to the famous Countess of Blessington, the latter being put down at 2s. 6d., and the former at 2s. Earlier notabilities in society, literature and statesmanship, however, are generally higher, thus Sir Walter Scott commands 7s. and the poet Crabbe 12s. But Wordsworth, who lived to so recent a period, is also put down at 12s. Tommy Moore sells at 4s. Kings and Queens are not very expensive unless very ancient, Victoria costs 5s; William IV. 6s; George IV. 3s. 6d; George III. 2s. 6d; and Charles II. 5s. 6d. Lord Nelson, Charles James Fox and Wm. Pitt are worth 15s. each—Edmund Burke and Queen Elizabeth 38s. each. Oliver Cromwell, a good specimen, will damage the purchaser to the extent of £2. 2s. Highest of all on the list, above kings, queens, warriors, poets, wits, statesmen, comes George Washington, the American President, whom fifty years ago, it was the habit of Englishmen to defame, and whom Blackwood within the last six years has feebly endeavored to traduce, whose autograph is valued in London at £2. 12s. 6d. If any of our readers feel a disposition to enter the autograph market, we commend the Messrs. Penington to them most warmly as faithful and intelligent brokers, and assure all who desire to procure English books or MSS. that they can order these more satisfactorily through that house than in any other way.

We are glad to learn that a Library Association has been formed in Petersburg, which promises to be not only an ornament to that thriving and cultivated city, but in the highest degree creditable to the State. Handsome and commodious rooms have been provided where the humblest citizen will find the means of intellectual improvement, and a place of agreeable resort for the long evenings of winter. Mr. Charles Campbell has been intrusted with the purchase of the

books, and is now in New York City making his selections from the shelves of the most celebrated booksellers. Mr. Campbell is a finished scholar, and will bring a various and accurate acquaintance with the best authors into requisition in executing this task. It could not have been undertaken by better hands. We predict the best results from this new literary movement.

In this age of progress, we meet everywhere with the most gratifying evidences of "the march of mind." But we confess we have seen nothing of late which gives us as lively a notion of the intellectual improvement that is going on, as the following, from an account of the anniversary exercises at one of our Female "collegiate institutes"—

"One of the young ladies also read from the Casket, (a periodical gotten up and sustained in fine style at the Institute,) a short but beautiful poem, breathing a refined religious spirit, and a prose piece imitating successfully the style of the Bible, and in which wit and humor, and piety in a very uncommon manner, were happily blended."

A noble work has been commenced in Charleston, S. C., which we trust will make its influence felt throughout the entire South. It is entitled "The Self Instructor," and is devoted to the cause of Southern Education. We hail its appearance with delight and bid its editor 'God speed' in his laudable enterprise. We cannot better interest our own readers in behalf of the "Self Instructor," than by quoting the fervid and animated appeal of the Prospectus.

"TO THE READER:

"When the South had been overcome, as British and Tory fondly believed, when Lincoln had surrendered, G-ites been defeated, and the brave even were seeking protection, as the only rational course left them to pursue, salvation came from the waste places of the land. Men, who dared to be free, availed themselves of the military resources of the swamps, and with guns whose locks were oftentimes tied by a string to the stocks, with swords beat out of mill-saws, and with spears made of ploughbolts ground sharp, held the field against the well officered and well supplied troops of the oppressor. They won no great victories, but they worried the enemy, kept up the spirit of the people, and made the native of the soil aware of how much he could do with the advantages that nature gave him. Marion was the embodiment of Southern spirit, and leaves us an example of which we should never lose sight.

"We would not be alarmists, and we advocate a union of the States as long as we can preserve our equality in it; but to do that, we must develop the resources of the South, moral, physical and intellectual. A work devoted to education, that shall serve as an organ through which its friends can compare notes, is wanted. Such we propose to publish. We undertook it in the spirit that sent Marion

to the swamps; for we heard it whispered that our noble SOUTHERN REVIEW would not be sustained—that the LITERARY MESSENGER was expiring, and Dr Bow on its last legs. We are too happy to believe that the report was only a device of the enemy to destroy our confidence in Southern Works. But when we found this out, we were already in the field, and some who preferred still to strike a blow for Southern periodical literature, stood by our side. Like Marion's men, we may be obliged to work hard, and go into battle with buck or swan shot in place of bullets; but we are in for it, and as long as the powder lasts, we will be at our posts, to protect or to strike, as we best may!

"Southern man, if you believe that an intelligent, self-appreciating people are the best guardians of liberty, will you not help us? Form a club of three only, if you can do no more, and send in your subscriptions, for the work will not be undertaken, unless it has sufficient support to render its publication, for at least one year, morally certain. The South has had enough of experiments already, and such will this be, if it is begun without the support of the people. With money alone we could publish the paper—but we ask not only for pecuniary aid, but for contributions. Anything that can serve to interest the reading public in home questions—to develop the resources of the South, or to enlarge its confidence in its own institutions and natural strength, will be most gratefully received."

Notices of New Works.

A VISIT TO EUROPE IN 1851. By Prof. BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, of Yale College. In Two Volumes, with Illustrations. New York: George P. Putnam & Co., 10 Park Place. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

It is not in the light of a *savant* that we view Professor Silliman in these volumes, but as a genial, kindly old gentleman retracing the steps of a journey made in early manhood. Forty-eight years ago Prof. Silliman may have been a *Sentimental Traveller*; such he is not now, and those who look into this "Visit to Europe" for adventures or for that rose-colored description which is so attractive in books of travel, will be disappointed. Indeed we cannot say (apart from the sympathy we feel in the movements of so excellent and distinguished a man as Professor Silliman, and the interest we take in his observations on matters of science) that his pages are very agreeable reading. There is good sense, it is true, in everything he writes, and this is a great point gained, but but there is little relief, in the simple course of the narrative afforded by vivacity of style or literary illustration. The volumes are handsomely printed and contain some tolerable wood engravings.

SALAD FOR THE SOLITARY. By an *Epicure*. New York: Lamport, Blakeman & Law, No 8 Park Place. 1854. [From G. M. West, under the Exchange Hotel.

An appetizing title, certainly, the effect of which is still farther enhanced by a vignette of lettuce and lobster underneath, with convenient castor bountifully supplied

with the necessary condiments. Upon looking into the volume itself, we find a very judicious commixture has been made of these ingredients by the artist, who is said to be none other than Mr. Frederick Saunders. This "Epicure" as he styles himself, who writes for the "Solitary," inhabits the busiest portion of the largest of our cities, where he has to do with books, in the way of trade. That he has possessed himself of their contents, carefully stowing these away in the large warehouse of his memory, the volume abundantly shows. It is, indeed, a charming book for the country and quiet reading, and abounds in dainty devices in perfect keeping with the Epicurean tone of the essays.

THE WORKS OF JOHN C. CALHOUN. Vol. II. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1852. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

This elegant volume contains the Congressional Speeches of the lamented statesman of South Carolina, which constitute, by no means, the least valuable part of that noble legacy which he bequeathed to his country. The closeness of logic, the severity and condensation of style, the directness of purpose, for all of which Mr. Calhoun was so remarkable, appear more largely in these speeches, perhaps, than in any other of his intellectual efforts. Mr. Calhoun, was, indeed, the Tacitus of debate, and compacted often into a few sentences what his brother Senators of less vigor of thought labored through columns to express. The student of American politics, as he must devote a very large attention to Mr. Calhoun, will not be able to dismiss these efforts with the hurried perusal he bestows upon the speeches of other American statesmen. It is to be regretted, however, that the great Carolinian did not, himself, commit them to paper, as, in that event, they would have possessed a completeness that we cannot look for in the mere skeleton reports of a friend, nor would we have had to lament the entire loss of many able arguments which were never reported at all.

STORY OF MONT BLANC. BY ALBERT SMITH. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co., 10 Park Place. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Few persons, perhaps, will sympathize with the author of this little volume in his enthusiasm concerning Mont Blanc, yet this monarch of mountains is one of those objects in nature which inspire in all of us a desire to visit them. Mr. Smith tells us the longing to stand on the summit of Mont Blanc had possessed him for a quarter of a century before he really accomplished the ascent, and speaks of that feat as if he were brought into the world only for the purpose of performing it, and afterwards relating how it was done. His acquaintance with Mont Blanc is one of positive familiarity, it has nothing in it of that awful reverence which breathes in the majestic hymn of Coleridge. He is evidently on an easy footing with the most appalling ice declivities and snowy solitudes of the mountain, and takes his chocolate on the *Grands Mulets* with the insouciance of Sir Charles Coldstream. How Mr. Smith actually did reach the highest point of Mont Blanc, and how he returned, let the reader learn for himself by procuring the book which is written with great cleverness and spirit. As a specimen of the author's powers of description in the graver mode let the following beautiful extract suffice. It is an attempt to depict the twilight glories of the upper regions of the mountain.

"The sun at length went down behind the Aiguille du Godé, and then, for two hours, a scene of such wild and wondrous beauty—of such inconceivable and unearthly splendor—burst upon me that spell-bound and almost trembling with the emotion its magnificence called forth—with every sense, and feeling, and thought absorbed by its brilliancy, I saw far more than the realization of the most gorgeous visions that opium or *hashesh* could evoke, accomplished. At first everything about us, above, around, below—the sky, the mountain, and the lower peaks—appeared one uniform creation of burnished gold, so brightly dazzling, that, now our veils were removed, the eye could scarcely bear the splendor. As the twilight gradually crept over the lower world, the glow became still more vivid; and presently, as the blue mists rose in the valleys, the tops of the higher mountains looked like islands rising from a filmy ocean—an archipelago of gold. By degrees this metallic lustre was softened into tints,—first orange, and then bright, transparent crimson, along the horizon, rising through the different hues with prismatic regularity, until immediately above us, the sky was a deep, pure blue, merging towards the east into glowing violet. The snow took its color from these changes; and every portion on which the light fell was soon tinged with a pale carmine, of a shade similar to that which snow at times assumes, from some imperfectly explained cause, at high elevations—such, indeed, as I had seen, in early summer, upon the Furka and Faulhorn. These beautiful hues grew brighter as the twilight below increased in depth; and it now came marching up the valley of the glaciers, until it reached our resting-place. Higher and higher still it drove the lovely glory of the sunlight before it, until at last the vast Dôme du Godé and the summit itself stood out, ice-like and grim, in the cold evening air, although the horizon still gleamed with a belt of rosy light.

"Although this superb spectacle had faded away, the scene was still even more than striking.

* * * * *

"The stars had come out, and, looking over the plateau, I soon saw the moonlight lying cold and silvery on the summit, stealing slowly down the very track by which the sunset glories had passed upward and away. But it came so tardily, that I knew it would be hours before we derived any actual benefit from the light. One after another the guides fell asleep, until only three or four remained round the embers of the fire, thoughtfully smoking their pipes. And then silence, impressive beyond expression, reigned over our isolated world. Often and often, from Chamouni, I had looked up at evening towards the darkening position of the Grands Mulets, and thought, almost with shuddering, how awful it must be for men to pass the night in such a remote, eternal, and frozen wilderness. And now I was lying there—in the very heart of its icebound and appalling solitude. In such close communion with nature in her grandest aspect, with no trace of the actual living world beyond the mere speck that our little party formed, the mind was carried far away from its ordinary trains of thought—a solemn emotion of mingled awe and delight, and yet self-perception of abject nothingness, alone rose above every other feeling. A vast untrodden region of cold, and silence, and death stretched out far and away from us on every side; but, above, Heaven, with its countless watchful eyes, was over all!"

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We are indebted to Bangs, Brothers & Co. of New York for two new issues of the veteran publisher, Bohn. One belongs to the *Classical Library* and contains the Comedies of Terence and *Æsop's Fables* by Phœdrus,

literally translated into English, together with Smart's rhyming version of the latter classic. This volume belongs to the best series of the Greek and Latin Authors in English, ever published. The other work is one of the set of the Standard Library and is a continuation of the work of Archdeacon Coxe on the *House of Austria* brought down to our own time. A Supplementary paper by an "Officer of State" gives an account of the late Austrian Revolution. A portrait of the boyish Emperor Joseph engraved on steel prefaces the volume. Mr. Randolph has both of these works for sale.

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THE BOOK OF NATURE: An Elementary Introduction to the Science of Physics, Astronomy, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, Botany, Zoology and Physiology. By *Francis Schoedler*. Philadelphia: Blanchard and Lea. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

This work is entitled to the warmest commendation, both for the clearness and order of its arrangement, and the large amount of information embodied in it. The author is Professor of Natural Sciences in a German University and his Book of Nature has been held in such high repute in Europe as to have run through a sale of twenty thousand copies in the German and two English editions, during five years. The translation before us is by Henry Medlock, Principal of a Chemical School in London. The American copy is enriched by additions, and is illustrated by nearly seven hundred wood engravings.

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MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF THE RT. HON. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. By *Thomas Moore*. In Two Volumes. Redfield, 110 and 112 Nassau Street, New York. 1853. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main St.

The life of "Poor Sherry" by "Poor Tom" is a work of the most delightful sort, and is republished most opportunely by Mr. Redfield, now that a fresh interest is being excited in the biographer by the appearance of his own memoirs. Moore performed the task, involved in such a work, however, far better than Lord John Russell has done it, and has left in these memorials of the versatile and brilliant Sheridan a valuable legacy to the world. We need say nothing, however, of a book so well-known and admired, both on account of the interest we all feel in the subject and the agreeable manner in which it has been treated.

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THE ROMAN TRAITOR: or the Days of Cicero, Cato and Cataline. A True Tale of the Republic. By *HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT*, Author of *Cromwell*, &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, No. 102 Chestnut Street. [From G. M. West, under the Exchange Hotel.

Mr. Herbert is without doubt a writer of considerable power and possesses an accurate acquaintance with the social life of the period at which the events of this story transpired; but we think he has failed to infuse life and spirit into the characters he brings upon the stage, and has thus produced a work which cannot be regarded as successful. It is from no want of dramatic ability that this failure proceeds but from the evident impossibility of interesting us in the men of antiquity by the familiar agency of fiction. We must have something in common with the *dramatis personæ* or we will care nothing about them. *The Roman Traitor* is rather valuable as a historical portraiture than entertaining as a story.

A New and Improved Standard FRENCH AND ENGLISH and ENGLISH AND FRENCH DICTIONARY, &c., &c. By **A. G. Collot**, late Professor in the University of Oxford. Philadelphia: C. G. Henderson & Co. Northwest corner of Fifth and Arch Streets. 1852. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.]

Although this portly volume bears date 1852, we were not aware of its publication till it was laid upon our table during the last month. Its advantages over the Dictionaries now in use seem to consist in the order of its arrangement and the clearness of its definitions. The student finds the word he is in search of without loss of time, and is not bothered with a multitude of figures and signs, such as frequently exhaust his patience in Spiers. We consider the work a valuable addition to the educational library.

THE WORKS OF SHAKSPEARE, the Text regulated by the recently discovered Folio of 1632, &c., &c. By **J. PAYNE COLLIER**, Esq., F. S. A. In Eight Volumes. Vols. II., III. and V. Redfield, 110 and 112 Nassau St. New York. 1853. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.]

We owe Mr. Redfield many thanks for this charming edition of the works of the great English dramatist. It is beautifully printed, and the size of the volumes accords with Dr. Johnson's preference for books that one can hold in the hand by the fireside. The text has been rendered agreeably with the emendations concerning which such a sensation has recently been created in this country and in England, at the same time that the readings of former editions are preserved—an arrangement which cannot fail to give satisfaction to all Shakspearean students. The first volume of the series will be published last of all and will contain a life and portrait of the Poet. Mr. Redfield will oblige us by forwarding Volume IV. which through some omission we failed to receive.

THE LIFE OF DANIEL WEBSTER, with Illustrations.—Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1853. [From James Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.]

This little volume is the first of a series which the publishers design to bring out under the title of the "Young Americans' Library." It is likely to be popular with the boys not only on account of the anecdotes with which it abounds, but from a number of exceedingly bad engravings which represent Mr. Webster as he never did appear at any period of his life. We hope the succeeding volumes of the "Young American's Library," will be as good in the letter press as this; as for the pictures it is scarcely possible that they can be as bad, so that we may look for improvement in at least one respect.

HALLUCINATIONS: or the Rational History of Apparitions, Visions, Dreams, Ecstacy, Magnetism and Somnambulism. By **BRIERRE DE BOISMONT**, &c. &c. First American, from the Second Enlarged and Improved Paris Edition. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1853. [From James Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.]

From the title of this volume, one might suppose it a stray chapter out of Austin Caxton's voluminous "History of Human Error" for how much of Error has sprung

from Hallucination it would be exceedingly difficult to estimate. We have rarely seen a book containing so much curious and remarkable information concerning the dark and mystical side of life. The writer refers the belief in mesmerism and clairvoyance so prevalent at the present day to the effect of mental delusion and illustrates his doctrine by a vast number of anecdotes. We have no time to enter upon the philosophy of the work here, and have only to direct the attention of all such as feel an interest in the marvellous and obscure, to its pages for an abundant supply of wonders.

THE SOUTHERN PULPIT. A Presbyterian Work, containing Original Sermons, by Southern Presbyterian Ministers. July, 1853. Contents: Lessons from the Life of Washington, by Rev. T. V. Moore. Richmond: Printed by Macfarlane & Fergusson, for the Publisher.

This work was commenced in May last and is designed, as the title indicates, to lay before the public original sermons of Southern Presbyterian Ministers. The number now under our eye contains an eloquent and thoughtful discourse of the Rev. T. V. Moore, of whose gifts as a writer and pulpit orator we have so often spoken in previous numbers of the Messenger. It will be read with interest by the large circle of Mr. Moore's admirers.

We are indebted to the authors respectively for copies of the following pamphlets—

SPEECH OF THE HON. A. W. VENABLE, Before the two Societies at Wake Forest College. Delivered Wednesday, June 8th, 1853. Published by order of the Ezaliam Society. Raleigh: A. M. Gorman, Printer—Spirit of the Age Office. 1853.

ADDRESS Delivered before the Patrons and Pupils of Hampton Academy, July 30, 1853. By Rev. John C. McCabe, Rector of St. John's Church, Hampton, Virginia. Richmond. 1853.

SPEECH OF RICHARD YEADON, Esq., of Charleston, S. C., at the Pilgrim Celebration, at Plymouth, Mass., August 1, 1853. New York: Printed by G. Troen, 141 Nassau Street. 1853.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" REVIEWED; or, American Society Vindicated from the Aspersions of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. By James A. Waddell, M. D. Raleigh: Printed at the office of the "Southern Weekly Post." 1852.

Of the addresses we need only say that they are in all respects such as we should have expected from men of such reputation for learning and ability as the authors. Mr. Waddell's review of Uncle Tom's Cabin originally appeared in the columns of the "Southern Weekly Post," and attracted much attention by its trenchant satire and cogent reasoning. We are glad to have it in a form for preservation.

Harper & Brothers announce as shortly to appear the first number of the "Newcomers," Thackeray's new novel. We may therefore expect something of rare merit in fiction.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.

VOL. XIX.

RICHMOND, NOVEMBER, 1853.

No. 11.

TENNYSON'S POEMS.*

In olden times the kindred characters of the poet and the seer were so intimately and habitually united as to be regarded as identical: and even, in later ages of highly developed civilization, we find such indications of the curious blending of both functions as to justify and explain their ancient combination. The priests of Dodona and the Pytho-³nesses of Delphi rendered their responses to the anxious visitants in oracular verse: the prophets of Israel were also the chosen few whose hallowed lips heaven had touched with the live coals of inspiring poetry: the vaticinations of the Sibyls were delivered in song; and the gloomy groves of the Druids were vocal with prophetic melody. Inspiration in all its forms was allied with the inspiration of the Muses; and, until the more recent days of artificial fervor and factitious verse, none dreamt of divorcing faculties supposed to be indissolubly intertwined. The days have, indeed, long passed, when the simplicity of a fresh and untutored race venerated with undistinguishing reverence the gifts of prophecy and song, and recognized the equal impress of divinity in both; yet even now, at times, we find the elder truth attested and revealed in the spontaneous practices of a hardened and critical age. Sometimes, as the honey-bees of Hymettus settled upon the infant lips of Sophocles, so the divine afflatus still comes as an unwonted visitant, and kisses the cheek of the modern votary of the Muses, infusing celestial grace into his utterance, and kindling imagination into such lofty enthusiasm as serves to remind us that it too indicates the presence and the in-dwelling of the god.†

Such instances, however, of more than

* Tennyson's Poems. Boston: William D. Ticknor and Company. Mccccxlix. 2 vols. 12mo.

In Memoriam. Boston: Ticknor, Reed and Fields. Mcccliii. 1 vol. 12mo.

† Enthusiasm means literally "the god within us." The idea is illustrated in Plato's Ion.

mere poetic fervor, have become very rare, though there is a manifest touch of the earlier divinity in all truly great poets. It was the essence of the prophetic vocation that the seer should, like Calchas, the wisest Greek who accompanied the armament to Troy, be cognizant alike of the present, the future, and the past; and the immortal bards of all ages have possessed something of this power; for, while necessarily displaying a sagacious insight into their own age as the tenure by which they claim and retain the popular favour, they perceive more than the present in the passing hour, and either revive in its representation the shadows of the past, or less frequently, but by a diviner instinct, they anticipate therein, as in a magic mirror, the image of the coming time. Both faculties are in some measure possessed by Tennyson; the latter and most uncommon, we think, in a pre-eminent degree; and it is this penetrating anticipation of the future—this

*Singing of what the world will be
When the years have passed away,*

which is the characteristic and the seal of Tennyson's poetical excellence. His whole poetry, indeed, except a few of his earliest pieces of fancy, in which he tried his young wings rather than essayed any deliberate flight, is steeped in the dyes of the morning heaven, and is radiant with the brilliant hues of the ascending sun. It is not merely in Locksley Hall, but on almost every other occasion, and in nearly all instances of sober, sedate, and elaborate utterance,

That he dipt into the future, far as human eye could see:

Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.

This proleptic apprehension of the approaching but still distant destiny is the very highest gift of the Muses, and is reserved as the rare privilege to be bestowed only on their most favoured worshippers. We have, therefore, ample reason for regarding its possession by Tennyson, if he does truly pos-

sess it, as sufficient evidence of genuine poetic inspiration.

The proof of this anticipation of the future,—of this half-conscious inhalation of the invigorating air of the coming morn, is too abundant and too cogent for us to doubt or deny its reality. It is unquestionably true that the revelation is not of such a character as to obtrude itself on the listless and incurious reader, and will not suggest its presence to any one untouched by the like inspiration, and little susceptible to its magnetic influences. For the estimation of a new poet, and the cordial appreciation of a fresh spring of genuine poetry, the kindly infection of the times must be imbibed into our own veins. Our imaginations must be attuned in unison with the song, and must be warmed with a congenial aptitude for its reception. We must be patient of the descending god, and eager to welcome his embraces. Where this spirit already exists, it is almost impossible to mistake or to fail to apprehend the deep significance and prophetic illumination of Tennyson's Poems. Where this spirit does not exist, we deem it almost equally impossible, except in the rare instances of incurable dulness or total inaptitude for such studies, to ignore these characteristics after they have been once pointed out and elucidated. And, indeed, this genial recognition of the diviner meaning, which lies below the surface, and is encrusted over with the gorgeous profusion of fancy, and the exquisite fillagree-work of the rhythmical expression, is essential to any just comprehension or lively enjoyment of these novel and striking productions. Without this they can scarcely prove otherwise than bewildering. They torment the mind with perplexing uncertainties; they confuse it with the shapeless clouds of misty reverie which float before it: they dazzle it with the glorious flashes of radiant genius which only render the surrounding haze darker and more incomprehensible. But introduce behind this veil of brilliant vapour the anticipated, though still half-concealed idea of the yet unformed future struggling into utterance, and projecting its long and fitful shadows through the chambers of the poet's brain; and then all that seemed so vague and purposeless before resolves itself into

magical shapes instinct with meaning, and rich in sublime inspiration. The dream is no longer a tantalizing night-mare, but it is a wonderful prefiguration of anticipated realities: it is no longer a bodiless cloud, but the robe of mist which envelopes the substance and voice of divinity.

We are assured by our own experience that we commit no error in attributing these effects to the application of this simple canon of interpretation to the writings of Tennyson.

*His words, like nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.*

When we first addressed ourselves to their study, we did not ourselves readily catch the key-note of his strain, and it was only after a renewed perusal that the secret significance of the song attracted our attention. At a first acquaintance we felt annoyed and disappointed: we could not avoid admiring the variety of the music, the exquisite perfection of the rhythm, and the singular felicity of the expression, but we fancied ourselves lost in a fret-work of moon-shine, and could neither apprehend, nor reduce to tangible form the golden filaments of light which were interwoven in the misty web,

Like a swarm of glittering fire-flies, tangled in a silver braid.

When we returned to these volumes, however, the quaint grace and luxurious beauty of language and metre appeared only the thin veil of gauze which floated around and half-concealed, half-revealed the charms of the genuine Muse. Like Venus meeting Æneas on the hills, the divinity emerged from the deceptive haze in all the enchantment of celestial loveliness, and 'the goddess stood confessed.'

We know not that the presence of this quickening spirit of rare and sublime inspiration has yet been fully recognized or fairly announced in regard to the general current of Tennyson's poetry; but it was distinctly appreciated some years ago, in the case of *The Princess*, by an acute critic in the *North British Review*, who looked beyond the letter to the purport of the song. In this instance, however, the poet had partially lifted the veil himself from the shad-

owy image of his dreams, and had almost indicated with his finger the secret divinity, who had been too well concealed before. For, it must be acknowledged that the Muse of Tennyson is kept in a condition too much resembling that of the infant Jupiter among the Nymphs of Ida. Dark clouds, and the sacred horrors of the shady grove encircle the tranquil retreat; and the pastoral beauties of the scene, and the conscious presence of the god are displayed only to the guardians and favored votaries of the deity. Yet, notwithstanding this elaborate seclusion and this cautious isolation from the profane world, it is not only in *The Princess*, but in all that Tennyson has written, except his earliest pieces and fancy portraits, that we detect the plastic influence and the informing life of the same spirit of prescience. Everywhere we are brought face to face with the future; long vistas of approaching destiny stretch across the the magic mirror in the poet's hand;

And human things, returning on themselves,
Move onward, leading up the golden year.

It is a just and well merited tribute to the whole tenor of Tennyson's poems to look for a latent philosophy, a profound allegorical signification, and a meaning addressed only to the congenial and susceptible, in his most extended and highly wrought productions. The complexion even of his earlier and more trivial works might inspire as well as justify the inclination to seek for such an interpretation, and might suggest as the keynote to the variously modulated strain of melody, the relation of the passing age to the changes impending over it, and to the doubtful issues of present energy, enterprize and thought: Mr. Tennyson is more than half conscious of his own peculiar vocation as a seer. If he had been fully conscious of it, he would have descended from the inspiration of a true poet into the dull prose and more limited penetration of a sagacious philosopher. It is in the morning and in the evening twilight that visions appear to the eye of genius: they do not come in the broad glare of noon. In the poem, *To —* (vol. i., p. 14,) a blank which, after reading *In Memoriam*, we may safely fill with the name of his departed friend, Arthur Hallam, Mr. Tennyson says:

If aught of prophecy be mine,
Thou wilt not live in vain.

And, again, in *The Poet*, (vol. i, p. 47,)

But one poor poet's scroll, and with his word
She shook the world.

In an earlier passage of the latter poem, he says:

Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the world
Like one great garden showed,
And thro' the wreaths of floating dark uncurl'd,
Rare sunrise flowed.

In *The Miller's Daughter*, where the pastoral simplicity of the tone would little suggest the intervention of higher purposes, we find, (vol. i. p. 93,)

There's something in this world amiss
Shall be unriddled by and by.

In *The Poet's Song*, (vol. ii., p. 146,) we have:

And the nightingale thought, 'I have sung many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away.'

In *The Talking Oak*, (Stanza lxiii,) with the future application no less strikingly manifested than the immediate propriety, there are the pretty fancy and the promising oracle harmoniously combined together:

This fruit of thine by Love is blest,
That but a moment lay
When fairer fruit of Love may rest
Some happy future day.

But it would be as endless as unnecessary to multiply these evidences of an insight apprehensive of the future, for they are scattered like the leaves of autumn throughout his whole poetry. As the treasures and precious stones hidden in the earth revealed themselves to the Calender in the *Arabian Nights*, when his eye had been sharpened to their preception by the proper application, so when our vision is once rightly directed we discover numberless bright significances in Tennyson, which had escaped us before. We have not cited above by any means the most pregnant, nor even the most striking passages for the illustration of our thesis. They would either have been too long or would have required too serious a dislocation. We have culled only a few random expressions, which most readily tolerated

disseverance, from the setting and connexion in which they were exhibited, and from which their brightest lights are derived. The Poet, (vol. i., p. 44-7;) the Palace of Art, (p. 122-38;) the acephalous piece, (p. 204-8;) the close of the *Morte d'Arthur*, (p. 224-7;) the Talking Oak, (vol. ii., p. 1-20;) Love and Duty, (p. 21-25;) the Golden Year, (p. 26-9;) Ulysses, (p. 30-3;) Locksley Hall, (p. 34-50;) the Two Voices, (p. 55-77;) the Vision of Sin, as especially indicated by its concluding lines, (p. 131-41;) and *The Princess*, are all deeply impregnated with the hues of prophetic inspiration. That these passages and poems have a direct and designed relation to the condition of the present time, and to the aspect of the coming age, is obvious, and might be further proved by many examples, for there is an undercurrent of the same presaging sentiment running vaguely but boldly through all Tennyson's poetry, and discoverable even in cases where the subject matter would seem to repudiate its influence. This may be illustrated from the close of that admirable resurrection of the purest classical antiquity, *Cenone*, (vol. i., p. 118.)

I will rise and go
Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth,
Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says,
A fire dances before her, and a sound
Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
What this may be I know not, but I know
That, wheresoe'er I am by night and day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire.

This was written before the menace of universal war portended by the quarrel of Russia with Turkey, and even before the Revolutions of 1848, and may long continue to be, as it has been, and still is, a just omen of the future.

We cannot demonstrate an æsthetical position like a mathematical theorem, or prove prophetic penetration like a law of motion, or a tenet of chemistry. The only practicable course permitted by the nature of the subject is to suggest the idea, and offer such confirmatory evidence as may address itself to the mind of each individual, and be appreciated by the intellectual alchemy of his own reflections. With this explanation and limitation, we conceive that the testimony adduced above, especially if the longer poems specified be read with a due regard to

their alleged significances will suffice to convince any reader with feelings susceptible of the poetic pressure, and sensitive to the fresh breezes of the coming dawn, that we have not been led by any fantastic appetency for the detection in him of thoughts reflected only from our own imagination, to assign to Tennyson the credit of being impelled to song by a partial access of prophetic inspiration.

Of course, the passages which we have transcribed, as well as the poems to which we have particularly referred, have an immediate significance and propriety with respect to the context and to their especial subjects distinct from and independent of any ulterior aim. This was, indeed, the first and overruling purpose: it was the indispensable necessity preceding the possibility of the utterance of any poetry at all. Original poetry—poetry hoping for popular favour, and addressed to popular, not to learned tastes—must necessarily be written in the present tense ostensibly; or, at the very furthest, in the *paulo-post-future*—the future hastening to become present. It must harmonize with present tendencies, inter-oscillate with present aspirations, sympathize with present wants and passions, and be consonant with present fancies and credences, in order to win that acceptability which is its sole passport to enduring success, and its single assurance of a legitimate mission. But its high privilege, and one claimed and exemplified by all great poets, is to further inform the animated mass by the introception and reproduction of the past, bringing forward the by-gone under the vesture and with the novel lights of the new day; or to anticipate the coming life, blend it into one double but twin existence with the present, and thus render the movement and manifestation of the passing hour the prefiguration of the unborn time. The successful exercise of either creative process is the stamp of a great poet, and a seal which admits no counterfeit: the happy achievement of the latter is, as we have before intimated, the rarer and loftier career; and the union of both in the same genius is the highest accomplishment of art, and the noblest triumph of poetry. The last is the twin and ever-green laurel which is wreathed into the

crown of Shakspeare, and we will venture to say that it is challenged, though on imperfect and far inferior grounds, by the present laureate of England.

We have shown, so far as we deemed it expedient, Tennyson's reach into the domain of the future; and it is still easier to exhibit the subservience of the past to his magic wand, and the happy harmony of each with the present in his felicitous conceptions. It is with a kindly sympathy for the distant youth of civilization and for the romantic emprise of its early maturity that he looks back into the gloom of ages, further removed by feelings than even by years from our own. And it is with a racy humour, and a genial perception of the incompatibility of rude romance and uncultured chivalry with the over-refined art of our complicated and factitious life, that he recalls the former time to contrast it with our own day, and to amuse us by the contrast. But there is no ridicule, nor bitterness, nor sarcasm, in the invocation: there is no contempt in this playful *proterophany*, or panorama of the buried world; but there is compassionate and cordial appreciation, and an affectionate benevolence which embraces the former generations in a common bond with the present, without overlooking the character or the extent of the great differences which interpose like a chasm between them.

These marked and eminent characteristics are quaintly and forcibly exhibited in the quiet point of the 'Recollections of the Arabian Nights;' and in the more racy and exuberant humour of 'Amphion,' which latter poem seems to be the prototype whence Halleck caught the graceful infection which interpenetrates with wit his admired rhapsody on Alnwick Castle.

O had I lived when song was great
In days of old Amphion,
And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,
Nor cared for seed or scion!
And had I lived when song was great,
And legs of trees were limber,
And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,
And fiddled in the timber!

The more pathetic and serious aspects of the past, under types intelligible and acceptable to the present, are skilfully displayed in the touching, tender and weird-like Ballad of Oriana, whose music haunts the ear

and lingers in the memory like the melodies that visits us in dreams:—in the perfect ballad of The Lady of Shalott, in the *Ænone*, the Lotus-Eaters, the Dream of Fair Women, the Morte d' Arthur, the Ulysses, the Godiva, the Day-Dream, the Sir Galahad, and the dreamy luxury of the Fragment of Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere. To many of these we shall have occasion to return, referring to them at present only for the sake of exhibiting that felicitous involution of the past in the present, that happy blending of reminiscences with realities, which constitutes one of the characteristics of the higher order of poetry.

This two-fold tendency of the Tennysonian Muse, sometimes prospective and sometimes retrospective; and often, like the two-faced statue of Janus—*Janus bifrons*—looking both backwards and forwards, to the past and to the future, we conceive to be its highest merit, as also the evidence of its true inspiration. It is a fresh exemplification of the earlier functions and qualities of the popular poet, *vates* or seer; explaining and being confirmed by the remarks of a most competent writer,* that '*vates* originally meant a seer.' 'It was the name,' he proceeds, 'given to the Tuscan expositors of *prodigia*, and to the precentors of the Salian priesthood, in the same way that the leader of the dance was called *præsul*.' * * *

'*Vates*, then, became the most ancient term for poet among the Romans, and even at a subsequent period was a more honourable designation than *poetâ*, a word which Lucilius and Varro found it necessary to explain.'

It may not be out of place to mention a curious coincidence, lending to illustrate this half-prophetic, half-philosophical penetration, which is furnished by a comparison of Tennyson's sonorous and pregnant verse, (vol. i. p. 206.)

Even now we hear with inward strife,
A motion toiling in the gloom—
The spirit of the years to come
Yearning to mix himself with life.

with the equally significant but less poetic lines of Gordano Bruno—that acute precursor of our modern philosophy;

* Classical Museum. No. xxiv. Art. xiii., p. 145. July, 1849.

*Jam Deus adsurgit melior glomeramina cæca
Disjiciens, fortique manu, tanto aggere vulso,
Præcipit illustrem magis imo exurgere fundo.**

We thus find Tennyson occupying, with respect to the perplexing uncertainties of our impending future, the same position apparently maintained by the great Nolan philosopher, in his poetic ministrations, with respect to the then future aspects of our modern intellectual system. In both cases, though with diverse success, the imaginative faculty has anticipated the functions of 'the large discourse of reason, looking before and after.'

The union of the twin but dissimilar tendencies of the Tennysonian poetry is most strongly, but most provokingly exhibited in *The Princess*, that strange Medley, which is utterly unintelligible or insignificant, if tested by any merely literal interpretation, but which is so curiously suggestive if we welcome with cordial apprehension all the quickening inspirations of the allegory. The insufficiency of the meaning, and the unsatisfactory character of the fanciful imagination, which are deeply felt on any careless perusal of the poem, have necessitated a recurrence to allegorical interpretation, and have forced upon the minds of the more critical readers the propriety of seeking far below the surface a profounder import than is revealed on the upper current of the song. Indeed, many scattered hints throughout the Medley intimate the presence of a hidden sense, and lighten up sufficiently for ordinary recognition, if not for the penetration of all, that haze and vapour of prophetic feeling, which invest the whole fiction with a circumambient cloud of significant obscurity. The intentional escape of these occasional glimpses of the latent fire attracted attention to the divinity behind the cloud, and tempted the ingenuity of the critics. But they have perhaps given too definite and symmetrical an exposition of the allegory, and have almost uniformly failed to perceive that the same mystery pervades all Tennyson's more elaborate pieces, and is characteristic of his genius.

The acute essayist in the North British

* *De Minimi Inventiones*. lib. i. c. i. p. 97. cit. Brucker *Hist. Crit. Phil. Per.* iii. Ps. ii. lib. i. Cap. i., § v. Win. v. p. 9.

Review, to whom we have before referred, sees in the quaint and fantastic poem of *The Princess*, which has been judiciously termed a Medley by its author, a typification or symbolization of the struggle now waging against all authority, and considers that the general tenor of the tale furnishes an allegorical representation of the existing war of Intellect against Religion. This he regards as the central thought, and he suspects rather than perceives that the details group themselves around this nucleus.

The Princess does, indeed, exhibit in striking combination and contrast many of the highest excellences and most serious defects of Tennyson. It wants the liquid melody of the Tennysonian rhyme, which fills the ear and haunts the imagination like the castanets of the Hindoo Bayaderes; and it suffers from the absence of that modulated luxury of metrical expression, which elsewhere lends such sensuous music to the poetry. Yet it has an art and a variety peculiarly its own. There are also profundity of thought and exuberance of fancy linked with playful wit and genial humour. The philosophy, which is veiled in allegory, is rarely obtrusive though often perplexing, and is not frittered away by the caprices of the imagination: while, at the same time, the poetic conception and the artistic utterance are less injured than might have been anticipated by the latent and more serious import of the poem. It is pre-eminently apposite to the present time in any of its many-sided aspects; it is so in its more immediate significance, as well as in its more recondite meanings. Throughout, the current age is perspicuously and truthfully presented to us: but dressed in the fantastic garb of antique finery, and provident of future change. Those higher and rarer characteristics of poetry, on which we have been dilating, are all combined in *The Princess*; and the development of the tale, though frequently tantalizing us by its elaborate artifice of allegory, fulfils the promise of the Prologue:

But one that really suited time and place
Were such a medley, we should have him back
Who told *The Winter's Tale* to do it for us;
A Gothic ruin, and a Grecian house,
A talk of College and of ladies' rights,
A feudal knight in silken masquerade,
And there, with shrieks and strange experiment,

For which the good Sir Ralph had burnt them all,
The nineteenth century gambols on the grass.

All the heterogeneous and incongruous elements, which enter into the composition of our present civilization, are blended or huddled into one picture, with a due intimation of their historical descent, and an admirable manifestation of their actual and reciprocal antipathies. But, though a genial and affectionate regard for the current time breathes through the whole poem, in just accordance with the spirit of him, who had sung,

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth
sublime,

With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of
Time,

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land re-
posed,

When I clung to all the present for the promise that it
closed,

still there is no weak solicitude to retain the passing enjoyment; but prophetic confidence and instructive hope press forward to embrace the coming age;

Nor is it

Wiser to weep a true occasion gone,

But trim our sails, and let the old proverb serve,

While down the streams that buoy each separate
craft,

To the issue, goes, like glittering bergs of ice,

Throne after throne, and, molten on the waste,

Becomes a cloud; for all things serve their time,

Toward that great year of equal rights and rights.

But, notwithstanding the harmony of all times and the fusion of all tendencies, which may be easily enough discovered in *The Princess*, we think that the North British Reviewer is perhaps too penetrating and sagacious when he professes to detect in the allegory a distinct representation of the subsisting warfare between Intellect and Religion. It is true that such an interpretation may be sustained by the plausible evidence of many passages, and even by the names and relations of several of the personages; but, if such an idea was really present to the mind of Tennyson during the composition of his romaunt, it was not the central idea. A vague and undefined sentiment of the sort may very probably have brooded over the chaos of thought which preceded the creation of expression; but it irradiated rather than determined the development of the poem. It was the atmosphere in

which it was nurtured, not the substance of which it was composed. A single allegory to be tolerable, requires the most delicate management, but an allegory within an allegory is a grievous offence against good taste, and such a remote possibility that it should not be lightly conjectured. We suspect the North British Critic of looking somewhat too deep for a secret; and searching for veins of gold when they are to be discovered only as the precious metal was wont to be found in the crucible of the alchemist, after having been placed there bodily by the operator. A dash of Delphic mystery does, indeed, interpenetrate *The Princess*, as well as other poems of the author, but it is scarcely compatible with true poetry to clothe profound and systematic philosophy, and purely didactic speculation, with so strict and perfect a vesture of allegory as is thus supposed. It would certainly not be in keeping with Tennyson's procedure elsewhere. Such minute analysis of its own inspiration, and cool-headed self-consciousness, are at variance with the spirit of genuine poetry, and with the general character of Tennyson's poems, in which the vaticinations and the oracular suggestiveness are blended with the current of natural and spontaneous thought, so as to reveal the access of an unseen divinity of whose approach he was only dimly sensible.

Under these circumstances, we have been disposed to welcome *The Princess* with a less scrutinizing admiration, and a less analytic pleasure than the Scotch critic. We have not treated it altogether like an Egyptian hieroglyph, and taken it curiously to pieces, in order to recombine and reconstruct it in a new and dissimilar language. We recognize in the allegory a pointed but kindly satire of the modern neoterisms in favour of Female Education and Female Emancipation, which are shown, by the development of true poetic sentiments in a truly poetic form, to be incompatible with the nature, functions, and destiny of woman, and with the necessary play of the natural instincts and passions of the sex. We acknowledge the underflow of a deeper, broader, and more mysterious tide of thought; but the philosophy which it bears along is rather felt than shown, and springs in the Poet's mind rather

from the incumbent sense of the connection of this libertine movement in regard to woman with the excessive liberalism of the age in all other respects, than from any distinct apprehension of the disordered relations between Intellect and Faith, or rather, from any determinate purpose to expose them. Thus may be explained whatever mistiness, vagueness, want of unity and connection may pertain to the poem. That its main bearings are upon the question of Woman's Rights—a question of immediate and present interest—is we think abundantly demonstrable from the speech of Lilia in the Prologue, from Lady Psyche's lecture, the reply of the Princess to the rash declaration of the Prince, her outburst after the discovery of the sex of the intruders into the secret cloisters of the beautiful viragos, and from many pointed but isolated passages. If, as we suspect from the internal evidence, the Prologue was written after the poem, and designed as an artistic apology for its dreamy and capricious fancy, we might consider the question as sufficiently decided by that spirited introduction. But, that there is something more implied than merely a refutation of the Woman's Rights' delusion, is unquestionable. This is the ostensible and appropriate meaning of the allegory; but the poetic form and the poetic spirit are instinct with more sublime but undeveloped significances, which assume shape and colour from the minds in which they may be reflected.

It is but right to remark also, as an offset to our criticism on the North British Review, that the interpretation of The Princess advocated by him, acquires some, and at first blush, very strong confirmation from the undeniable design of The Palace of Art. This admirable poem, one of the best in Tennyson, and one of the master-pieces of modern poetry, receives the plenitude of its power and the pregnant solemnity of its impressive stanzas from the unmistakeable design of representing that very conflict between Reason and Religion, between science and faith, which are supposed to be detected in The Princess. This meaning cannot possibly be overlooked in any subsequent perusal of the poem after its presence has been once suggested. But the very fact that such an allegorical delineation has been once contem-

plated and executed is a presumption against a new attempt of the same sort on the part of the same poet; and this is more especially the case when the later effort is obviously deficient in the point and precision which belong to the earlier. It may explain the cognizable presence of the same general tone of thought as a concomitant of another utterance, but it is hardly compatible with the supposition of a new repetition of an experiment already successful, and achieved in the first instance with infinitely greater power and propriety. And, moreover, The Palace of Art, when construed in this way, has the merit of presenting only a single and simple allegory, while The Princess by any such process of interpretation would be converted, as we intimated before, into a double, involved, and complicated allegory.

We have dwelt so long on this important poem—the longest and most elaborate hitherto produced by Tennyson, unless we regard the separate links of the chain of *In Memoriam* as constituting in their dependences only a single poem, that we have not time to develop further our views in regard to the latent characteristics of the Poet Laureate. We shall only mention, as an exemplification of that affectionate yearning towards the past, which in him accompanies the quick appreciation of the present and the anxious gaze into the future,—a coincidence which has not been observed before,—that the whole conception and plot of The Princess appear to have been borrowed from the story of Taj-elmolouk and the Lady Dunia, in the Arabian Night's Entertainments—but how changed, and sublimated, and glorified the same elements are in the new poet's hands!

Space is not left us to enter into the examination of the excellences of detail which are so profusely scattered through the poems of Tennyson. We cannot cull and dilate upon the beauties of his expression, though no one in modern times is likely to bequeath to posterity more graceful gems. The household words of our language, which have been so copiously enriched at all times by the *disiecta membra poetarum*, will receive large accessions from his own sweet utterances; but we must pass them by for the present. We cannot dilate upon the constant melody of

rhythm, the exquisite and varied modulations of the music, and the unrivalled perfection of finish which constitute the high artistic merits of Tennyson. We would rather say nothing on these important topics, than do injustice to them by a hasty and insufficient consideration. We may yet make them the subject of another paper. They are the most obvious of his claims to popular favour, and are those excellencies which have most attracted the attention of the endless swarm of his imitators. But those points to which our observations have been directed are those most likely to escape notice, and yet they are those in which the highest powers of the poet are revealed, and with which the highest functions of poetry are connected. Moreover, we deem it absolutely essential to recognize and comprehend the manifestations of this more divine faculty of song, which embraces the past and reaches into the future, before Tennyson can be fully felt, justly appreciated, or even intelligently admitted into our favour. Independent of such significances, there is, indeed, much to charm the ear, to kindle the imagination, to awaken the sentiments, but only a few chords of his lyre are heard until we are able to catch the subdued and mystic music from the other and more melodious strings. It is the partial and imperfect apprehension of Tennyson which is the sole bar to his general recognition as one of the greatest of modern poets; and we have deemed it an indispensable preliminary to an estimation of his poetry to remove this obstruction, or, if we say no more on the subject, we have thought it more important to withdraw the veil from his beauties, than to expatiate on the beauties themselves which could not be fairly seen until the veil was withdrawn.

There is one incidental topic to which we think it expedient to call the attention of our readers before concluding the present observations. This is the singular congeniality of Tennyson's poetry with the rising spirit of the time, its harmony with what is apparently to be the tone of sentiment in the coming generations, its cordial sympathy with honest endeavor and the claims of industry, and its peculiar applicability to a democratic age, and the free citizens of a great republic. Though he is the poet-laureate of England,

Tennyson is by no means the poet of royalty; though the graceful and elaborate finish of his language address themselves to the cultivated and fastidious tastes of an aristocracy, he is no minstrel of the nobles; but like the Troubadours and Minnesingers of the Middle Ages he claims his place in Palace Court and Castle Hall as the mouth-piece of the people, and gives utterance to their sentiments, to their rights, their wrongs, and their aspirations, with a cordial appreciation which belongs only to the poet who feels himself one with themselves. Unquestionably this admirable and most popular characteristic springs from that same insight into the future and appetency for its coming glories, which we have already indicated as his loftiest excellence; but it is no less memorable on that account, and is not therefore a less but a greater title to public favour in America, and among all people who already inhale the breath of the coming air. He is the poet of sedate, gradual, but universal renovation,

Not clinging to some ancient saw;
Not mastered by some modern term;
Not swift, nor slow to change, but firm;
And in its season bring the law.—Vol. I, p. 205.

If he is often found,

Listening the lordly music flowing from
The illimitable years,—Vol. I, p. 32.

he also recognizes, that

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Vol. I, p. 225.

But the change which he anticipates is one in full accordance with the rights and demands of industry and enterprise. He shows no favour to the pretensions and the haughty disdain of nobles; and there is no sterner rebuke any where administered, or uttered with more point, pathos, force and beauty, in reprehension of the selfish heartlessness and pampered pride of an old aristocracy than is contained in the exquisite ballad of Lady Clara Vere de Vere. It deserves to be placed by the side of Burns' "A man's a man for a' that," as the protestation of outraged nature and indignant humanity against antiquated patents and "the claims of long descent." The solitary de-

claration which is the key-note of the ballad,

A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats of arms,

will yet ring through all the populations of a civilized world, like a tocsin, and awaken a consenting echo in the hearts of all whose feelings are not laced in buckram, or paralyzed by prejudices and hallucinations.

It is a very significant phenomenon that the poet who had so boldly and effectively sounded such a chord should be the laureate of the English court: but it is still more strange, that in the midst of all the pomp and splendor of the cotton-lords, the millionaires, and the rich brokers of England, such a protest against the appropriation of the profits of labour by capitalists, should have been sent forth by the first poet of the country as is contained, in our opinion, in the curious poem of *The Goose*. The heroine of the ballad, the Goose, we conceive to be typical of the labouring class, "the old wife lean and poor" the manufacturers, traders, and middle classes generally. If this be a true interpretation, and not merely a fancy, it gives wonderful spirit and propriety to a poem which otherwise is an unsatisfactory enigma or an empty *capriccio*.

The dream of a universal American Empire, gradually absorbing and annexing all the kingdoms of the earth, which is rapidly assuming a definite form in the imaginations of our people, and rising into popular favour, is vaguely anticipated by Tennyson, and summed up in the striking expression of "the federation of the world," by which he indicates his own hopes and aspirations.

These considerations, and others of a like tenor, which might be indefinitely adduced, must we think secure to Tennyson a high position as a poet, and ensure to him at any rate an intense enthusiasm of popular admiration, as soon as we dispel the mists which hang over and around him, and detect that profound and prophetic intent which we have endeavoured to point out. This must of course be the work of time. The progress of change must have continued for some time before there can be any general recognition of the harmony between the vaticination and its accomplishment, or any general apprehension of the

truth which is only revealed to most men by the light which is reflected back upon the oracle by the unexpected realization of the fact portended. But, for our part, we are willing to accord our fullest approbation to Tennyson in consequence of our conviction that these things will come to pass, and that he has justly apprehended the mystery of the future, though it is the poet's function only to give vague utterance to such prophetic dreams. We applaud him for the announcement, which we deem a true oracle, discernible only by a poet whose sympathies are in unison with the wants and anxieties of the masses:

Even now we hear with inward strife
A motion toiling in the gloom—
The spirit of the years to come
Yearning to mix himself with Life.

A slow-developed strength awaits
Completion in a painful school;
Phantoms of other forms of rule,
New Majesties of mighty States—

The warders of the growing hour,
But vague in vapour, hard to mark;
And round them sea and air are dark
With great contrivances of Power.

Vol. I, p. 206—7.

We are not blind to the defects of Tennyson, though we have not noted them. We recognize the mistiness and obscurity of his thoughts, the undue fondness for allegory, and frequently the unartistic substitution of philosophy for poetry. We are not insensible either to the caprices of expression and the affectation of his metrical vagaries, but these are blemishes which our time prevented our noticing, and which we might well leave uncensured when the same cause prohibited us from expatiating upon the exuberant beauties by the side of which they occur. Moreover, these merits and defects lie upon the surface, and may be readily discerned by those who would have hardly suspected those hidden excellencies which it has been our purpose in this essay to bring to light. They may suitably await then a continuation of our criticism, or the æsthetic skill of some other admirer of Tennyson.

DEDICATION HYMN.

Lord! thou hast said where two or three
Together come to worship thee,
Thy presence, fraught with richest grace,
Shall ever fill and bless the place:

Then let us feel, as here we raise
A temple to thy matchless praise,
The blest assurance of thy love,
As it is felt in realms above.

Here teach our faltering tongues to sing
The glories of the Heavenly King,
And let our aspirations rise
To seek the Saviour in the skies.

And when the everlasting doors
Flung wide shall show the starry floors,
May we, oh Lord! enjoy with thee
The Sabbaths of eternity!

SOME SACRED FEMALE PORTRAITS.

We thankfully confess ourselves to be among the lovers of pictures; of pictorial histories, of illustrated novels, and of embellished annuals. We make no more unreasonable demand than that the pictures, illustrations, and embellishments shall have sense and taste in them. Stupid pictures are worse, if possible, than stupid pages, and certainly do as richly deserve the condign capital punishment of the literary tribunals. The childhood of the republic of letters was in the days of Egyptian hieroglyphic ibis, crane, fox, jar, serpent, asp, sceptre, and eagle, cut on pyramids, memnoniums and catacombs, to tell when Thoth, Ramses, and Amenoph were born, reigned and died. The many books of pictures which we see now on sale, may indicate, for aught we know, that the aforesaid republic is getting into the second childhood of old age. Or a kindlier interpretation may infer that its mature age is decorating itself, not unpropitiously, with more than it formerly wore, of the brilliant externalism of infancy, and giving shape and form of visible elegance to the highest

conceptions of what would otherwise be too metaphysical or too money-getting an era. Whether it is second childhood or adorned maturity, we hope we are not to be tormented with an eleventh plague of sorry pictures. If we should be, although life is too short, and its other interests too momentous, to leave us time to be the Talus of insects, and hope to kill them all, yet we shall avail ourselves of the refreshing privilege of smiting a few of them, as their inane and senseless buzz passes by us.

There lies before us a book entitled "THE WOMEN OF THE SCRIPTURES," published in Philadelphia, by the Rev. H. Hastings Weld, entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1848, containing pictures of Eve, Sarah, Rachel, Miriam, Hannah, Ruth, the Queen of Sheba, Esther, the Syro-Phenician Woman, Martha and the Marys, for which we paid the full market-price, without much examination, in the hope that we were getting a volume of sweet and fair and sacred female faces, such as the more grave and serious persons used for Christmas presents, and such as it would foster the love of the Beautiful in us to pore over in tranquil, meditative, in-door hours. We have not the pleasure of knowing who the Rev. H. Hastings Weld is—especially we know nothing whatever to his prejudice, except this volume which he has published,—and except his coxcombical way of slurring his first name under a simple H.—which may be some very respectable Henry or Hugh or Humphrey—and writing out his middle name in full, HASTINGS. From this very inauspicious token, we judge him to be yet unrecovered from the inoculation of Sophomores, and to belong to the sweet school of the blessed N. PARKER Willis. We think, as before said, that this volume is also rather to his prejudice. Other thing to the prejudice of the Rev. H. Hastings Weld we know not. We have no prejudice against his sacred calling—none against the sacred volume, around which, doubtless, with the very best intentions, he sought to throw new charms in the eyes of the lovers of visible beauty. We have no quarrel whatever with his undertaking. We are not of those who would complain of books deserving the names of "Bards of the Bible"—"Children of the Bible"—"Wo-

men of the Bible," or any such title, provided the title was not a usurpation. But we do complain of the sad failure in such undertakings which we generally see. We do complain, yea and will complain, of the usurpation of such titles. *Do tell*, is all the *Miss Nancy-ism* of the northern cities to be applied to books professing to illustrate the Bible? Is all the proverbial humbug, the sorry namby-pamby, the mighty nothingness of their own grandiloquence, the effete tea-inspired poetry of their Sigourneys, the sorriest daubings of their numerous Raphaels and Titians, to be hung around the Bible, as the gloomy long moss of Louisiana is hung around the stately cypress? We hoped when we saw this book, that it would be a blessing in those tranquil hours when meditation and reverence come home together, to roost in the bowers of the heart, like birds of golden plumage, to look upon its faces and its scenes, which might mingle the most ancient and the most hallowed visions of the memory and the imagination, with the present visions of the eye, and help us to see the deepest of our dreams embodied in grace and elegance to the sight. And so it would have been, if it had been a book justly deserving to be called the **WOMEN OF THE BIBLE**. We would give two prices for such a book—a book showing, with some adequate conception, the hallowed faces and forms of old, full of that meaning by which alone they can be conceived—surrounded by proper scenery expressive of the events, the interests, the doings, and the destinies of their days—those sweet visions of love and faith which appear in the scenes of the holy book, in gardens, beneath palm-trees, in tent-doors, in harvest fields, on sea-shores, and at sepulchres, like angel-forms, and unto whom we have loved to liken the mothers whom God lent to our younger years, but who are gone, like Eve, and Sarah, and Miriam, and Mary, to rest in the blue sky above.

The venerable Mrs. Sigourney has had the heart to perpetrate nearly a hundred lines, for this book, of wild, varied, Pindaric, Southeyish, common-place rhymes about Eve and Cain and Abel. It is unaccountable to us how grown up people *can* have the heart to write such things on such subjects; unless it may be that the book-maker tells them

he must have *so much* poetry, and they spin on, until they have spun *so much* and stop. Robert Hall being once asked by a young clerical coxcomb who had just officiated in Mr. Hall's pulpit, which he thought the finest passage in his discourse, replied "the passage down the pulpit-steps." So we say the best thing about such poetry as this is decidedly the full stop at the end. Could we obtain the ear of such poetesses for a small moment, we would, with deep respect, adventure great plainness of speech, and take with us words, to plead almost as one pleadeth for life, saying: "Dear Aunts, do, pray, put a little more metal in your poetry. When you go to write poetry, make an effort to say something. It would be an *effort* worthy of Mrs. Chick herself. If you have nothing to say, Dear Aunts, do not go to write poetry. No, knit stockings, aunts, knit stockings, in all such cases. Indulge not the vain hope that a mere muster of words, a mere military parade of sounds, in uniform, can truly please or profit living souls, without any solid sense, any real heart-breathing, any genuine utterance of a *thing* in them. You must not be satisfied with inditing mere words of liquid sound, or fashionable gracefulness of sequence. You must talk of *things*. Put down a ray or two of your soul on the paper; or else let the innocent blank paper be." We sincerely believe that it is not an utterly unattainable pitch of social excellence for northern ladies, to employ whatever gifts nature may bestow upon them, in good uses, without stirring up civil strife, or seeking and winning ovations from the rivals and foes of their country; to be geniuses without being traitresses; to be sensible and earnest without fanatic fury; to be informing and powerful without malice; and to be eloquent and readable, without hatred to the people of any of the States of the Union. If not, then our dear northern aunts and cousins would greatly better not meddle with the pen at all, but remain in woman's more legitimate and noble sphere—that is, be the comforters of the blue noses, and knit stockings.

We return to our book and its pictures. They are said to be engravings on steel by Sartain, from original designs by Rossiter. We grieve to say that almost all of them

them to us to be failures, uninteresting, dull, common-place failures. Of course the reader knows that we have no daguerreotype, no miniature painted on ivory, no likeness cut in emerald, no cameo relief, no bust, no portrait in the world, of Eve, of Miriam, or of the Queen of Sheba. They therefore had to be conceived by the artist, each of them such as to suit the age and the circumstances in which they lived, the character they sustained, and the descriptions given of them in the inspired record. They ought not, therefore, to have been, we think, such that they could just as well be interchanged. With the single exception of the Eve, we think one lady would do as well as another in this book, and that each might almost as well have the name of some other subscribed to her as the name which is written underneath. You might very well take Sarah from where she stands, in view of camels, tents, and mountains, and put her where Martha walks, serving busily in domestic scenes. And Martha would make just as good a Sarah as the one which is placed here. The inscriptions might be changed in the same way under Hannah and another of the Marys—under Miriam and the sister of Lazarus—Rachel and Ruth—the Queen of Sheba and Queen Esther. Of course it is not very consummate art which just furnishes as many pictures as are desired, and labels them *seriatim*, till every name has a face, and every face a name.

The portrait of Eve seems to us to be good. It is indeed a grand subject—a woman in perfection of beauty as God made her—the first and fairest woman of the world—with all the model mother, and the model wife, in her countenance—so lovely as to be only a little lower than the angels—so earthly still that all might feel that she was mother to all, and thus have a human sympathy with her. The bust of Eve seems to grow out of a bower of roses, in the picture. A wreath encircles her tresses. It is the loveliness of perfect, primeval nature which you look upon. There is no art. There is no defect. But as you gaze upon the face of this bride of the terrestrial paradise, she seems to have fallen since your first look. A deep sadness has mingled itself with her loveliness. You seem to behold the sinning,

suffering, loving, sympathizing wife and mother—yet the meek and hoping penitent;—the mother of Cain, of Nimrod, of Herod, of Napoleon, of Haynau—yet the mother also of Shem, of Elijah, of David and of Paul; and much more than all these, the mother of that great seed of the woman who should bruise the Serpent's head, the Shiloh, the greater Melchisedec, the higher and holier David, Christ Jesus the Redeemer. There are three Eves in literature with which every reader ought to be acquainted: first, the Eve of *Paradise Lost*, of course—second, the Eve of Miss BARRETT'S *DRAMA OF EXILE*, a poem which we place second only to *Paradise Lost* on this subject, and which is in some respects superior to it, as a delineation of the wonderful life of Eve, because it is a woman describing a woman; and third, the Eve which Shirley saw upon the hills of a summer evening, in Miss Bronte's novel of that name—the Eve of Pagan Mythology, revived strangely on the lips of a Christian heroine, in a Christian romance, by a professedly Christian writer of England in the nineteenth century;—"a woman-titan; her robe of blue air spreads to the outskirts of the heath, where yonder flock is grazing; a vail white as an avalanche sweeps from her head to her feet, and arabesques of lightning flame on its borders. Under her breast I see her zone, purple like that horizon; through its blush shines the star of evening. Her steady eyes I cannot picture; they are clear, they are deep as lakes—they are lifted and full of worship—they tremble with the softness of love and the lustre of prayer. Her forehead has the expanse of a cloud, and is paler than the early moon, risen long before dark gathers: she reclines her bosom on the ridge of Stillborough moor; her mighty hands are joined beneath it. So kneeling, face to face, she speaks to God. That Eve is Jehovah's daughter as Adam is his son." Thus did Miss Shirley Keeldar, or Miss Charlotte Bronte, dream out a very different Eve from either the Eve of Moses, or the Eve of Milton, or the Eve of Miss Barrett. Miss Bronte's Eve is the Eve of the Pantheists—a Titaness and the mother of Titans, not the sweet and loving and mortal mother of men and women. In order to find the Adam to

Miss Bronte's Eve, we shall have to go to Macrobius' Satires and to take the famous answer of Serapis, the Egyptian divinity, to Nicocreon, King of Cyprus, who asked him who he was :

"What I am as a divinity you may learn, I will tell you;
The starry heavens is my head, my belly is the sea,
My feet are the earth, my ears lie in the ether,
My eyes are the bright blazing lamp of the shining sun."

Macrob. I. 20.

And we suppose that probably the oldest son of this Adam and this Eve, was that Enceladus, who yet lies under the Island of Sicily, with Ætna upon his breast, and whose struggles to rise make the awful eruptions of that mountain; the second son must be a thunder storm; the third a hurricane; and the fourth an earthquake. In the second generation, among grandsons of Miss Bronte's Eve and of Macrobius's Serapis-Adam, would doubtless come such interesting progeny as the Old Man of the Mountain who rode Sinbad the Sailor; and the Bleeding Phantom, sixty feet high, of the Swiss Mountains; and the Spectre Huntsman of the Hartz; and Merlin, and Mephistopheles, and the mighty and valorous giants whom famous Jack killed; and perhaps the more mighty and more valorous, famous Jack himself. And we are as much revolted and disgusted by the lascivious Eve of the Rabbins, as we are amused with the Pantheist Eve of the romance. Far more delightful than either, than any such, is the Eve of Moses, whom we see in this picture, the first beauty, the first sinner, the first wife, the first mother, the first sufferer, fairer no doubt than Helen, having memories of her golden days in Paradise, and forebodings of dark days to come, humble and loving, sweet, gentle, tender, whom every mortal may reproach, but whom every mortal must love.

We shall pass over the very indifferent pictures of SARAH and RACHEL, in Mr. Weld's book, because there is nothing striking either about their persons as presented, nor about the particular scenes and circumstances under which they appear; and come to MIRIAM, represented as standing upon a cliff on the eastern shore of the Red Sea, in the very act of triumph over Pharaoh and his overwhelmed host, responding to the song of Moses and saying: "Sing ye to the

Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." And we are sorry to say that in taking leave of the picture of Eve, we take leave also of the pleasant language of praise. The other pictures (of which we shall only notice Miriam and the Queen of Sheba particularly,) are all, according to our judgment, quite sorry indeed.

No doubt it is impossible for us, with our modern, and western, and common eyes, to get anything like a correct idea of the scene which the triumphant Hebrew maidens saw, and of which they were a part, as they stood upon the granite cliff on the eastern shore of the Red Sea, on the morning of their mighty deliverance. None but ancient and eastern eyes, accustomed to the divine grandeur and awful pomp of the manifest Godhead, could conceive such visions correctly. There is an old picture of the burning of Nineveh, and another old picture of the Exode of the Israelites from the Egyptian city of Rameses, and in this volume, the scenery in the city of Susa with which Queen Esther is surrounded, which all have something of what seems to us to be the true oriental air about them. We think also that the Howadji who published the "Nile Notes" a few years ago, was the right sort of oriental traveller, and that he did more, in his way, than any one else has done, to enable the reader to see the East, as we wish, rather than to read descriptions of it. Let us take, here, just a specimen or two: "So advancing, the massively foliated acacias bowered us in golden gloom. They fringed and arched the long road. Between their trunks, like noble columns of the foreground, we saw the pyramids rosier in the western rosiness. Their forms were sculptured sharply in the sunset. We knew that we were on the edge of the desert, that their awful shadows darkened the Sphinx. For so fair and festal is still the evening picture in that delicious climate, in that poetic land. We breathed the golden air, and it bathed our eyes with new vision." And another: "Palms and the dim lines of Arabian hills dreamed in the tranquil air, a few boats clung to the western bank (of the Nile,) that descended in easy clay terraces to the water, their sails hazy in the dying wind. Suddenly we were

among them, close under the bark. The moon sloped westward behind a group of palms, and the spell was upon us. We had drifted into the dream world." So writes the Howadji, sometimes indeed rather veridically, but as we think, in the right true spirit of an oriental traveller. That presuming orientalist, Gliddon, did something also, a few winters ago, to enable those who saw his beautiful panorama of the Nile, to conceive of eastern scenery. But all that he did, and all that the Howadji did, and all that *Eothen* did, and all that Eliot Warburton did, or all that any one else can do, must fail to help us to any adequate conception of the grand scene of the passage of the Red Sea. Surging and tortured, and swaying with deep rise and fall of wave, and capped over much of its surface, with head, arm, helm, plume, knee, standard, chariot, and horse's head of drowning and struggling Egyptians, must that fearful sea have been, on that fearful morning watch, when God changed the place of his cloud from before the Israelites to behind them, so that he stood right before the Egyptians, and looked fiercely upon them out of the cloud, and they felt the anger of his gaze, and saw that their chariot wheels drove heavily, as if they were men striving to flee in a dream, and as men who are going to die in perfect health, very often see death a coming, with half a flash of the light of eternity, so they quickly saw that God fought against them and for the Israelites, and would have fled from the face of God, but it was too late. That ought to have been the most terrible sea that painter ever drew. Not that wrath and destiny can be painted fully, or that wave, and shore, and rock, and tree can be made to tell of what God will do in a few minutes, or has just done. But it was a grand subject for all the painter's art, with all the magic of colors, of arrangement, of scene, of sky, of light and of shade to tell things to the finer senses of the soul, which cannot be embodied in words. It is not right to paint such a scene with all the sweet simpering primness of a modern flower garden, or a cottage of love, or a green meadow. We do not say that the picture as it is falls into this error flatly, although it does seem to us a failure. Instead of giving the reader of the Exode a

higher idea than he had from the words, of the sublimity of that scene, he feels that his conceptions are brought down. The picture shows Miriam with two common cymbals, or sounding metallic plates, one on each hand, and the hands uplifted, so that the plates are to be stricken together, and sounded above the head of the prophetess. This is a violation of history decidedly for the worse. Miriam "*took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances.*" The timbrel was not the same thing as cymbals; but it was an instrument of the nature of a drum, probably struck with a plectrum, or drum-stick of some kind or other; and it was the gentle instrument of unmarried damsels, appropriate chiefly to occasions of festive joy. The historic truth would have given a position of ease and dignity to the Princess Miriam, very superior in appearance to the attitude of the fiery Moenad of this picture, with uplifted arms, smiting her two brass plates together, and suggesting an unmusical clangor as of the clashing of arms, tolerable only as a tithe accompaniment of a band of other instruments of softer sound.

In those meridian times of the glory of King Solomon when his dominion was grand enough to be taken as an external type of the future ripe glory of the Kingdom of David's greater son—in those days, a beautiful young queen came from the South to see the glory of Solomon. She had heard of the fame of Solomon concerning the name of the Lord. She is believed to have come from Arabia the Happy—from "*Yemlu's happy land*"—or from further yet away, "*where the gorgeous east showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.*" She brought presents of that barbaric pearl and gold, and also of the spices which the gales of that land breathe to the mariner on its coast. She is followed by a train of camels, with their sad, picturesque, desert-like shape and countenance. The image of such a queen, on such a mission, from such a land, to such a city, and to such a man, is a gem even among the gorgeous visions of eastern romance. If Solomon is to be considered a type of the future glory of the Son of God, in a millennium of complete dominion upon earth, when all kings shall fall down before

him, and all nations shall serve him, then must this Queen of Sheba stand as the most beautiful of types of earthly wisdom, and earthly wealth, and earthly beauty, and earthly felicity, coming in the fulness of its hour and its power, to bow down and pay tithes of acknowledgment to the spiritual wisdom, wealth, beauty and felicity which will spread over the earth in the days of the millennial kingdom.

It was as grand a subject as painter or engraver could have had. Think of the famous Zenobia in comparison with her of Sheba! Why, Zenobia is but of yesterday! The Queen of Sheba flourished in the reign of Solomon, a thousand years before the Christian era; the Queen of Palmyra nearly about three hundred years after the Christian era, in the reign of the late Emperor Aurelian. She of Sheba lived two hundred and fifty years before that great era, the building of the city of Rome; Zenobia of Palmyra lived about a thousand years after that era, when, if Horace's long date, "*dum capitolium scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex*" had not run out, it was, at least, in its sun set hour, gilding the trees with its mild departing rays of gold. This woman is so simply brought to view in the sacred narrative, there is so much of the rich, curious, costly antique about her figure in history, she comes from such a picturesque land, almost as if from the land of golden dreams, she stands so associated in our minds with fair, sacred old Jerusalem, and with Jerusalem's king of the palmiest day; and the errand on which she came—to *hear the wisdom of Solomon*—places her so completely above the Berenices, and the Cleopatras, and the Helens, and the Roxanas of early history, investing her with a sort of intellectual witchery from her love of wisdom, that there could hardly have been a better subject for a painter of high and bold imagination, to be found in all history.

But we have no such a thing in Mr. Sartain's copy of Rossiter's Queen of Sheba; but just a tolerably good-looking, and pretty well-grown, and manifestly very well-fed woman from an eastern harem, standing knocking at the door of a very tame-looking house, understood to be meant for the palace of the grandest of the Hebrew monarchs;

she has some very respectable golden vases, placed upon the steps on one side of her, and there are some camels and some camel drivers at the other side! And is this the idea we are to obtain of a beautiful, royal, philosophic woman of the times of Solomon?—of a bright, wise, pure, splendid Queen of Arabia the Blest in those gorgeous days? Is this all of that most bewitching vision of eastern romantic history? Has American imagination brooded over that deep, high, pure subject, and brought forth this thing! Pah!

We here bring to a close this little piece of criticism, (in the sourness of which we take pleasure only so far as it is deemed to be a part of justice,) with the expression of the deliberate opinion that Southern art will be higher, nobler, better every way, when it shall declare and maintain a total revolt from all vassalage and all pupilage to the Northern part of this confederacy. The analogies of history declare clearly that Southern mind, Southern scenery, Southern air, and Southern skies, are, to say the least and to speak moderately, not inferior to Northern, for all the high dreams of genius. We cannot stand at all in such departments of human effort, if we cannot stand on a foundation of our own forming. If we wish for models at all, other than those which earth, cloud, sky and hallowed history hold out, in painting, poetry, sculpture or architecture, then they must be better models than those with which the Northern cities furnish us.

We shall deserve that double childhood in which we shall remain—the imitation of infancy—if we adopt such models. And we are firm and fast in the faith, that when the Southern country shall learn to trust itself, to foster its own striving sons, to patronize its own arts, and its own literature, then it will be found to possess that capacity for the fine arts which it has proved itself to possess in other departments of mental effort; and if it have not, then it can only be co-equal in infancy with the North; and be saved the humiliation of attempting to grow to manhood by the imitation of childhood.

CALIFORNIA FLUSH TIMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FLUSH TIMES OF ALABAMA.

LETTER FROM AN EMIGRANT.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 15, 1850.

My Dear Frank,—I have closed doors, in obedience to the advice of my physician, in order to recover from the exhaustion of laborious occupation. Night and day have I been engaged until nature can stand it no longer. I am too nervous to sleep; and to get some employment to divert my thoughts from business, I have concluded to write to you—thereby fulfilling the promise I made you when I left Alabama. But I almost repent of having started to write; I am bothered to know where to begin and when to end; and then I know that, without a stock of credulity not at all attainable in the old country, it will be impossible for you to believe half of what I say, though, in order to assist belief, I content myself with only stating half of the truth. To leap at once *in medias res*—Frank, this is a *great* country. You think you've seen Flush times—so did I until I came out here—Pshaw! not a priming! The times of 1836 in Mississippi were quiet, dull, tame, insipid, flat, stale, unprofitable—to what they are here now. Bethink you of a fish sailing around the tail-gate of a country-mill, and the same fish amidst the splash and din and thunder of the Falls of Niagara; or of a congregation, on an August day nodding, about *eleventhly*, under the soothing eloquence of old Doctor Dronay, and the same congregation running and scampering about under a cry of Fire! We are a fast people here. There is no stopping or halting—no time to breathe a full breath—no time to eat or sleep—and scarcely time to drink or gamble. You have heard of our fires. They throw light on our character: we burn down a city in a night and build it in a day. The ashes are not cold, before we are building again: contracts for new buildings are signed by the light of the fire that is consuming the old. Things here are turned upside down, wrong side out. What is the truth elsewhere is a lie here—a lie here is the truth everywhere else. There is no romance here. We are oppressed by a

dreadful and boundless reality. Poetry is out of the question, there is no room for it. A poem cannot be read here at all: it is as tame as a guager's table. Fact has displaced Fiction. The world of illusion has been destroyed to give place to a more poetic world of fact. Gulliver, the Arabian Nights, Baron Munchausen and Sancho Monday have had their day: they are of no use here except as teasers to the imagination—not exciting it to conceive, but to realize, for you must know the only office of imagination here is to enable one to believe what he sees.

You knew Thompson Hicks in Mississippi. He was counted a great liar there, he had earned his reputation. He came here two years ago. He has been trying in vain since he has been here to lie up to the truth. He has not yet succeeded. I doubt if he ever will. The truth has made him ashamed of himself. He thinks of addicting himself to Fact, *by way of gratifying his love of the marvellous*. I think he will confine or rather enlarge himself to hard fact for the future, resign fiction and leave lying to the other practitioners of that crowded profession. He started some sneaking lie about the population—said there were twenty thousand people in San Francisco; the statistics, published the next day, showed 30,000. He came running down street to a crowd before a Broker's shop to tell some wonderful tale about a lump of gold, weighing fifty pounds in the clear: he had hardly got through before the weigher inside sung out that the lump he had, weighed three hundred! He then turned his invention loose upon the vegetable productions, and reported that he had just seen a watermelon weighing one hundred and fifty-two pounds and an ounce; that the only way to cut it was with a cross-cut saw, worked by two negroes; the rind having first to be started by a wedge: judge his astonishment when he was told that several slabs of a melon had just been brought in from Los Angeles—the melon weighing two tons, and the slabs sawed out at the saw mill—the water of the melon being used in turning the wheel! What a natural genius Gulliver had for being a Californian. Take out his absurd stories about the size of the people and Brobdignag was only a vague glimpse of this El

Dorado seen through the mists of the Future. Cabbages, beets, turnips, and "long sarce" abound of such dimensions that they were evidently made for the Titans now struggling under the volcanic mountains of California, which stand out like the battlements of the first rebels, against the sky. But it is not alone in what Nature does that this is a land of marvel. The whole face of society, the entire scheme of things around us, and the occurrences that relate to individuals and their fortunes partake of magic and the supernatural. Nothing seems real. It all looks like a dream. You see that barren hill sloping towards the sea? Well—look good—for you will never see it again. In a week hence, it will be in the heart of the city, built all over with fine houses; and stranger yet, within two weeks, there will be no sea there! Some enterprising Yankee will scoop all the water out of it for a quarter of mile, as you would bail out a canoe.

You see—or just fancy you see—that fellow in the ragged, red flannel shirt: he is paying out his last sovereign for a lunch:—he'll be a millionaire to-morrow! on the strength of an investment in city lots he made, at the price of fifteen dollars a piece, a few months ago.

You ask me to tell you something of the prospects of the profession, and more particularly, how *I* am getting on. Well—business has been pretty brisk. Fees are reasonably good—not quite so good as they were some time ago—but they will do, Frank. We can live if we can get work enough. For instance—oral advice 10 per cent. on the amount *inquired about*; written advice, 20 per cent.—where the value of the property is more than \$10,000, the fee is graduated—collecting fees, 25 per cent., besides tax fees of \$50; litigated cases, 50 per cent.; criminal cases—all the criminal has, besides whatever we can get from his friends.

Expenses are very high—rents especially high. My office, a small room in the second story, rents for \$1,000 per month. I rented it for 12 months at once: a good thing happened. Don Joses-y Tyrpentinos is the owner: he brought his bill to me six months after the lease, and asked payment. We were standing in front of my office, at the apple-

stand, kept by the Right Rev'd Habbakuk Kente, (late Professor of Divinity at —,) and I was waiting for some small change for a doubloon, having just purchased a dozen apples: the Don presented his bill and said he wanted some money to pay the workmen for putting the chimney to the house. I asked him if he did not recollect owing me a small account for oral advice, given him one Sunday, as we were walking up Lafitte street, as to the space he had a right to occupy with his buildings, on the side-walk, and when I took my cane and marked out the line for him. He said he *did* recollect something of it. I told him I charged him \$6,000. Don't you think the old Hunks wanted to Jew me down to \$3,500, although he was then drawing a revenue of \$125,000 a month from his rents! I felt, you may be sure, a little disgusted at this meanness; but we settled it by referring the matter to three lawyers, who awarded me \$12,000, and adjudged him to pay the costs of the arbitration, including \$600 to the referees. Let him put that in his pipe and smoke it!

When I first commenced the practice here, there was only one other lawyer, and, as business operations started with a rush and whirl, we had it very brisk. There was but little law in the country—so what there was of it was *very* precious. We charged accordingly. There was a rush to my office like to the market house when there is a report of fresh beef. About 8 o'clock, A. M., they commenced calling for me as the crowd call for a popular stump speaker at a political meeting. I used to come out on the balcony, in front of my office, and advise them by a platoon at a time, each client handing up his pouch of gold dust on the end of a pole in a pocket, like the old fashioned collecting sticks in the Episcopal church. How much I made I never knew—as I never had time to count it. Besides my clerk defaulted for about a flour barrel of the dust. Apart from these casual clients, I had my regular customers, who paid, variously, retaining fees of from \$1,000 to \$10,000 a month. This business, I had subsequently to discontinue, in favor of the larger litigation brought before the Commissioners of Land Claims, having become interested in sundry Mexican grants involving some five or six degrees

of latitude and longitude, to say nothing of a few outside counties and some cities.

There were some *disagrèmens* connected with this practice in addition to the constant occupation it required. Such, for example, as a few attempts to assassinate me—occasional arsons and breakings of my rest by burglars; but I do not know when I was more annoyed than on occasion of defending a wholesale robber—who had agreed to give me a large share of his present and future acquisitions, as a fee—before the committee of vigilance. In the course of the defence, I took ground against the jurisdiction of the court, when one of the board rose and moved that *the notice* be amended so as to include me as joint defendant: at which motion, disgusted with this barbarous perversion of the statute of *jeofails*, I abruptly left the court in precipitate indignation. Hearing a shout as I got about 300 yards off, I turned my head, and caught a glimpse of a man I took to be my client, apparently running up a rope, his hands tied behind him, to the third story of a ware-house, and, who getting up some fifty feet, seemed vigorously kicking at the crowd below, much to their divertisement. I resolutely refused to practise any more before that court.

But a truce to business. I am tired of the theme, and will sink the shop for a moment.

One of the most elegant businesses in this country at this time is Usury. It is, indeed, a beautiful business. We lend our money at the rate of two per cent. a day—formerly it was three or four, but the rates have declined. I speak of the regular trade. Some fancy cases are picked up at more—but this is the *ruling* rate *on 'change*. Some of the back street shops charge by the hour—but this is considered extortion. It is not thought respectable now to lend money on shorter time than a day, nor for a greater rate than two per cent. *per diem*: indeed, the tendency of things is to extend the time to a week, and some enterprising men are discussing the feasibility of *monthly* loans. The security is real or personal estate of three times the value of the sum lent, actually deposited before the loan, and forfeited, without right of redemption, if the re-payment be not punctually made. The note is payable by a given hour, and payment must be

made *then*. The lender stands with a stop watch before him, and when the minute hand passes the time, his clerk records the forfeiture. I thought it very hard that Jim Screwtite should have closed down on our friend Tim Sloe, because he stumped his toe as he was coming to pay the money and was delayed a minute and a half; a delay for which Jim took his house and lot, valued at three times the debt. Many fortunes have been made in this way. Don't tell Luke Shaver of this: the prospect of such usury would draw his very soul out of his carcass, as a magnet draws a rusty nail out of a rotten plank: and I don't want Luke to come as the business is now in the hands of the most respectable gentlemen of the place.

Society is kept together on a principle of universal distrust. Nobody has confidence in any body else. Hence no one being trusted, no one is deceived: and, therefore, no one has any right to complain of being taken in. It is a great mistake to suppose that confidence keeps society together: it is the very thing that keeps men apart. Nothing so harmonizes a community as a modest and well grounded diffidence in each other's integrity.

This, on the whole, is not a community of which the favorite complexion is green. They are, for the most part, shifty men—competent to take care of themselves—versed in the arts which secure the possession of what they have got by hook or crook. But such enterprise! Nothing is impossible and few things difficult. What they have accomplished naturally makes them credulous of the practicability of other things which have elsewhere been regarded as phenomena or miraculous. Even the boys start enterprizes from which grown men in other countries shrink in dismay. Little Tommy Smith fitted out an old brig, (he found it on the shore stranded in consequence of the desertion of it by the officers and men in the revenue service for the mines,) and, with three other boys, brought into port a cargo of watermelons and sweet potatoes from Hawaii, and made \$20,000 by the operation; which he invested in matches and fiddles, and, having forestalled the market, forced up prices until when he was about reducing the town to darkness and the musical soirees

and fandangoes to silence, they fell into his terms, and he made a clear profit of \$100,000 by the investment, which, however, he unfortunately sunk afterwards in a candy shop and bowling alley.

Little Jemmy Rowley, a runaway apprentice from the office of the New York Herald, made a rise by peddling out old copies of the Herald, which he had brought in his trunk, at fifty cents a piece. Such was the enterprise and industry of this ingenious youth, that he rapidly rose to prominence and distinction,—being now the keeper of one of the largest and most genteel Roulette and Monte tables in the city:—the Sunday reunions at his tables are the most brilliant in the place. So popular is he, that they talk of running him for Mayor at the next election.

All speculations here are conducted on the principles of the gaming table:—press and parelee and oversize your neighbor's pile is the system. If you can find out when a ship is to come in, get all the money you can and buy up flour and bacon—all that are in the market;—then reduce the place to a state of famine and charge for provisions as if you were taking salvage money, or exacting ransom on every man's life. It is not at all unusual for flour to go up, in a day, from \$10 to \$100 a barrel. As this transition is very dangerous to human life—i. e. the lives of the customers, the speculation *ought* to pay well.

The Doctors charge pretty well. They charge for pills as if they were diamonds, and bleed a man of an ounce of gold and an ounce of blood at the same time. When asked how many ounces they bleed a patient of—gold, and not blood, is understood.

A good deal of humanity is shown to the poor when sick; if they have no money, they are suffered to die, in the street, a natural death, without interruption: they are not overcrowded, as in *some* cities, in close hospitals, and hauled about by rough nurses and sickened to death by nasty drugs.

You ask about Dick Rideout, Saunders's boy—the "fat boy," you used to call him—taken out to California, to work in the mines, by your cousin, Henry. You were afraid Dick would starve to death, as he was too lazy to work, and he could'nt be forced to

labor in a free country. He left the mines and came to San Francisco. He is doing very well. His business is a curious one, and well illustrates how things are done. You know how high rents are: the owners of houses used to charge \$25 a day for the privilege of sticking up bills on the walls. Dick, having a broad black back, for which he had no particular use,—there being no owner to thrash him now,—hired it out to stick bills on; they made a fine display there, and then, being movable, he could shift the advertisement about the different corners: the novelty of the thing attracted universal attention and drew great crowds after him: Dick soon got more business than he could do, and his back got to be chequered over like a fancy centre-table, or walking *tableau vivant*. He is making about \$75 a day, but complains that, though an easy business, it is a little too sedentary for his health. He thinks he will retire next summer, when the weather begins to get cool, (for here we have reversed the seasons as we have every thing else,) on a competency.

The conveniences of life are not as great as they ought to be; but they are improving. My greatest complaint is about my washing and ironing. My present washerwoman is Goderich Johnson, Esq., late Professor of Chemistry and Belles Lettres in the University of ———, and author of a "Review of Vestiges of Creation," and a treatise on "The Unity of the Races," and a prize essay on "The Dignity of Labor." He is not a good laundress; he has a great deal to do; his former reputation operating very much in his favor in his new calling. He washes very roughly and does not iron with taste and judgment. He charges two dollars a shirt and requires payment in advance, the garment not being sufficient collateral security for the washing. He refuses to put on the buttons he washes or irons off. I have told him I could not stand it longer; and I was about discharging him, but, on his representing that if I took my business and influence from him, he would be thrown upon the drudgery of literature, or some professorship, or the pulpit, for a support, I relented and agreed to try him a while longer.

My chambermaid pleases me better; he makes up the bed and cleans up the room

very neatly. He is also of use by giving me some instruction, as he dusts the things, in the Spanish language, especially in translating some parts of the Spanish grants; which his liberal education at Cambridge, where he graduated with much *eclat* some years ago, enables him to do. He came out to teach a high school, with great recommendations, but finding that he had come in advance of the children, with the versatility of genius, he turned his accomplishments to their present account. It is all a mistake, Frank, that education is a hindrance or injury to any man. I have noticed that the literary and educated men here are just as useful and handy in the handicraft and menial occupations, and just as much respected in their business, as if they had never seen a college or a book.

Our meals at the *Boulbon House* are well served—the servants attentive and polite. Old Governor Slide, of Rhode Island, is the head-waiter. The Governor says it is a little better business to be at the head of this establishment, in the Kitchen Cabinet, at \$10 a day and found, than to be Governor of Rhode Island at two hundred and fifty dollars a year. The Governor brought with him two years' salary, but, spending that the first two weeks without getting any business as a lawyer, as he was a man of great dignity and suavity of manners, he was fortunate enough to get this situation, which he has kept, very much to the satisfaction of his employer, who has had only to reprimand him once; and that was on occasion of his quarrelling with the cook, who was a distinguished follower of Dorr in the civil wars of the State of R. I., and who, on that account, refused to concur with the Governor in respect to the clam soup question. But the quarrel was adjusted. The Governor is in good spirits, having just succeeded in getting the situation of Boots in the same house, for one of his sons whom he had qualified for the ministry; the other son, who was an engineer in the civil service, having got to be marker in a Billiard saloon with a prospect of a share in the profits of the business, to be derived from the tolling in of acquaintances whom he could procure to bet on the game.

You inquire after Gray Farthingale. He

is here. He is flourishing like the bays he has been trying to win. What a poet he was! What brilliancy! What fire! How interesting he looked with his long locks, his melancholy air, and his open collar *a la* Byron! You know all the girls were dying for him. We couldn't get a civil look when he was in the room. Well, he is not quite so interesting now. The last time I saw him he had a hod on his shoulder, mounting the ladder, (not of fame,) but of the brick-layer, up the new custom-house. He first tried poetry, but no one had time to read his lines; he then tried politics, but he shot over the heads of the crowd and was hooted down;—he then tried to get a clerkship in a store, but the merchant was afraid he might *plagiarize* some of his goods;—then he tried hackman, but his Pegasus ran away with him and killed two or three of the passengers; and *now* he has got to be hodman. Having no sham woes and some real causes of grief, he has grown to be a very cheerful fellow. He says he will try "toteing" mud for some time, and after getting his hand in at the business of flinging dirt, he thinks he'll turn editor of a political newspaper. He regards his present employment as a part of his political education.

There are any number of ex-members of Congress here—all of them having come out in the expectation of going back with long mileage. A good many of them have turned hackmen and hotel-drummers, and expend the eloquence they wasted on drowsy Senators in vociferous panegyrics on their eating houses and vehicles: it is astonishing, Frank, what *come-out* there is in men!

Little Jake Pickins!—you ask of him. Jake is doing well. He would do well any where. He's smart. Jake heard of a party of Yankees going to the diggings on the Sierra in Miraposa county, where they could dig close to a spring. He gathered some Southern fellows and made a location in advance of them, and cut a ditch running the water into the sand below where he enclosed it in a reservoir. When the Yankees came, they found they could get no water except out of Jake's spring; but Jake kindly sold them as much as they wanted at ninepence a pint!

The case of old Judge Bloomdale, who

had been chief Justice in one of the Northern States, was rather a hard one. He resigned his office and came with flattering prospects, as he supposed, of immediate success, but his small fortune evaporated, like the man in the picture in Jayne's medical advertisement, by the insensible perspiration of innumerable petty expenses. He then ran for Justice of the peace, but was defeated by a "young American," whose qualifications consisted in his having been a corporal in one of the companies of Stevenson's regiment of New York volunteers. He then applied for Judge Advocate to the Vigilance Lynch Club, but was rejected on the ground that he might adulterate the administration of natural justice, by an admixture of the principles of the common law, or of some other conventional jurisprudence. The last time I saw him, he was employed as bailiff in the courts, in watering the jury and carrying law books and cocktails to the Judge's room. I understand he has since returned to Christendom with no flattering account of the country he left.

Phil. Steptoe was succeeding admirably. He was rapidly rising to position. He had already accumulated a good deal of money, and his Faro Bank was one of the most responsible in the city; but he is getting dissipated. I saw him the other day driving a dozen Chinamen tandem through Red-River street. You know their hair hangs in a long queue to the ground: he hitched them to each other by the tails, and sat back in an old sulkey, with head one side and his heels over the footboard, smoking a cigar, driving them along in a trot. He gave them a doubleloon a piece to play horse for him. I am afraid he will turn out badly.

Times are a little dull. No fire of any extent now for three weeks, and the hangings, by the Committee of Vigilance, very few,—not more than one a week.

I must close. Remember me to old friends, and write fully; and wherever I am, believe me as ever, Frank,

Your friend, CY. FAY.

N. B.—Kiss all the girls for me. I shall send them a few pounds of bracelets and trinkets by the next steamer; and have ordered for you a cane to be made of solid gold with a pearl head.

BALLADS FROM HERODOTUS.*

[From the London Times.]

The first attempt to turn the simple truth and life of Herodotus to an educational or an entertaining purpose was made, we believe, by the late Mr. Adams, in his adaptation of the story of Cræsus. It is needless to say that the ingenious compiler had a higher than a mere historical object. It was the superintending Providence, guiding and shaping and mastering hearts and things, that he wished to exhibit; and scarcely could he have found a path of life more awfully marked by the finger of God than the Lydian monarch presented. The career of Cræsus is the drama of history.

Following the instructive episode of Mr. Adams came the pleasing little stories of Mr. Moberley, told in a lower key, with slighter elaboration, yet not wanting in varied interest. There is no attempt at translation. The tale is related in such language as the historian himself is thought likely to have employed, if he had been cradled in our English tongue. Dr. Arnold said that if he had to translate Herodotus, he should reject our modern style of composition, as being absurdly unsuitable, and try to render his meaning into the ruder phrases in which Commynes has been clothed. We trace a family likeness between the Historian and the Chronicler. Herodotus has not, indeed, the fruitfulness of narrative which we see in Froissart, nor the reflective analysis of character that interests us in Commynes; but in a certain trustfulness of ear and homeliness of voice they agree. "I'll carry a Frenchman," exclaimed Johnson over his breakfast in the island of Inchkenneth, "to St. Paul's Churchyard, and I'll tell him—'By our law you may walk half round the church, but if you walk round the whole you will be punished capitally'—and he will believe me at once. Now, no Englishman would readily swallow such a thing—he would go and inquire of somebody else." We are not sure that Herodotus would have been staggered by the limitation of his walk.

With Mr. Adams and Mr. Moberley we are now to couple the name of Mr. Bode,

* By J. E. BODE, late student of Christ Church, London, 1853.

who, in the small book before us, selects some striking passages from the historian, and clothes them in a poetical dress. So early as the year 1841, he informs us that the idea occurred to him, suggested by a recent perusal of old English and Scottish ballads. The sound of Mr. Lockhart's Spanish trumpet quickened the enterprise, of which seventeen ballads are the fruit. The author's general plan has been to dramatize the story where it appeared desirable—to bring out the moral in some cases more vividly—and occasionally to enlarge on some incident which appeared capable of being thus rendered more interesting. A subject more fitting than Herodotus for this artistical treatment could not easily have been chosen. Events that have actually happened are the properest themes for poetry. The finest eclogue of Virgil, the best ode of Horace, and the sublimest episode of Dante are built upon truth. Bacon calls poetry *feigned* history; but no fancy can create more marvellous things than experience remembers. It only gives magnitude by the transparency of the medium through which it shows them. Take, for instance, the sufferings of Ugolino. The horrors of the famished Florentine were real, and Dante was not a maker, but a recorder, when he spoke of the prisoner watching in the hope of food, but only hearing the doors of the dungeon more closely barred; of the faces of his children seen in the glimmer of the morning sun; of the terrible silence of hunger; and of the frantic father calling his children by their names three days after they were dead. If imaging, as a great master of the art considered it, be the light and the life of poetry, that part of it must surely be the best which transfers upon the page in the liveliest shapes and colours the doings and the scenery of the world. Such picturesque stories are the painted landscapes, as the plainer narratives are the maps of history.

In our view, therefore, the early poet Gower, the most learned and far-reading scholar of his age, had some excuse for mentioning Herodotus, not as an historian, but as a systematizer of metrical art. The spirit of the criticism is just if its utterance be discordant, for Herodotus had, in a very abundant fulness, the attributes of the poet-

ical mind. Warton could only reckon up, in the whole circle of the world's literature, 13 writers who enjoyed the harmonious union of imagination, understanding and memory. At the head of the list he puts Herodotus. The apparatus of verse, of course, is wanting, and yet we affirm the Father of History to be, in some sense, a poet, and at least singularly susceptible of poetical treatment. In no writer will you find so many examples of what we may call the poetry of situation. Each story is in itself a scene of a drama—sublime, descriptive, pathetic, or even humorous. Need we specify the dolphins flashing out of the sea to bear away Arion with his harp and singing robes, which has the wild fantasy of Fouquet?—the builder of the King's treasure-house, who taught his sons to cut off lumps of gold by turning a loose stone set upon a pivot, which is an Arabian Night in its machinery?—the glory and overthrow of Cræsus, which awes us with its tragic shade?—or the struggle at Thermopylæ, which breathes the flame of Pindar?

We find a felicitous truth in Cicero's comparison of the history to the waters of a still river. There is no tide in it, but over a smooth glassy surface, with the deep green of overhanging trees steeped in it, we seem to float by the ever-changing pictures on either bank. When will such a panorama be seen again? We agree with Mr. Coleridge that Herodotus displays as little "subjectively" as Homer, delighting only in "the great fancied epic of events," and narrating them without impressing himself upon the legend. And this is a most engaging charm. With none of the stern rich shadows in which Tacitus buries his disastrous faces, and perfectly destitute of the self-reflection of Thucydides, we nevertheless like him the better for all these wants.

What figures, in all the warmth and dignity of life, breathe and move before us—the Persian in his coat of many colours, the Assyrian with his iron club, the Bactrian Archers, the flowing robes of Arabia, the swarth Ethiopian savage in his plume of horse's mane, the Asiatic Thracian in his purple buskins, the flying thong of the horseman, and the band of Immortals, flaming in their golden harness, with the long train of

sumptuous retainers, carriages and camels—who does not remember them in their picturesque confusion?

The march of Xerxes from Sardis looks like a procession of Tintoretto, as we gaze upon the car of Jupiter, drawn by eight white horses, and followed by the King in his chariot, preceded by the noblest warriors of Persia trailing their spears, all glittering with pomegranates of gold. Nor are darker scenes wanting to soften the brighter shows with their shade. And all these things are told with a melody and a flow which are inexpressibly captivating, and authorize the bold panegyric upon the history, that it is a poem in full song without music.

It is evident that a style like that of Herodotus offers remarkable opportunities to a poetical transcriber; the simplicity is never sordid or naked. “‘Tis one thing,” said Pope, in reference to Homer, “to be dressed up, and another not to be dressed at all.” The quiet dignity of the Greek seems to satisfy the taste; and Mr. Bode has been often happy in preserving it. To some readers it is possible, as he fears, that the gentleness and repose of the stories may seem tame; but we are sure that he is right in hoping that “the pathos is often so exquisite, and the simplicity so engaging,” as to lend to the ballads some interest even for the general reader. We like them all; but commend particularly that sweet story of *Cleobis and Biton*, which is familiar to many of our readers. The mother of the youths was the priestess of Juno, and on a certain high festival the herdsmen had neglected to bring the oxen in time to draw her to the temple. The affectionate sons take the place of the cattle, and drag the car in triumph. The delighted mother implores the goddess to bestow on her children the best gift. The prayer is answered. A soft sleep steals over the eyes of the young men, and, sinking placidly to the ground, without a pang or a sigh, their spirits pass into Elysium. The story is simply and pleasingly told by Mr. Bode, and is peculiarly suited to the ballad form. *Cræsus on the Pyre* is in a higher mood, but is excelled, we think, by *The Egyptian King, taken captive by Cambyses*, a little tale of much pathos, and appropriately named after Wordsworth, *The Grief too*

Deep for Tears, the exact expression in Herodotus being, “too great for one to weep at.” We prefer, however, to make our extracts from the ballad on *Thermopylae*, which is the most spirited in the volume, and occasionally reminds us of the ballads admired by Walter Scott, in which he heard the martial strains with which a pibroch commences. The author says:

“A few details have been invented, the principal of which are the following. It is not stated by Herodotus that the Trachinians remonstrated with Leonidas on his vain attempt to resist the army of Xerxes. The Cissian charge of cavalry, under Tithæus, (who is named as one of the three generals of the cavalry,) is also an invention of the author. The action of Xerxes in starting from his seat (which Herodotus introduces with an “it is said,”) has been transferred from the first to the second day. The idea of Xerxes *watching* the sunrise, and his libation being offered to the Sun-god, is borrowed from Mr. Mitford:

“The morn shone out on Persia’s host,
The white tents glimmer’d fair;
It shone on Grecia’s sea-beat post,
And still the Greeks were there.

“‘Now, by my sires!’ the monarch cried,
‘These slaves chastised must be;
Let Media charge, and Cissia’s pride,
And bring yon Greeks to me.’

“‘Mine,’ cried Tithæus, ‘mine alone,
The destined praise to bring,
To kneel before their master’s throne,
Yon Spartans and their king!’

“‘Mount, Cissians, mount! your monarch calls;
Is not your boast to lave
Your steeds ’neath Susa’s royal walls,
In cool Choaspe’s wave?’

“With that the Cissian horseman dashed
The narrow pass to gain,
Oft on the rock their horse-hoofs flashed,
E’en as they crossed the plain.

“All calmly by the water’s edge
The Grecian vanguard stood,
And on this side the rocky ledge,
On that the ocean-flood.

“Right gaily to the narrow pass
The turban’d horsemen ride;
They stirr’d each blade of scanty grass
Upon the dark hill’s side.

“The King has marked his horsemen ride,
He marked them ride again
Between the mountains and the tide;
Why come they not again?

"There is a little road of stone
Kissing the ocean's lip;
A single wain might pass alone
Along that stony strip.

"You might have deemed that mount and tide
Had there conspired to be
A barriers 'gainst th' invader's pride,
A frontier of the free.

"All in that grim unyielding way
Bristled the spearmen's wood;
And turban'd Cissia's horsemen gay
Are welt'ring in their blood!

"Spurr'd on by Fear's despotic goad
(Half-sister she to Fame.)
Clattering along that stony road,
By twos and threes they came.

"Staggering beneath that dreary ledge
They strove their steeds to check,
Where the fell spearmen's iron hedge
Knotted the narrow neck.

"But now upon that pass of fear
The Median squadrons sweep,
Where leans the dark rock forth to hear
The challenge of the deep.

"For chargers' hoofs yon plain is rough,
Slippery the stony strand,
But Media's cornel spears are tough,
Grasped in a strong tight hand.

"Right gallantly that generous band
Enters the rocky cleft;
The dark rock frowns on the right hand;
The cold sea on the left.

"But there 'twixt sea and rocky wall
The Spartan spears they met;
And Media's bravest reel and fall,
Caught in that bloody net.

"Sudden and soft, o'er sea and land,
The summer night comes down;
And hope is on the lonely strand,
Terror in Trachis town,

"The summer night is in its grave,
And day breaks forth to bring
New joy to Sparta's patriots brave,
New fury to the King.

"Now, gallant Persians, charge once more,
They ne'er will stand your shock;
Your spears, that should have drunk their gore,
Were wasted on the rock.

"Once more the King's best troops advance
'Twixt Trachis and the main;
And redder grows the Grecian lance,
And thicker lie the slain.

"As surely as the ebbing tide
Flows back upon the shore,
So surely when one Persian died
Trooped forth a thousand more.

"As surely as the rock's dark side
Flings back the ocean flood,
The Grecian lance unmoved is dyed
In Persia's noblest blood.

"Thrice sprang King Xerxes from his seat,
All panic struck was he;
He feared his myriads would be beat
By Sparta's Hundreds Three."

While the King is in this perplexity, and knows not what conduct to pursue, there comes suddenly one Ephialtes, a Median, and asks an audience, for he has news to give of a path leading over the mountain to Thermopylæ; and, doubtless, he hopes that money shall be given to him. Gladly is he welcomed, and with the earliest shades of evening the expedition sets forth by a circuitous route which led them to the rear of the Grecian camp. The same path was pointed out to Dr. Clarke, and it is still used by the inhabitants of the country. Marching all night, at the dawn of day the Persians found themselves at the summit, where a thousand Phocians guarded the pass; but, unable to sustain the blinding storm of arrows, they retreated up the mountain, while the Persians descended rapidly on the opposite side. We now give back the pen to Mr. Bode:—

"Before his host at break of day
The mighty monarch stood,
Ere yet the sun's ascending ray
Had gild the Malian flood.

"To see the worshipped orb come forth
In suppliant guise he stands;
A golden cup of priceless worth
Is gleaming in his hands.

"He watched the darting sunbeams bright
Light up the ocean round,
Then to the God who gave the light
He poured it on the ground.

"Three hours ere noon our spearmen stout
Will line the southern shore;
Three hours ere noon your troops lead out
And charge the Greeks once more."

But the end is in view. The betrayer and the enemy are coming near; the Greeks retire into the narrowest part of the pass, posting themselves, "all except the Thebans, on a hill which is at the entrance of the Straits, and where a lion of stone has been erected in honor of Leonidas."

"Now close once more, make one last stand,
And, if your swords should fail,
Have at them with the strong right hand,
Have at them tooth and nail!"

"With broken brands, with fists, with teeth,
They played their desperate part,
And every weapon found a sheath
Deep in some Persian heart.

"There is a fierce unflinching glare
In every Spartan's eye;
And, like a lion in his lair,
They rend men ere they die.

"Neath spears, and stones, and swords, and slain
All mounded o'er they lie;
So thickly fell that ghastly rain
They scarce could see them die.

"Thrust through and through with countless darts,
They press that deadly sod:
They were, I ween, the stoutest hearts
That ere went back to God.

"Seek yonder pass by the cold sea,
Where Pylæ's walls are steep;
For there lie Sparta's Hundreds Three,
Sleeping a glorious sleep!

"Search every land beneath the sky,
Tell every nation's name;
For there the true Three Hundred lie,
Reaping an endless fame!

"And some have well that lesson read,
And learnt their sword to draw,
Hopeless, except their blood to shed
For glory and for law!

"Take, take the style of glory,
And grave their names on high;
For some have fought to conquer,
But these have fought to die."

Dryden, in one of his admirable prefaces, alludes to the struggle at Thermopylæ, and the remark upon it by Longinus, who, while he thinks it incredible that men could defend themselves with their nails and teeth against an armed multitude, or be really buried under darts and arrows, yet acknowledges a certain probability in the figure, "because the hyperbole seems not to have been made for the sake of the description, but rather to have been produced from the occasion." But it should be remembered that it is not truth, but likeness to truth, which verbal description conveys. The grasp of a Spartan on a Persian would scarcely be fainter than that of Rhoderick on Fitz-James, which, we are assured,

"———His frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel."

And the burial under the storm of weapons is in the very spirit of ballad-song. There is still more daring thought in Gray's fragment on Prince Owen's exploits against the Danish fleet on the coast of Anglesea. The battle was fought in some part of the Frith

of Menai, and the slaughter, we are informed, was so great that,

"Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,
Backward Meinai rolls his flood."

Mr. Bode reminds us of the fidelity with which he has followed the narrative, and even the language of the original; his "object being rather to exhibit the jewel of Herodotus than to encumber it with any elaborate setting of his own." We think that he has succeeded in his effort, and has enabled us to view the combat with something of the interest of lookers-on. The careful keeping of several slight circumstances in the scenery and the combatants helped him in the picture; such are the long, dark hair of the Spartans, the scanty grass, the clatter of horses up the stony pass, &c. But we think that the author lost sight of one poetical incident, which might have been most happily introduced. The Persians, under the command of Hydarnes, march all night, and, climbing the mountain in the dawn of day, are hidden from the guard by the thick groves of oaks, but are discovered by *the trampling of the leaves sounding clearly upon the still air*. The leaf rustling under the soldier's feet is quite Homeric. One other picturesque opportunity, which has been overlooked, may be suggested. By the fountain where the Spartans dressed their hair, Dr. Clarke found an enormous plane-tree, evidently of very great age, and if the plane-tree which Pausanias saw was 1,300 years old, the one at Thermopylæ might be an immediate descendant of that which sheltered the Spartans.

These local features are of the highest interest. Lord Byron tells us that the plain of Marathon was offered to him at the moderate price of 900*l*. We wonder what Thermopylæ would fetch? Herodotus was but a child of four years when the battle was fought; but the scene of it, as of Platæa, he afterwards visited, and is supposed to have obtained the names of the great Three Hundred. The reader of this ballad will be pleased by referring to Sophocles' fine play, the *Trachiniæ*, of which the scenery is copied from the same neighbourhood. The rocky roads, the cresting oaks and pines, and the rich mountain lights of Thessaly,—all are

there. And these poetical names remind us that the Pass of Thermopylæ was once familiar to readers of English verse, and the story of it quite the book of the season. About 116 years ago appeared a poem which took London by storm, and, crossing the channel to Dublin, caused the Dean to ask a question of Mr. Pope. Fielding wrote it up, Chatham talked of it, and some of the go-ahead critics of the time decreed that the hours of Milton's reign were numbered. The poem was *Leonidas*; the scene was *Thermopylæ*; the author was *Glover*. The glory of the work was short as it was brilliant. The flame of the rocket died in the dark; and the inquiry of Swift, "Who is this Mr. Glover who writ *Leonidas*, which is reprinting here, and hath great vogue?" would puzzle, we apprehend, many accomplished visitors to the Hibernian Exhibition. But the book is worth reading; Campbell admired the purity of its sentiments, and the classical hue of its imagery; while Southey saw in its very nakedness a sort of Spartan severity that commands respect.

But not even for Herodotus have we any more space. We have shown, or rather we have introduced Mr. Bode to show for himself, with how much animation he can copy these stirring and affecting legends of the olden time. He has wisely abstained from imitating the antique idioms and tones of our early minstrelsy. The rust on the medal increases its value, but spots look idle on coins fresh from the Mint. We hope that the author will keep his harp in tune. Dr. Maginn only did enough to indicate the capacity of Homeric ballads. Might not the *Odyssey* furnish a series of most engaging subjects? We can think of no picture gallery of the pen so romantic in its groups, so variegated in costume, or so rich in colour.

This reminds me of an epigram I heard the other day made upon Lord Kenmare and O'Connell, when the one hesitated about fighting Sir C. Saxton on account of his sick daughter, and the other boggled at the same operation through the interference of his wife.

These heroes of Erin, abhorrent of slaughter,
Improve on the Jewish command;
One honours his wife, and the other his daughter,
'That their days may be long in the land.

[Moore's Diary.]

AUTUMN LINES.

Gone is the golden October
Down the swift current of time,
Month by the poets called sober,
Just for the sake of the rhyme.

Tints of vermilion and yellow
Margined the forest and stream;
Poets then told us 'twas mellow,
How inconsistent they seem!

Now, while the mountain in shadow
Dappled and hazy appears,
While the late corn in the meadow,
Culprit-like, loses its ears.

Get some choice spirits together,
Bring out the dogs and the guns,
Follow the birds o'er the heather,
Where the 'cold rivulet' runs.

Look for them under the cover,
Just as the pole star at sea
Always is sought by the rover,
Near where the pointers may be.

Yet if your field-tramping brothers
Should not be fellows of mark,
Leave the young partridge for others,
Only make sure of a lark.

Thus shall the charms of the season
Gently throw round you their spell,
Thus enjoy nature in reason,
If in the country you dwell.

But if condemned as a denizen
In a great town to reside,
Take down a volume of Tennyson,
Make him do service as guide.

Borne upon poesy's pinion,
Rise to the heights that he gains,
Range over Fancy's dominion,
Walk hypothetical plains.

Soon shall the wintry December
Darken above us the sky—
Winds their old custom remember
All, in a spree, to get high:

And, as they wail through the copses,
Dirge-like and solemn to hear,
Nature's own grand *Thanatopsis*
Sadly shall strike the ear.

But all impressions so murky
Instantly banish like care,
Turn to the ham and the turkey
Christmas shall shortly prepare.

None than yourself can be richer,
Seated at night by the hearth,
With an old friend and a pitcher
Lending a share of the mirth.

Then to the needy be given
Aid from your generous boards,
And to a bountiful Heaven
Thanks for the wealth it affords.

J. R. T.

Notes and Commentaries, on a Voyage to China

CHAPTER XXV.

Origin of the Opium War; The Policy of England according to Lord Palmerston; The East India Company at Canton; Lord Napier's Visit to Canton; His Death; Sir G. B. Robinson; Mode of selling Opium; Captain Elliot; Chinese Views; Seizure of Opium; Disturbances; Execution; Lin's Proclamation; Destruction of Opium; Value of a Naval force; Conduct of British officers in the War; Rations of English soldiers; Views of a Missionary; The Cohong at Canton; Conduct of British soldiers; Conduct of foreigners towards the Chinese; Notions on the use of Opium.

"It is well known that many high authorities at home, as well as abroad, have asserted, and still continue to assert, that the pending war between Great Britain and the Celestial Empire had its origin in the opium traffic. Now, in taking up this position, the expedition is made to appear in its most glorious light, and were these arguments of opponents once admitted as reasonable and founded on a true basis, England would, indeed, have cause to rue the events of the two past years."* Dr. McPherson thinks the origin of the war is to be discovered "the arrogance and insolence of the Mandarins" towards British subjects resident at trading at Canton, admitting, however, that the sale of the drug may have tended some degree to provoke the treatment which he characterises as arrogant and insolent.

In the United States very many public men, as well as others, are in the habit not only of referring, but deferring to England, as an example of all that is great in State affairs, in law and in literature; in the affairs of army and navy; and regard England the mirror of all that is good in morals and religion. England undoubtedly has high claims to consideration and respect; pos-

sibly no nation stands before her in many things, but she has not always been, in the opinion of very many intelligent people, honest or honorable in her course towards other nations.

Those of us who are ever ready to quote the acts of England as precedents to determine our own course, should bear in mind that, in whatever we imitate or copy from her we confess inferiority. The credit of originality cannot inure to the copyist; he must remain the inferior of the master, and so long as he is a copyist so long must his mind and genius be dependent. In the opinion of those I allude to, whatever England does, must be right, and therefore must be adopted by us; an unanswerable argument is, England—or it is the practice in England. I would not refrain from any thing, because it is English; nor would I adopt any thing solely because it is English—"Examine all things, and hold fast to that which is good," is a rule suited to us.

It is to be hoped that we will never imitate the policy of England in her foreign intercourse; nor adopt the principle declared by her minister to be her rule of action—"Our interests are eternal, and these it is our duty to follow." In a word, the duty of England is to follow her interests without regard to others. "I hold that the real policy of England, as separate from questions which involve her own particular political and commercial interests, is to be the champion of justice," in moderation and prudence, "giving the weight of her moral sanction and support wherever she thinks justice is." "If I may be allowed to express in one sentence the principles which ought, in my mind, to guide an English statesman, I would adopt the expression of Mr. CANNING, and say to every British minister that the interest of England ought to be the shibboleth of Peace."

In examining the history of the origin of the Opium War, we shall see how far England has been the "champion of justice," how far she has "followed her interests," and possibly discover how far she reduces the theory of her minister to practice, and be warned.

The following extract from Lord PALMERSTON's speech, in reply to an attack made upon him in the House of Commons by

* Two Years in China. Narrative of the Chinese Expedition from its formation in April, 1840, to the treaty of peace in August, 1842. By D. McPherson, M. D. 1843. Second Edition. London.

Messrs. Anstley and Urquhart, I find in the number of the Washington "National Intelligencer" for April 4, 1848.

"We have endeavored," said his lordship, "to extend the commercial relations of this country, and to place them, where extension was not required, on a firmer basis, and a footing of greater security. I think that in that respect we have done good service to the country; and I hold that, with respect to alliances, England is a power sufficiently strong and potent to steer her own course, and need not tie herself as a necessary appendage to the policy of any other country. I hold that the real policy of England, as separate from questions which involve her own particular political and commercial interests, is to be the champion of justice and of right. In pursuing that course with moderation and prudence, not becoming the Quixote of the world, but giving the weight of her moral sanction and support wherever she thinks justice is—in pursuing that course, and in pursuing the more limited direction of our own particular interests, my conviction is, that, as long as England keeps herself in the right, and as long as she wishes to promote no injustice—as long as she wishes to countenance no wrong, as long as she seeks legitimate interests of her own, and sympathizes with right and justice in reference to others, she never will find herself altogether alone, but will be sure to find some other State of sufficient power, influence, and weight to support her in the course which she should think fit to pursue. Therefore I say that it is narrow policy to suppose that this country or that country is to be marked out as our eternal ally or our eternal enemy. We have no eternal allies and enemies. Our interests are eternal and these it is our duty to follow. When we find other countries marching in the same course, and pursuing the same objects, we so long consider them as fellow companions in the same path, and regard them with the most cordial feeling; and when we find other countries pursuing an opposite course and thwarting us, it is our duty to make allowance for their different conduct, and not to pass too harsh a judgment on them because they do not exactly see things in the same light as we do. It is our duty not lightly to engage this country in the dreadful responsibilities of war, because from time to time we may find this or that Power disinclined to concur with us. That has been, as far as possible, the guiding principle of my conduct, and if I may be allowed to express in one sentence the principles which ought, in my mind, to guide an English statesman I would adopt the expression of Mr. Canning, and say to every British Minister that the interest of England ought to be the Shibboleth of Peace."

Notice was given to the government of Canton in 1831, that on the cessation of the privileges of the East India Company, the King of England would appoint one of his officers to superintend British trade at Canton. The East India Company's privileges in China ceased in 1834, when the notice was repeated. The Chinese expected the appointment of a commercial head-man or chief by the British government, whose duty would be to supervise his own countrymen in their dealings; and who, in case of necessity, might communicate through the me-

dium of the hong-merchants, in form of petition, with the officers of the government of Canton.

The East India Company at Canton was scarcely less magnificent or expensive than in other parts of Asia. I have translated the following account from the work of an Italian traveller.

"I passed the month of February [1829] at Canton in the house of Mr. Dent, a very rich merchant who has procured the title of Consul General of Sardinia in order that he may not be disturbed by the East India Company. This Company keeps employed in China twenty persons, under the modest name of *supercargo*, who cost as much as the expenses of five or six of our provinces. The first, who is president of the company has 250,000 francs, [\$60,000] and so down in proportion to the youngest, one of whom told me he was miserably paid, and he received 20,000 francs [\$4,000.] They commence as boys of eighteen years old; ordinarily they are sons of Directors of the India Company: they remain in China twenty-four or twenty-five years, which is the average period to reach the grade of president, which is almost always given by seniority, and if reasonably careful they return with a fortune of two millions. In that period of time they are often granted leave of absence to visit Europe, for three years at a time, without diminution or loss of salary. When in China, they live in Canton from October till the end of February, the season in which the Company's ships come for the tea. Then from the close of February till October they pass at Macao, a Portuguese colony, where they enjoy more liberty and suffer less from heat than at Canton. Both in Canton and Macao the Company furnishes a house or apartment to each, a common table splendidly served, and indeed supply them servants and food. At Canton and at Macao there are neither coaches, diversions, nor theatre, so that it seems impossible a man, however much of a spendthrift he may be, could, as a bachelor, (for few are married,) having no occasion to spend, table and lodgings being *gratis*, and receiving for twenty or twenty-five years a salary of from twenty thousand francs, increasing every year till it reaches 250,000;—it seems impossible

effect the insane determination of the hong." — *Chin. Rep.*, vol. III.

Such a proceeding on the part of an envoy in any Christian country would be regarded as an insult and cause for demanding apology at least, if not declaration of war. On the 2nd of September, the Chinese governor stopped the English trade by proclamation, and all the Chinese servants of Lord Napier left his house. He immediately ordered the frigates *Andromache* and *Imogene* to Whampoa for the protection of British shipping and subjects. Both vessels were fired upon by the forts at the Bogue, which was returned; but no damage was sustained on either side.

Being harassed in mind by want of success in his mission, and restricted while the weather was hot, to the narrow limits assigned to foreigners at Canton, immediately after a sea voyage, his Lordship's health became seriously impaired. On the 14th he publicly determined to retire to Macao, to await instructions from England, and on the 21st embarked in a Chinese passage boat, but this boat was not permitted to proceed until the English frigates had retired from Whampoa, so that he was five days on a journey of 100 miles, which is frequently accomplished in less than twenty-four hours, though very often two or three days are spent contending against calms or head winds. A fortnight after his arrival at Macao his Lordship died.

As soon as Napier left Canton, trade was resumed.

The British cabinet did not approve of Lord Napier's proceedings and informed him that it was "not by force and violence that his majesty intended to establish a commercial intercourse between his subjects and China, but by conciliatory measures."

Throughout this affair the Chinese acted under the erroneous notion of the supremacy of China over England, and were sustained in it by the history of the British embassies to Peking. It is possible they suspected Lord Napier of attempting to break down this supremacy, by offering to correspond on equal terms. Their intercourse with foreigners had led them to believe they are crafty, avaricious and overbearing, and to insure the safety of China it was necessary

to be watchful, and resist all measures which they did not clearly comprehend.

Now, was the treatment of Lord Napier, all circumstances considered, a sufficient cause of war? Great Britain magnanimously declares that it was not, by expressly disapproving of his Lordship's conduct;—the design to insult did not exist in the mind of the Chinese governor, and was not suspected by the English.

Both the Chinese and British residents agreed that it was desirable to have a commercial agent to superintend the trade at Canton; perhaps they did not agree, however, as to the degree of dignity and power he should possess.

The British superintendents resided at Macao; they kept a clerk at Canton to sign manifests of cargoes. Trade proceeded quietly.

During the business of 1835--36 the Chief Superintendent, Sir G. B. Robinson remained on board of a cutter at Lintin, among the opium smugglers and regular trading vessels anchored there. He recommended the headquarters of the Superintendency to be permanently established afloat at Lintin, so as to be beyond the reach of the Chinese officers. He suggested that a resort to force, and the seizure of an island of the mouth of the Canton river would be necessary to bring about a proper understanding with the Chinese government. "But," said the Duke of Wellington on hearing of the result of Lord Napier's diplomacy, "that which we now require is, not to lose the enjoyment of what we have got," and, it is presumed, advocated pacific measures.

In December, 1836, for economical reasons, Sir G. B. Robinson's office was abolished, and the supervision of British trade placed under Captain Charles Elliot of the Royal Navy. On the day of his installation into office he addressed a note, through the required medium, the hong-merchants, requesting to be recognized as Superintendent of trade, with leave to reside at Canton where his presence seemed to be necessary, owing to the uncertain state of trade. This uncertain state of trade, meant really troubles growing out of dealing in opium, which was and is contraband by Chinese law. Tang Tingching had succeeded Lu as governor,

and procured the Emperor's sanction to Capt. Elliot's request, and on the 12th April, 1837, the office of the British Superintendent, having received a permit from the collector of customs, was opened at Canton.

In his note acknowledging the receipt of the imperial sanction, Captain Elliot said to the Governor of Canton, "The undersigned respectfully assures his excellency, that it is at once his duty and his anxious desire, to conform in all things to the imperial pleasure; and he will therefore heedfully attend to the points adverted to in the papers now before him."

The mode of selling opium to the Chinese by foreigners, chiefly Englishmen, is from floating depots or receiving vessels, as they are called, which prior to 1840 were generally anchored at Lintin. On paying at Canton for the quantity agreed upon, the purchaser received an order for his opium on the commander of the merchant's receiving-vessel at Lintin, where he received the drug and landed it at his own risk and peril. Neither the vender of the opium nor the commander of the receiving vessel ran any risk, either pecuniary or personal. But the purchaser and his agents were subject to many difficulties by encountering the revenue vessels, many of which were competitors in the illicit traffic. Scuffles and fights were frequent between different parties of smugglers and the Chinese revenue officers. What was carried on very largely in the waters about Canton, was repeated on a smaller scale along the northeast coast.

About \$20,000,000 were annually carried out of the country in treasure to pay for opium, chiefly the growth of British India, where it is cultivated expressly, if not exclusively, for the Chinese market. The drain of precious metal was felt to be a serious evil by the government; and Chinese philanthropists, for it seems that even heathens may entertain feelings of active and disinterested benevolence for their own countrymen, grieved to see the moral evil, the degradation of mind and decadence of body, produced by the practice of smoking opium. It was in vain that learned and good men wrote and spoke against the use of the opium pipe; their efforts influenced only those who were capable of seeing for themselves the

destructive consequences of dissipation. Public opinion in the best classes of Chinese society reprobated the vice; and this public opinion, possibly, determined the Chinese government to arrest the importation of opium by force.

About the period of Capt. Elliot's removal to Canton, a Chinese gentleman named Hu-Nai-tsi submitted a memorial to the government on the opium question. He assumed that, inasmuch as it was impossible to prevent the importation or use of the drug, it would be judicious to legalize the opium trade, and encourage the growth of the poppy in China; from this measure he expected to diminish very much, if not arrest the large exportation of treasure, and hold the vice somewhat in check: "the tens of millions of precious money, which now annually ooze out of the empire, will be saved, the revenue increased and all immorality and crime necessarily growing out of contraband trade will be arrested."

The general impression at Canton was, that the trade would be legalized; and therefore, preparations were made in India to augment the production of opium.

The views of Hu-Nai-tsi were combatted by other statesmen. A Cabinet Minister, Chu Tsun, submitted a memorial in which he urged that "a strict observance of the laws should be insisted on, for, if the laws against the use of opium were repealed, the people might come to despise all law. It has been represented that advantage is taken of the laws against opium, by extortionate underlings and worthless vagrants, to benefit themselves. Is it not known, then, that when government enacts a law, there is necessarily an infraction of that law? And though the law should sometimes be relaxed and become ineffectual, yet surely it should not on that account be abolished; any more than we should cease to eat because of stoppage of the throat. The laws which forbid the people to do wrong may be likened to the dykes which prevent the overflowing of water. If any one, urging then, that the dykes are very old and therefore useless, we should have them thrown down, what words could express the consequences of the impetuous rush and all destroying overflow! . . . If we can but prevent the importation of

opium, the exportation of dollars will then cease of itself, and the two offences will both at once be stopped. Moreover is it not better, by continuing the old enactments, to find even a patient remedy for the evil, than by a change of the laws to increase the importation still further? The Chinese opium could not compete with that brought from abroad, because all men prize what is strange and undervalue whatever is in ordinary use; besides it might not be as well manufactured. Its cultivation would occupy rich and fertile land now used for the production of grains: to draw off in this way the waters of the great fountain requisite for the production of food and raiment, and to lavish them upon the root, whence calamity and disaster spring forth, is an error like that of the physician, who, when treating a mere external disease, drives it inwards to the heart and centre of the body. Shall the fine fields of Kwangtung, which produce their three crops every year, be given up for the cultivation of this noxious weed?"*

Hu Kin, a sub-censor at the imperial court, presented a memorial on the necessity of preventing the exportation of silver, and mentioned the names of several Englishmen, Parsees and Americans who were extensively engaged in the opium trade. Both these writers entertain a notion, that the design of foreigners in bringing opium to China, was to debilitate and impoverish the nation as a preparatory step to its subjugation; they argue that such must be the case, as foreigners do not consume the drug in their own country.

The discussion amongst the Chinese begot a like debate amongst the foreigners at Canton, the majority of whom were smugglers. Their arguments may be found in the "Chinese Repository." The efforts to stop the opium trade by the Chinese were supposed, by many, not to be sincere.

In September, 1837, an order was transmitted from the provincial government through the hong-merchants to Capt. Elliot, to drive away the receiving ships from Lintin, and to send the emperor's command to his king that henceforth they might be prohibited from coming. Capt. Elliot declined forwarding any order to his sovereign which did not

come *direct* from the Chinese government; consequently, the order was sent through the prefect and colonel of the department. In his reply, Capt. Elliot stated that his authority did not reach beyond the legal trade of Great Britain with this empire, and that his gracious sovereign had not been made acquainted with the existence of any other.

The numerous collisions which were daily occurring between the smugglers' boats and revenue officers, and the general excitement prevailing induced Capt. Elliot to lay a detailed account of the opium trade before his government, and at the same time suggested a mode for opening communication with the imperial court. In reply, Lord Palmerston states, that "her majesty's government do not see their way in such a measure with sufficient clearness to justify them in adopting it at the present moment." He adds that *no protection can be afforded to "enable British subjects to violate the laws of the country to which they trade. Any loss, therefore, which such persons may suffer in consequence of the more effectual execution of the Chinese laws on this subject, must be borne by the parties who have brought that loss on themselves by their own acts."*

Had the British government honestly and rigidly adhered to this position there would have been no war, and the cultivation of the poppy by the East India Company for the Chinese market must have ceased. The penalty for trading in opium was now death by the Chinese law; and it is not probable that the trade would have been carried on to great extent at the imminent risk of both life and property. But there seems to have been a mental or diplomatic reservation which neutralized the position of the minister, if we may judge by the subsequent acts of the government. Protection would be afforded to the legal commerce of British subjects, which, as well as their personal liberty, was endangered by the efforts of the Chinese authorities to reach the contraband trade; therefore, when constraint was put upon either for the purpose of crushing the opium traffic, the military power of England was set in motion to force them to let both alone. This diplomatic quibble caused the death of thousands of unoffending people.

About the close of 1837, Captain Elliot

* The Middle Kingdom, vol. ii, p. 498.

struck the British flag at Canton and retired to Macao, in consequence of refusing, in obedience to his instructions, to entitle his letters to the governor "petitions;" the governor declined receiving communications from him in any other form. It must be remembered that Capt. Elliot had assured the governor that it was his duty and desire to conform to the wishes of the imperial government.

Difficulties daily increased between the Chinese and their rulers, by the increased efforts of the imperial government to check the trade. Retailers at Canton were imprisoned, and those found in other places brought there in chains. During the year 1838, the opium traffic had increased very much, and the collisions growing out of it seemed to endanger the continuance of the whole foreign commerce. On the 3rd December, twelve small boxes containing 250 pounds of opium were seized while landing, and the coolies who had it in charge were carried prisoners into the city; they declared that they had been employed by Mr. Innes, a British merchant, to bring the opium from on board of an American ship at Whampoa, consigned to Mr. Talbot. Both these gentlemen were ordered to leave Canton within three days; but Mr. Talbot stated that neither he nor the ship had any connexion whatever with this opium, and in consequence the order to leave was revoked. The hong-merchants, who were sureties for the good conduct of foreigners, were irritated and declared to the Chamber of Commerce, which had been formed at the suggestion of Lord Napier, they would pull down his house if Mr. Innes did not depart; and they would not rent their houses to any who would not give bond to abstain from those flagrant violations of the law. The Chamber of Commerce, which no doubt included a large number of opium smugglers among its members, protested of course against the destruction of their personal dwellings.*

While Mr. Innes still remained in Canton the governor ordered a convicted dealer in opium to be put to death in front of the factories, in order to render foreigners more sensible of the enormity of the crime they were abetting. The officer was making pre-

parations to obey his orders, near the American flagstaff, when the foreigners sallied forth, pushed down the bamboo tent he was erecting, and forbade him in loud tones to execute the convict there. The officer gave way, and strangled his prisoner in a neighboring street. A crowd had collected which the foreigners attempted to disperse. Blows were exchanged, and the foreigners were forced to retire to the factories, which, under the impression that two Chinese had been seized, the mob assailed with stones and brickbats: the mob held command of the square for three hours, and the danger was imminent when the district magistrate and police interfered and dispersed the crowd.

"This occurrence tended to impress both the government and people with contempt and hatred for foreigners and their characters, fear of their designs and the necessity of restraining them. The majority of them were engaged in the opium trade, and all stood before the empire as violators of the laws, while the people themselves suffered the dreadful penalty."* In Vicksburg they would have been Lynched.

The Chamber of Commerce declared its innocence in provoking the disturbance, and protested against the conversion of the public square into a place of execution. The governor in reply chided them for opium dealing, and declared his design of causing all persons convicted of opium dealing to be put to death there.

On the evening of this eventful day, Capt. Elliot arrived at Canton, accompanied by armed boats from Whampoa. At a general meeting of foreigners, he attributed these events to smuggling on the river, and declared he would order all British-owned vessels to leave it within three days. His orders and entreaties had no effect on his countrymen. In a public notice he remarked "this course of traffic was rapidly staining the British character with deep disgrace," and exposing the regular commerce to great peril, and that he would shrink from no responsibility in drawing it to a conclusion.†

"Mr. Innes retired to Macao," says Mr. Williams, "and the regular trade was resumed at the beginning of January," 1839;—but

* The Middle Kingdom.

* The Middle Kingdom.

† The Middle Kingdom.

the Chinese still remained resolute in their purpose to abolish the opium traffic, which certain interested parties as resolutely determined to perpetuate.

On the 26th February, 1839, Fung A-ngan was strangled in front of the factories for his connexion with opium: the foreign flags, English, American, Dutch and French were all hauled down in consequence.* The stoppage of all trade was threatened, and the governor urged the immediate departure of all opium ships from Chinese waters.

On the 10th of March, 1839, Lin, the distinguished Chinese commissioner, invested with the fullest powers ever conferred on a subject, arrived at Canton, charged with the Herculean labor of abolishing the opium trade.

"One feels a degree of sympathy for the helpless condition of officers and statesmen sincerely desirous of doing their country service, and yet so sadly ignorant of the only effectual preventive. They might as well have tried to concert a measure to stop the Yellow river in its impetuous flow, as to check the opium trade by laws and penalties. *Nothing but the Gospel and its influences could help them*, and these they really know nothing of, though they forbade them as far as they did know them; but foreigners did not dare to violate their prohibitions on this head.' China was shut."—*The Middle Kingdom*, vol. 2, p. 505.

"We sympathize with the Emperor and his Ministers in their endeavors to stay the progress of this evil; *yet when all the powerful restraints and sanctions of the law of God*, and a full knowledge of the disastrous effects, have not been able to stay the *use of ardent spirits in Christian lands*, how much less were the chances of success in this case! Lin appears to have been well fitted for the mission."—*The Middle Kingdom*, vol. 2, p. 510.

As the gospel and its influences could not help Christians to stay the use of ardent spirits in Christian lands, how could we anticipate that the gospel and its influences would help pagans to stay the use of opium in pagan lands. This is absurd. Purely animal appetites are not controlled by religious feeling, except in those codes where

* The Middle Kingdom.

abstinence from certain things is made an article of the creed; as abstinence from pork by the Jews, and from fermented and distilled spirits by the Mahomedans, and from the use of animal food by the Hindoos. The consumption of these several things by believers, in the respective creeds, is supposed to be at the peril of eternal life, and they refrain in terror of the consequences; and when the use of opium or any thing else is established in the opinion of people to be at the price of eternal salvation, or the reverse, their religious feeling will restrain them to a great extent, but not entirely.

On the 18th of March, Lin issued his first proclamation to the hong-merchants and foreigners; he required the latter to deliver, within three days, every particle of opium in the receiving ships and to give bond that they would bring no more, under penalty of death. On the last of the three days the Chamber of Commerce met, and through their President, W. S. Wetmore, addressed the hong-merchants, stating that they would give a definite reply in four days, and remarked, "there is an almost unanimous feeling in the community of the absolute necessity of the foreign residents of Canton having no connexion with the opium traffic."

About ten o'clock P. M., the hong-merchants again met the Chamber of Commerce, and stated that if *some* opium was not given up, two of their number would be beheaded in the morning. The merchants present, British, Parsee, and American subscribed 1037 chests to be tendered to the Commissioner; but the next morning the hong-merchants returned, saying that this quantity was insufficient.

In the afternoon Lin endeavored to induce Mr. Dent, a leading English merchant supposed to be extensively engaged in the opium business, to meet him at the city gates, for the purpose, it was presumed, of securing him as a hostage. But Mr. Dent refused to go to the city without a safe-warrant. This was declined.

In the meantime Capt. Elliot was at Macao. On the 22d of March he addressed a note to the governor, asking whether he designed to make war on English ships and subjects, and at the same time expressed his readiness to meet the Chinese officers and use "his

sincere efforts to fulfil the pleasure of the great emperor as soon as it was made known to him."*

It is supposed this note never reached its destination, having been sent through the sub-prefect. Capt. Elliot further requested the assistance of the H. B. M. ship *Larne* to protect British interests; and in a circular, suggested that all British opium and other vessels should repair to Hong Kong, and prepare to resist aggression.

On Sunday evening, Capt. Elliot arrived at Canton, and conducted Mr. Dent in the most conspicuous manner to the British Consulate.

The Chinese supposed that the foreigners were about to abscond, and therefore a heavy guard was placed over the factories, and the Chinese servants were withdrawn; so that by nine o'clock at night their only inmates were the foreigners, about 275 in number.

On the 25th of March most of the foreign merchants signed a paper pledging themselves "not to deal in opium, nor to attempt to introduce it into the Chinese empire," but subsequently some of them actively engaged in the trade, excusing their course under the plea of having promised under compulsion.

Capt. Elliot applied for passports for himself and countrymen, and requested that the Chinese servants might be permitted to return to their foreign employers; but these requests could not be granted until the opium should be given up.

No Chinese was permitted to carry water or food to the foreigners; even correspondence with Whampoa and Macao was interdicted, and one boatman was put to death for attempting to carry a letter. Means, however, were found to transmit letters.

Lin next issued an exhortation to foreigners to deliver up the drug. He had promised to reopen the trade as soon as the opium was delivered and the bonds given.

On the 27th of March, Capt. Elliot issued a circular, demanding that all opium owned by British subjects, should be delivered into his custody by six o'clock P. M. of that day, and holding himself responsible to its owners, individually, for its value, as agent of the British government.

* The Middle Kingdom.

Before night, 20,288 chests of opium, which cost nearly eleven millions of dollars, were surrendered to Captain Elliot, and the next day tendered to Commissioner Lin. The opium was on board of twenty-two vessels; this fleet of smugglers was ordered to the *Bogue*, there to wait for its delivery to the Chinese officers. Lin and the Governor both went down to superintend the transfer. On the 2nd of April, arrangements for delivering the opium were completed, on the 21st of May, the whole was stored near the *Bogue*.

On the 5th of May, one-half the opium having been landed, the guards were removed from the factories, and communication with the shipping resumed. Sixteen persons, English, Parsee, and American were ordered to leave Canton and never return, ten of whom departed in company with Capt. Elliot on the 24th, who had previously enjoined that no British ship should enter the port, or any British subject remain in Canton, on the ground that they would not be safe.

The Emperor directed the opium to be destroyed by Lin and his official colleagues, in the presence of the civil and military officers, the inhabitants of the coast, and the foreigners, "that they may know and tremble thereat." The order was strictly obeyed; 20,291 chests, (8 having been added from Macao,) received from the English, were completely destroyed. No Roman Emperor could have done more for Romans, at such a sacrifice of treasure.

The proceedings of the Chinese, their strict obedience to all orders issued relative to the foreigners in the factories, during the opium excitement, form a notable comment on the following sentence from *The Middle Kingdom*—"According to their phraseology [edicts] there can possibly be no failure in the execution of every order; if they [edicts] are once made known, the obedience of the people follows almost as a matter of course; while at the same time, both the writer and the people know that most of them are but little better than waste paper."

But alas for Commissioner Lin! all this was in vain, for smuggling commenced again, even before the whole of the opium at the *Bogue* was destroyed.

During the year 1839, British vessels did

not enter the port, but English trade was almost all carried under the flags of other nations. Lin was anxious that British vessels should pursue legal commerce without restraint, except that a bond, under penalty of death, should be given not to trade in opium. The British superintendent forbade British ships from entering the port on these terms; at the time, however, negotiations had been opened when they were arrested by the unauthorized entrance of an English ship, and by a conflict between two of H. B. M. ships and sixteen men-of-war junks under Admiral Koran. Several minor difficulties and collisions had previously occurred, so that the two nations were virtually at war.

But there would have been no war had the Chinese been able, by a well appointed navy, to have enforced observance of their revenue laws. Had China destroyed every vessel and put to death every person captured in the opium or other contraband traffic, England would have had to submit, under the law of nations, which forbids interference of one nation with the domestic laws of another. England would have had no just pretext for war.

The restraint put on Capt. Elliot, at the time he surrendered the opium was construed into a national insult, because he was the representative, an officer of Great Britain, although regarded by the Chinese merely as a *taipan*, that is, chief supercargo, or head merchant. He was never *recognised as an officer* by the Chinese Government.

England made war on China, according to Lord John Russell, (1.) "to obtain reparation for insults and injuries offered her majesty's superintendent and subjects," while forcing them to give up contraband goods, confiscated by Chinese law: who ever heard before of a convicted smuggler or thief bringing an action at law for defamation and assault against the officers who arrested him: (2.) "to obtain indemnification for the losses the merchants had sustained under threats of violence;" or rendered into plain English, to force the Chinese government to pay smugglers for the opium which was a lawful prize, without drawback, when taken within the jurisdiction of the empire; and (3.) "lastly, get security that persons and property trading with China should in future be

protected from insult and injury, and trade maintained upon a proper footing;" meaning actually that the opium trade should be continued, duty free, whether the Chinese government liked it or not. Such were the alleged grounds for the war; but very many people think these were not the true ones.

In 1836, Sir G. B. Robinson speaking of opium smugglers, said: "In no case have Europeans been engaged in any kind of conflict or affray; and while this *increasing* and *lucrative* trade is in the hands of the parties whose vital interests are so totally dependent on its safety and continuance, and by whose *prudence* and *integrity* it has been brought into its present *increasing* and *flourishing* condition, I think little apprehension may be entertained of dangers emanating from imprudence on their part. On the question of smuggling opium I will not enter in this place. Whenever his majesty's government directs us to prevent British vessels engaging in the traffic, we *can enforce any order to that effect*, but a more certain method would be to PROHIBIT THE GROWTH OF THE POPPY AND THE MANUFACTURE OF OPIUM IN BRITISH INDIA."

"Lord Ellenbrough spoke of the million and a half sterling revenue 'derived from foreigners,' which if the opium monopoly was given up and its cultivation abandoned, they must seek elsewhere."

Lord Melbourne said: "We possess immense territories [how did they obtain them?] peculiarly fitted for raising opium, and though he would wish that the government were not so directly concerned in the traffic, he was not prepared to pledge himself to relinquish it."

"The Duke of Wellington thought the Chinese government was insincere in its efforts, and therefore deserved little sympathy."*

As we have seen, Lord Palmerston thought then and has since said, the real "policy of England is to be the champion of justice;" but as the interests of England are eternal, it is her duty to follow them.

It is possible that a bonus of ten or twen-

* The Middle Kingdom.

ty millions of dollars and some commercial favors delicately offered by the Chinese government to that of England for abolishing the manufacture of opium in British India, would have been accepted; and received by the iron Duke as a proof of sincerity.

It is an opinion with very many, that the Chinese government would do wisely to legalize the opium trade, and derive advantage from a practice which they do not approve but cannot prevent. Similar views have been suggested in the Western hemisphere, relative to another contraband trade which all deprecate but cannot prevent. It would be humane to legalize the slave trade, because the victims of it might be made more comfortable on their passage to the scene of their labors, and, as Mr. Williams suggests, while contemplating the probable overthrow of the Chinese government as a concomitant to the evangelization of the empire, the negroes "*can live as happily under other rule as under that of their own princes.*" England has abolished the name of slavery in her Western possessions, and does not recognize it in her eastern dominions; but for the "peculiar institution" as we call it, which is found to be necessary to her "eternal interests," she has found the happy name of "apprenticeship." The fact of slavery is not so oppressive as the thought of it; there is much in the name; liberty is more grand and admirable as an idea than it is as a reality. England's "apprentices" of the West Indies; and her Hindoo "colonists" of Mauritius are all virtually slaves for life. Nevertheless, benevolent, philanthropic, Christian England weeps and wails over the disgrace, the sinfulness of slavery as it exists in the United States, although we have given it a less offensive name and called it "our peculiar institution."

For the sake of preserving a revenue of two millions of pounds sterling from her possessions in India, England made war on China, under the pretext she had been insulted in the persons of Capt. Elliot and the smuggling merchants trading at Canton.

The mode and manner in which the war was conducted are creditable to the military and naval science of Great Britain; but the horrors of it were not lessened on this account. A few sentences from the narrative

of Captain Arthur Cunynghame, aide-de-camp to Major General Lord Saltoun, K. C. B. G. C. H., commanding her majesty's and the Hon. East India Company's troops in China,* and that of Dr. McPherson; a few sentences from these works show the character of the war.

"In a part of the religious building in which we had taken up our quarters, were large stores of rich silks and satins, of the finest Nankin manufacture; these, as you will readily imagine, becoming the lawful *loot* [plunder] of the captors, were without loss of time divided. The portion, however, which fell to my share, passed into the hands of some one else on its way on board, which many have since told me I well deserved.

"Although very many rare and curious things fell into the hands of those who took any pains in collecting them, but little specie was discovered in the town, it either having been removed or buried prior to our arrival, for which indeed they had ample time, by reason of our before mentioned delay at Swei-Shan, or the Admiral's Pagoda. Individual instances doubtless did occur where large sums of Sycee fell into private hands; but those who were sufficiently alive to help themselves to this enticing article, had generally the prudence to store it away with the utmost despatch in the ever-ready and capacious transports, and to say as little about it as possible. The prize agents, I believe, did not get much more than fifty or sixty thousand dollars—a contemptible sum in a town which, for opulence and trade, ranks among the very first cities in this stupendous monarchy.

"Most of us provided ourselves with warm cloaks, which were plentifully strewed about, as we reckoned that we might have to spend the winter in the same latitude; and from the previous accounts which had been given us of the intense cold at that season, we deemed it wise to make some preparation for it. I was fortunate enough to stumble upon some ornaments of jade, which stone, when carved is very highly prized in the country. * * *

"Among other articles I procured were two joeys or batons of office, which are presented by the Emperor to those who are suf-

* Recollections of Service in China.

ficiently fortunate to render themselves worthy of his notice and favour.

* * * *

"I moreover procured a very good specimen of the metal mirrors, so much used prior to the introduction of the common quick-silvered glasses."

The private property of the Chinese does not seem to have been much respected by her majesty's troops in China.

"I am ashamed to say there were many who could not restrain the wish, that we should be allowed to enter this fine city (Nankin) in the character of conquerors, knowing that it lay, as it were, so entirely within our grasp; yet when we came calmly to canvass the horrors which would inevitably ensue, and to call to our recollections the dreadful scenes which had so recently occurred at the towns we had just left, which would unquestionably be re-enacted here—scenes the bare recollection of which made the blood thrill through our veins with horror—there was not, I am sure, one man present who did not wish that negotiations so happily commenced, should be allowed quietly to proceed, and this now happy city should be spared.

"The desire of aggrandizing the condition by force and fraud is unjust in itself, and unhallowed as a motive for war; it is, notwithstanding, the common motive for collecting armies, and it is the principal motive which keeps armies in activity. The passion of cupidity is an aggrandizing passion. It has a forward course, it amasses materials and organizes them into armies, by a process that may in some manner be called instinctive. The desire of money to buy bread fills the military ranks; the hopes of spoil stimulate to exertion. The man of arms is purchasable as a commodity of traffic, and applicable to all uses; consequently an instrument of unhallowed purposes for a bribe of money."

The British army suffered severely from disease, which destroyed more than the arms of the enemy. Dr. McPherson says—"It required no gifted sooth-sayer to prognosticate what the results would be, where men were placed in tents pitched on low paddy fields, surrounded by stagnant water, putrid

and stinking from quantities of dead animal and vegetable matter. Under a sun hotter than that ever experienced in India, the men on duty were buckled up to the throat in their full dress coatees; and in consequence of there being so few camp followers, fatigue parties of Europeans were daily detailed to carry provisions and stores from the ships to tents, and to perform all menial employments, which, experience has long taught us, they cannot stand in a tropical climate. The poor men, working like slaves, began to sink under the exposure and fatigue. Bad provisions, low spirits, and despondency drove them to drink. This increased their liability to disease, and in the month of November there were barely 500 effective men in the force. A sort of infatuation seemed to possess the minds of the authorities. Medical men, as is often the case, were put down as croakers, their recommendations were neither listened nor attended to."

If we may credit Captain Cunynghame many probably shortened their lives more by the active use of the cup and fork than by exposures to the influence of the climate:—"to each individual in the mess was allowed, *per diem*, three bottles of beer, one of wine, and a pint of brandy. * * *

"I have known instances of men having eaten as much as six and eight pounds of pork during the day, with raw vegetables and watermelons *ad libitum*."

The fatality amongst British subjects, English, Scotch and Irish, residing within the tropics is no criterion of the salubrity of the climate. Their social habits lead them to indulge freely in the pleasures of the table, drawn from choice bins and savory dishes, more freely abroad than at home. The preserved meats and vegetables of almost every country of Europe frequently appear at table; no expense seems to be considered too great to procure luxurious diet.

Of the events of the war I have nothing to say. It was closed in 1842, by the supplementary treaty of the Bogue. The result is generally known; liberty to trade freely with any Chinese, at any or all of the ports of Canton, Amoy, Fuchau, Ningpo and Shanghai; "indemnity for the past and security for the future," i. e. \$21,000,000, including \$6,000,000 for the opium seized and destroy-

* Robert Jackson, M. D., Discipline of Armies.

ed at the Bogue by the Chinese authorities. The opium traffic to be continued, in as much as the treaty is silent on the subject. The cost of this war to the Chinese, besides loss of life and human happiness which should count as something, \$21,000,000 in cash to the English; the expense of preparing armies and fleets to resist them, and then add about \$10,000,000 for the private property destroyed or stolen by the officers and men, under the name of "lawful plunder."

"Our moderate demands will forever rebound to the credit of Great Britain. We paved the way to the utter extinction of that exclusiveness and idea of supremacy hitherto insisted on by the Celestial Empire and we have laid open a most valuable mart of commerce to the world at large; and, *with the help of Providence*, we yet may be instrumental in sowing the seeds of Christianity amongst a skilful and intelligent people."*

When the negotiations for peace were frustrated at the Bogue in January 1841, Mr. S. Wells Williams, thought it was Providential—it was the will of God that the war should go on, that the eyes of the Chinese should be opened to the lights of Christianity. The opium was lost sight of, and for a moment, behold the English army engaged, under Providence, in a crusade against paganism in China and in behalf of the true cross. Christians were lapsing back into the ancient mode of converting the heathen at the point of the bayonet. Mr. Williams says:

"A higher hand should be recognized in the failure of this treaty. The *great desire of Christian people*, who believed that China was finally to receive the Gospel, *was that she might be opened to their benevolent efforts*, but this treaty confined the trade to Canton, and left the country as closed as ever to all good influences, commercial, political, social and religious, while the evils of smuggling, law-breaking, and opium-smoking along the coast were unmolested. The crisis which had brought an expedition to the country was not likely soon to recur, if this failed to break down its seclusiveness; and no nation would attempt it if England retired. The *opening of the empire was not contemplated in this treaty*, and that this should be one re-

* Dr. McPherson—Two Years in China.

sult of the quarrel, was ardently desired by every well wisher of China."

Every truly religious Christian ardently desires that, not only those of China, but the inhabitants of the entire earth should become Christians and act on the precepts of our Saviour. But surely in these days of general knowledge, few wished evangelization to be at the point of the sword, to be a necessary result of any quarrel or wholesale murder, as war is. Will Mr. Williams and those who adopt his views behold "A Higher Hand" in the failure of the treaties of 1842, (which brought peace) to subject the country 'to all good influences, commercial, political, social and religious,' and at the same time abolish 'the evils of smuggling, law-breaking and opium-smoking:' these latter evils were as rife at the close of 1848 as before the war, and how long they will continue seems beyond the power of human conjecture. "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

Prior to the year 1842, foreign commerce was confined to the port of Canton; and there, foreigners were restricted to trade with Chinese merchants who were designated by the government. In a word, foreign trade was a monopoly in the hands of a company of twelve Chinese, who constituted what was known as the cohong, and the members of this cohong were called hong-merchants. In consideration of certain advantages, they guaranteed the good conduct of foreigners, the payment of duties, port charges, &c.

One of the effects of the English crusade or war of opium toleration was the abolition of the cohong and opening the foreign trade to as many Chinese as were disposed to compete for it. It had been anticipated as an advantage to foreigners, and was thought to be a point gained, but opinion has changed in this respect. It is supposed now by many that the destruction of the cohong is an evil to foreigners. The foreign merchant can trade with any Chinese merchant he may select, but there is a natural difficulty in the way which was overlooked when the British were bargaining for a golden future. The Chinese language is not easily acquired; few if any Anglo-Saxon merchants in China speak it, and Canton or "pigeon English" is far from being universally understood

by the Chinese. Consequently business must be transacted to a considerable extent, through the medium of interpreters, who, in fact act as business brokers. These men are irresponsible, and, therefore, business transactions are attended by more anxiety and care than they formerly were under the rule of the hong-merchants, whose integrity was to some extent guaranteed by the government. It is true the hong-merchants were brokers to some extent, and doubtlessly derived profits from this branch of business; if they were dishonest, they were under some restraint, and the foreigner was liable to be cheated by only twelve men, whose interests lay in treating him well; but now he is obnoxious to the malpractices of hundreds of brokers, and the number will multiply when the city gates are thrown open to foreigners. The difficulty can be met only by merchants learning to speak the Chinese language, and becoming judges of the quality of goods, and acquainted with the cost of production or manufacture of such articles as they wish to purchase.

The government of England has been long marked for carrying out the "protective policy" to its fullest extent. In China rival interests claimed from her the benefits of this wise policy; the question was which of the two shall be abandoned or protected, British manufacturers at home, or the growers of opium in British India. The latter interest is supposed to yield a revenue of nearly ten millions of dollars to the English treasury. By their treaty the English were prohibited from visiting any port of China, for trade, to the North of the 32nd degree: and by order in Council, vessels were liable to a penalty of £100 for every violation of the treaty in this respect. Nevertheless, Capt. Hope of H. M. S. *Thalia* was recalled from the station for stopping two or three opium vessels proceeding above Shanghai, in order that he might not, as Lord Palmerston said, "interfere in such a manner with the undertakings of British subjects."* The proclivity of the government, although not declared openly, it may be inferred, is to protect the opium growers. But the British home manufactures assert that "commerce with China cannot be conducted on a per-

manently safe and satisfactory basis so long as the contraband trade in opium is permitted. Even if legalized, the trade would inevitably undermine the commerce of Great Britain with China, and prevent its being, as it otherwise might be, an advantageous market for our manufactures. It would operate for evil in a double way: first, by enervating and impoverishing the consumers of the drug, it would disable them from becoming purchasers of our productions; and second, as the Chinese would then be paid for their produce chiefly as now in opium, the quantity of that article imported by them having of late years exceeded in value the tea and silk we receive from them, our own manufactures would consequently be, to a great extent, precluded."* Between 1803-8, the annual demand for woollens alone was nearly £150,000, more than it was for *all* products of British industry between 1834-39; while in that interval, the opium trade has risen from 3,000 to 30,000 chests annually. These arguments have not prevailed. Possibly the opium traffic indirectly increases the ability of the government to indulge in nepotism, and to gratify noble families by providing places for their younger sons? Humanity seems to engage very little of the attention of statesmen while they are settling the policy of trade.

The conduct, the bearing of British troops towards the Chinese around Canton, and elsewhere in China has left an abiding feeling of hatred against the English. The war was marked in its course by private plunder, rape and debauchery, as may be seen in the histories of it by the actors; Howqua remarked, the British troops were so beastly libidinous that they made no distinction between the old woman of eighty and the tender maiden of fourteen. Even now the English seem to be dreaded by the Chinese on account of their women.

The deportment of the English especially, towards the Chinese is noticeable to one on his arrival at Canton. They are neither respectful nor considerate in their manners; generally, haughty or overbearing in deportment and their whole bearing tends to excite dislike and fix the prejudices of the Chinese against them. Mr. Williams says that the

* The Middle Kingdom.

* The Middle Kingdom.

“coarse remarks, rude actions, and general supercilious conduct towards the natives” by some foreigners who visit China, “ill comport with their superior civilization and advantages. One who looked at the matter reasonably would not expect much true politeness among a people whose conceit and ignorance, selfishness and hauteur, were nearly equal; nor be surprised to find the intercourse between the extremes of society present a strange mixture of brutality and commiseration, formality and disdain.”*

Arrogance, self-conceit, haughtiness and selfishness are not less prominent in the character of the British than in that of the Chinese as people; and, phrenologists would infer, therefore, that kindness is not likely to increase between them.

In “The China Mail” for August 3d, 1848, there are some remarks on the condition of the jail of Hong-Kong, which indicate the tone of bearing of some of her Majesty’s officers towards the Chinese. “The then Acting Chief Justice,” says the editor, “not satisfied with pronouncing sentence on the unfortunates brought before his own tribunal, took upon himself to issue peremptory mandates within the precincts of the gaol. Amongst other things he would order the Chinese not only to have their tails cut off [an irrecoverable disgrace in the eyes of a Chinaman,] but to have their crowns shaven, so as effectually to prevent their attaching a false cue, and thus making felons and men confined for slight crimes equally outcasts for life. This being in direct opposition to the instructions of Her Majesty’s Government, His Excellency [the Governor of Hong Kong] ordered it to be discontinued forthwith, and expressed no little astonishment on learning that it had been done by orders from Acting Chief Justice Campbell.”

The editor further states that a Mr. Holdforth fills two offices; that of assistant magistrate, who is *ex officio* visiter of the gaol, and Sheriff. The editor asks whether it is “justifiable on the part of the latter, of his own authority and for his pecuniary advantage, to allow debtors to go out when and where they liked, in custody of an officer, upon payment of a certain fee, so much per hour or per day, upon the ground simply that

* The Middle Kingdom.

the prisoner being committed to his charge, he could of his own accord grant them any indulgence he pleased. Such reasoning is worthy of the practice it would support; *

* * * * * whilst at the same time it affords another proof of the great convenience of combining two otherwise incompatible offices—the assistant magistrate, who is visiter of the gaol, being certain not to complain of the Sheriff for making his office a profitable one.” As magistrate he anomalously commits men to his own custody as Sheriff; and employs convicts to perform coolies’ work for himself.

The hostile feelings engendered and kept up by the manners and acts of some individuals, such as alluded to, are probably the remote origin of such tragedies as that enacted at Hwang-Chu-Kee in December 1848, when six Englishmen were murdered.*

* THE LATE RIOT IN CHINA.

We find in the New York papers further particulars of the late riot in China, which resulted in the massacre of six Englishmen by the inhabitants of some of the Chinese villages near Canton. The persons killed are represented to have been English merchants.

The occurrence had produced much excitement at Canton. As soon as it was made known to KEYING, the Chinese Imperial Commissioner, he issued a proclamation calling upon his people to ferret out and surrender the murderers. He also addressed a communication to Sir JOHN DAVIS, the British Governor, apprizing him of his proceedings, and that he had dispatched the Prefect of Canton with the district military, to order the gentry all around to assemble to investigate what had really become of the six Englishmen, and with all haste to find out and seize the culprits, and punish them according to the extreme penalty of the law. “These villians (he says) act with total disregard of the regulations and create disturbance. Should they not submit, soldiers will instantly be appointed to surround them and apprehend them, and not one individual shall escape. Thus the national laws will be vindicated, and the hearts of men will rejoice. The honorable envoy need not entertain any anxiety on this point.”

Sir JOHN DAVIS had arrived at Canton from Hong Kong, with an armed force, for the purpose of demanding satisfaction. He at first resolved to burn several villages from which he was deterred by the insufficiency of his force. He then forwarded his commands to the Chinese Commissioner KEYING, but did not expect a favorable answer, or one that his Government would be satisfied with. The impression at Canton was that the place would be blockaded.

The “Friend of China,” an English paper, gives the subjoined particulars of the excursion and collision which resulted so fatally to six of its countrymen:

From the Friend of China of December 11.

We regret to say that since our last issue all doubts as to the dreadful tragedy at Fa-tee have been completely dispelled. Six of our countrymen, Messrs. Rutter, Brown, Small, Bellamy, Balkwill and McCart, have been barba-

The influence of the teachings of the various Christian Missionaries in China must be very much lessened by the examples of deportment and conduct of men, supposed to be Christians, as sketched in the China Mail:

"The art of working moral reformation is

rously murdered by the savages, whose threats have been neglected both by their own authorities and by the British Plenipotentiary. A more cold-blooded murder does not disgrace the history of barbarism; and a fearful penalty will be required from those who are its immediate perpetrators, and from others whose obstinate perversity in error permitted such an atrocity.

The particulars are only known from the Chinese connected with foreign trade, and with slight variations their story is the same; and their detestation of the deed is expressed in strong language.

On the afternoon of Sunday, the 5th, the party above named left the factories in a Hong boat, intending to proceed a short way up the river and then land for a walk, returning in time for dinner. They did not come back, and on Monday there was much excitement and great alarm for their safety. A party was immediately formed to go in search of them; they returned in the evening, having ascertained that their missing friends landed near some villages on the Fa-tee creek, and that there had been a disturbance. One of the boatmen also came back on the evening of the 6th. He reported that after the foreigners had landed, gongs were beat at the different villages, and a disturbance ensued, but of the fate of his passengers he was totally ignorant. An attempt was also made to capture the Hong boat, though she escaped up the river after being a good deal battered with stones.

On the 7th the Hong boat returned: her crew could give no further information. On board were two pistol-cases, with the powder-flasks, &c.; but the pistols had been taken on shore. It was now reported by respectable Chinese that, on landing, the villagers surrounded their victims, a strong party intercepting their retreat to the boat. An attack was made with stones, and a gentleman being struck on the mouth and severely injured, drew a pistol and shot one of the assailants. More shots were fired, and it is said that from three to five Chinese were killed. Two of the foreigners were murdered at this place; it is supposed the two who were armed. The others fled inland, and were hunted from village to village until they were all destroyed. Another report says they took refuge in a Joss house, and were taken out and deliberately decapitated.

A strong desire was evinced by a portion of the community to proceed to the villages, armed, and demand their countrymen, dead or alive. The Consul, however, interposed his official authority, in a circular dated the 6th, and sent round on the 7th.

An express intimating the sad event arrived at Hong Kong on the 7th, and her Majesty's steam frigate Vulture was dispatched for Whampoa that afternoon. The following morning Captain McDougall landed at the British Consulate with about one hundred men, marines and seamen. It was that officer's intention to proceed to the villages and burn them down; but, after a consultation with her Majesty's Consul, the movement was stopped, at least until the Chinese authorities had shown what steps they intended to take in the matter.

Captain McDougall left his party at the factories as a guard lest the mob should make an attack, and returned

not easy in itself; and, when attempted, it is too often counteracted by the very engines which are employed to carry it into effect. It is the example, not the injunctive precept of those who are in high official stations, that operates on the moral character of nations; and, as man is an animal of imitation who

to Hong Kong for troops. He arrived on the morning of the 9th, having communicated with Sir John Davis on board the *Dædalus* on his way up the river. After embarking a company of her Majesty's 95th regiment, the *Vulture* again sailed at half past one P. M.: on the way up she was to receive Sir John Davis, from the *Dædalus*. His Excellency would reach Canton on the morning of the 10th, and we wait with some anxiety to hear what steps he takes.

From Keying's despatch to Sir John Davis it will be observed that he does not attempt to screen the perpetrators of the crime, or throw the responsibility upon their victims. That some disastrous event would follow the withdrawal of the *Plute* has been the common opinion. The villagers gave notice of their intention by public placards, translations of which have appeared at different times in the Hong Kong papers. The latest we extract from the *Register* of the 30th ultimo:

"Since our (city of) Canton has had commercial intercourse with foreigners, all and each of us have enjoyed peace. Though, from the number of the foreigners who come in their boats for fresh water, it happened that if any of them sailed into the inner river it was merely to get water, and they returned immediately, without causing the least injury or molestation. But lately there have been some traitorous Chinese who were so bold as to presume to lead the devils and introduce them into the various villages and hamlets, in a disorderly manner, behaving without fear. They began with fishing and fowling, but afterwards came to take by force and steal vegetables and fruits, to cut trees, and to wound with their muskets boys and girls, to abuse and injure women, to get themselves drunk and act disorderly, going in this way to all lengths of wickedness, which is in the highest degree detestable. (To prevent it) now at the various districts and villages, brave and strong militia have been collected and trained. Should any traitorous Chinese dare again to bring the devils into the villages to cause mischief, notice will be given by the villagers with their gongs, and answer made in the same way by the people of the adjoining places; and so, from the nearest to the farthest, all the brave militia shall at once be brought forward and divided into two parties; one to intercept the road by which they (the devils) might return, and another to chase and beat them to death. It is necessary to kill all the native traitors and (foreign) devils ere we stop. Therefore this notice is now specially published in several places for general information and self-defence.

"Attentively written by the scholars:

"Posted up at Tin-po village."

The imperfect account of what took place on the 5th shows how truly the diabolical plan of destroying foreigners was carried into effect. In each village a band of militia is organized; they turn out at the alarm of the gong, divide into parties, one to cut off a retreat, the other to hunt the foreigners to death. All this was enacted a few days ago, and will be again unless an awful example is made.

endeavors to imitate what is higher than himself, it would be extravagant to expect that he should be frugal, chaste, and just in principle, while his master is prodigal, profligate and usurping. It is customary with men in power, and those who are ranked in what are called the higher classes of society, to declaim at the vices and bad habits of the vulgar people, without being aware perhaps that in doing so they censure themselves. The conduct of government is a moral mirror to the nation; and, if the history of mankind be examined without prejudice, the mass of the people will be found to be imitators of its acts, whether in virtue or in vice. The vices may be disguised; but the radical principle obtains throughout, and influences the general act.”*

It is quite clear that the British government will not prevent, by enactment, the cultivation of the poppy in her Eastern possessions. The manufacture is profitable, and will continue to be, as long as it is consumed largely in China. Then why should England deprive herself and a portion of her subjects of the advantages of a lucrative trade?

Kidnapping, directly or indirectly, the inhabitants of Africa, transporting them to distant countries and selling them as slaves was long regarded by the English as a source of legitimate profit. To the favorable opinion of the African slave trade entertained in England at one time, we are indebted to the existence of our “peculiar institution” in the United States. It is remarkable that when it was regarded as merciful to commute the death penalty for murder, felony, &c. to limited slavery in “the plantations;” that is, while this limited slavery was regarded as the next worst punishment to death. Even now deportation for a distant colony is considered a punishment for the greater offences. “Compulsory removal from the place we are accustomed to and know thoroughly, to one which is wholly unknown is always looked upon with much dread. Hold out removal from this country as a punishment, with nothing to soften the pang of separation from all the associations of childhood, it would be difficult to

invent any penalty to all appearance more frightful.”*

It was not considered unjust or inhuman to sentence innocent Africans to perpetual slavery in the same fields and climes with her convicts, who were afforded opportunities of settling as free colonists, after having expiated their crimes by labor for a term of years.

Besides the gross wrong it inflicted on a portion of the human race, the cruelty of those who conducted it, made and makes the slave trade horrible to the mind of every rightly thinking Christian: and to the influence of Christianity may be attributed all the opposition it has met at different times. Public opinion in England as well as in the U. States determined the slave trade to be morally, if not religiously, wrong, and efforts have been made to abolish it, but without entire success. It will continue as long as it is profitable, in spite of all opposition; or until Africans become united, and strong enough to resist the force brought to enslave them. And who shall say that Christianity may not accomplish this for Africa?

The mind revolts at the idea of a strong man robbing a child; the act of enslaving Africans, who are as feeble as children in intelligence, is equally shocking to men of truly generous and chivalric sentiment. Bandits and pirates win admiration often by exhibitions of personal courage or generous forbearance; but the assassin and slaver exhibit no such traits; their acts are associated with cowardice and stealth, and are held universally in abhorrence. Nothing short of the *infama fames auri*—unholy thirst of gain—could induce one to be a slaver.

Why is it wrong to deal in Opium? or rather why is it regarded by many as infamous to sell opium to the Chinese?

Many may be content to answer, simply, because its use is injurious to the people! But this is not a sufficient reason; the Turks consume opium largely, without provoking interference of those who are satisfied that it is injurious both morally and physically? A very respectable part of the population of the United States believe the use of intoxicating drinks, all fermented or distilled liquors, is physically and morally injurious;

* Jackson—Formation and Discipline of Armies.

* Criminal Law—Small Books on Great Subjects.

but this opinion does not make it infamy for Frenchmen and Spaniards to sell to us their brandies and wines: nor does it constitute a sufficient reason why vineyards should be up-rooted and distilleries destroyed, both at home and abroad, and the vine-dressers and distillers socially excommunicated. The use of tobacco in all its forms is, in the opinion of a number of clergymen, physicians and others, pernicious to man's interests;* but this opinion, admitting it to be correct, cannot be regarded as a sufficient reason to warrant Europeans in charging the government of the United States with inflicting a wrong, an injury on them by encouraging the growth and exportation of tobacco! Tea and coffee have been denounced by many respectable medical men as slow poisons; but who has yet thought those who cultivate tea and coffee or consume them commit sin? The writings of Voltaire, Jean Jacques Rousseau of the past century, and of Paul de Kock, George Sand, Eugene Sue, Bulwer and others of similar morals and philosophy of the present day, are regarded as injurious to the interests of society by some of the best minds in our country; but these men cannot be deprived, therefore, of access to pen and ink, by authority of the governments under which they respectively live? Lastly, gunpowder is manufactured because it is a destructive agent, used to kill our fellow-men; but the manufacturers of it are not to be charged therefore as being accessories to all the murders, deaths and crimes perpetrated through the agency of gunpowder!

Smugglers may urge in defence of their pursuits that laws are not binding where the power is wanting to enforce them: a port cannot be considered under blockade by the simple declaration of the enemy, without the presence of a force to prevent the entrance of vessels. If China enacts laws of which she cannot enforce the observance by her own population, it is her misfortune; and foreigners are not culpable in deriving all the profit they can from the chances which China throws in their way.

It is not then, because the habitual use of opium is prejudicial to health and morals,

* See "The Mysteries of Tobacco," and "Responses on the Use of Tobacco," by the Rev. Benjamin Ingersol Lane. New York: 1846.

that it is infamous for the English to furnish the article to the Chinese? According to our notions, social laws cannot restrain men from doing anything which is not injurious to the property or persons of others. A man may be drunk, provided he remain quietly in his own house, without doing violence to social law. But according to the edicts of the Chinese Emperor the use of the opium-pipe and dealing in opium are criminal offences; and were made so under the benevolent belief that he might thus save his people from much misery and unhappiness. Nevertheless, although we may approve of the motive which suggested them, these edicts are tyrannical and oppressive, and are calculated, sooner or later, to provoke resistance: if a law were enacted in England or the United States prohibiting the use of wine or beer on the penalty of death, the government would be overturned. Still, as long as the Chinese law prohibits the introduction of opium into the country and forbids its use on pain of death, no matter whether the law be right or wrong, although not criminal or infamous, it is certainly not very honorable for foreigners to furnish a seductive means of pleasure at the peril of lives of Chinese, while they themselves stand aloof and incur no risk. It is not much extenuation to urge that the Chinese are not *forced*; they *willingly* buy the drug and commit the crime. As the people of China are satisfied with the laws under which they live, no foreign nation has a moral right to interfere in the internal policy of their empire. Foreigners who visit its shores are bound, or should be, by the principles of morality at least, to respect the laws. It is not the less a moral wrong on the part of foreigners who smuggle in and out of China through the influence of bribery or force, because the Government of China is not strong enough to enforce the observance of its own revenue laws. On the same basis of reasoning, robbery and theft might be justified by arguing that, inasmuch as neither the bars, nor bolts, nor strength of the man was sufficient to protect his property, they had a right to take—if he wished to keep his money, why didn't he prevent us from taking it? Surely, might makes right. Although England declared, in accordance

with this view, that British subjects could not be protected in infractions of the laws of China, and must suffer the consequences of failure in their attempts to smuggle, still she did virtually sustain her smugglers, under the pretext of avenging insults, by requiring payment for the opium confiscated and destroyed at the Bogue: a giant can plunder a dwarf, and, if he does, is entitled to the honor of his act in every point of view. Besides, in the opinion of many, the habitual use of opium is no more to be deprecated than that of ardent spirits, and if it were, the Chinese must solve the question by their own experience, and not expect foreigners, practical men, to forego advantages, give up a lucrative business in consideration of abstract speculations on doubted points of morality, discussed by enthusiasts who have no interest in the matter, except that growing out of pride of opinion. When the people of China are convinced that opium smoking is the evil which foreigners represent it to be, they will abandon the practice, and establish anti-narcotic clubs in imitation of temperance societies in the West, and repress the vice without the aid of government or private interference of foreign propagandists.

WILLIAM AND EDITH.

A BALLAD.

A Ladye wandered all alone,
Far from her castle gay,
And ever to herself made moan
As onward she did stray;
Black was her garb, but glittering
Upon her hand a ruby ring.

Her face was lovely, but despair
Had chased away the rose,
The lily only lingered there,
Companion of her woes.
And down her neck and shoulders fair
Fell a rich veil of golden hair.

She sat her down, and from her side
She took a rosary;
And kissed the ring and deeply sighed,
And prayed so fervently,
She saw not as she told her beads
A Stranger wearing Pilgrim's weeds.

"God's mercy on thee, Ladye fair,
I claim an alms of thee;
These scallop shells, the staff I bear

Tell of a far countrie.
A weary journey hath been mine,
I come from distant Palestine."

The tear stood in her eye so blue,
And heavily she sighed;
And painfully her breath she drew,
As sadly she replied,—
"None sue in vain for charity
Who name the Holy Land to me.

Come with me, to my father's hold—
Yon Castle on the hill;—
I'll give thee there a purse of gold,
And, for thou look'st so ill"—
"Ladye," he said, "I may not stay
To rest me for a single day.

These way-worn limbs, ere set of sun,
Must bear me far from thee,
I've vowed a vow to keep straight on,
That vow must sacred be:
Thou hast no gold—then give thy ring
To Mary's Shrine an offering."

"Now Jesu pardon me above!
The ring I may not give,
The sacred seal of William's love,
I'll wear while I live;
Ah! well I know that e'en in death
He prized the ring that pledged my faith.

He placed this ring upon my hand
The day we should have wed—
He joined him with that warrior band
By pious Edward led—
They say at Acre fighting brave
He fell—Would I might share his grave!"

The Stranger seemed all listlessly
To hear her tale of woe;
Little of earthly love wist he,
That care-worn man, I trow,
He drew his hat upon his face
And crossed himself and prayed for grace.

"Ah Daughter! steeped in earthly love,
And all unmeet for Heaven,
Thou must by sternest penance prove
Thy sin to be forgiven.
The thing that's dearest in our eyes
For Heaven is fittest sacrifice."

"I'll give an hundred times its worth
To Heaven an offering—
I'll give thee all I have on earth;
But Father spare this ring.
Thou that an earthly love didst know—
Mary! defend me in my woe."

I wist not what his thoughts might be,
He made essay to speak,
His eyes were hid but you might see
The big tear on his cheek.
He changed his tone to one so bland,
And gently took the Ladye's hand.

"I'll show thee, now, a ring as fair,
A maiden gave it to me;
It hath a lock of sunny hair
As bright as thine, Ladye.
She gave the ring with all her soul,
Nor kept from Heaven her richest dole."

He showed the ring—it was her own—
 Her hair of golden hue;
 He doffed his Pilgrim's hat and gown—
 "My William! brave and true!"
 "Oh Edith! boundless love is thine,
 To grudge my ring to Mary's Shrine."

A. J. G.

SIR KENELM DIGBY.*

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

One of the most attractive figures visible on that imaginary line, where the eve of chivalry and the dawn of science unite to form a mysterious, yet beautiful twilight, is that of Sir Kenelm Digby. To our imagination he represents the knight of old before the characteristics of that romantic style of manhood were diffused in the complex developments of modern society, and the philosopher of the epoch when fancy and superstition held sway over the domain of the exact sciences. Bravery, devotion to the sex, and a thirst for glory—nobleness of disposition and grace of manner, traditional qualities of the genuine cavalier, signalized Sir Kenelm, not less than an ardent love of knowledge, a habitude of speculation and literary accomplishment; but his courage and his gallantry partook of the poetic enthusiasm of the days of Bayard, and his opinions and researches were something akin to those of the alchemists. High birth and a handsome person gave emphasis to these traits; and we have complete and authentic memorials whereby he is distinctly re-produced to our minds. These, however, do not consist of those elaborate treatises which doubtless cost him severe application; his views of the nature of corporeal and spiritual laws are quite obsolete, learned and ingenious, perhaps, but not of present significance. The criticisms that beguiled his imprisonment evince his taste and mental aptitudes by their subjects—Sir Thomas Browne and Spencer; two authors who include that wide range of sympathy that lies between fancy

and reason. The events of his life, although remarkable, do not unfold the individuality of the man to the degree requisite for a genial impression. The offices he held imply no special interest of character; others have enjoyed royal favor, suffered persecution, and gone through all the phases of the courtier and scholar, without leaving behind them any fragrant memories. It is not, therefore, as gentleman of the bedchamber to Charles I., as naval commissioner, as an exile for his religion, or as 'the eccentric devotee of science, that Sir Kenelm Digby claims our notice, but it is in his character of an adventurous gentleman and brave lover, as combining the loyalty and the aspiration of the knight with the graces of the man of the world and society—and thus giving us one of the last warm reflections of a departed era, which invests his name with a peculiar charm. The reliques which bring him at once and vividly before us are his portrait by Vandyke and the unique piece of autobiography he left; the former is in the Bodleian gallery at Oxford, and the latter is preserved in the Harleian collection of the British Museum. These are genuine records; they had a vital origin and are caught from reality; whereas the more ostentatious traces of his life are lost in the obscurity of an antiquated style and foreign associations. All that is beautiful in Sir Kenelm's career originated in his love,—which, like a thread of gold, interlaces and redeems his experience. Around the name of his wife are clustered the trophies of his fame. Sentiment elicited and glorified the elements of his character, which, uninfluenced by such a principle, would, in all probability, have diffused themselves in the blandishments of pleasure or the career of ambition.

A mournful historic interest attaches to his name, for he was the eldest son of the most gentle in lineage and the most pure in motive of the conspirators who suffered death for the Gunpowder treason. Probably no victim of a cause so unrighteously supported ever more thoroughly atoned for his error with his life; the sacrifice of his existence and his estates appeared to silence forever the voice of reproach; he was soon regarded as unfortunate rather than criminal—a fanatic, not a traitor; and the memory of his

* "Private Memoirs of Sir Kenelm Digby, Gentleman of the Bedchamber to King Charles the First. Written by Himself. Now first published from the original manuscript, with an Introductory Memoir. London: Saunders & Otley. 1827."

patience, meekness and fortitude survived that of his conspiracy. With such a heritage of gloomy distinction, his son entered life, and there was that in his very blood which prompted, on the one hand, to honor, and on the other, to mental cultivation and domestic peace. Educated a Protestant, he early commenced those travels abroad, then deemed essential to a gentleman, and the first inkling of scientific zeal and public spirit, appears in the recipe he brought home, (which soon became famous,) for making a "sympathetic powder," by applying which to any thing that had received the blood of the wounded, instant relief was thought to be afforded, even if the patient was not present. This idea was never abandoned; it was one of the results of the occult studies then in vogue, and the "sympathetic powder" is as intimately associated with Sir Kenelm Digby's name, as tar water with Bishop Berkeley's.

An old English writer mentions having seen, in the window of a brazier's shop in London, a mutilated bust which he recognized as that of Venitia Stanley. It once surmounted the costly tomb, erected by Sir Kenelm Digby for her remains, in Christ Church near Newgate; and bore the marks of the conflagration that nearly destroyed the monument in 1675-6. Such is the poor memento of one of the most celebrated beauties of her time. A descendant of the Percies of Northumberland, she was educated by one of her father's relations in the immediate neighborhood of the Digby manor; and hence occurred the childish intimacy between her and the boy Kenelm. When taken to court in her girlhood, Venitia became, at once, the object of universal admiration; and, as so often happens to ladies thus distinguished, rumor, never however authenticated, was soon busy with her fame. She was abducted by one impassioned suitor, but made her escape; was rescued from a wild beast by another, and induced, after a long persecution, on the report of Digby's death, to betroth herself to her preserver; this apparent disloyalty was perhaps encouraged by the strenuous opposition of Sir Kenelm's mother to his proposed alliance, occasioned by the malicious reports circulated to Venitia's prejudice. In the meantime her

absent lover had won no little reputation as an accomplished gentleman. He stood high in the favor of the queen of France, when he first sojourned abroad, and re-accompanied a kinsman, who had been sent to negotiate the marriage of Prince Charles in Spain, to Madrid; and, on the way, killed two bandits who waylaid them. As attaché to the prince's suite, he soon became useful and a favorite at court, where he attracted a lady of the royal family; and his early love alone prevented an eligible marriage. We can readily imagine the feelings with which Digby, full of anxiety from the report of Venitia's engagement, disembarked with his royal friend at London, on his return from Spain. On the first day of his arrival, he caught a glimpse of the fair object of his devotion; and it soothed his lover's heart to observe that "she sat so pensively on one side of her coach." An explanation followed. It appeared that their letters had been intercepted and that the new aspirant for her hand had already been dismissed for his infidelity. A new prospect of happiness was thus opened; but Sir Kenelm was invited to accompany the Duke of Buckingham to Paris, to arrange the nuptials between Prince Charles and Henrietta Maria. Two evidences of the chivalric spirit of these lovers occurred at this epoch. Digby was solicited by a friend, who was ignorant of his relations with Venitia Stanley, to intercede for him with her; and this he felt bound in honor to do, although he "would rather have died than seen her in any other man's possession;" nor was she wanting in generosity, for, Sir Kenelm being too much impoverished to equip himself for the honorable expedition in view, Venitia pawned all her jewels to obtain the requisite funds. The arguments of his mother and friends were no longer allowed to influence his heart; he fought a duel with one of her traducers, and forced him to confess the baseness of his slanders; he obtained back her picture from his discarded rival; and they were privately married. Digby had been knighted on his return from Spain; and he was blest with the love and companionship of her whose image had never grown dim in his breast, from the time he sported with her in childhood, until that which made her his bride. His was not a spirit, how-

ever, to rest contented without crowning love with glory, and proving its inspiration by great deeds; he wished to show that it "had not lessened the nobleness of his mind, nor abated the edge of his active and vigorous spirits;" he desired, therefore, "to undertake something which should tend to his own honor and the king's service."

A great favorite at Whitehall, and naturally gay, he yet cheerfully embarked in a maritime expedition and gained a naval victory at Scanderoon, over the Algerines and Venitians. It was during his sojourn at an island, awaiting his fleet dispersed by a storm, that he became the object of interest to the ladies of his host's acquaintance, and to avoid even the appearance of forgetfulness of Venitia, he retired under pretence of writing despatches, and then composed the piece of autobiography to which we have alluded. In the quaint elegance of its style, and the lofty ardor of its sentiments, this curiosity of literature is a gem of its kind. Under fictitious names he describes himself, his mistress and friends, the course of his love, its origin, consummation and philosophy. A few extracts will give an idea of the whole:

* * * * *

"At such times then as my soul being delivered of other outward distractions, hath summoned all new faculties to attend to this main business, the first consideration that hath occurred to me hath been that the peace and tranquillity of the mind ought to be aimed at; the obtaining of which is an infallible token that one is in the right way of attaining to perfect happiness; or rather these two have so straight and near a relation, as that one cannot be without the other."

* * * * *

"And, besides, because that in exact friendship, the wills of the two friends ought to be so drowned in one another, like two flames which are joined, that they become but one, which cannot be unless the faculties of the understanding be equal, they guiding the actions of a regulated will, it cometh to pass for the most part, that this halteth on the woman's side, whose notions are not usually so high and elevated as men's; and so it seldom happeneth that there is that society between them in the

highest and deepest speculations of the mind, which are consequently the most pleasing, as is requisite in a perfect friendship."

* * * * *

"But at length I perceived that that infinite light which illuminateth all things, is never wanting to illustrate such a mind as with due humility and diligence maketh itself fit to receive it: for it was not long before such an example occurred to me, as satisfied me that in this life a man may enjoy so much happiness as without anxiety or desire of having anything besides what he possesses, he may with a quiet and peaceable soul, rest with full measure of content and bliss, that I know not whether it be short of it in anything but the security of continuance. It was the perfect friendship and noble love of two generous persons, that seemed to be born in this age by ordinance of heaven to teach the world anew what it hath long forgotten, the mystery of loving with honor and constancy, between a man and a woman: therefore this is the true happiness that a wise man ought to aim at since that himself is master of it and he can give it to himself when he list. I hope, therefore, then that you will no longer call that the weakest of all the passions which produceth so noble effects."

To a mind strongly alive to the beautiful, there is a peculiar charm in traditional loveliness; and the effect of this is increased when such attractions are made known to us by the influence they exerted upon contemporaries rather than by details of feature. The constancy which the graces of Venitia Stanley enforced upon Sir Kenelm, under circumstances of great temptation of fickleness; the faith she inspired in his soul notwithstanding the sneers of his comrades, the whispered inuendo and some indiscretion on her part, and the entire satisfaction he found in her love as well as his devotion to her memory—give us a deeper impression of her charms than the mere fact that she was universally admired. And then, too, there is an appeal to our best feelings in the very idea of beauty unjustly associated with shame; the readiness of the world to derogate from charms that excite envy, the liability, in one beloved and flattered, to forget circumspection, and a thousand other argu-

ments at once suggest themselves in defence of the assailed. In the case of Lady Digby, her chief accuser was proved to be both false and malicious, and the consistent happiness of their married life soon justified the loving choice of Sir Kenelm.

On the first of May 1633, he sustained the loss of this endeared and beautiful woman; and instantly retired to Gresham College, and there wore a "long mourning cloak, a high cornered hat and his beard unshorn." Ben Jonson eulogised her under the name of Eupheme; her husband raised the monument already mentioned, and her face is perpetuated in numerous busts and portraits.

The remainder of Sir Kenelm's life was given to travel and study. He endured persecution for his Catholic sentiments to which he had been connected in France, where, upon his return, he was regarded as a great acquisition to his court, visited Descartes, and wrote his treatises. At Rome, he is said to have quarrelled with the pope; on the breaking out of the civil war with England, the queen mother of France, always friendly to him, successfully interceded in his behalf; and, when, soon after the dissolution of the long parliament, he returned home, to the surprise of all, the Protector befriended him; an anomaly twice explained by the supposition that he endeavored to bring about a combination between the enemies of the monarchy and the Catholics.

The public spirit of Sir Kenelm Digby was never inactive. He fitted out the squadron he commanded at his own expense, and went on several embassies with little or no remuneration; he bequeathed the valuable collection of works inherited from his old tutor to the Bodleian library; and was constantly engaged either in the acquisition or the diffusion of knowledge. He expended over a thousand pounds for historical manuscripts relating to his family. While at Montpellier and other seats of learning, on the continent, he was intimate with the eminent men of science and letters. After the restoration he was nominated to the council. His last years were passed at his house in Covent Garden, in the study of philosophy and mathematics, and in the best social intercourse. He was a great sufferer from the

same disease that afflicted Montaigne; and died, by a remarkable coincidence, on his birthday, which was also the anniversary of his naval triumph, in 1665, at the age of 62.

Sir Kenelm was a thorough gentleman, and although the genial dignity of that character was somewhat tinctured by a harmless vanity, his gifts of mind and grace of person and manner prevented any compromise of his self-respect. Lord Clarendon says that his conduct which would have been considered affectation in the majority of mankind, "seemed natural to his size, the mould of his person, the gravity of his motion, and the tone of his voice and delivery." It is curious to imagine him in the various phases his character offers—the elegant courtier, moving with dignified pleasantry amid the nobles of England, France and Spain,—the credulous philosopher consulting an Italian friar about the sympathetic powder and a Brahmin as to the destinies revealed by the stars; the brave soldier placing his ship along side of the enemy's admiral and cheering on his men to victory; the exile for religious opinion, the ambassador of his country, the scholar closeted with the most learned of his day; and all these, we must remember, are but the episodes in the love poem of his life. Eccentric, wanting in steadiness of aim, both practical and speculative, yet learned, brave and, though often accused, never found unworthy—faithful in love and war, and noble in spirit—the knowledge, weaknesses, aspirations, the manly beauty and chivalric passion of his times, found in Kenelm Digby, an illustrious embodiment.

SONNET.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

The passionate Summer's dead; the sky's aglow
With roseate flushes of matured desire,
The winds at eve are musical and low,
As sweeping chords of a lamenting lyre,
Far up among the pillared clouds of fire,
Whose pomp of grand procession upward rolls
With gorgeous blazoury of pictured folds,
To celebrate the Summer's past renown;
Ah me! how regally the heavens look down,
O'ershadowing beautiful, autumnal woods,
And harvest-fields with hoarded increase brown,
And deep-toned majesty of golden floods,
That lift their solemn dirges to the sky,
To swell the purple-pomp that floateth by.

WOMAN'S PROGRESS.

And is this progress!—Are these noisy tongues—
 In fierce contention raised and angry war—
 Fit beast for womanhood? Yon shrewish things,
 In wordy boisterous debate,—are these
 Perfected woman's exponents to show
 Her model virtues to a later age?
 And shall our daughters cast their woman robes,
 A useless cumbrance aside, to seize
 Some freer imitation of the man,
 Whose lordly strut and dashing stride attract
 Their envious love for notoriety?
 Shall they, with flashing eye and clanging tongue,
 Mount in the rostrum, lecture in the streets,
 And, in the arena of election strife,
 Claim with shrill voice, and rude dishevelled locks,
 "Your votes! your votes!" ye loud-mouthed populace!
 Nay;—should that peach-like cheek but feel the breath
 Of yonder foul-mouthed crowd, methinks its bloom
 Should wither in the contact. God hath made
 A woman-nature holier than the man's—
 Purer of impulse, and of gentler mould,—
 Let her not stain it in the angry strife
 Which these, our modern female Reverends,
 Learned M. D's, and lecturing damsels, seek
 To feed their hungry vanity, and bring
 Unnoticed charms before the gaping crowd.
 'Tis surely not for this that God hath given
 That soothing voice so sweetly taught to whisper
 Pity, and hope, and sympathy, and love,
 And every holier thought, whose gospel tongue
 Can preach its comfort to grief's riven heart!
 Here, in the crowd, 'tis harsh and dissonant;
 Its softer notes must struggle to a scream
 Of impotently shrill, unmeaning effort.
 'Tis surely not for this that God hath given
 The soft light hand, whose velvet touch can soothe
 The aching often both of head and heart.
 Here, it would illly stand her in the strife;
 And doubled fist, and tiny foot advanced
 In attitude of combat were a mock,—
 And oh! alas! how foul a mimicry!
 Of man's contemptuous life. 'Tis not for this,
 Sweet Sisters! not for this! that God hath given
 That purer soul, whose impulse (like the flower
 Instinct with life that ever seeks the sun
 And in his rays doth live) turns to the truth
 And loves, and hopes, and doth expand itself
 Only to nobler instincts! Stronger to hope,
 Loftier to bear than man's; yet meeker too
 To patiently endure,—this soul methinks
 To strife of grosser passions, God formed not.
 The fallen woman is the viler man,
 Even as her fall is greater. From the height
 Of her own nature's lofty pedestal,
 She flings herself with provelling pride, as though
 The nightingale should cease its chaunt, and turn
 The aspiring wing which nature taught to rise,
 Earthward again, stooping its course to spar
 And jangle with some harsh, unnatural note,
 In emulation of yon dunghill cock.
 Sweet Sister! stoop not thou to be a man!
 Man has his place as woman hers; and she
 As made to comfort, minister and help;
 Moulded for gentler duties, ill fulfils
 His jarring destinies. Her mission is
 To labour and to pray; to help, to heal,

To soothe, to bear; patient, with smiles, to suffer;
 And with self-abnegation nobly lose
 Her private interest in the dearer weal
 Of those she loves and lives for. Call not this—
 (The all-fulfilling of her destiny;
 She the world's soothing mother)—call it not,
 With scorn and mocking sneer, a drudgery.
 The ribald tongue profanes Heaven's holiest things,
 But holy still they are. The lowliest tasks
 Are sanctified in nobly acting them.
 Christ washed the apostles' feet, nor thus cast shame
 Upon the God-like in him. Woman lives
 Man's constant prophet. If her life be true
 And based upon the instincts of her being,
 She is a living sermon of that truth
 Which ever through her gentle actions speaks,
 That life is given to labour and to love.
 Through this rough world her angel ministry,
 Like sweetest water bubbling through the sands
 Of arid desert, cheers the weary heart,
 And leads the restless soul which cursed its fate
 To pause, to think, and learn to love that God
 Who midst the parching waste of suffering,
 Has dropped this comfort like a boon from Heaven
 To bid him drink and live.

Sweet Sisters! thus
 God wills that we should be; and who profanes
 This, the last formed, so the most perfect work
 Of His creative will,—this woman nature,—
 Who seeks to drag it down, to smirch and blot
 Its purer being with the tainting blight
 Of passion's license,—doth profane the hope
 Of God's creation; doth blot out the light;
 Sully the purest beam of reasoning life,
 And cast man's nature back upon the beast
 To strive and grovel in the lowest lusts
 Of passion's vile excess. As God is love,
 So reasoning nature lives in him through love;
 And Woman in the truthness of her being
 Is still the never-ceasing minister
 Of love which wearies not, which toils and bears,
 And sorrowing for the loved ones, doth forget
 Her own life's anguish, soothing others' woes.
 Then let our holy task be still to cleanse,
 But not to change our natures. Let us strive
 To be *more* woman,—never to be man.
 These reverend Misses, doctors in mob caps,
 And petticoated lecturers, are things
 Which make us loathe, like strange unnatural births,
 Nature's disordered works. Yon chirping thing
 That with cracked voice, and mincing manners, prates
 Of rights and duties, lecturing to the crowd,
 And in strange nondescript of dress arrays
 Unfettered limbs that modesty should hide;
 Thus raising, as it were, rebellion's flag
 Against her being's nature—call it not,
 Sweet Sisters, call not that unsexed thing
 By the pure name of Woman. Let us strive
 With silent effort in the Woman's cause,
 Perfecting in its destinies, our sex,
 And cast aside this foul attempt which clings
 To degradation as it were our pride.
 Oh! let us be the woman of God's make;
 No Mrs. Bloomer, Abby Kelly thing
 Aping man's vices, while our weaker frame
 Knows not his harsher virtues. Let us be
 Strong,—but as Woman; resolute in right—
 All woman—perfect woman—no false apo—
 No monster birth—no female Caliban,
 Mocking our nature with unnatural shades

Of strange and foul resemblance. Gentle, pure,
Kind, loving Woman, never can degrade
Her own God-given nature. Only then
When she distorts it to unnatural ends
Doth she degrade her being. Man may rail,
Or mock, or pity her; with tyrant strength
May trample on her weakness, or may sneer
As though his being were of higher mould;
But not for this is she degraded, rather
Ennobled, in the gently bearing it.
There is no degradation which springs not
From our own inmost being. Noble things
Are never trampled into meanness. Low
May be their uses, but vile purposes
Soil not the diamond's hue. Our inmost worth,
At our own heart's tribunal, rights itself,
And 'en midst persecution calmly rests
On its proud consciousness. A noble thing
Is woman's undistorted nature. Let
No taunt, nor jeer, sweet Sisters, shame us from it.
Woman, true Woman, is of larger worth
Than rank or power can fashion. Far above
All that the loud reformer ever dreamed,
Her virtues are no wordy theories,
But sky-born instincts touching on our earth
Still in full flower from Heaven.

L. S. M.

THE NEWCOMES.*

It is but a few months since Mr. Thackeray left America, it was said, with the intention of returning to deliver another course of lectures before the good people of the United States. We have heard of him subsequently idling pleasantly along the Italian boulevards and mingling in the summer gaieties of delightful Paris, and it was therefore with some incredulity that we read among the literary *ondits* of September that a new serial work of fiction would soon be commenced by him. The fact, however, is established beyond dispute by the first monthly part of "The Newcomes" which lies before us in the original London Edition. Of course we may not expect the lecturer in this country again for a considerable time to come—as it will require not less than twenty months to complete this newly begun story.

We are sorry to see Mr. Thackeray return to the serial mode of publication. The great superiority of Henry Esmond in point of finish over any of his other novels would

have convinced him, we supposed, of the propriety of waiting till the completion of a work before offering it to the public, and certainly he had before his eyes in Bleak House a lamentable instance of the defects and blemishes incident to periodical appearance. It is not in the power of any mortal, however gifted, to write always with vivacity and spirit. We are so curiously constituted by nature that the faculties of the best of us are at times sluggish. The harp of our being is so delicate an instrument, that if one of its thousand strings be out of tune, the music it emits must necessarily be discordant. Writing under the disadvantage of bodily ailment or mental lassitude, has been described as writing *Minerva invita*, that is without the inspiration of Minerva, and certainly neither Mr. Thackeray nor anybody else is upon such good terms with that respectable goddess as to be assured of her favor at all times and under all circumstances. Let us suppose this gentleman to be under compulsion to supply the printer's devil with so many pages of manuscript within a period of two days, as may well enough happen when the month is nearly out. Now (leaving the chances of illness, against which no human foresight can provide, entirely out of the question) let us farther suppose him to wake up in the morning with just that disagreeable modicum of headache which results—not from the imprudence of jolly old Costigan or the beery Foker—but from a generous dinner with some literary friend in easy circumstances, what imminent risk is there not that the forthcoming number will fall below the mark? With the editor of a daily journal—that unhappiest of drudges—such a deviation from his usual style is pardonable enough, but who excuses the drowsy Homer, the great intellect of the age that has no business to nod? The public pays for strong tap, and is it not a fraud on that public, British and American, for the tapster to "draw it mild?"

As a question involving the permanent fame of the author, there can be no sort of doubt that the serial mode of publication is vastly objectionable. It admits of no revision, it puts accidental blemishes beyond the power of correction. "What is writ, is writ"—and many a time can we fancy Mr.

* Mr. Thackeray's New Monthly Work. The Newcomes. Memoirs of a most Respectable Family. Edited by Arthur Pendennis, Esq. Illustrated by Richard Doyle. London: Bradbury and Evans, 11, Beaufort Street. 1853. No. 1. October. Price 1s.

Dickens, upon looking over his latest numbers, exclaiming from the bottom of his heart, "would it were worthier!" What would be thought of a painter engaged upon some grand piece that was to establish his reputation, who should finish it by sections, and open these, one by one, to the public gaze? The comparison is not an unfair one. For there must be keeping in works of fiction as in works of art, and until the whole is finished, the author or painter cannot determine the bearing of the several points upon the entire design. If Fielding had sent out Tom Jones in detached portions, we think it would have been quite impossible for him to maintain that unity which distinguishes the book beyond any other novel that we can recal. And we are quite sure that if Vanity Fair had been kept in the author's portfolio until it was finished, it would have been modified so as to possess a more continuous interest and made up in a form more perfect and congruous than that in which it now appears.

The new work of Mr. Arthur Pendennis opens well, and gives an earnest of a vast improvement in that young gentleman's style since he used to illumine the columns of the literary weeklies. There is a prelude, or as he prefers to call it, "an Overture," to the drama or opera, in which the fables of Æsop are combined into an amusing *pot-pourri*. Here it is:

"A crow, who had flown away with a cheese from a dairy window, sate perched on a tree looking down at a great big frog in a pool underneath him. The frog's hideous large eyes were goggling out of his head in a manner which appeared quite ridiculous to the old black-a-moor, who watched the splay-footed slimy wretch with that peculiar grim humour belonging to crows. Not far from the frog a fat ox was browsing; whilst a few lambs frisked about the meadow, or nibbled the grass and buttercups there.

"Who should come into the farther end of the field but a wolf? He was so cunningly dressed up in sheep's clothing, that the very lambs did not know master wolf; nay, one of them, whose dam the wolf had just eaten, after which he had thrown her skin over his shoulders, ran up innocently towards the devouring monster, mistaking him for her mamma.

"He he!" says a fox sneaking round the hedge-paling, over which the tree grew,

whereupon the crow was perched looking down on the frog who was staring with his goggle eyes fit to burst with envy, and croaking abuse at the ox. 'How absurd those lambs are! Yonder silly little knock-kneed baah-ling does not know the old wolf dressed in the sheep's fleece. He is the same old rogue who gobbled up little Red Riding Hood's grandmother for lunch, and swallowed little Red Riding Hood for supper. *Tirez la bobinette et la chévillette cherra.* He he!"

"An owl that was hidden in the hollow of the tree woke up. 'O ho, master fox,' says she, 'I cannot see you, but I smell you! If some folks like lambs, other folks like geese,' says the owl.

"And your ladyship is fond of mice,' said the fox.

"The Chinese eat them,' says the owl, 'and I have read that they are very fond of dogs,' continued the old lady.

"I wish they would exterminate every cur of them off the face of the earth,' said the fox.

"And I have also read in works of travel, that the French eat frogs,' continued the owl. 'Aha, my friend Crapaud! are you there? That was a very pretty concert we sang together last night!"

"If the French devour my brethren, the English eat beef,' croaked out the frog, 'great, big, brutal, bellowing oxen.'

"Ho, whoo!" says the owl, 'I have heard that the English are toad-eaters too!"

"But who ever heard of them eating an owl or a fox, madam?" says Reynard, 'or their sitting down and taking a crow to pick,' adds the polite rogue with a bow to the old crow who was perched above them with the cheese in his mouth. 'We are privileged animals all of us; at least we never furnish dishes for the odious orgies of man.'

"I am the bird of wisdom,' says the owl; 'I was the companion of Pallas Minerva: I am frequently represented in the Egyptian monuments.'

"I have seen you over the British barn-doors,' said the fox with a grin. 'You have a deal of scholarship, Mrs. Owl. I know a thing or two myself; but am, I confess it, no scholar—a mere man of the world—a fellow that lives by his wits—a mere country gentleman.'

"You sneer at scholarship,' continues the owl with a sneer on her venerable face. 'I read a good deal of a night.'

"When I am engaged in deciphering the cocks and hens at roost,' says the fox.

"It's a pity for all that you can't read; that board nailed over my head would give you some information.'

"What does it say?" says the fox.

"I can't spell in the daylight," answered the owl; and giving a yawn, went back to sleep till evening in the hollow of her tree.

"A fig for her hieroglyphics!" said the fox, looking up at the crow in the tree. "What airs our slow neighbour gives herself! She pretends to all the wisdom; whereas, your reverences, the crows, are endowed with gifts far superior to those benighted old big-wigs of owls, who blink in the darkness and call their hooting singing. How noble is it to hear a chorus of crows! There are twenty-four brethren of the Order of St. Corvinus, who have builded themselves a convent near a wood which I frequent; what a drowning and a chanting they keep up! I protest their reverences' singing is nothing to yours! You sing so deliciously in parts, do for the love of harmony favour me with a solo!"

While this conversation was going on, the ox was chumping the grass; the frog was eyeing him in such a rage at his superior proportions, that he would have spurted venom at him if he could, and that he would have burst, only that is impossible, from sheer envy; the little lambkin was lying unsuspectingly at the side of the wolf in fleecy hoisery, who did not as yet molest her, being replenished with the mutton her mamma. But now the wolf's eyes began to glare, and his sharp white teeth to show, and he rose up with a growl, and began to think he should like lamb for supper.

"What large eyes you have got!" bleated out the lamb, with rather a timid look.

"The better to see you with, my dear."

"What large teeth you have got!"

"The better to—"

"At this moment such a terrific yell filled the field, that all its inhabitants started with terror. It was from a donkey, who had somehow got a lion's skin, and now came in at the hedge, pursued by some men and boys with sticks and guns.

"When the wolf in sheep's clothing heard the bellow of the ass in the lion's skin, fancying that the monarch of the forest was near, he ran away as fast as his disguise would let him. When the ox heard the noise he dashed round the meadow-ditch, and with one trample of his hoof squashed the frog who had been abusing him. When the crow saw the people with guns coming, he instantly dropped the cheese out of his mouth, and took to wing. When the fox saw the cheese drop, he immediately made a jump at it (for he knew the donkey's voice, and that his asinine bray was not a bit like his royal master's roar), and making for the

cheese, fell into a steel-trap, which snapped off his tail; without which he was obliged to go into the world, pretending, forsooth, that it was the fashion not to wear tails any more, and that the fox party were better without 'em.

"Meanwhile, a boy with a stick came up, and belaboured master donkey, until he roared louder than ever. The wolf, with the sheep's clothing dragging about his legs, could not run fast and was detected and shot by one of the men. The blind old owl, whirling out of the hollow tree, quite amazed at the disturbance, flounced into the face of a plough-boy, who knocked her down with a pitchfork. The butcher came and quietly led off the ox and the lamb; and the farmer, finding the fox's brush in the trap, hung it over his mantel-piece, and always bragged that he had been in at his death.

"What a farrago of old fables is this! What a dressing up in old clothes!" says the critic. (I think I see such a one—a Solomon that sits in judgment over us authors and chops up our children.) 'As sure as I am just and wise, modest, learned, and religious, so surely I have read something very like this stuff and nonsense about jackasses and foxes before. That wolf in sheep's clothing?—do I not know him? That fox discoursing with the crow?—have I not previously heard of him? Yes, in Lafontaine's fables: let us get the Dictionary and the Fable and the Biographie Universelle, article Lafontaine, and confound the impostor.'

"Then in what a contemptuous way," may Solomon go on to remark, 'does this author speak of human nature! There is scarce one of these characters he represents but is a villain. - The fox is a flatterer; the frog is an emblem of impotence and envy; the wolf in sheep's clothing a blood-thirsty hypocrite, wearing the garb of innocence; the ass in the lion's skin, a quack trying to terrify, by assuming the appearance of a forest monarch (does the writer, writhing under merited castigation, mean to sneer at critics in this character? We laugh at the impertinent comparison); the ox, a stupid common-place—the only innocent being in the writer's (stolen) apologue is a fool,—the idiotic lamb, who does not know his own mother.' And then the critic, if in a virtuous mood, may indulge in some fine writing regarding the holy beauteousness of maternal affection.

Why not? If authors sneer, it is the critic's business to sneer at them for sneering. He must pretend to be their superior, or who would care about his opinion? And his livelihood is to find fault. Besides he is right

sometimes; and the stories he reads, and the characters drawn in them, are old sure enough. What stories are new? All types of all characters march through all fables: tremblers and boasters; victims and bullies; dupes and knaves; long-eared Neddies, giving themselves leonine airs; Tartuffes wearing virtuous clothing; lovers and their trials, their blindness, their folly and constancy. With the very first page of the human story do not love and lies too begin? So the tales were told ages before Æsop: and asses under lion's manes roared in Hebrew; and sly foxes flattered in Etruscan; and wolves in sheep's clothing gnashed their teeth in Sanscrit, no doubt. The sun shines to day as he did when he first began shining; and the birds in the tree overhead, while I am writing, sing very much the same note they have sung ever since there were finches. Nay, since last he besought good-natured friends to listen once a month to his talking, a friend of the writer has seen the New World, and found the (featherless) birds there exceedingly like their brethren of Europe. There may be nothing new under and including the sun; but it looks fresh every morning, and we rise with it to toil, hope, scheme, laugh, struggle, love, suffer, until the night comes and quiet. And then will wake Morrow and the eyes that look on it; and so *da capo*.

"This, then, is to be a story, may it please you, in which jackdaws will wear peacock's feathers, and awaken the just ridicule of the peacocks; in which, while every justice is done to the peacocks themselves, the splendour of their plumage, the gorgeousness of their dazzling necks, and the magnificence of their tails, exception will yet be taken to the absurdity of their rickety strut, and the foolish discord of their pert squeaking; in which lions in love will have their claws pared by sly virgins; in which rogues will sometimes triumph, and honest folks, let us hope, come by their own; in which there will be black crape and white favours; in which there will be tears under orange-flower wreaths and jokes in mourning coaches; in which there will be dinners of herbs with contentment and without, and banquets of stalled oxen where there is care and hatred—ay, and kindness and friendship too, along with the feast. It does not follow that all men are honest because they are poor; and I have known some who were friendly and generous, although they had plenty of money. There are some great landlords who do not grind down their tenants; there are actually bishops who are not hypocrites; there are liberal men even among the Whigs, and the Radicals themselves are not all Aris-

tocrats at heart. But who ever heard of giving the Moral before the Fable? Children are only led to accept the one after their delectation over the other: let us take care lest our readers skip both; and so let us bring them on quickly—our wolves and lambs, our foxes and lions, our roaring donkies, our billing ringdoves, our motherly partlets, and crowing chanticleers."

There is very little development of the plot of the Newcomes in this first number. It opens with the arrival at London of an English Colonel and his son from India, where the father had resided many years and the son appears to have been born. This son is probably to be the hero of the story. As it is necessary, however, for us to learn something of the antecedents of the father, with a view to the better comprehension of what is to come hereafter, the next chapter is retrospective and gives us an account of the Colonel's younger days. We are here presented with a picture of "A Serious Paradise."

"When his father married, Mr. Thomas Newcome, jun., and Sarah his nurse were transported from the cottage where they had lived in great comfort to the palace hard by, surrounded by lawns and gardens, pineries, graperies, aviaries, luxuries of all kinds. This paradise, five miles from the standard at Cornhill, was separated from the outer world by a thick hedge of tall trees, and an ivy-covered porter's-gate, through which they who travelled to London on the top of the Clapham coach could only get a glimpse of the bliss within. It was a serious paradise. As you entered at the gate, gravity fell on you; and decorum wrapped you in a garment of starch. The butcher-boy who galloped his horse and cart madly about the adjoining lanes and common, whistled wild melodies (caught up in abominable play-house galleries), and joked with a hundred cook-maids, on passing that lodge fell into an undertaker's pace, and delivered his joints and sweet breads silently at the servant's entrance. The rooks in the elms cawed sermons at morning and evening; the peacocks walked demurely on the terraces; the guinea-fowls looked more quaker-like than those savoury birds usually do. The lodge-keeper was serious, and a clerk at a neighboring chapel. The pastors who entered at that gate, and greeted his comely wife and children, fed the little lambkins with tracts. The head-gardener was a Scotch Calvinist, after the strictest order, only occupying himself

with the melons and pines provisionally, and until the end of the world, which event he could prove by infallible calculations, was to come off in two or three years at farthest. Wherefore he asked should the butler brew strong ale to be drunken three years hence; or the housekeeper (a follower of Joanna Southcote), make provisions of fine linen and lay up stores of jams? On a Sunday (which good old Saxon word was scarcely known at the Hermitage), the household marched away in separate couples or groups to at least half a dozen of religious edifices, each to sit under his or her favourite minister, the only man who went to Church being Thomas Newcome, accompanied by Tommy his little son, and Sarah his nurse, who was I believe also his aunt, or at least his mother's first cousin. Tommy was taught hymns very soon after he could speak, appropriate to his tender age, pointing out to him the inevitable fate of wicked children, and giving him the earliest possible warning and description of the punishment of little sinners. He repeated these poems to his step-mother after dinner, before a great, shining mahogany table, covered with grapes, pine-apples, plum-cake, port-wine, and Madeira, and surrounded by stout men in black, with baggy white neckcloths, who took the little man between their knees, and questioned him as to his right understanding of the place whither naughty boys were bound. They patted his head with their fat hands if he said well, or rebuked him if he was bold as he often was."

The unhappy state of affairs in the Hermitage when Tommy came back from school is well described :

"The pleasures of this school-life were such to Tommy Newcome, that he did not care to go home for a holiday : and indeed, by insubordination and boisterousness ; by playing tricks and breaking windows ; by marauding upon the gardener's peaches and the housekeeper's jam ; by upsetting his two little brothers in a go-cart (of which wanton and careless injury the present Baronet's nose bears marks to this very day) ;—by going to sleep during the sermons, and treating reverend gentlemen with levity, he drew down on himself the merited wrath of his stepmother ; and many punishments in this present life, besides those of a future and much more durable kind, which the good lady did not fail to point out that he must undoubtedly inherit. His father, at Mrs. Newcome's instigation, certainly whipped Tommy for upsetting his little brothers in the go-cart ; but upon being pressed to re-

peat the whipping for some other peccadillo performed soon after, Mr. Newcome refused at once, using a wicked, worldly expression, which might well shock any serious lady ; saying, in fact, that he would be deed if he beat the boy any more, and that he got flogging enough at school, in which opinion Master Tommy fully coincided.

"The undaunted woman, his step-mother, was not to be made to forego her plans for the boy's reform by any such vulgar ribaldries ; and Mr. Newcome being absent in the city on his business, and Tommy refractory as usual, she summoned the serious butler and the black footman (for the lashings of whose brethren she felt an unaffected pity) to operate together in the chastisement of this young criminal. But he dashed so furiously against the butler's shins as to draw blood from his comely limbs, and to cause that serious and overfed menial to limp and suffer for many days after ; and seizing the decanter, he swore he would demolish blackey's ugly face with it ; nay, he threatened to discharge it at Mrs. Newcome's own head before he would submit to the coercion which she desired her agents to administer.

High words took place between Mr. and Mrs. Newcome that night on the gentleman's return home from the city, and on his learning the events of the morning. It is to be feared he made use of further oaths, which hasty ejaculations need not be set down in this place ; at any rate he behaved with spirit and manliness as master of the house, vowed that if any servant laid a hand on the child, he would thrash him first and then discharge him ; and I daresay expressed himself with bitterness and regret, that he had married a wife who would not be obedient to her husband ; and had entered a house of which he was not suffered to be the master. Friends were called in—the interference, the supplications, of the Clapham Clergy, some of whom dined constantly at the Hermitage, prevailed to allay this domestic quarrel, and no doubt the good sense of Mrs. Newcome, who though imperious, was yet not unkind ; and, who excellent as she was, yet could be brought to own that she was sometimes in fault, induced her to make at least a temporary submission to the man whom she had placed at the head of her house, and whom it must be confessed she had vowed to love and honour. When Tommy fell ill of the scarlet fever, which afflicting event occurred presently after the above dispute, his own nurse, Sarah, could not have been more tender, watchful and affectionate, than his stepmother showed herself to be. She nursed him through his illness ; allowed

his food and medicine to be administered by no other hand; sat up with the boy through a night of his fever, and uttered not a single reproach to her husband (who watched with her) when the twins took the disease (from which we need not say they happily recovered), and though young Tommy, in his temporary delirium, mistaking her for nurse Sarah, addressed her as his dear Fat Sally—whereas no whipping-post to which she ever would have tied him could have been leaner than Mrs. Newcome—and under this feverish delusion actually abused her to her face; calling her an old cat, an old Methodist, and jumping up in his little bed forgetful of his previous fancy, vowing that he would put on his clothes and run away to Sally. Sally was at her northern home by this time, with a liberal pension which Mr. Newcome gave her, and which his son and his son's son after him, through all their difficulties and distresses, always found means to pay."

Chapter III of the number contains letters from Col. Newcome's English correspondence many years after, when he was in India, in which among other things the death of his step mother is chronicled. We like the beginning of the Newcomes much. It promises well. The extracts we have given are in Thackeray's most humorous vein, and we shall await the appearance of the second monthly part with that impatience that has annoyed so much, since the fashion of bringing out novels by piecemeal has been adopted.

SONNET.

I have no heart but thine, my gentle Mary,
Into whose depths my hoarded griefs to pour;
And if the tales I tell thee seldom vary,
And the same clouds are round me as of yore,
Think not they lower too gloomily, for far
Beyond all Fear, and Pain, and Want combined,
Can wage against my manhood and my mind,
The balm and beauty of thy virtues are;
Glowing as golden Morn's impassioned star,
Pure as the angels, glorious as the light,
Yet mellowed to the sanctity of night,
Thy love, God's benediction, thus express,
Burns in my soul, and mantles warm and bright,
O'er guilt's sad brow, till Grief itself grows blest.

INDIAN SUMMER.

When the wind comes whispering down the brake,
Along the hayou's side,
Where the wild grape flings its tendrils out,
And clambers far and wide.

The scalloped leaves are all awry,
As it gently stirs them o'er,
And they lengthen on like a wreath of foam,
When the surges break on shore.

A wreath of foam of silver grey—
Or else of hue as dun,
As if 'twere down from the linnet's breast,
Fresh burnished by the sun.

The thorn is there with hoary stems,
And fruit vermilion bright,
Tempting the step of the truant boy,
Staying the wild bird's flight.

The locusts too, a columned row,
In the climbing Rhus* are seen,
A mantle of deep crimson leaves,
Which erst have been so green.

All gnarled and twisted by fiercest storms,
The Patriarch chestnut old,
Drops from its wide extended arms,
Round burs of tawny gold.

Coloured like Asia's lion's mane,
And eke his velvet side;
And, like the guarded Porcupine,
All bearded in their pride.

In earliest spring time, while the snow
O'er barren fields did lie,
A lonely eagle plumed his wing,
Upon yon bough so dry;

Scathed by the lightning's flaming breath,
So lifeless all and grim,
Lofty and inaccessible,
A fitting perch for him.

Thrice he essayed his onward flight,
With languid wing in vain;
We marvelled what the obstacle,
Or weariness, or pain.

With wondering eyes the children stood,
Forgetful of their play,
Until again he rose and sailed
Most royally away.

They clapped their hands aloud for joy,
And shouted long and high,
"O King of North America,
O eagle brave, good bye!"

O Beauty is o'er all the earth,
Her presence fills the air;
When Indian Summer wears her veil,
Mysteriously fair.

M. L. H. H.

* Rhus toxicodendron—poison vine.

Editor's Table.

The concluding portion of the following sketch descriptive of Calvary Church, will apply equally well to any of the fashionable churches of New York City. The writer is Paul H. Hayne, Esq., Editor of the Charleston Evening News.

"Among the pulpit celebrities at the North, Dr. Hawks, the pastor of Calvary Church in this city, is, I believe, considered the most eminent. I have attended upon his preaching frequently, and while I admire the grace of his manner and the earnestness of his style, I must be permitted to doubt whether the reputation of very superior talents, which he has acquired, is altogether deserved. He is a fine speaker, with a voice of great compass and sweetness, and a manner dignified and striking—but there is little, it appears to me, in his sermons, indicative of profound thought or comprehension of mind. Strip his writings of a certain richness of diction, and rhetorical display, and you will discover a very feeble substratum of originality. His church is one of the most peculiar in its interior adornments that I have seen. It is Gothic, and a sombre solemnity, by no means unpleasing and inappropriate, falls from the deeply stained windows upon the twilight columns and "long-drawn aisles." In the rear of the pulpit is a representation, on glass, of the Crucifixion—the effect of which is sometimes singularly grand and impressive.

"Calvary, like all the other churches in New York of which I know, is destitute of pews for strangers. The consequence is, that those desirous of attending worship, are compelled to wait without the doors until the whole congregation is seated, in order that the Sexton may ascertain if there is any room to spare. Often the throng, thus kept in suspense, is very great, and the jostling and eagerness among them to get near the entrance, reminds you forcibly of the Theatre. Nor—if one is so fortunate at last as to make good his entrance—are some of the services of the church altogether calculated to allay these worldly thoughts. The choir is exquisitely—operatic. I remember a solo sung by a female voice on one occasion with such infinite variety of trilling, that the desire to applaud was almost irresistible. There is certainly something of irreverence in this—and while I would be the last to advocate the restriction of sacred music to certain doleful airs, which have obtained in certain doleful churches from time immemorial, and whose influence is not less melancholy than orthodox—yet I must protest against the conversion of God's house into a stage for mere vocal display. I do not know that I have ever been present (with a single exception) at any place of public worship where the devotional sentiment was more completely destroyed, by what professed to be a *portion* of the worship itself. The exception has reference to Theodore Parker's lecture room in Boston, where I heard Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" sung to an air very closely resembling the burden of a duet in the 'Fille du Regiment.'"

When we were in New York some months since, attracted by the fame of the preacher, we attended Calvary Church, and our experience was of a nature to deter us from go-

ing there again as a stranger, were Dr. Hawks ten times as eloquent as he is. After remaining some ten or fifteen minutes in the vestibule, the worthy sexton led the way to a pew in the side aisle occupied by two persons, but sufficiently commodious to accommodate seven. The gentleman who sat at the door of the pew, made way for us most reluctantly and carefully removed the prayer books from within our reach, lest perchance we might violate one of the commandments therein written. He was a handsome young man, of perhaps six and twenty, and wore pantaloons so preposterously tight that it was a matter of simple impossibility to kneel in them. His well-gloved hands held up a copy of the Book of Common Prayer bound in crimson velvet and gold from which he repeated the creed with the most delightful orthodoxy. Without the means of following the morning service, we felt like a poor boy at a frolic. So we looked around us. The luxurious pews, every where filled with well-dressed and comfortable looking people, were little suggestive of the trials and sufferings of the Christians of an earlier day who met upon the open downs or beneath the leafless oaks of the wintry forest to lift up their voices of praise and supplication to God. We dare say it was a wicked fancy, and yet we could not help thinking that the minds of very many of the congregation were upon the next day's operations in Wall Street rather than upon the service, and that the Liturgy would have been responded to with greater unction, if among its deprecatory clauses there had been this little petition—

"From all losses by land or water, from broken banks and bad investments, from false policies and a fall in flour—Good Lord deliver us!"

Appropos of civilities at church, a friend of ours mentioned to us recently a droll incident that once happened to him in New York which would make a good hit, with an illustration by Doyle, in the columns of *Punch*. He went to one of the fine Gothic churches, and not seeing the officer whose business it is to be in attendance at the door, he addressed a gentleman just entering—

"I beg pardon, sir, but I am a stranger and should feel obliged if you would inform me where I can get a seat."

"Weally" said the person thus accosted, with a drawl we cannot express upon paper, "I'm not the sexton."

What our friend Hayne says about the music reminds us of another anecdote which occurred at the same place of worship, and has never yet been recorded. A lady, who

had a very sweet voice and was accustomed to employ it in singing praises to her Maker, united one day in the hymn there. Before the second verse was commenced, however, the sexton tripped noiselessly up the aisle and laying his hand softly on her shoulder, whispered in her ear—"Madam, if you please, the choir do all the singing in this church." The lady of course at once kept silence, but afterwards suggested to a member of the congregation the propriety of striking out of the service the passage—

"Let the people praise thee, oh God! yea, let all the people praise thee!"

A second volume of Mr. Ruskin's *Stones of Venice* has made its appearance in London with the alternative title of *The Sea Stories*. The following extract from it seems to us one of the noblest pieces of writing we have seen for a very long time. It abundantly shows that all the poets have not "penned their inspiration," and that the age in which we live, unheroic as it is generally supposed, has dwelt upon the poetical aspects of the earth, and the earth's history, as no preceding age has ever done. Mr. Ruskin says—

"The charts of the world which have been drawn up by modern science, have thrown into a narrow space the expression of a vast amount of knowledge, but I have never yet seen any one pictorial enough to enable the spectator to imagine the kind of contrast in physical character which exists between northern and southern countries. We know the differences in detail, but we have not that broad glance and grasp which enable us to feel them in their fullness. We know that gentians grow on the Alps and olives on the Apennines; but we do not enough conceive for ourselves that variegated mosaic of the world's surface which a bird sees in its migration, that difference between the district of the gentian and of the olive which the stork and the swallow see far off, as they lean upon the sirocco wind. Let us, for a moment, try to raise ourselves even above the level of their flight, and imagine the Mediterranean lying beneath us like an irregular lake, and all its ancient promontories sleeping in the sun; here and there an angry spot of thunder—a gray stain of storm—moving upon the burning field; and there a fixed wreath of white volcano smoke, surrounded by its circle of ashes; but, for the most part, a great peacefulness of light—Syria and Greece, Italy and Spain, laid like pieces of a golden pavement into the sea-blue, chased, as we stoop nearer to them, with bossy-beaten work of mountain chains, and glowing softly with terraced gardens and flowers heavy with frankincense, mixed among masses of laurel and orange and plummy palm, that abate with their gray-green shadows the burning of the marble rocks and of the ledges of porphyry sloping under lucent sand. Then, let us pass further towards the north, until we see the orient colours change gradually into a vast belt of rainy green, where the pastures of Switzerland and popular valleys of France, and dark forests of the Danube and Carpathians, stretch from the mouths of the Loire to those of the Volga, seen through clefts in gray swirls of rain clouds and flaky veils of the mist of the brooks,

spreading low along the pasture lands; and then, further north still, to see the earth heave into mighty masses of leaden rock and heathy moor, bordering with a broad waste of gloomy purple that belt of field and wood, and splintering into irregular and grisly islands, amid the northern seas, beaten by storm and chilled by icadrift, and tormented by furious pulses of contending tide, until the roots of the last forests sail from among the hill ravines, and the hunger of the north wind bites their peaks into barrenness; and, at last, the wall of ice, durable like iron, sets, deathlike, its white teeth against us out of the Polar twilight. And, having once traversed in thought this gradation of the zoned iris of the earth in all its material vastness, let us go down nearer to it, and watch the parallel change in the belt of animal life—the multitudes of swift and brilliant creatures that glance in the air and sea, or tread the sands of the southern zone—striped zebras and spotted leopards, glistening serpents, and birds arranged in purple and scarlet. Let us contrast their delicacy and brilliancy of colour and swiftness of motion with the frost-cramped strength and shaggy covering and dusky plumage of the northern tribes; contrast the Arabian horse with the Shetland, the tiger and leopard with the wolf and the bear, the antelope with the elk, the bird of Paradise with the osprey; and then, submissively acknowledging the great laws by which the earth and all that it bears are ruled throughout their being, let us not condemn, but rejoice in the expression by man of his own rest in the statutes of the lands that gave him birth. Let us watch him with reverence as he sets side by side the burning gems, and smooths with soft sculpture the jasper pillars that are to reflect a ceaseless sunshine and rise into a cloudless sky; but, not with less reverence, let us stand by him when, with rough strength and hurried stroke, he smites an uncouth animation out of the rocks which he has torn from among the moss of the moorland, and heaves into the darkened air the pile of iron buttress and rugged wall, instinct with work of an imagination as wild and wayward as the Northern sea—creations of ungainly shape and rigid limb, but full of wolfish life; fierce as the winds that beat, and changeable as the clouds that shade them."

We have recently had the pleasure of a visit from Alexander Galt, the young Virginia sculptor, who has been prosecuting his studies for some years past at Florence. Mr. Galt brought with him to America his latest work—a *Bacchante*—originally ordered by H. B. Grigsby, Esq., of Norfolk, and two perfect copies of it in marble, one of which is on exhibition at the Crystal Palace in New York, while the other adorns the residence of a private gentleman in this City. It is a very admirable bust representing the beautiful reveller with tresses encircled with grape leaves, and with the joyous expression of merriment upon her lovely features. There is nothing sensual in the countenance to repel us: it is instinct with the exuberance of animal spirits yet significant of the soul within—the face not of a dishevelled wanton, but of a merry child of dance, and wine, and song. As a work of art, we think it places its author among the first sculptors of our age and country.

It is the purpose of Mr. Galt to return to Italy, after some months spent among his Virginia friends. We hope he will go back with numerous orders from the wealthy citizens of his native state, for works to beautify Virginian homes. It should be the pride of lovers of art to encourage and reward genius which springs from their own soil, and here is a man who, we are proud to think, will one day rescue the Old Dominion from the reproach of having contributed nothing to the treasuries of the beautiful throughout the world. One order should be given him at once by the General Assembly of Virginia—to execute the statue of Thos. Jefferson which is wanted for the University. Our desire has hitherto been that Hiram Powers should be chosen to do this work. But we have every confidence in Mr. Galt's ability to produce a noble statue of the Sage of Monticello, and between a son of Virginia and any other person, a Virginia Legislature cannot hesitate whom to choose as the workman. If there should be any doubt as to Mr. Galt's skill in making a faithful likeness, a bust he has produced of his father will remove it. We do most earnestly commend Mr. Galt's claims to our friends in the Legislature, and hope to see a bill carried during the approaching session for the execution of this work by him. There are many majestic figures yet sleeping in the quarries of Carrara from which, we trust, Mr. Galt is destined to remove the outer covering that conceals them from the admiration of men.

We have too long delayed the expression of our thanks to the Hon. Edward Everett for copies, which he was kind enough to send us, of his discourse on "The Discovery and Colonization of North America, and Immigration to the United States" and his "Remarks made on the 4th July 1853, in Faneuil Hall." Both of these productions have received the highest commendation from all quarters of the country, and exhibit the learning and ability of their author in a high degree.

As we have said something of the courtesy of the New York fashionables as exhibited in their churches, it will perhaps be well to let our readers know how they behave to strangers at the opera. The following extract from a letter of the N. Y. correspondent of a Buffalo paper will show—

"A little scene occurred an evening or two since at the opera, at Niblo's, which is worthy of a passing note, as

indicating the independence of the 'sovereigns.' Ex-President Tyler, accompanied by his beautiful and accomplished wife, entered the theatre after the performance had commenced, and found every seat occupied. The ushers bustled about for a few moments, endeavoring to procure some place for them to sit, but in vain, and the ex-King of the Yankees, with his queen upon his arm, was compelled to retire."

The following characteristic verses of THACKERAY have been lying for some months in a portfolio of literary autographs in our possession. They were written by him one morning last spring at our editorial table, during a call he made upon us, and they have afforded amusement to many friends who have read them in MS. It is curious to see how briefly and comically the satirist tells the sentimental story of the

SORROWS OF WERTHER.

Werther had a love for Charlotte,
Such as words could never utter,
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies
Would do nothing that might hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled;
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by them troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter;
Like a well conducted person
Went on cutting bread and butter.

W. M. THACKERAY.

The Richmond Examiner has a way of saying as many clever things as any journal of our acquaintance. The following is rather pointed on the Boston press—

"The journals of Boston are the shabbiest that reach this office; the few that are decently printed, have nothing in them worth perusal, and the many that are badly printed, have usually still less; in short, all the pretensions and professions of Boston to unequalled elegance, refinement, intelligence and culture, resolve themselves into a practical, starched and Puritanical exemplification of the great beatitude: 'Blessed is he who bloweth his own horn, for whoever bloweth not his own horn, the same shall not be blowed.'"

Among the fine books just coming out for the holidays is a beautiful edition of the Poems of General George P. Morris which will no doubt prove a very popular presentation volume.

Notices of New Works.

THE HOMES OF THE NEW WORLD; *Impressions of America*. By FREDRIKA BREMER. Translated by Mary Howitt. In Two Volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

"Sing unto the Lord a new song" is the somewhat remarkable motto, taken from the Psalmist, with which Miss Bremer introduces this disjointed, rambling and tedious production, in which she sings only a very old song that every body is tired of hearing—the song of anti-slavery. Having for years been connected with Mary Howitt in the way of furnishing Swedish novels for that "strong-minded woman" to translate into English, Miss Bremer had partaken largely of the prevalent European sentiment of Abolition before coming to this country, and immediately upon her arrival on our shores she fell into the hands of the Bostonian Chadbands and Jellybys—the Beechers, Sumners, Whittiers, Lowells, who taught her to regard the Southern States as the very abode of wickedness and abomination—the chosen court of the Devil upon earth. Wherever she goes, therefore, she finds something to serve as a text for a homily upon slavery in which the reader is at a loss which the more to admire—the ignorance or the feebleness it displays.

Miss Bremer's "*Impressions of America*" have disappointed us only in one particular. We were fully prepared for her abuse of Southern society. More distinguished and discriminating persons than she have come to America, enjoyed the hospitality of our people from Maine to Texas, taken a limited view of our institutions through an eye-glass, and gone back to compile slanderous volumes at our expense. Nor were we surprised, at the ignorance every where manifest in her sketches. The best informed of King Oscar's subjects know little or nothing of America and we dare say all Miss Bremer had learned by anticipation of the United States was that it contained a certain city of Boston where Mary Howitt (the wet nurse of all the heroines of her poultry-yard romances) had friends who were also the "friends of freedom," and that in the Southern portion there were a large number of blacks held in bondage by white owners. Moreover, Miss Bremer had a very scanty fund of English at her command, and her facilities for acquiring information, which were really great, were thus rendered of little value to her. When, therefore, she informs us that Richmond is situated on the banks of "the river St. James," and when she speaks of Mr. Wise of Accomac—who once eloquently referred to the roar of ocean as the lullaby of his cradle—as "a Mr. WELSH, who, come from the forest in full hunter habiliments," we smile at the amusing blunders, but are, by no means, surprised at them. But one characteristic—and the leading one—of Miss Bremer's volumes we did not expect—their inconceivable dulness and stupidity. Such flat, jejune, wearisome, ineffable nonsense as makes up two-thirds of her "*Impressions*" we never read before. We wonder how Mary Howitt ever managed to translate it from the original jargon without falling into a state of hopeless coma. We can fancy the compositors of the Harper's gigantic establishment nodding over their cases as they put the drowsy production into type. As for the amiable gentleman who reads the proofs of the Harper's

publications, what restoratives were employed to arouse him, after he got through the task of its revision, ought to be known to the Medical Faculty. The *methodus medendi* in such a case of lethargy should be published in the next number of the *American Journal of Medical Sciences* for the benefit of mankind.

It is, perhaps, devoting too much time and space to these volumes, but we cannot help adverting to a peculiarity exhibiting in them which we consider well nigh disgusting. We allude to the freedom with which Miss Bremer introduces to the public her American entertainers, and the circumstantiality she employs in describing their domestic habits, manners, style of dress—in fact everything that should be considered among the confidences of private life. Blessed is he—*his, terque fortunatus*—who encountered not this twaddling old lady in her American tour—for he has escaped being fixed forever in her museum of figures, as stiff, staring and ridiculous as the last addition to Madame Tousseaud's wax-works. The English press have been fond of rasping American travellers, (and some of them have richly deserved it,) for narrating how the guests at Gordon Castle ate their Christmas breakfast, and how much the diamonds in Lady Clementina Villiers' pink dress that she wore at Lord Noodle's ball, cost, and what sort of jacket his Lordship put on when he went grouse-shooting, and other silver-fork details of the home circle. But what shall be thought of Miss Bremer for introducing the amiable A. and the beautiful B. and the considerate C. and the delightful D., to the end of the alphabet and of English adjectives, because these benevolent people saw fit to treat her with hospitality? And where the adjective is a rough one, as is sometimes the case, and she libels the private character of a gentleman whose only crime has been to invite her to his house, what defence can possibly be set up for the foolish old lady?

But we forbear. "*The Homes of the New World*" may be a useful publication after all. It may serve a good purpose in teaching the people of the United States one lesson more in the philosophy of flunkeyism which they may improve to their advantage, that as long as they fall down and worship the great people that come among them from Europe, just so long may they expect these great people to show them up to the amusement of the world.

THE ART JOURNAL for September and October, 1853. Published (for the proprietors) by George Virtue, 25, Paternoster Row, London, and 26 John Street, New York. [From James Woodhouse, Richmond Agent, 139 Main Street.

Two fine numbers of a magnificent work, which should have a larger circulation in this community. Our people are very fond of engravings, and they buy Northern magazines simply on account of the illustrations which are generally as bad as possible, when, if they would take the Art Journal, they might gratify their taste for pictures, and, at the same time, enlighten it by looking at good ones.

The opening plate in the September number is one of great power. It is on steel by Roffe, and represents Virginius and his daughter-victim as they have been grouped in stone by P. MacDowell, R. A. The figure of the father is very noble and the uplifted arm with the cleaver in the clenched hand, is most effective. The drooping maiden is executed with a truthfulness to nature that cannot fail

to impress all who look at the engraving. There are two other large illustrations on steel in this number, one by Chalmers, being from a painting in the Vernon Gallery of Utrecht—which strikes us as good, and the other “A Mythological Dream” which we think decidedly bad. We cannot fancy that the original is impressive with its confused mass of horses and armed men, and the artist who engraved it has not succeeded in making the idea clear to the perception. The number abounds in the most spirited wood cuts, and contains many papers on art which are full of interest.

The October number we consider one of the very best we have ever seen of the Art Journal. The steel engravings, of which, as usual, there are three, are of the highest order of excellence. The head of “*A Monk*,” in point of finish, is admirable. The plate entitled “*Dry Reading*” is full of a quiet humor, and the sculpture piece “*Flora*” is exquisitely beautiful. We cordially commend the Art Journal to the public, feeling assured that its general circulation would diffuse a better artistic taste among our citizens.

LECTURES delivered at Broadmead Chapel, Bristol. By the late JOHN FOSTER. Author of “*Essays on Decision of Character*.” In Two Volumes. London: Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden. 1853. [From Bangs, Brothers & Co., New York Agents, through J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

No more acute intellect than that of John Foster has labored for the improvement of man in the Nineteenth Century. In these Lectures will be found the same strength and clearness, the same beautiful processes of ratiocination which make the “*Essays on Decision of Character*” so invaluable. The subjects are mostly of a religious nature, but are treated popularly, and the volumes may be read with interest and profit by anybody.

GENIUS AND FAITH; or, *Poetry and Religion, in their Mutual Relations*. By Wm. C. SCOTT. New York: Charles Scribner, 145 Nassau Street. 1853. [From James Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.

The papers comprising this volume were originally published, as our readers will recollect, in the pages of the Messenger, under the second title here given them—that of “*Poetry and Religion*.” Mr. Scott is a writer of affluence and vigor, and there are portions of his essays on the poetical that rise, in our judgment, to a high order of excellence in criticism. We commend the work to the favorable consideration of the public.

FUN JOTTINGS; OR, LAUGHS I HAVE TAKEN A PEN TO. By N. PARKER WILLIS. New York: Charles Scribner, 145 Nassau Street. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Was there ever so absurd a title-page to a volume, since the invention of the art of printing? Really, Mr. Willis is getting intolerable. If he had called his book “*Belle-Ringsings, or Girls I have taken a drink to*,” it would have been an affectation ridiculous enough to have appended to it the “*N. Parker Willis*” which indicates the authorship—but “*Fun-Jottings, or, Laughs that I have taken a Pen to*”—in the much injured name of common sense what does it mean? Where’s the point? If the “*Pen*” was diamond-pointed, it did not show its brilliancy in the inditing of that title.

Of the contents of this volume, we may say that, in our judgment, they are very unequal—some are among the cleverest and most delightful things Willis has ever written—others are mere “fooling,” such as a rational being ought to be ashamed of having ever indulged in, the syllabus of literature thrice whipt (and deservedly so), the inanity of inanities. We have always had a fancy for Willis, and we are really sorry to see him republish mere motu such nonsense as the letters of Mr. Cianna Beverley, (the first name should be spelt *Sinner*), which it were better had been permitted to die and be forgotten, like other *Ephemera*, the very day they were brought forth. Mr. Willis is now in delightful retirement at Idlewild, his *piéd-à-terre* on the banks of the Hudson—let him beguile his leisure hours with getting out another edition of his Poems, and let him devote himself again to that enchanting muse he has long neglected, and he will not only gratify those who once admired him, but add to a reputation which we cannot but think his *Fun-Jottings* and his other *saieseries* of the present time are only contributing to impair.

EGERIA: OR, VOICES OF THOUGHT AND COUNSEL, *For Woods and Wayside*. By W. GILMORE SIMMS, Esq. Philadelphia: Published by E. H. Butler & Co. 1853. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

This is a charming little volume of a fragmentary character, in which the daily impressions of a thoughtful and poetic mind have been faithfully recorded. “*Egeria*” was first published in the columns of the Southern Literary Gazette, where we read the numbers, as they appeared, with a curiosity not a little excited as to the authorship, then not avowed. The interest we found in the work seems natural enough when Mr. Simms’s name appears as the writer.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM PINKNEY. By his Nephew, The Rev. William Pinkney, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

We are disposed to complain that so little of method and arrangement has been observed by the author of this really valuable work. There is no index to its contents, it observes no chronological order, nor is it even divided into chapters. The Life of William Pinkney was indeed a *desideratum* in American libraries, and, leaving out of view the want of system to which we have referred, we think the biographer has written it well. The volume is handsomely printed and contains a handsome steel portrait of the great forensic orator.

The convenient and well-printed edition of Shakespeare according to Collier, which Mr. Redfield has been recently engaged in bringing out in eight volumes, has just been completed by the publication of the first and last of the series. We have to acknowledge their receipt from J. W. Randolph. The edition is a very acceptable one, and will meet with great favor at the hands of the public. We did not receive Vol. IV. of this work and would feel under obligations to Mr. Redfield if he would send it.

Mr. Randolph has also sent us another volume of *Bohn’s Classical Library*, being a translation of *Aristophanes*, by William James Hickie of St. John’s College. There will be one or more other volumes to this English version of the Greek comic dramatist.

DISCUSSIONS ON PHILOSOPHY AND LITERATURE. *By Sir William Hamilton. With an Introductory Essay, by Robert Turnbull, D. D.* New York: Harper and Brothers. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

This volume embraces the papers of Sir William Hamilton, contributed to the Edinburgh Review, in which work they met with a large share of public attention. The philosophy of the writer is altogether too abstruse to be discussed in so short a notice as the present, but the articles on Education and University Reform which make up a considerable portion of the book seem to us of far greater value than the metaphysical papers, and show the vigor and grasp of the author's mind in a high degree, while they present views upon a subject of universal interest which deserve to be studied by every friend of mental advancement.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A DREAMER. *Found among his Papers.* London: William Pickering. 1853.

This delicious little book, printed in the quaint style of the earlier part of the last century, is a sort of journal of the impressions of European travel as recorded by a poetical hand. The authorship has been attributed to Mr. Tuckerman, and we recognise in the Diary here and there, the peculiar graces of that pleasing and thoughtful writer. Its publication in London would seem to show that American authors are beginning to be appreciated on the other side of the Atlantic.

A CHURCH DICTIONARY. *By Walter Farquhar Hook, D. D., Vicar of Leeds.* Sixth Edition. Revised and Adopted to the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. By a Presbyter of said Church. Philadelphia: Published by E. H. Butler & Co. 1854. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

The American Churchman will doubtless find in this large and well printed work a valuable aid to his studies. It has been altered by the American editor from the English original to suit the wants of the class for whom it is designed in this country, and while many articles have been omitted which could not be supposed to possess any interest here, many have been added, relating to the American branch of the Holy Catholic Church, which will render it the more valuable.

THE WORKS OF JOHN C. CALHOUN. Volume III. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1853. [From James Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.

The Congressional Speeches of Mr. Calhoun are brought down in the volume before us to 1841, and some of his finest Senatorial efforts may be found in it. We see the same incompleteness in many of them which we had to regret in Volume II., but the greatest care has been taken to give them in a form as faithful as possible, and the edition when completed will constitute a noble legacy to the country. The print and paper of the volume is deserving of high praise.

Little & Brown's beautiful edition of the British poets has reached its sixth volume and rivals in the clearness of its typography and the texture of its paper the famous

London edition of Pickering. Such a series of fine books is highly creditable to the enterprise of the well-known publishers, and shows a great advance in the art of book-making in America, while the cheap rate at which the volumes are offered to the public will enable many to possess the standard poetical works of the English tongue who have heretofore been unable to purchase them. Mr. A. Morris has for sale those already issued. Gray, Pope and Goldsmith, and will furnish the entire series, as the volumes successively appear, to all who wish to obtain it.

The Appletons meanwhile have made an announcement of an edition of the Poets of Great Britain which they design to put forth in connection with an English house at the moderate price of One Dollar the volume. It is to be edited by the Rev. George Gilfillan, and as the list of poets embraced in the prospectus is remarkably full, and the style of the publication is to be exceedingly excellent, we have no doubt it will meet with general favor.

MEN AND THINGS, *As I saw them in Europe.* By Kirwan. Harper & Brothers. New York. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Kirwan is well known as the author of a series of graphic and able letters, exposing the errors and abuses of the Church of Rome, which appeared a year or two since in the New York Observer. As much of the subject-matter of these letters seemed to have been worked up from personal experience, and as the style of the author is impassioned and energetic, they attracted much attention, were republished, and demanded a considerable sale. The present work is characteristic of the writer. It is vigorous in style, and full of interesting details, set forth in a striking and original manner. Perhaps it displays a *little* too much of sectarian bitterness, but this has certainly been provoked, and there are many who think, (probably with justice,) that clemency towards the errors of Romanism, would at present be a false and pusillanimous policy. The book is published in the usual neat style of the Harpers.

PRINCIPLES OF GEOLOGY; Or the Modern Changes of the Earth, and its inhabitants, considered as illustrative of Geology. *By Sir Charles Lyell, M. A., F.R.S.* Appleton & Co. New York. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Few geologists of modern times, have entered with more entire ardour and industry upon the prosecution of this branch of science than Sir Charles Lyell. The present work is the result of a life-time labour, conducted with singular accuracy, assiduity and care. The author, well knowing the heavy responsibility which rests upon those who delve in a mine of knowledge, so intimately connected with some of the most important truths revealed to mankind, has been studious to adopt no hasty conclusions, or to leave his readers in doubt as to his own convictions upon the scope and bearing of recent geological investigations. As an extensive, satisfactory and complete history of the earth from the earliest ages to the present time, we know of no work in our language than can at all compare with it. The style of its publication is of course unexceptionable.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER

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No. 12.

LIEBER'S "CIVIL LIBERTY AND SELF-GOVERNMENT"*

The most melancholy permanent result of the disturbances on the continent in 1848 is, without doubt, a growing distrust of all systems of popular government. Before that period, with most thinking men the progress of free principles was identified with the advance of civilization; and the amelioration of the material and moral condition of the race, at least in Western Europe, seemed to keep pace with its increasing participation in the affairs of government. To all hopeful men, the dawn of a brighter day seemed advancing—a day in which the political regeneration of the people was to be accomplished without that fiery baptism of blood by which in former times their enfranchisement had been attempted. But, alas! to-day how changed the sentiment among those who labor in the field of political science. Men who have all their lives long been constitutionalists—whose reputation as the foremost men of their time has been achieved by their efforts to bring about gradually a liberal system of government have been lost sight of, their theories and principles submerged in the deluge which brought destruction to so many hopes and illusions in 1848. Among the liberal political philosophers of former days there seems to have been a completely stunning effect produced by the events of that epoch. Looking back on the revolutionary period, its events seem to give the lie to the cherished principles and theories of their whole lives; where there was once hope and trust, there are now but despondency and terror. Their dreams of the po-

* Civil Liberty and Self-Government. By Francis Lieber, LL.D., C. M. French Institute, etc. Author of "Political Ethics," "Principles of Legal and Political Interpretation," "Essays on Labor and Property," "On Criminal Law," "Reminiscences of Niebuhr," Editor of "Penitentiary System in the United States by De Beaumont and De Tocqueville," etc., etc., in Two Volumes. Philadelphia. 1853.

litical millenium have been dissipated by the frightful realities of revolutionary excess or the stern despotism of imperial sway. It is singular to contrast the hopeful tone which these publicists adopted in regard to the progress of free principles, shortly after the downfall of the first Napoleon, with the timid apology as now made for the atrocious absolutism of his imitator and successor. Says M. Guizot, in an introductory lecture delivered by him as Professor of Modern History at the College of France in 1830: "The moral world, like the system of the heavenly bodies, has its laws and its movements, the difference being simply that the secret of those laws is more profound, and that the human mind has greater difficulty in penetrating it. We have no need now, however, of inferring from some imperfect and doubtful hypothesis what has been in a political sense the tendency of European civilization. A system which evidently is founded on the same principles, is developed from the same wants, and which aims at the same results, is forcing itself into notice throughout all Europe. That system is *representative government*, which is every where sought for, granted, established, and this fact is assuredly neither an accident nor a passing caprice." Such is the type of the former political opinions of many of those who are now loudest in their adulation of the reign of force, which has sway over the entire continent, and who, in contradiction to the whole tenor of their former lives, now proclaim their adhesion to the "*idéés Napoléoniennes*" as the only means of rescuing society from the horrors of anarchy and dissolution.

Such is the powerful effect of unsuccessful revolution. Not only, like Saturn, does it destroy its own children, but its excesses produce a reaction, in which all true principle is lost sight of, and nothing but the instinct of self-preservation is listened to. By the events of 1848 on the continent, the great constitutional party was blotted from existence, and all hope of the establishment of

any system of free government has become extinct for the present at least. Those memorable watchwords, "trial by jury," "freedom of the press," "representative government," by which the revolutions of 1848 were inaugurated, and which were then the embodiment of the hopes of so many earnest men for the political welfare of the race, seem now only to evoke images of undisguised anarchy and horror.

Why is this fearful and general change? Can it be possible, that the practical development of self-government has been reserved exclusively for the Anglo-Saxon race, and is there something incommunicable in the spirit which gives life and activity to our own systems. Or has the experiment been fairly tried, and under circumstances so favorable as to leave no doubt that the difficulty is in the system, and not in its practical application. This is a most interesting and important enquiry to us. As long as the privileged orders and selfish *bourgeoisie* alone, hailed a reaction which would relieve them from that sense of insecurity which all great organic changes in a government necessarily produce, we could scarcely wonder; but worthier causes must have changed the sentiments of those thinking men in Europe, who in advocating reform on a popular basis were following but their clearest convictions of truth. It seems to us that the evils to the general cause of liberty, arising from any doubt of the soundness of the *principle* upon which a popular system is based, are vastly greater than those caused by the panic and terror excited by the excesses of the revolution. In another point of view an investigation of this subject seems highly important. Nothing can be clearer than that we owe all our distinctive peculiarities, as a nation, to the infusion of the popular element into our system, whatever may have been the result elsewhere. We should feel as Americans some pride in pointing out the peculiarities of a plant so congenial to our own soil, and so apt to wither when transplanted.

The results of an investigation on these principles, and in this spirit, are before us, in the work recently published by the learned Professor of Political Economy in the College of South Carolina. Doctor Lieber, as

is well known, is no novice in the field of political science. By his own personal experience he has dearly purchased the knowledge of the value of those checks upon arbitrary power and of those guaranties against the interference or oppression of the government, which are the distinguishing characteristics of our systems. A natural predilection for political studies, developed no doubt by his sufferings in his own country for the sake of his political opinions, has given to the world a series of valuable contributions in this most interesting department of labor, and has rendered him one of the most instructive and philosophical, as he certainly is the most voluminous writer on these subjects of general politics, now living in this country. His writings on these controverted questions are models of patient research and clear analysis, are singularly free from extreme or extravagant views, and have but little of that bitterness which is said to be the inevitable characteristic of the proscribed exile when he recalls the sufferings and injustice of former days. While so many bred in the constitutional school have not only doubted, but despaired, Doctor Lieber takes a cheering and encouraging view of the future, grounded upon a thorough investigation of the principles out of which our theory of self-government has been evolved. It is, we may remark in passing, not a little singular, that the most elaborate and philosophical treatises upon our republican system, at least in our day, should have been the production of two men,—not only of foreign birth, but of foreign political education—Lieber and De Tocqueville. We may look upon the present work of "Civil Liberty and Self-Government," as the same sort of a tribute on the part of its author to his adopted country, as that which Lord Coke says every lawyer owes to his profession—to speak gratefully of her who has dealt so kindly by him.

We are too apt to deal in generalities when speaking of our own condition, and to talk rather wildly about the virtue and intelligence of the people being our only safeguards, as if they were of any worth without being allied to those institutions from which they derive their practical influence on the body politic. We need precise and

accurate views on this subject in order to detect at a glance the spurious republicanism which comes to us from the continent. To enable us to appreciate what is good and essential in our own system, and to understand scientifically and thoroughly its peculiar nature in contrast with all other systems, ancient or modern, and particularly with the fashionable republicanism of the continent, this work will prove a most valuable assistance.

In analyzing the general subject of "civil liberty," Dr. Lieber has divided his work into three portions, which arrangement it will be most convenient for us to adopt in the remarks which the work may suggest. I. The definition of civil liberty. II. The nature of the guaranties by which it is preserved in a State, and the corresponding checks by which the encroachment of the governing power is avoided, and III. The institutions evolved from those checks and guaranties, and by which their spirit is consolidated and brought into practical operation.

As the groundwork of all correct reasoning in politics consists in clear ideas of first principles, it is important that we should start with a correct conception of what that universally desired object, Liberty, is. If many crimes have been committed, as Madame Roland said, in the name of liberty, it is equally true that many blunders have been fallen into by following her supposed guidance. We are often sadly perplexed in seeing how different the result appears to be of institutions called by the same name at home and abroad. The truth is, the resemblance is in the name only, and not in the thing. There is as much zeal on the Continent as any where else, for the advancement of the race, and the progress of civilization, and a well-established notion that they can only be secured by settling civil liberty on a permanent basis, but the difficulty is, that totally different conceptions exist, not only of the abstract nature of liberty, but also of the end and aim of any government founded upon principles of reason and justice.

It is proper, then, to speak not only of various kinds of liberty, as ancient or modern, but of theories of liberty so entirely differing in principle, and origin, and practical

development, as to bear no other resemblance to each other, than their having some vague and undefined notion of the general welfare and happiness of the race as the object in view. It would seem impossible to account for the different results of the various systems of self-government on any other principle. The definition given by Dr. Lieber of civil liberty, (vol. 1, p. 54,) is that "it chiefly consists in guaranties, (and corresponding checks,) of those rights which experience has proved to be most exposed to interference, and which men hold dearest and most important." Now this definition strikes us as much too narrow, and what is true of English and American liberty historically, and what ought perhaps to be true of any permanent system elsewhere, is far from true when applied to the sentiment of all, wherever found, in whom aspirations towards freedom are constant and active. On the contrary, the prevailing opinion, particularly among those who have called themselves republicans, on the Continent, ever since the French Revolution of 1789, has been that civil liberty consists not only in the *right enjoyed*, but in the *ability given* to every citizen of a State to develop his faculties conformably to the dictates of justice, and under the protection of the law. Such is the language of the famous declaration of the rights of man placed by the French at the head of their constitution of 1791, which has ever since been invoked as the great charter of freedom on the Continent, and such, singular as it may appear, is the logical interpretation given to the full development of the principle of the Revolution by historical writers of every shade since.* This idea of civil liberty differing so entirely from the English conceptions of it, was incorporated in all the subsequent republican constitutions in France. It was not the socialism or communism of a more modern date, but was claimed by its advocates as the true democratic principle, logically deduced from the Christian idea of the essential equality and individuality of man. With them *égalité* and *fraternité* were the necessary fruits of liberty, without which it was

* See Thiers, *Hist. de la Revolution*, vol. i, p. 93-94. Lamartine, *Hist. des Girondins*, vol. i, p. 16. Louis Blanc, *Hist. de la Revolution*, *passim*.

nothing worth. The mere barren right to exist and to labor without a corresponding power enabling man to enjoy life, and always to meet the due reward of that labor, seemed scarce worth struggling for. What they asked was a *régime* not so much of guarantees as of protection, a sort of paternal despotism in which the grand object of the government should be to take care of the people. Hence centralization—hence the impracticability of extending that tremendous engine of power, which has been used with such signal results in England and in this country, the power of association,—hence the extraordinary notions of the nature of the sovereignty of the people, the source of countless errors and delusions. Surely nothing could be farther removed from the English and American systems of checks and balances, than this fundamental notion of French republican liberty. We shall have occasion to see, as we proceed in the discussion, how each system, starting from such opposite ideas of the nature of liberty, diverges completely in its practical operation.

It is not the less true, however, that notwithstanding these fundamental differences, the English system was introduced into France immediately after the Revolution, and became the model of representative government throughout the Continent. It is not difficult to reconcile this apparent inconsistency between the principles of the Reformers and the system which they adopted. The English constitution had been familiarized on the Continent, to most enlightened men, by the writings of Montesquieu, De Lolme and Voltaire, and when summoned upon the fall of the *ancien régime*, to reorganize the government, those peculiarities of the English constitution, which guaranteed the personal liberty of the subject against the encroachments of arbitrary power, were eagerly adopted. For, under a *régime* dishonored by the scandal of *lettres de cachet*, arbitrary arrests, cruelties shrouded in the mystery of the dungeons of the Bastille, and the decrees which often condemned to the flames the noblest productions of the human mind, could any one read without a sort of jealous emotion, that among a neighboring people the liberty of the subject was his in-

alienable birthright, that no Englishman could be imprisoned unless by virtue of a judgment rendered in conformity with the laws of the country, and that any officer who should disregard the provisions of the *habeas corpus* act would render himself liable to severe penalties. The vast benefits to the cause of humanity and civilization, arising from the introduction of the English system on the Continent, can hardly be over-rated, and certainly constitute one of its highest titles to glory in history. By its influence, the more cruel and arbitrary forms of power became disused, local and subordinate oppressions which were at the same time sources of weakness and discontent were removed, and the more open and practical grievances which weighed so heavily upon the material interests and prosperity of the people disappeared.

In its earlier operation and development in restraining the abuse of power, the singular want in the English system of any principle of protection and assistance in the French sense, did not at once become apparent. But when some of its great principles, guarding the liberty and security of the subject, had been incorporated in the French code, and then transplanted into the jurisprudence of the Continent, not only the absence of a principle of protection, but the entire inapplicability of many of its most vigorous and life-giving peculiarities to the existing state of society, became manifest. The consequence was, the establishment of mongrel systems, modelled on the English, but from which all that was valuable had been emasculated, satisfying neither the rulers nor the governed. In fine, so unsuited has experience shown the English system to be on the Continent, that all that is vital in it has been abandoned; the form may remain, but the spirit has long since departed. Imitations are seldom successful, and never less so than when an attempt is made to take parts of a system which is essentially homogeneous, and to engraft them upon fundamental ideas of government with which they have nothing in common.

We are constrained, then, to think that Dr. Lieber's definition of civil liberty can scarcely include those schemes, which under its name, and with the sincerest zeal on the

part of their advocates, have produced such unfortunate results on the Continent. We have insisted upon it more at length, because we believe that from errors on this head results almost entirely that seeming incapacity for self-government with which too many at this day are inclined to charge all races save our own.

We come now to consider the "checks and guaranties," which are the striking peculiarities of the English system, and which, although essential parts of its nature are in direct collision with the objects aimed at on the Continent in those countries which have adopted the same forms. Their origin, peculiar relations and practical operation are fully examined and illustrated in the work before us, and their discussion embraces in our judgment the most interesting and instructive portion of it. The various titles of the guaranties established in favor of the citizen against the government in criminal trials, in his right to hold property, to speak and write his opinions freely, to petition, to a representative government, each of whose departments shall be open to public scrutiny, to the trial by jury and the writ of habeas corpus, and to the various other means which experience has suggested for the protection of the liberty and security of the citizen, are discussed in a manner which unites thorough soundness of views and an earnest conviction of the truth and importance of the principles inculcated, with great clearness and a profuseness of learned research. It is refreshing to contrast the philosophic spirit which pervades these investigations, and the precise notions which they give us of the institutions of the country, with the vague and senseless declamation too often found in the popular appeals whose means are flattery and deceit, and whose object the power of unscrupulous demagoguism. We are falling too much into French phrases and French vagueness of ideas in talking of politics. Who, that talks of the sovereignty of the people, for instance, as some majestic force, omnipotent both to will and to execute, reflects that the sovereignty of the people with us is as clearly defined and rigidly guarded a power by the very words of our written constitutions, as any principle in them.

Dr. Lieber's enthusiasm for his subject has perhaps led him occasionally to claim exclusively as peculiarities of the English system, what seem to us certain universal principles of right and justice, which under some form must prevail in every civilized state. The independence of the judiciary, for example, by which we mean the removal of all extrinsic bias, whether of fear or favor, from the minds of the judges in administering the laws, would appear to lie at the very foundation of the order of any State of modern Europe, however imperfectly organized. There is such a thing as having very pure judges whose business may be to expound and enforce very bad laws. The law as written, is the standard for the judge in all countries. He has nothing to do with the making of the law. The abstract motives of a judge in this country, of right and justice, for which he could find no warrant in the law itself, would be as much out of place, and an attempt to enforce them as inconsistent with his duty, as an attempt on the part of a judge, in Naples for instance, to substitute his private views of justice and right for the merciless code which his official station calls upon him to administer. It is asking too much of the judges that they should violate the written law in order that their views of justice should prevail. We believe it will be found extremely difficult to point to an instance on the other hand in the more enlightened countries on the Continent, where the judiciary has felt itself so dependant upon the government as to give it aid and countenance in the violation of popular rights clearly guarantied by law. On the contrary, the courts in France at least, on two memorable occasions, have refused to lend themselves to the powers of the day in striking down the guaranties of the charter in favor of the liberty of the press, and of persons charged with political offences. We refer to the application made by the ministry of M. de Villèle to the *Cour de Cassation*, to sanction by a preliminary decree the legality of the famous *ordonnances*, which subsequently issued, brought about the revolution of 1830, (which application was indignantly refused,) and to the unanimous decree absolving the Guizot ministry from any offence against the law, rendered in the very zenith of the most

despotic power of the provisional government.

The clear and unmistakeable French idea of unity of power in contrast with our own practice of a division of powers, (points perhaps as widely asunder as any thing in the two political systems,) is thus exposed in its true colors by Dr. Lieber:

"We believe that the so called unity of power is unvarnished absolutism. *It is indifferent who wields it.* We insist upon the supremacy, not the absolutism of the Legislature. We require the harmonious union of the co-operative whole, but abhor the unity of power. What the French republicans demand in the name of democracy, kings insist upon in the name of divine right. Both loudly protest against the 'division of sovereignty,' which can only mean a clear division of power; for what in a philosophical sense can truly be called sovereignty can never be divided, and its division therefore need not be guarded against. Sovereignty is the self-sufficient source of all power from which all specific powers are derived. It can dwell therefore according to the views of freemen, with society, the nation only; but sovereignty is not absolutism. It is remarkable, how all absolutists, monarchical or democratic, agree on the unity of power."—Vol. 1. p. 168.

The folly and absurdity of the idea that good government is simple in its organization is most convincingly shown. It is difficult to make quotations without impairing the force and continuity of the argument. Here are some striking views upon a subject on which much popular error exists.

"One of the most serious mistakes of those who are not versed in liberty, is to imagine that liberty consists in withholding the necessary power from government. Liberty is not of a negative character. It does not consist in merely denying power to Government. Government must have power to perform its functions, and if no provision is made for an orderly and organic grant of power, it will in cases of necessity arrogate it. Merely denying money to government, or still worse, not creating a proper organism for granting it, must lead either to inanity or to executive plundering; but it is equally true that the strictest possible limitation and

hedging in by law of the money grants are as requisite for the cause of liberty as the avoidance of the error I have pointed out." Vol. 1. p. 159.

There are few, we presume, who will be disposed to deny the truth and justice of the observations of our author upon the value and indeed necessity in parliamentary government of an opposition. It may well be termed "one of the noblest acquisitions in the cause of liberty, order and civilization."

"The majority, and through it, the people at large are protected by the principle that the administration is founded upon party principles, or as it has been called, upon a government by party, if by party we mean men who agree on certain leading principles in government in opposition to others, and act in unison accordingly. If by party be understood a despicable union of men to turn out a certain set of office-holders merely to obtain the lucrative places, and when they are obtained a union to keep them, it becomes an odious faction of place-men or office-hunters, the last of those citizens to whom the government should be entrusted. Freedom of thought and action produces contention in all spheres, and where great tasks are to be performed, and where important interests are at stake, those who agree on the most important principles will unite and must do so in order to be sufficiently strong to do their work. Without party administration, and party action, it is impossible that the majority should rule, or that a vigorous opposition can rise to a majority and rule in its turn. Liberty requires a parliamentary government, and no truly parliamentary government can be conceived of without the principle of party administration."—Vol. 1., p. 104.

We have given a mere outline of what seem to us some of the more striking views of the principles of the English and American systems presented by our author. We know not what principle of selection we should adopt, if we thus hoped to call attention to all that we consider worthy of deep and careful study in this part of the book. The judicious reader will not fail to find a clear exposure of those pernicious but popular fallacies which in these days of excitement, when a recurrence to first principles

is stamped as "*old fogysm*" have become current.

The doctrines of "manifest destiny," of the election of the judges by a popular vote, of the deputative instead of the representative principle in the government, find no advocate in the calm and philosophic spirit of our author.

There is something in these novelties which seems inconsistent with the principle which guides the whole system, and which mars to a certain extent its beauty and symmetry, and which under an alluring guise may be the shadow of a false and spurious republicanism gradually approaching us. We stand much in need of the infusion of such manly sentiments as these into some of the popular notions of the day.

"There is no mystery about the word People—People means an aggregate of individuals, to each of whom we deny any divine right, and to each of whom—I, you and every one included—we justly ascribe frailties, failings and the possibility of subordinating judgment and virtue to passion and vice. Each one of them separately stands in need of moderating and protecting laws and constitutions, and all of them unitedly as much so. Where the people are the first and chiefest source of all power as is the case with us, the electing of the Judges, and especially their election for a limited time, is nothing less than an invasion of the necessary division of power, and a bringing-of the judiciary within the influence of the power holder. Those of our states which have of late given the appointment of judges to popular election, labor under a surprising inconsistency. They fear 'political Judges' yet make them elective."—Vol. 1., p. 241.

One of the most striking peculiarities of these constitutional safe-guards enumerated by Dr. Lieber is their historical or traditional character. They can scarcely be looked upon, as we have endeavored to show, as parts of a nicely adjusted theory of self-government of universal use and application. They form rather a collection of old customs and prejudices in many instances not at all reconcilable with many of the notions of modern liberalism. They are long cherished habits, and have the main value of habits from being silently and gradually

formed. They have thus accommodated themselves to the people, while the influence of the popular spirit on their developments has been reciprocal. They have borrowed very little from the light of nature, but much from the lessons of experience. They have but little concern with the abstract nature of rights, but their efficiency is observed, when practical grievances are to be redressed. It is remarkable upon how entirely an historical basis the great principles of English and American liberty have been asserted when assailed by arbitrary proceedings, on the part of the government, and how uniformly the common law is appealed to, as entitling the citizen to a recognition of those principles. It is quite a mistaken notion, which the slightest acquaintance with history would correct, that English liberty consists mainly in concessions wrung from a reluctant monarch. In the great "Petition of right" which the Commons of England presented to Charles I. as a protest against the unjust and tyrannical course he was pursuing, their complaint is that such proceedings are illegal, not that they are abstractly considered inhuman or cruel. They enumerate their griefs and complain that they are violations of a pre-existing law, "are wholly and directly contrary to the said laws and statutes of this your realm." So in the famous Bill for settling the succession to the throne in the Protestant line, after stating in the Preamble that James II. had endeavored to "extirpate the Protestant religion and the laws and liberties of the kingdom," and that therefore the throne was vacant, they proceed in the first place to enumerate "their ancient rights and liberties," and then say "they do claim, demand and insist upon all and singular the premises as their undoubted rights and liberties," placing such claim wholly upon a historical and traditional basis; so even in our Declaration of Independence, the claim is that law had been violated, and that rights solemnly guaranteed had been set at nought, and therefore that resistance was legal and justifiable. A revolution among such a people, in the sense of those of the French where the elementary principles of all society are placed in jeopardy, is simply impossible. There are perhaps no countries in the world where the

disposition to "grumble" is so universal as in England and in this country. Yet we always "grumble" about what are, or what we conceive to be, practical grievances, which admit of a practical remedy. This disposition to concern ourselves only with the actual and the possible in politics is one of the most valuable legacies which our history has bequeathed to us, and has saved us from many a revolution undertaken to establish the "logical sequence", of a philosophical principle. We might illustrate our meaning by contrasting the results of our well-defined and circumscribed idea of the sovereignty of the people, with the practical operation of the vague and metaphysical conception of the French in regard to that dogma. With them the sovereignty of the people is inherent, and inalienable, and the consequence is, that under no form of government will they admit that the majority have the right to rule. Hence the grave discussions in the late National Assembly concerning the "*droits supérieurs et antérieurs*" of the people, not only to their representatives, whom they had chosen, but to the very constitution of the republic. Hence the favorite notion of Louis Napoleon that he was as sovereign as the assembly, because he had been elected by the same people, and hence that confused jumble of rights and pretensions, all in some way, claiming from the same sovereignty, which finally ended in the absurd farce of one man assuming despotic power on the pretext, that he had thus combined and embodied these *disjecta membra* of sovereignty in his own person. How widely different from the practical result of our universally received conception of the same theory, that the majority shall absolutely govern, according to prescribed forms, fettered only by constitutional restrictions.

On the whole, it cannot be too often repeated that every well regulated society is governed by two principles—tradition and reason—tradition which is not always contrary to reason, and reason which does not always conform to tradition. In England, and in this country, these principles divide all political opinions, and where a conflict takes place between them, it is often terminated by a compromise, in which reason

gains something, without tradition giving up all. If a people regard their liberties as a patrimony, if they set value upon them, not only from a conviction of their excellence, but also from that faith grounded in experience which is almost akin to a religious sentiment, they become strong and confident in their strength. Philosophers may point out inconsistencies in their theory, and attack that faith, but it is in vain. Such a people has a fixedness of purpose, and a strength of character which will moderate the effect of innovation. But should it so happen that there are in the past no ennobling recollections which may recall, amidst present degradation, the rule of justice and right, all the morality and all the archæological research in the world seeking for something in the old system on which new ideas may be engrafted, will be of no avail.

In order that these principles of government should be so developed in their practical operation as to become the spirit and the life of a people, they must be embodied in institutions, which are the laws, usages, habits, customs, and peculiarities of a people, in short, the fruits of their experience, so fixed in permanent form and influence, as to constitute the political system under which they live. The principle which produces them has become so interwoven with the very frame-work of society, as to form a permanent basis of political ideas excepted from the contingency of radical changes. Without these institutions, self-government could not exist, because it could not be self-supporting. This notion of an institution is co-extensive with free government, and it is most powerfully and advantageously developed under the freest form. It is to this that we owe the inestimable value of local self-government, and the countless benefits both to the political education of the people and to their more immediate well being flowing from its constantly recurring operation. In human society, men always cling to institutions as their great safe-guards against arbitrary rule, and with a knowledge of the great principles of self-government, and a firm conviction of their value once established, men may go, and have gone into the most remote regions, carrying with them the fully developed and

practically active institutions of an advanced civilization. Institutions, like a common faith, become thus a common bond among mankind. From their nature the great law of moral re-duplication, as Dr. Lieber calls it, acts with great force.

"For any number of united individuals moved by the same impulse, conviction, or desire, whether good or bad, whether scientific, æsthetic, or ethical, patriotic or servile, self-sacrificing or self-seeking, will countenance and impel each other to far better, and far worse acts, and will develop in each other, the powers for the specific good or evil in a far greater extent than would have been possible in each separate individual."

We had intended noticing Dr. Lieber's views on the peculiarities and dangers of un-institutional government, which strike us as novel, and important, but the discussion is already too prolonged for the present occasion, and we forbear. We commend that portion of the work in which they are presented, especially to the attention of the reader.

The whole tendency of Dr. Lieber's work is such as to inspire hope for the progress of free principles in Western Europe. And although we cannot think, for the reasons we have given, that the main features of our essentially historical system can ever be successfully imitated on the continent, yet we can never entertain the blasphemous notions that God has reserved the blessings of freedom for the enjoyment of our race alone. What the conditions of the liberty of other races may hereafter be, it were in vain to speculate. Let us hope, that in the cruel expiation of past follies and excesses which the people on the continent are now undergoing, light may arise out of darkness, and that the brightest trophy of the civilization of the age may be found in the permanent establishment of the principles of Truth, Justice and Liberty.

S.

THE PERSIAN BRIDE.

BY MISS JULIA PLEASANTS.

See, Kuldah, if thy lord returns,
If on the hill his morion burns;
The solstice sunbeams fiercely play—
He lingers in the hunt to-day.

Muezzin's call to midday prayer
Floats, solemn, through the sultry air,
But ah! my heart forgets to pray.
When Cassim wanders thus away.
Oh! for one note of that wild shell,
Whose silver sounds I love so well:
List! Kuldah, if their echoes fill,
With sweetness, not the silent hill;
See if his crested courser train
Winds proudly not across the plain,
And like a star upon its van,
With flashing sheath and ataghan,
My Cassim's presence shines not there,
The fairest of a hundred fair?

How redly glows the tropic sky!
How hushed the distant waters lie,
It seems as though a simoon's wing
Slept silently on every thing.
The palms like weary caglets droop,
See how my fragile lilies stoop;
Bereft of morning's lucid dew,
Like me they pine and languish too.
I'll gather one pale shrinking bell,
(Its mournful beauty suits me well,)
And guard with kind yet futile art
This fleeting portrait of my heart.
And oh! that Allah, from above,
When life hath lost the light of love,
Would mark the fading of the flower,
That bloomed awhile in Cassim's bower;
And ere the sweetness all be fled,
Which once its wilting petals shed,
Would grant that Azrael's wing, unfurled,
Might waft them from a dreary world.

Think you, dear Kuldah, that I prize
These marble floors of thousand dyes,
This palace hall, these graven panes,
Whose crimson hue the sunbeam stains—
These costly gems a lover's pride
Hath showered on his Persian bride—
Think you that they had chained me here
Had Cassim not himself been dear?

Ah! no, there is a land afar,
Whose brightness made my morning star;
Whose deathless memories oft control
The visions of my dreaming soul.
And there on music's silver wings
His passionate soul, the bulbul flings,
And till the day-dawn faintly glows,
Beguiles from sleep the blushing rose,
There glowing bends the clust'ring vine,
Whence Shiraz draws her purple wine;
And fairy barques and breezes break
The mirror of her moonlit lake.
The lovely realm of Kurreem Khan!
Bright as a rainbow's jewelled span,

With all its light—without its tears,
It arches o'er my childhood's years.
In those soft shades full many a bird,
And gushing stream are sweetly heard;
And all were bright and blest and fair,
If only Cassim wandered there.

Why comes he not? It is not day
Without his dark eye's sunny ray;
A gloomy sadness veils the hall,
My lute hangs idly on the wall;
My bright-winged birdling charms me not—
The fountain sorrows in the grot,
And weary, weary is my brow,—
See, Kuldah, if he comes not now!

'Tis past the hour, when from the sport,
His stud is wont to tramp the court,
And Cassim yield the gilded rein,
To wear himself a softer chain.
'Tis past the hour when in the hall
Rings quick and free his proud footfall;
And like a planet on the night,
His bright brow bursts upon my sight:
How like a god he bends awhile,
To greet his Zulma's eager smile;
Who ruffles back, with anxious care,
His brow's dark veil of raven hair;
And then, where all her treasure lies,
Her soul dives down those glorious eyes,
And through the sea of rapture swims,
Which floats within their shadowed brims.

Where is he now? By what cool stream
Do those white eyelids closing dream?
Say, what pomegranate's envious bough
Bends blushing o'er his slumbers now?
Vain thing! 'tis Zulma's task to keep
Sole vigil o'er her lover's sleep.

Hark, Kuldah! heard you not that note?
It seemed to cleave an angel's throat—
So wildly clear, so sweetly loud,
It floated from the cliff's white cloud.
Look, Kuldah! say, what ails thine eye!
Do you not see bright banners fly?
And down amid the olives dun,
A flash of armor like the sun?
I see, I see a dancing plume
Break brightly through the hazy gloom,
And ripple down the mountain height,
Like some wild comet through the night.
'Tis Cassim's crest, fly, Kuldah, fly!
And bid his banner flout the sky;
Wave gaily from his palace dome,
Thy gallant chieftain's welcome home.

'Tis he! I catch the lustre now,
Which flushes round his brilliant brow;
He sees me look!—he waves his hand,
And leaves behind the tardy band.
His bright eye burns—his red lip glows—
See, see, another kiss he throws,
And mark how swift his winged steed,
A sun-crowned storm, flies on the mead;
And each wild tramp, with matchless art,
Keeps pace with Zulma's bounding heart.

Huntsville, Oct., 1853.

THE INGLES FAMILY,

OR

AN INCIDENT IN BORDER LIFE.

As a family, perhaps, none of the pioneers of Western Virginia have suffered more from the depredations and cruelty of the Indians, than the Ingles (commonly called English) family.

About the year 1750, William Ingles and his father-in-law, George Draper, moved with their families into what is now Montgomery county, and settled Draper's Meadows (now called Smithfield); the present residence of the Hon. Wm. Ballard Preston. Other families soon followed them, and made scattering settlements at some considerable distance from each other.

For several years these pioneers lived in peace and harmony among themselves, and were not molested by the savages. Parties of the Shawanees had been in the habit of passing to and from the South for the purpose of attacking and spoiling the Catawbas. Draper's Meadow was in their route, and eventually the attention of these Northern tribes was turned towards the whites, and upon them they made frequent attacks. In the course of these border strifes, the Draper and Ingles families were set upon by the savages. The attack was made on a harvest day, and although there were several men in the field, yet it being some distance off, the Indians were enabled to gratify their hellish propensities without meeting with any resistance.

Wm. Ingles being apprised of the attack hastened towards the house, unarmed, intending if possible to render some service to his family; but being discovered he had to retreat. He was pursued by two stout, active Indians, and was near being overtaken by them; but fortunately for him, in attempting to leap a log which lay in his way, he fell. The Indians in the eagerness of the pursuit ran past him, and the undergrowth being very thick, he secreted himself, and thus made his escape.

Several of the whites were killed, among them the Widow Draper, the mother of William Ingles' wife, a Col. Patton and others.

Mrs. Ingles, her two sons, one four, the other two years old, and Mrs. Draper, wife of John Draper, were taken prisoners. The latter in attempting to escape had her arm broken, and was otherwise badly wounded.

Having taken the guns and what plunder they could carry with them, and securing their prisoners, the Indians pushed on towards and then moved down New River. The prisoners were generally treated roughly, some cruelly. Mrs. Ingles, however, for some reasons unknown to her, was treated with more respect than the other prisoners, she being permitted to ride one of the horses with which the Indians were provided, and to carry her children with her. She had frequent opportunities of escaping from her captors, as she was often sent out by them to gather wild herbs to dress Mrs. Draper's wounds, and would be gone for hours. But hoping that her children would be preserved, and that they would with her eventually be set at liberty, she made no attempt at escape, so long as she was permitted to keep them with her.

Their route lay along New River and the Great Kanawha. Keeping down these streams, "they arrived at a little salt spring on the bank of the latter river, not very far from its mouth. Here the Indians camped, and rested two days, making salt. They then pursued their journey until they reached their nation at the mouth of the Big Sciota—the journey being performed in about a month. The day after their arrival, the prisoners were subjected to the cruel custom of running the gauntlet; Mrs. Ingles being the only one exempted from this punishment. A few days elapsed, and the prisoners were divided among their several captors and claimants, and Mrs. Ingles and her children were separated, the children being taken off to another town, the mother remaining at Sciota three weeks. While here Mrs. Ingles grew in favor with the Indians, by making hunting shirts for them of checks and coarse linen goods, brought thither by French traders from Detroit. When a shirt was finished, the owner would run through the town, holding the garment high upon a stick, proclaiming the qualities of Mrs. Ingles, and declaring her to be 'a very fine squaw.'"

After continuing at Sciota three weeks, a

party of Indians left for Big Bone Lick, (in what is now Kentucky,) taking with them Mrs. Ingles and several other prisoners to make salt.

Seeing now no hope of again meeting with her children or of rescuing them, and her situation being a very distressing one, Mrs. Ingles resolved to attempt an escape, persuading an old Dutch woman, also a prisoner, to accompany her.

Their plans being arranged, each being provided with a blanket and tomahawk, taking with them no clothes but what they had on (in order to prevent suspicion), and having obtained permission to go in search of grapes, they started late in the day and turned their faces towards the Ohio River. Mrs. Ingles has frequently said that when she left the Lick she exchanged her tomahawk for goods, with one of the French traders who was sitting upon one of the large bones,* cracking walnuts. The women not returning at night, the Indians became uneasy, and some started in search of them. Not succeeding in finding them, the savages concluded that the women were lost and had perished in the woods, or had been devoured by wild beasts, never suspecting their design in leaving the camp. This was related to William Ingles by some of the Shawanees at the treaty at Point Pleasant.

On reaching the Ohio the women pursued their journey up the river, and in four or five days arrived at a point opposite the Indian town Sciota. At this place they found a cabin in which they took quarters for the night. In the morning when about to start they discovered a horse in a cornfield adjoining the lot on which the cabin was built. They concluded to take this horse with them, and packing on him as much corn as he could carry, they again set out on their lonesome and perilous way, still keeping up the Ohio. This day they saw several Indians hunting, but escaped their observation by secreting themselves in the thick undergrowth. Having reached Licking river, and finding it too deep to ford, they ascended it for two or three days, until they came to a large drift, upon which they concluded to cross. In attempting to take the horse over he fell in, and becoming entangled among the

* Bones of the Mastodon.

timber and brush there they were compelled to leave him. Taking what corn they could themselves conveniently carry, they moved down the Licking on its eastern bank until they again reached the Ohio. In this way they pursued their journey, ascending one side of every large stream, and descending the other, in order to keep the Ohio, which was their only guide. Sometimes in order to shorten distance, where points and ridges made into the river, and the river itself made considerable bends, they would cross these ridges, and in so doing, would have to pull up the hills by bushes, and literally slide down on the opposite sides. When their corn gave out they would subsist on nuts, grapes, &c.; and often nature had to be sustained by roots, the qualities of which were unknown.

Mrs. Ingles' companion at length became disheartened, grew ill-natured, and made attempts to kill her; and being much larger and stronger than Mrs. Ingles, many plans were resorted to and every means used by her to conciliate the old wretch.

When they had reached a point on the Kanawha, about 40 or 50 miles from the place where they were first captured, the old Dutch woman made a second attempt to kill Mrs. Ingles, and would have effected her purpose had she not broken loose from her, and taken to flight. This occurred late in the evening, and Mrs. Ingles concealed herself under the shelving bank of the river. After nightfall she crawled out, and in her rambles discovered a small canoe on the bank of the river. This was the same boat which the Indians had used on their way home some months previous, and was now filled with mud and leaves. There was neither pole nor paddle to be had, but a slab, spintered from a tree blown down near by, was found. With this the boat was cleansed, and the solitary woman, inexperienced in boating, jumped into the canoe, pushed off, paddled up, and then crossed the river to a place upon which some hunters had squatted the spring preceding. Here Mrs. Ingles found a hut and some signs of a crop, which had been destroyed by buffalo and other animals. The next morning she breakfasted upon one or two turnips which had escaped the notice of the buffalo. When about to start, she was espied and

hailed by the Dutch woman from the opposite side of the river, and entreated to come over, the old lady promising her that she would do her no injury. But her life having been twice endangered by this woman, Mrs. Ingles concluded it would be best, as far as possible, to keep out of harm's way, as well of Dutch women, as of wild beasts and savages; she therefore declined acceding to her request, and alone, with scarcely clothing sufficient to cover her, and almost bare-footed (through so many bushes and briers, and over such rough and stony ground had she travelled,) did she resume her journey. To add to her difficulties, coming now into a colder region of country, she had to contend against frost and snow. To protect herself from the weather, she would at night hunt out some hollow tree or log, and rake together a quantity of leaves, and putting them in the hollow, would crawl in and make her bed for the night. Thus for five days, alone, through frost and snow, over rocks and cliffs, wading creeks and branches, exposed to perils on all hands, this woman, nothing daunted, travelled in hope of reaching her friends and her home. On the fifth day she came to a small field of corn, but discerning no house, she halloed to attract, if possible, the attention of any who might be within hearing. She was heard, and one of the men residing there (the father of the family) was at first alarmed, but upon listening more attentively, he remarked to his sons, "that is the voice of Mary Ingles." This man had been a neighbour to Mrs. Ingles at the time she was captured, and had settled upon New River during the summer. His name was Adam Harmon. He and his sons catching up their guns, hastened in the direction whence the sound came, and found Mrs. Ingles worn out and exhausted by fatigue and starvation, her legs and feet swollen and bleeding, and seemingly more dead than alive. She was taken by these kind friends to their cabin and provided for. Harmon knowing that in her case evil would result from indulgence, permitted Mrs. Ingles to eat but little at a time. By changing her diet, giving food in small quantities frequently, and bathing her feet and legs, they restored her sufficiently to enable her in two days to proceed on her way. Horses were

provided by Harmon, and he accompanied her up New River to Dunkird's bottom which was the nearest fort, and where many of the settlers had collected.

The night Mrs. Ingles arrived at the fort her husband and her brother, John Draper, camped seven miles off, on their return from a fruitless journey, the purpose of which was to induce the Cherokees to treat with the Shawanees (these tribes being at that time friendly towards each other,) in behalf of Mrs. Draper, and Mrs. Ingles and her children.

When Mrs. Ingles met with Harmon, she told him of having left the old Dutch woman behind, and tried to persuade him to go in search of her, which he refused to do on account of her treatment towards Mrs. Ingles. When, however, she reached the fort she prevailed upon some of the men to go in search of her; who found the old woman some twenty miles from the fort, riding cross-wise upon a horse, she having on a pair of leather small-clothes, and the horse being provided with a bell tied to his neck, and guided by a bridle made of the bark of the leather-wood tree. The horse and the small-clothes had been found by the old woman soon after she lost sight of Mrs. Ingles, at a settlement made by some hunters, who had left it for the purpose of hunting; so it is presumed, as the old woman says she found there a kettle full of venison and bear's meat, upon which she feasted. The bell was taken from the first horse, which they found on their route, when that poor creature became entangled in the drift, and was left to shift for himself. How the horse came to have on a bell, when he was taken by them, they knew not. But so it was, the old lady took a fancy to the bell, stripped it from the horse, and brought it with her through all her perils and distresses. Amusing and ludicrous must it have been, to see this old woman come into the fort straddled upon a stolen horse, (stolen however from Indians,) having a bell about his neck giving notice of their approach, and she dressed in men's small-clothes.

Prudence, sagacity, firmness and decision were requisite to undertake and effect what Mrs. Ingles accomplished. These traits she possessed in an eminent degree, and by these

she was enabled to endure trials and sufferings, and pass through difficulties and perils such as the women of the present day know nothing of. From the time of her being captured, she had been absent nearly five months, and during that time had travelled from seven to nine hundred miles; mostly on foot, and was forty-two days and a half in returning home.

William Ingles finally settled on New River, at the place known now as English's Ferry; and died there, 1782, aged 53 years. Mrs. Ingles survived her husband 33 years, and died, 1815, aged 78 or 84 years.

Respecting the children of Mrs. Ingles, the younger died shortly after being separated from its mother. The elder, Thomas, lived with the Indians thirteen years. Once, through a man named Thomas Baker, who had been a prisoner among the Indians, Mr. Ingles purchased his son, paying \$150 for him. Baker expecting the boy would try to escape from him, kept him confined until he had left the Indian settlements some fifty miles in his rear: he then gave him greater liberties, but at night made the little fellow sleep in his arms. The boy, however, was too much of an Indian for Baker, and when the latter waked up the next morning, the boy was gone. Baker returned in search of him, but did not succeed in finding him, he being concealed by the squaws in one of the Indian villages. Mr. Ingles and Baker went in search of the boy after this, but arriving at Pittsburg, which they took in their route, they found the Indians at war with the whites, and driving all the frontier settlers before them, and had to give over their pursuit. When the war was over, they started a third time, and having reached the Indian town Sciota, learned that Thomas had gone with his Indian father on a trading expedition to Detroit. They remained thirteen days in the town awaiting their return. On learning who Mr. Ingles was, the boy at once became attached to him and consented to return with him home. After paying a second time about \$150 for his son, they started home, the boy showing no disposition to leave them. In due time they arrived at Mrs. Ingles' house, and the heart of Mrs. Ingles was made glad with the sight of her son, who had been as dead to her for thirteen

years. Thomas Ingles could not at this time speak a word of English, and in all respects, except birth and color, was a perfect Indian. With difficulty he was prevailed upon to remain among a people, whose manners and customs were so entirely different from his own; and frequently he would leave his father's, being absent for days, no one knew where. With much pains-taking, he was taught the English language, but always spoke it with a foreign accent. He was sent to Albemarle county to school, where he remained three years under the instruction of Dr. Walker. After leaving school Thomas Ingles engaged in the campaign against the Indians, under General Charles Lewis. He was in Colonel William Christian's detachment, which was in the rear of the main army and did not reach Point Pleasant until that battle had been fought. Thomas Ingles was one of a company of troop stationed at the Point the winter following. In the spring he returned home, married a Miss Grills, and settled in Burke's Garden, Tazewell county. In April, 1782, a party of Indians found their way into Burke's Garden, and burnt the house, and took Mrs. Ingles and three of her children prisoners. Thomas Ingles was away from home at the time, but returning soon after, proceeded to a settlement near by and raised a company and pursued the Indians. On the seventh day, the spies who were ahead discovered the Indians in camp. It was determined to lay by and bring on the attack by daylight the next morning. A Captain Maxwell, who had the command, was with half of the men to get on the other side of the camp and bring on the attack. Unfortunately Maxwell got off from the camp, and it being a dark night could not find his way back. In the meanwhile, day dawning, the Indians began to stir about and soon discovered the Ingles party. They immediately took the alarm and began tomahawking the prisoners. The whites rushed upon the savages, overcame them, and put them to flight. In their flight they came upon Maxwell's party, now nearly half a mile off, and Maxwell having on a white hunting shirt, was singled by one of the Indians and shot. From this Captain Maxwell, Max's Gap in Tazewell county takes its name, he having been killed near

the place. If any of the Indians were killed in the strife, it was not ascertained; they escaped with most of their arms. Some of the prisoners escaped unhurt. Mrs. Ingles and two of her children were tomahawked very badly; the two children died; Mrs. Ingles recovered after having thirteen pieces of the skull extracted.

Thomas Ingles never entirely shook off some of the habits he had contracted in early life, and having a roving disposition, moved from one place to another, and finally settled near Natchez in Mississippi, after which but little was known of him by his relatives in Virginia.

MAMMON.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Aye! make way for the glorious god,
Who comes with the rush of Fate,
Bend the neck to his conquering rod,
And cringe to his pomp of state;
On a kingly car, he sits enthroned,
A victor of charmed appeals,
With a voice whose whisper is thunder-tuned,
And the world at his chariot-wheels.

Stand back! or the mighty train will ride
Over thy lifeless heart;
How durst thou gaze on its glittering pride,
Nor play the courtier's part;
Ha! who saith, 'tis a slavish crowd;
Fool! thou art stricken blind,
What if the clank of the chain be loud?
'Tis of gold, gold, thrice refined.

Look not to the Heaven that smiles above,
Look not to the beautiful earth,
Stifle worship, and murder love,
For what is the madness worth;—
But worship is faith, the Angel's wealth,
And love's is a bliss untold—
Pshaw! honor them both, if you choose, by stealth,
But shout for the god of gold.

Not yet! not yet! for mark you, friend,
As the flashing wheels go round,
Cries of wo, with the tumult blend
Of a triumph less profound;
Victims writhe on the chariot's track.
Red is the course it rolls,
And the God you worship, looks not back,
On the mangled human souls.

The widow's groans, and the orphan's tears,
The curse of imperial mind,
Swells the chorus of darkened years,
That demon hath left behind;
From the dust his pampered steeds inhale,

From the blackened and blasted sod,
The cry of blood, like a phantom's wail,
Mounts to the courts of God.

The door will ope to that morning prayer,
And vengeance arise in might,
And swear by the Lord, who reigneth there,
To give to the Nations right—
And his glance will burn through the fiery skies,
And the god of this world sink down,
With the glare of hell in his lustful eyes,
And the rust on his waning crown.

Then, Tempter! throttle the damning lie,
Which maketh the wise to laugh,
And tell us not, that the creed is high,
Whose type is—a golden calf;
Gold! may the strength of its rule decay,
Wither it, branch and root,
'Tis only found in the realms of day,
To be trodden under foot.

The Air Dense by Day and Light by Night.

Editor *Sou. Lit. Messenger*.

Dear Sir—Although the following article cannot strictly be classed among literary subjects, nevertheless I hope that you will find a place for it in your pages as a mere speculation. The kernel of it has lain in my note-book for many years. Having lately wrapped it up in a shell of words, I now offer it to the philosophers who read your magazine, as a nut for them to crack.

L.

Why does a water-mill run more easily in the night than in the day; and why does it in the same number of hours of darkness, grind more corn, or saw more plank, than it does by daylight—other things being equal?

Many years ago, when conversing with an old miller in one of the upper counties of Virginia, we became aware of the fact stated in this question. Thinking that he might be mistaken, (because it seemed so singular and unaccountable a thing,) we made inquiries of many owners of mills in different parts of the country, and found them all to agree in the fact stated. They varied somewhat as to the day and night running of mills; yet all agreed that the difference was very great. And their custom was, in a dry season, when water was scarce and their mills could run only a certain number of hours, to wait until the night had set in; so well convinced were they that the hours of darkness were of more service than an equivalent time of daylight.

The fact seemed so singular, that we made it a subject of examination and study; and finally arrived at what appeared to us to be a satisfactory solution of the difficulty. It is this—that the atmosphere is lighter by night than by day, and that consequently the diminished pressure upon the water allows it to rise higher and to run more readily.

We had often remarked, what every one must have noticed, that the sound of falling water is more distinctly heard by night than by day; yet this distinctness of sound had been attributed by us, as it is by others, to the quiet of the night and the absence of those noises that are heard in the busy hours of day. Yet we had also noticed and had been struck with the fact that in the deep quiet of the country, where there was no noise of man or of his bustling avocations, and where during the sultry summer the stillness of midday was deeper far than that of midnight, even in such situations the sound of falling waters came more distinctly on the ear than it did in the hours of daylight. Let any one test this as we have done; let him select a part of the country not far from a waterfall and remote from all artificial noises; let him listen at midday, measure the intensity of the sound, and ascertain the farthest limit at which it can be heard; let him also note the noises of birds and insects that appear. Then, when midnight comes on, let him revisit the same spots where he has measured the intensity of the sound, and where he could just hear the faint murmur of the waters, and he will find, (other things being equal,) the intensity of sound increased in the one place, and distinctly if not loudly heard in the other. At the same time the noises of the wood will be trebled; insects on the wing, night birds and night prowlers, myriads of frogs of every size and note will make the night vocal. Yet the sound of falling water will be heard more plainly and loudly than by day.

Again, let there be a prospect of rain; let the atmosphere be in that condition when even the least weatherwise will say, we shall have rain to-morrow, and the sound of falling water will be still more distinctly heard. Indeed it will be proportioned in loudness, to the nearness of the rain's approach, and will be increased by the suddenness of the change

from dry towards wet weather. To what cause shall we attribute these precisely similar occurrences? To whatever cause we may ascribe them, it is evidently the same for both. Again, one who has observed, will notice in still, quiet ponds of water, from which, owing to long drought, there has been no flow, and into which only just sufficient water has entered to repay the loss from evaporation, so that they have stood at one level for some length of time; one will notice, we say, that early on a summer morning there is a wet circle around the pond, an inch or so higher than the water level. This is better seen on the surface of the rocks that may happen to stand upright on the margin of such a pond, than on the sloping banks of earth. Just as if this level had been higher during the night than during the day. And this must have been owing either to water being poured in by night, and thus raising the level, yet strange to say, not showing itself by daylight, or to the level having risen because of the diminished pressure of the atmosphere by night. This observation must be made early, before the sun's rays have dried the earth. We also find a sudden change to dampness after long drought, to raise the level of some springs and streams; indeed, the rise of certain streams and the breaking forth of certain springs is looked upon in some parts of the country as predicting a change of weather from dry to wet; and the change invariably follows. Now, the American Scientific Association at its last meeting, (1853,) in Cleveland, Ohio, adopted a report in which it was asserted as a well-known fact, that previous to a change of weather from dry to wet, and during the prevalence of dampness, the atmosphere was lighter than it was when dry. In that report also the facts already mentioned in reference to springs breaking forth and streams rising before a rain, were referred to and explained as being produced by a lighter state of atmosphere. This paper was entitled the *Rising of Springs and Waters before Rain*; it was read by Professor Brocklisburg. He instanced especially a stream in Rutland, Vermont, and one in Concord, Massachusetts, which have been observed for twenty years. "The solution of the matter is the diminished atmosphere pressure which exists

before a rain." The familiar example that smoke will not ascend before or during rain is known to every one, and convincingly proves that the air is then much lighter than usual. If the atmosphere be so light that smoke will not ascend, and that water will rise higher under the diminished pressure, we can well understand why the sound of falling water is heard farther before a rain. The air being lighter the water rises higher and falls farther, as well as more abundantly. And if this be true of the period preceding a fall of rain, is it not also true of the hours of night? There is precisely the same effect produced: is it not owing to the same cause; and is not our opinion a correct one in attributing the increased sound of falling water heard by night, or before a rain, to an increased rarity of the atmosphere existing during the hours of darkness, as well as in a time of dampness?

Let any one consider the matter, and if he admits the cause and effect in the one case, we see not how he can avoid admitting them in the other. Is not our proposition a true one, and is not our question fairly answered when we say that the light state of atmosphere existing by night allows water to rise and flow more readily, and this enables a mill to grind more corn in darkness than in daylight. We consider the analogy striking between the atmosphere of night as compared with that of day, and the air of mountains and high latitudes compared with that of plains or of low latitudes. Take the earth where the days and nights are nearly equal in length; you find the air of day hot and dry; that of night cool and damp—the changes very great in temperature and the dew heavy like rain. It may be said that this is owing to the heat of the sun during the day, and its absence during the night. Then take any high mountain; at its base you find warmth and dryness; as you ascend in the heat of the sun at midday, you find that as the air become more rare you have the deposit of moisture.

Why is this? The common answer is, that the atmosphere being rarified by elevation becomes cold, and therefore precipitates moisture.

If it be true, then, that air becomes cool, and shows dampness because of its rarity, is

not the converse also true that air which is cool and deposits dew, is therefore rare; and that consequently the night air, which is cool and damp, is lighter than the air of day which is neither cool nor damp?

This explanation accounts for the fact, that we find more rain to fall by night than by day—water falling more readily from and through a light atmosphere. It will also serve to explain why a mill grinds better when the air is damp or when rain is falling; and why during such weather and also during the night the machinery of a mill seems to move so much more easily. Certainly if our theory is correct, that the atmosphere is then more rare, this ease of motion can be readily accounted for.

It also explains what we might expect to be the case, that freshets occur generally during the time of darkness. In fact a river may rise and a freshet result without any rain having fallen about the sources of that river, or at the place where the rise of water takes place. Thus, let a river be of ordinary fulness, and the atmosphere be dense and heavy; suddenly let a change take place from currents of wind or any other cause; it may take place in a single night over some part of the stream and surrounding country. What will be the consequence? Pressure is diminished in one place, and is kept up on others; the water rises where the diminished pressure exists, that which is up stream is forced down by the pressure previously acting and still acting on it, until a sufficient amount is rapidly collected on the lower level where the rise of water is taking place to form a freshet. Hence we see that in places and in climates liable to great and sudden changes of temperature, and of rarefaction of atmosphere, floods may rapidly occur. And this is especially the case in mountainous regions, where the very elevation makes the changes to depend on every wind; and in the spring and fall when the state of the atmosphere is very variable. Hence too we see why those great and sudden rarefactions of the air which produce tornadoes and hurricanes also cause such great floods when they sweep over the course of streams and rivers. Suppose it possible that the air over one level of a river could be suddenly removed, the water would rise solidly thirty-

three feet in perpendicular height; and if its sources were higher than this, or there were other levels above this one, these waters would suddenly be pressed on and poured down until the mighty mass would flood all below it, and carry ruin and devastation in its course. It is thus that water spouts are formed; a suddenly formed vacuum over a small space of water elevates, by pressure on the surrounding waters, the fluid below that vacuum, until a water column is formed connected with a cloud above, that being borne along the surface of the sea will sink whatever ship it strikes.

Perhaps in some such manner were "the fountains of the great deep broken up," when by command of the God who created it, the obedient sea poured its mighty flood of waters upon the land to desolate and destroy. The same God who holds the winds in the hollow of his hand could raise in one mighty mass an entire ocean as easily as he can produce a water-spout; and by the use of the same means sink a single vessel, or drown a continent containing the entire human race, one chosen family alone excepted.

This fact, that the atmosphere of the night is lighter than that of the day, has a bearing also upon another subject—that of sleep. "The half of our days we pass in the shadow of the earth; and the mother of death consumeth the third part of our lives." Eight hours in the twenty-four we pass in sleep, and about one-half of our time in the darkness of night. And as the day is devoted by man to active employments and hard labour, the nights to relaxation and repose, it is natural to suppose that exactly the same state of atmosphere would not be provided for these totally different conditions of system. One might argue *à priori* that the atmosphere, *by* which as well as *in* which we live, would present some other change than simply that of the absence of light to render it suitable for rest, and the night a proper time for sleep. We may be answered that man having laboured during the day, seeks sleep at night from weariness, and that it is immaterial at what period he sleeps, so that he rests a sufficient time. Yet the fact that animals who do not labour take this time of darkness for repose, unless they belong to that class fitted by nature for night prowling;

and that man cannot turn night into day unless at the risk of health and life, go to prove that, apart from the darkness, there is something in the air of night peculiarly fitted to induce slumber and to make that slumber more valuable than that obtained at any other time. Sleep is not simply rest in the horizontal position with closed eyelids; it is a peculiar and necessary part of human life; it is a function of the body as much so as digestion itself; and it may be safely asserted that, as the state of the system in wakefulness is very different from that in sleep, there must be a difference in that which is the life of both conditions; viz: the breath in our nostrils. We have always felt inclined to think that the air of night had in itself a something that produces a tendency to repose, as the stimulating effect of light and of the air of day tends to promote activity.

Let us look at the conditions that compel sleep and see whether the probabilities are in favor of the assertion made. The disposition to slumber is caused by excessive cold, by alcohol either inhaled or drunk, by opium and the narcotics, by chloroform, &c., &c. Opium diminishes the frequency of the pulse and of the breathing; cold stupifies and thus produces similar effects; alcohol also stupifies and passes off through the lungs, while the vapour of chloroform fills them to the exclusion of air. Either therefore less air is breathed or something else than air is in the lungs in these kinds of artificial sleep. Again, we find that moisture promotes slumber; this we see in the drowsiness produced by rainy weather or by sea voyages; and we have already shown that the damp air of such weather is comparatively light. And to the extent of moisture in the atmosphere must be the separation of the particles of air; the watery vapour taking up a certain space, it will consequently result that in a given bulk, taken into the lungs, there will be really less of that stimulating compound of oxygen and nitrogen which we call air.

As therefore in artificial sleep, there is either slower breathing or something else than air breathed, as an atmosphere made less dense by alcoholic or by watery vapour produces sleep, as moreover all the functions of the organs of the body are more slowly

or more imperfectly performed during sleep, it would follow that the great stimulant and cause of life—the air—is less freely used at that time, and that this air filled as it is with moisture, is then more rare and consequently less stimulating in character.

To this may be added by way of farther proof the fact, that among the substances used to produce that sleep in which operations may be performed without pain, the most prompt and efficient of them—chloroform—is that one which contains no oxygen whatever. The conclusion appears to us inevitable, that an atmosphere which contains a smaller supply of oxygen than usual, whether that diminution be caused by some vapour displacing it or simply by attenuation, is a necessary condition to produce sleep. And we find this condition to exist in the air of night.

An objection might be urged, that as sound is furthest and loudest heard in a dense medium, that therefore the distance to which the sound of falling water is heard by night, proves that the air is then more dense than it is by day. We do not, however, assert, that the sound resulting from an equal quantity of water is increased, but that the quantity itself being increased, the sound is in consequence louder.

Again, we may be met with the objection, that in tropical regions there is a daily change in the barometer; the mercury falling from 10 o'clock in the morning until 4 in the afternoon, and then rising until 10 at night, when it begins to descend, reaching its lowest point at 4 in the morning, and then again rising until 10 A. M. These changes are perfectly regular under the equator, and show the time of day as well as a time-piece. As the barometer is said to show the weight of the atmosphere, this would appear to conflict with our theory. Yet these changes are now proved, by the most careful observations, to be caused by regular, stated variations in temperature, corresponding exactly with the rise and fall of the mercury in the barometrical tube. In this respect and under these circumstances therefore the barometer does not measure the weight, but the heat of the atmosphere. We do not think that conclusions can be drawn from the use of the barometer adverse to our theory,

nor do we consider it a just measurer of the density or rarity of the air. *For we are such meteorological heretics as to doubt whether the barometer deserves its name of being a measurer of the weight of the atmosphere at all;* and further than this, we doubt whether any instrument can be invented that will ascertain the weight of a column of air extending from the surface of the earth to the farthest limit to which the atmosphere ascends. If that column could be kept within a tube as the column of mercury is kept, it could also be weighed; as it is, there are so many interfering causes, temperature, gravity, moisture, the fluent state and the varying currents of the air, some pouring directly up under the heat of the sun and changing with every wind that blows, that it is impossible either to have or to weigh accurately a column of air. And one sufficient proof of this impossibility exists in the fact, that no two observers agree as to what is the height of the atmosphere; if its exact weight was known, its exact height could be calculated; yet while some make it to be forty-five or fifty miles in extent, others give it a still greater height; and it has been ascertained that meteors burn and explode, (which cannot take place without the pressure of air,) at the distance of one hundred miles from the earth's surface. Yet this is farther than the highest limit calculated in accordance with any barometrical observation. Our opinion is that the mercury in the barometer rather measures the elasticity of that stratum of air with which it is in contact, than the actual weight of the whole column above it. And, as under similar circumstances of heat, moisture and latitude, this elasticity must be the same on the same levels, the difference in this respect between the base and the top of a mountain may be used to show the height of that mountain. This elasticity is certainly impaired by moisture and by rarefaction.

The cause of the difference in density between the air of day and that of night, we believe to be this. The influence of the secret attraction acts upon the great ocean of air that rolls unconfined by any shore around and over the earth, causing air-tides as the moon upon the waters produces ocean-tides. We hold that as the sun passes along he is followed, or rather accompanied, (for

the air moves more readily than the water,) by an immense air-wave that passes over us by day, to us invisible; and by its passing presence, as well as by the direct rays of heat and light, dissipates the damps of night, renders more dense the atmosphere of day, and by this very density produces and retains warmth. We can well imagine that when the moon raises the waters and the tide-wave passes along the surface, the wave of water below is compressed and acted upon exactly in accordance with the height and duration of that tide-wave. We can well believe that the lower strata of water are rendered more dense, as a general rule, by such pressure. Yet we do not suppose that the direct influence of this tide is felt at very great depths; no shock is perceived; and the wiseacres below the waters know nothing of what passes above; and it would be impossible to convince them that such things as ebb and flow, high and neat tides have any existence. Only those who live on the shore above the surface see, and therefore know that such things do exist. We are to these great air-tides in a similar position; they pass above us, beyond our ken, and even if we stood above the limits of the atmosphere, we could not see the air-waves passing below and about us. We have stated that as a general rule, this compression takes place, and we spoke advisedly; for it has been ascertained, in making the recent coast survey, that water drawn for a great depth under the Gulf Stream, was bulk for bulk lighter than that on the surface.* It is natural to suppose that the heaviest will sink to the bottom, and not be overlaid and pressed on by any lighter than itself. Yet here we find it, and account for it by recollecting the rapid motion of the currents of the ocean. Such an occurrence may and does without doubt often take place in the atmosphere; the air being more movable and more readily acted on than the water. Thus it is possible to have a light stratum of air overlaid by a denser one, perhaps separated by a mass of clouds. If time is allowed and no inter-

* This observation was made by Lieut. Walsh of the Fancy in 1849. We extract it from Littell's Living Age, No. 425, page 49. "He found water at a great depth, which, when brought up, relieved of all pressure, and equalized to the surface temperature, proved to be lighter than the water on the surface."

fering winds prevail, this state of things will settle itself, and the heaviest strata be found at the bottom. Now in either case the column of water or of air would have a certain weight; yet we do not think that this weight could be ascertained by the pressure exerted at its base on the mercury of a barometer, whilst the middle and upper parts of the columns were moving and being moved in every direction.

This wave of air circling our globe, as the tide passes over the ocean, may also act as the clouds do in serving as so many mirrors to reflect and return the rays of heat. This is not impossible, for we know that light is thus reflected from strata of air, and that in this manner only can the mirage be explained.

We believe then that the sun in his course round the earth, carries with him a tide of air, the motion of which is not directly felt on the surface of the earth. We believe that the pressure of this wave acts in proportion to its height and the duration of its passage upon the whole mass of air below, rendering it denser and warmer in consequence of that denseness, (apart from its direct rays of heat.) That the chief power of this wave is felt in that sultry period of the day when we say truly that there is not a breath of air stirring. That the breezes of the morning and evening, especially in hot climates, where we believe this air tide to be deeper and more powerful, are the influences felt by the approach or departure of this wave; an influence producing currents and counter-currents in every direction, modified by all kinds of circumstances, yet all owing to the increasing attraction of the rising and diminished power of the setting sun. That at midday the sun being almost vertical, we have no currents or winds, scarcely even up-currents of heated air, and consequently it is close, warm and sultry. That when the period of day has gone, and darkness approaches, the air-wave has passed over and ceased to compress the atmosphere below; the very elasticity of the air causes expansion, renders it lighter and allows a deposit of that moisture taken up by the warmer air of day, and held in solution by its denser character. Hence streams rise and springs run more readily by night than

by day; hence more rain falls during the darkness than in the light; hence we conclude that because of this attenuation of the atmosphere, the night air is less stimulating to the lungs and affords a better means of producing sleep, and hence, also, we believe that a mill will run better by night than by day, because then the air being lighter makes less pressure upon the water that furnishes motive power. We have not mentioned the influence that the moon might have in the formation of this air-wave; we doubt not that it acts here, as the sun acts, in raising higher the tides. Nor have we alluded to the motion of the earth on its axis as a cause of rendering more dense the atmosphere about the equator. As the solid earth is an oblate sphere with its greater diameter through its equator, so we believe that the ocean of air which surrounds it is a still more oblate sphere, with its great diameter in the same line. In other words that the air is higher over the equator than any where else, and that this is partly owing to the revolution of the earth on its axis. This fact we may make use of at another time.

We may farther consider this subject in its bearing on the causes of summer and winter. For, if our theory be correct, that the air of night is rarer than that of day; and if, as is assuredly the case, there be a direct connexion between the thinness of the atmosphere and its coldness, we assert that the period of the year marked by long nights and short days will be necessarily the coldest part of the year. And as in winter we have this brief day, and this long night directly in proportion to the coldness of the weather, we are of opinion that the relation between them has the character of cause and effect. We would again institute a comparison, and point out the striking analogy that exists between the atmosphere of high mountains or high latitudes, (polar regions for instance,) and that of the season of winter. The attenuated air of the mountain top produces a perpetual winter, even under the direct rays of a tropical sun; and in the absence of these direct rays, we have winter in the season of long nights upon the plains and valleys of temperate regions. We think that proof can be offered to show that the cause of both is the same; and that rarity

of atmosphere is as much an accompaniment and cause of the perpetual cold of mountain heights, as it is of the season of snow and ice, of rain and hail, of lengthened nights and shortened days, which we call winter. Continual light would be perpetual summer, and constant darkness would be everlasting winter. The terms are convertible. This, however, we propose to consider fully at some future time.

Our theory is perhaps erroneous; if so let its error be proved. We have honestly offered it, as in no other manner can we account for the phenomena it professes to explain. We have attacked time-honored opinions and perhaps shocked some prejudices. We care for neither. Truth will not suffer by being attacked; and error should at all times, in every place, and by every body, be assailed. Of the correctness of the fact which our question contains, we have no doubt: if our explanation be wrong, let some one better qualified produce one more satisfactory. We end as we began, and ask the public the question we have asked ourselves, Why does a mill run better by night than by day?

CASTLES AND SHAKSPERE.

The proverb which declares an Englishman's home to be his castle, gains at Warwick an impressive significance. The road that conducts us from the lodge to the court, is excavated from a solid rock, and canopied with verdure; while the towering line of fortified wall, roof, and bulwark, convey at once a sense of the impregnable, the complete, and the time-hallowed. It needs not the absent portcullis and overgrown moat, nor the arch which now takes the place of the drawbridge, to indicate a haunt of power capable of the most prolonged defiance. Cæsar's tower, alone, which dates from the Roman conquest, in its irregular outline and venerable strength, fills the imagination, like an invulnerable beacon on the shores of elder time, casting its huge shadow on the bright, green turf, as when it fell on the grim old earls or knightly barons eight hundred years ago. The massive stonework, aged and lofty trees, and highly-cultivated vicin-

age of the English castle, render it, independent of local history, the most characteristic object in the landscape. What the basilica is in Italy, the ramparts of Vauban in France, and the pyramid in Egypt, is the castle in England—an architectural type and illustration of the primitive national life. Warwick castle is the place to hear Shakspeare's historical plays read by a fine elocutionist. Every allusion they contain finds a response in the scene. We feel there the old inspiration of chivalric days; Percy, Mortimer, Talbot, and Blount, become actualized in a spot so adapted to give scope to ambition, ferocity, and magnanimous valor; the use, abuse, origin, transition, maintenance, and bequest of power, are not only written in the annals, but inscribed on each mossy stone of the hoary pile; and re-appear, blended with the artifices and expression of human nature, in her ever-identical instincts, as depicted by the great poet who translated the chronicles of his native land into vital dramas. We might infer his English origin by the term "cloud-capt" applied to towers, for it is a phenomenon almost peculiar to this climate; and as the cupola of St. Peter's gains new relief to the eye from the stainless azure against which it is so frequently seen, the less graceful but more warlike forms that rear themselves so proudly under Britain's lowering sky, borrow a more imposing grandeur from the detached masses of vapor that seem to cling around their dizzy summits.

Within the castle, amid so many suggestive relics and memorable effigies, although curiosity, at the time, is largely gratified, upon few salient points of the whole array, does fancy linger in the retrospect; to me these were the chamber-furniture of Queen Anne, which, with her portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller, over the mantelpiece, gives a singular unity of impression; the bust of Edward, the Black Prince, Elizabeth's dagger, and the mask of Cromwell. The domestic appliances of the sovereign whose memory Marlborough and Addison linked with victory and verse, revived an epoch so diverse from that which lowered in the rugged and stern features of the dead Oliver, and was typified in the princely warrior of a knightly age, and the handsome weapon of

the virgin queen, that each of these symbolic trophies recurred as talismans, evoking whole reigns from the buried past. Vandyke, Rubens, and other masters speak from the old walls in the precision of linear expression, or mellow richness of hue; and, at every step, we are tempted to linger and peruse the features of those who have suffered and triumphed in a manner that has made their names and fortunes household words in two hemispheres. What a story is associated with the earl of Strafford; what a web of intrigue, extending over the world, with the astute, glowing, dignified, prayerful face of Ignatius Loyola; what pitiful interest environs the fair countenance of Charles I.'s queen; and how familiar appears Holbein's Henry VIII., the origin of his countless portraits. But earls and kings do not so harmoniously embody the ideal of history as the landscape, as fresh, though less wooded to-day, as when "the blue-eyed minstrel" strayed amid its oaks and elms. It was during a walk through the castle grounds, that the poetry of the scene came home to my heart. Weary with historical details, and warlike legends, it was refreshing to tread the elastic and twinkling grass, and see the old branches of noble trees wave in the gusty breeze. The symmetrical pines cast broad shadows; the few brown leaves that yet clung to the leafless oaks, were detached by the wind; birds were chirping; a banner fluttered from the tower; far away spread the clustered roofs of Warwick, and over them rose the old church pinnacles: looking upon these objects, as I strolled in the meadow, through which winds the Avon, two beautiful swans floated gracefully down the stream; and then I felt myself in a haunt of Shakspeare. The castle, the town, the river, the queenly birds, each tree and grass-blade were rife with his gracious memory; and the murmurs of his harp seemed to vibrate in the wind, fragmentary snatches of historic and natural description. I looked at the old gray towers, and—

"Saw young Henry with his beaver on,
His cuissars on his thighs, gallantly armed,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury."

I gazed at the sky, as the vapory rack consolidated in shifting and grotesque forms, and thought—

"Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish,
A towered citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory."

I paused beneath "the shade of melancholy boughs" and looked on the rough trunks for the name of Rosalind, and down the vistas, for Jacques prone on the sward in reverie; and, with the legendary structure just visible through a leafy screen, asked myself is not—

— "this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?"

A venerable keeper passed, and reminded me of good old Adam, and the "constant service of the antique world," and a tanned loon, in a field, munching a turnip, had a Touchstone air. The famous vase named from this its grand depository, and the view from the highest tower, were also rife with interest. After winding through narrow passages, lofty saloons, and over oak floors all mellowed and worn by time, after tracing the antique carving round an enormous fireplace, that had consumed yule logs by thousands, gazed on ancient armor, reverend portraits, and, every now and then, through the vast window, upon the picturesque landscape, it was startling to my American sense of change, to see the gloves, hats, and overcoats, of the present occupants of Warwick castle, lying on the hall-table. So completely had the manners and habiliments of a distant age occupied the mind, that this indication of hereditary proprietorship, of the absolute relation of living men to the old earls, came upon the senses as a miracle. To one who has lived in a country where it is rare to find the second generation beneath the same roof-tree, or to recognise a landmark after the lapse of twenty years, a land where change is the universal law, and vicissitude of fortune, locality and employment almost the prevalent order of life, there is a positive sublimity in the spectacle of a home nine hundred years old; and I did not wonder at the spell of conservatism in a nation, where the family can gather at Christmas, in halls alive with traditions of ancestral barons, knights, and princes, sheltered from the winter air by tapestry woven, centuries ago, into the pictured exploits of warlike progenitors, and kneel to pray in a chapel, before

whose altar have bowed a line of kindred extending from the origin of the kingdom to the present hour. To complete the expressive alternation of relics, in the lodge was a spider-legged table, at which Friar Tuck might have quaffed ale, and in the dining-room, an elaborately-carved buffet, that had graced the World's Fair.

* * * *

At Stratford-on Avon, however, we are too much absorbed in the childhood, youth, and last days of Shakspeare the man, to reflect long upon his age. It is the hazel eyes, the bald and lofty head, the auburn beard, the human figure that once moved through these streets, which haunt our fancy there; it is the stripling given "to poetry and acting," the glowing youth wooing, not a girl, but a woman parallel with his own thorough manliness, and therefore his senior, and "in the lusty stealth of nature" taking the fair Anne Hathaway for his bride; it is the spirited youth relishing a midnight shot in the forest, and lampooning a complacent old squire—the rich autocrat of the neighborhood—whom he was too independent to toady, and yet not able wholly to defy; it is the romantic moonlight stroller, upon whose fine sense not an odor, hue, or tone, was lost—unconsciously garnering up, in this humble village, the material elements of poetic creations destined "for all time;" and finally, it is the crowned minstrel, his eternal triumph achieved, his glorious legacy to mankind enrolled, returning hither, in the prime of life and fame, to celebrate his daughter's nuptials, make his will, write his epitaph, dwell a while in grateful and meek content, with kindred and neighbors, amid his sweet native landscape, and then lay his body under the altar where in life he prayed;—thenceforth to become a shrine of humanity, to which his spirit, diffusive as the winds of heaven, and yet concentrated as the heart's blood, shall draw the votive steps of reverent and loving generations for ever! Of all the claims upon faith to which the modern traveller is liable, one of the most difficult not to admit, but to realize, is that advanced by the sign projecting from the little cottage in Henley street, at Stratford.

We tread the sagging floor, we gaze round the low-roofed and diminutive chamber, we vainly seek an unappropriated inch on wall and ceiling to inscribe our name, we seat ourselves in the arm-chair, let the garrulous old woman chatter away unheeded, and, all the time, there is a strife between the senses and the mind, from the eagerness of the latter to realize the identity of the scene with Shakspeare's nativity. But this troubled mood changes to one of happy conviction, as we become familiar with the town itself and adjacent country. It is easy to associate a poet with nature, and very near seems he who first drew breath in yonder lowly domicile, when streams, woods, insect, sky, and man himself, are beheld where he first knew them. I could easily imagine here the zest with which, glad to escape the more exciting lessons of London life, he wrote:—

"Often to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-winged eagle. O this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk."

At every step, his familiar phrase illustrated the scene. When we sat down to lunch at "The Red Horse," what better greeting could be imagined than—

"May good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!"

I looked out of the window, and there stood a venerable figure bent over his stick, his loose woollen hose betraying "the lean and slippered pantaloons;" there were no less than two infants "puling in their nurses' arms;" an urchin, playing ball, exhibited "the shining morning face" of the school-boy; a blacksmith and currier were greedily swallowing news which a farmer ostentatiously broached; they were the "mechanic slaves with greasy aprons" of the play; under the window, stood an old toper, who methought sat for this picture: "There is a fellow somewhat near the door, for o' my conscience twenty dog-days now reign in 's nose; all that stand about him are under the line;" a strutting groom was one of those inventoried by the same hand, as "highly fed and lowly taught;" a plethoric dame was

arranging her newly-purchased stores in a cart, with the very expression of an "unlettered, small-knowing soul;" a bluff country-gentleman reined up his tall horse, as if to exhibit to the group his "fair, round belly, with good capon lined;" a lady's chariot outshone the whole array, and a carrier's wagon was an instant nucleus for gossips. It was essentially such a "walking shadow" of life as used to greet the eyes of the young poet. Indeed, I recognized, in an hour's walk about Stratford, a vast number of old acquaintances, especially Dogberry, Shallow, Snug, Bottom, and Launce's dog. But the most genial traces of his muse are discoverable in natural objects. From Stratford to Shotely, his wife's maiden home, and thence to Charlecote, the seat of the deer-loving justice, how many silent testimonies to the graphic pencil of the dramatic artist, strike the thoughtful eye!

The evidence of universal sympathy, so apparent in the pilgrimage of multitudes to a common shrine, attested the truth he so emphatically announced, that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin;" his own marvellous destiny makes us feel that "there's a divinity that shapes our ends;" the headstones in the churchyard announce that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns;" and thus each object and idea which the place suggested, whether by a detail of nature or a general truth, found its most apt expression in one of his memorable phrases.

The shrewd eye and obsequious bearing of an innkeeper made us exclaim, "How like a fawning publican he looks;" a discussion growing out of Queen Elizabeth's portraits, and the tales of her frailty, induced the charitable second thought to utter itself in his considerate line, "The greatest scandal waits on greatest state;" the complacent air of sanctity in a young and spruce vicar we met, suggested one of that class who believe there shall be "no more cakes and ale" because they are virtuous; and, hastening at sunset along the road to Warwick, we could say—

"The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day,
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn."

Here, I thought, when love "lent a pre-

cious seeing to the eye," Shakspeare beheld the landscape now present to my vision; speeding with full heart to his tryst at eve, "the sweet odor of the new mown hay" breathed its fragrance around him; "violets dim" met his downward glance; "the poor beetle that we tread upon," crossed his path; the willow that "shows its hoar leaves in the glassy stream" became a pensive image in his memory; "the barky fingers of the elm" touched his flushed brow; the umbrageous fence that skirted his way, years after, led him to write, "Such a divinity doth hedge a king;" he saw the cheerful rustic coming home from toil, and knew, when in the great world, how blest it is "to range with humble livers in content;" the decrepit villager that hobbled by, taught him that "Care keeps his watch in every man's eye;" the echo of the funeral bell impressed upon his thoughts that "we can not hold mortality's strong hand;" and though convivially inclined when "fancy free," he left the ale-house early where there was "like to be a great presence of worthies," breaking away from the bore "full of wise saws and modern instances;" and, as these casual experiences took their place in the background of the temple of his mind, he thus inwardly ejaculated:—

"O, that I thought it could be in a woman
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the watch and weight
Of such a winnowed purity in love;
How were I then uplifted!"

He heard, as he walked, the "brook make music with the enamelled stones," and saw the river "giving a gentle kiss to every sedge," even as they do now; and, at the same time, speculating on his own consciousness, he thought—

"O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by-and-by a cloud takes all away!"

THE CARDINAL'S HIGHWAY.

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF RICHELIEU.

CHAPTER I.

SWORDS AND MASKS.

The coast of Picardy from Havre to the Somme is one unbroken line of rocks interspersed with sand hills. Dieppe St. Valery and Fecamp are almost the only places where vessels may safely touch if the wind blows anything like a gale. In the last mentioned town, towards the end of the month of January 1629, a number of persons were assembled on the quay watching the movements of a vessel which, driven about by the wind, was endeavouring to enter the port. The day was dark and gloomy; thick clouds were drifting across the sky and the wind blew furiously. The vessel in question was a small corvette, and it every moment ran the greatest danger of being dashed to pieces on the rocks which here jut out into the channel. The time was approaching when all would be decided, for borne along like a sea-gull on the tops of the waves, the little barque flew towards the breakers. In another instant it had glided past the rocks and entered the harbor. The captain of this vessel, which bore upon its stern the name of "The Swallow," as his boat touched the landing, met the governor of the port. To the questions of the officer, he replied, "that he had touched there in order to land *Monsieur*"—pointing to another person who had accompanied him in the boat—"who had desired to be put ashore at that place." *Monsieur* was a small man with piercing eyes, sun-burnt and of dark hair and beard. He was richly dressed, though his clothes presented a travel-worn appearance, and a large sword suspended from a broad belt round his waist knocked against the owner's calves at every step he took. In reply to the demands of the same officer who had questioned the captain of the *Swallow*, he produced a slip of parchment which seemed to remove all doubts, and then mounting a horse prepared for him, he set forward rapidly on the road to Paris. The paper which the traveller had shown to the governor of Fecamp and which procured such prompt attention from that

functionary, was a passport bearing the seal of Richelieu.

By the reduction of the great city of the protestants the cardinal was now at the height of his power. Rochelle the last strong hold in France of the persecuted Huguenots, deserted by the English and barred from all succor by the immense wall thrown across the bay, had yielded to his arms in November of the preceding year. Marschal Bassompierre had said "we shall be foolish enough to take Rochelle;" by its reduction the minister's power became firmly established and he was placed in a position to despise all the efforts of his enemies. His great mind ruled not only France but all Europe. Internal order so often destroyed by the feuds of the nobles was restored, and his authority extending to the most remote provinces of the kingdom, was every where respected. The signature of "Richelieu" had quickly smoothed the way for the traveller from England, and he was enabled to continue his journey without hindrance.

He had now been in the saddle several hours. Passing to the left of Havre, he galloped through the little village of Harfleur without drawing rein to recruit his own strength or that of his horse. Reaching Rouen at midnight he proceeded to the first hotel; his horse had fallen from fatigue upon entering the town. A quarter of an hour elapsed before the host replied to the furious storm of knocks which the cavalier showered upon the door. At last it was opened but no horses could be procured at that hour of the night, and it was easy to see that this irritated him extremely.

It was ten the next morning before the Englishman, venting imprecations, could set out. He had not noticed three cavaliers who had put up at the same hotel and who had kept their eyes upon all his movements. When he was out of sight they paid their score and followed upon the same road.

A league beyond the small town of Ecoen, while passing through a wood the cavalier thought he heard the sound of horses' feet upon the hard and flinty road which he had just passed over. He was not mistaken. In another moment two horsemen appeared some distance in the rear, riding at full speed. Upon their appearance the cavalier

with a movement in which there was nothing of ostentation, brought round his sword, that it might be convenient to his hand, and then without increasing his pace, calmly awaited their approach. The newcomers were gentlemen, to judge from their clothes, but none but robbers wore masks, and they were entirely disguised. His perplexity was soon put an end to, for spurring hard the pursuers, as they proved to be, quickly came up with him, one of them seizing his bridle so suddenly as to throw the horse on his haunches. A fiery glance flashed from the cavalier's eye, and with an instinctive impulse he drew his sword half way from the scabbard; but appearing to change his mind he allowed it to fall back, as he said,

"Messieurs, what would you have? You use somewhat roughly a man who has never done you harm."

"The passport from the cardinal," replied the mask who held the bridle.

"But, gentlemen," replied the other, "you are mistaken, you take me for some one else."

"Give me the paper, Monsieur," cried the mask, "or I will kill you." Before the cavalier could answer, a voice was heard some distance in the rear shouting, "Stop, gentlemen, stop, I am coming," accompanied by the sound of hoofs rapidly approaching.

"The paper, the paper!" cried the mask, drawing his pistol, "or thou art dead!"

"Here, here it is," shouted the cavalier, and drawing his long sword, with a motion too rapid for his opponent to parry, he struck him upon the head. The blow was so powerful that his assailant dropping the bridle bent to the back of his horse. The other seizing his advantage put spur to his horse, which mad with fatigue and pain started forward like the wind. But while these rapid events were occurring the third cavalier had come up with whirlwind speed, passing thirty or forty yards in advance of the party, so great had been his speed. To this cavalier, the fugitive now found himself opposed, and he galloped forward pistol in hand. At that moment the mask who had received the cavalier's sword-stroke, drew his pistol and fired. The ball passed through the cloak and, pour-point, but without noticing it he charged down upon the horseman who barred the

road. When within six yards he took aim and fired, but the sudden rearing of his adversary's horse caused him to fail in his aim. Throwing his pistol away he drew his sword and leaning forward, dug the spurs into his sides.

But before he could cross swords, when within scarcely ten feet, his adversary fired in turn. The cavalier raised his hand to his breast and fell fainting from his horse. The other riding up, dismounted and drew from the breast of the dead man a paper, and after bestowing a glance of pity upon a deep wound in the neck, from which the blood flowed profusely, mounted again and disappeared with his companions on the route to Paris.

At this time all France was in commotion. The Duke of Nevers shut up in Casal sent to demand succor of Louis XIII. It was rumored that the king himself would take the command. At court all things were in confusion. The partisans of Richelieu and those of the queen mother were continually at strife. The minister had already begun his great plan of humbling the nobility and augmenting the royal prerogative. Two years before Gaston D'Orleans, De Chalais and others had conspired to take the Cardinal's life. Gaston was forced to marry a lady, selected by the Cardinal; Chalais was beheaded. This was only the beginning of that system which afterwards brought to the block the great Montmorency, Marillac and Cinq Mars, and which ruined Orleans, Guise, Epemon and Bassompierre, the first nobles of France—Richelieu had steadfastly followed the plan which he had laid out, and noble after noble had bent to his iron will. The Bastille was only a more lingering death, and many, from their horror of perpetual imprisonment, preferred the scaffold. In Paris there was a strong anti-cardinal party.

The proud and fiery spirit of the young nobles especially, revolted at the idea of submission to the soldier-priest, and not a few had heavily atoned for their spirit of independence.

Thus a party of young noblemen who had assembled a few days after the events narrated above, at the hotel of M. de Soissons, who was at enmity with the cardinal, par-

took for the most part of the sentiments of their host.

Some of the guests were playing both with cards and dice, others looking on, and others again were talking in little groups of six or seven. The saloon sparkled with lights, and the continual bursts of laughter and noisy exclamations indicated that nothing had as yet occurred to disturb their gaiety. In one corner of the apartment stood several young men forming a group of the sort mentioned. The one who was speaking at the moment was a young man, not more than nineteen or twenty, with a gay, handsome countenance. This young man was called the Chevalier de Beauvoir.

"Gentlemen," continued he, "you may laugh, you may even doubt, if that pleases you, but what I say is true. He came out of *Madame*, the queen mother's hotel. We saw his features as the wind raised his Spanish hat, it was the cardinal! M. D'Orville here will tell you that this is true." The person spoken of was a young man scarcely eighteen in appearance. His face as fair as that of a woman, bore an expression of extreme politeness almost of diffidence. To M. de Beauvoir's question he replied with a bow.

"It is true gentlemen."

"That is singular," said another, "as Madame and his eminence are said to be on bad terms."

"How is that?" asked the Chevalier de Beauvoir, "I have heard that Madame was once his patroness."

"That is true, but Monseigneur's mind was of too grand a nature to be dictated to, and her highness indulges a very natural displeasure at what she considers his ingratitude."

"After all," said the young Lord of St. Leu, "nobody can be conceived more fortunate than his eminence, though the greatness of his genius is undeniable. You remember poor Chalais. Who would have supposed that so well-organized a conspiracy was doomed to fail and bring destruction upon its authors?"

"A man of luck," said de Beauvoir, "the great wall thrown across the bay at Rochelle by Monseigneur was swept away three days after the surrender of the city."

If they could have penetrated into the future they would have found that this was only the beginning of Richelieu's good fortune. A few years later his life was saved solely by the indecision of the Duke of Orleans when St. Ibal and Montresor, standing near him with their pistols prepared, awaited the signal from the duke, who was afraid to give it. A short time after the Count de Soissons, his greatest enemy, when about to march on Paris at the head of *the exiles*, in attempting to raise his visor with the point of a pistol shot himself through the brain. These were by no means the only instances of the minister's miraculous good fortune.

"Apropos of Richelieu M. de Beauvoir," said St. Leu, "they say he is excessively angry on account of your duel with M. Dupontis, and when the cardinal is excessively angry it is time to be prepared."

"It is said he is dying," returned the other, "and I am sorry from my soul. I am consoled, however, in some degree, by remembering that the duel was not of my choice."

"May I ask why you fought?"

"Certainly, Monsieur, though the occasion was very trifling. I was passing through the rue Du Harpe with the Viscount D'Orville here, when M. Dupontis came up with two more gentlemen. When he came behind me he cried stupidly 'Vive le cardinal!' I turned round and seeing his eyes fixed upon me in a meaning manner, replied 'Vive le roi.' 'Eh bien Monsieur,' said he, 'but the cardinal first.' This was said in so arrogant a tone that I replied, 'Monsieur you are drunk,' whereupon he desired me to draw; you comprehend gentlemen that this invitation was too polite for me to refuse."

"But Chevalier, that looks rather deliberate."

"Ah! could it have been!"

"What?"

"That M. Dupontis had his orders from the Cardinal!" replied de Beauvoir.

"Possibly. And this is the more cause to take care. Monseigneur has not the reputation of allowing his friends to go unrevenge."

"Will he behead me, do you think Monsieur," asked the young man naively.

"Not as bad as that I suppose, but you

will wake up some fine morning and find yourself in the Bastille. If you are once sent there you will rot, and no man in the kingdom but his majesty be able to liberate you."

"My Lord," replied de Beauvoir, "do you know you make me shudder with your rot. Jailors can always be bribed."

"In the Bastille—I assure you I have seen the inside—the prisoners are only known by the numbers of their cells, and the turnkeys are forbidden to listen to them."

"Well yes, Monsieur," returned the young Chevalier, "if I am not yet arrested it is quite certain that I will be. You ask me what I mean. The Viscount D'Orville, M. de Vigni, whom you see yonder and myself determined, for various reasons, a few days since, to take a journey to England. When we wished to embark at Dieppe, the governor of the port very politely informed us of the fact that no one could pass without a special order from his eminence or the king. In a word, we were forced to return. At the hotel of the 'Cheval Blanc' Rouen, a quarrel arose between myself and a gentleman in the service of the Cardinal—de Crillon.

"We fought," continued the narrator, looking at the young Viscount, "and at the second pass I had the misfortune to run him through the body. Thus you see, gentlemen, I am fairly entitled to the regards of his Eminence, and it is not at all improbable that he will soon have me lodged at his own expense."

"That is not bad, and I agree with you."

"And I!"

"Touching unanimity!" exclaimed the young man, "what is there I should not do rather than disappoint such friends. I feel quite affected!"

CHAPTER II.

ANTECEDENTS OF ONE OF THE MASKS.

A few words are here necessary to explain who the young man was among whose friends there was such a "touching unanimity."

Claude de Beauvoir was the son of an old baron of Brittany of a noble family, who dwelt upon his estates. Not the Brittany of

Fougere and Rennes, or St. Malo, with rough and slaty soil scarcely covered with scanty verdure, but the Brittany of Saumur and Tours—that beautiful land, which has been called the garden of France; where the trees are always green and the flowers ever blooming. Here the Loire sweeps along majestically towards the ocean, its undulating banks covered with the quivering aspen, and its white sands glittering in the sun. Here dwelt the cynical curé of Meudon—here where the soft and lazy air induces that delicious languor which can be compared only to some sweet dream. Here where life passes in one round of happiness and joy, was the estate of the baron de Beauvoir whose chateau overlooked the Loire.

The young 'Chevalier' as he was called, had spent his time till his eighteenth year in the usual manner of young men brought up in the provinces, that is in hunting, hawking and fishing, besides learning his lessons. The latter it should be understood, however, absorbed much less of his time than the former. It was no unusual thing for the young huntsman to pass the time, which should have been allotted to his lessons, in following his hawk Lenoire in his pursuit of some heron or large water-hen, of which there were an abundance upon the paternal domain. Thus he passed his life, taking delight in these simple pursuits, and with no cloud to obscure the future. But when he had reached his eighteenth year, he fell in love with a young lady of their neighborhood, whose father's chateau was in sight of de Beauvoir. Mademoiselle Marie de Lissac was the daughter of the Viscount of the same name, and she had a private opinion of her own that the Chevalier de Beauvoir was quite an agreeable young man. Thus the young heir of Beauvoir seemed destined in the course of time to be married and settle down into the sober father of a family, burying his talents in retirement and content with the tranquil life of a country gentleman. But fate, which seems to take delight in altering all well-arranged plans, doomed otherwise, as will soon be seen. The first obstacle which presented itself was that M. de Lissac was a protestant, while the baron was a staunch Catholic—not that he had any enthusiasm upon the subject

religion—far from it. His father had been of the Holy Catholic faith and his son had considered himself bound to uphold the same opinions. He argued that if he heard mass every Sunday he was sure to go to heaven, and then he dismissed the subject. But the difference of faith was not the only obstacle. If the two gentlemen bowed to each other in public with the greatest politeness, their private feelings were of another nature. Whether the reason for this variance was genuine or frivolous, is irrelevant. Most probably it was the latter.

For these several reasons the young man and Marie were obliged to meet privately—not that any appointments were ever made by either, but the chevalier would always meet the young girl two or three times a week, as she took her morning walk—entirely by accident, as his dog and gun sufficiently proved. But fate envied the lovers—if they could be so called—even this satisfaction. The Viscount de Lissac terrified at the great strides of Richelieu, towards the complete destruction of the Huguenots, and fearful not only for his property, but also for his person, determined upon a visit to London where he had some distant connections. After paying a farewell call to all the neighbours and informing them that he was about to pay a visit to the watering places in England, in order to renovate the health of Madame the baroness, he set out with his wife and daughter. When the Chevalier had heard that Mademoiselle was about to go to England to stay an indefinite period—at least a year or two—he felt his heart sink and his mind filled with melancholy forebodings. When Marie departed with her father he felt something extremely like despair take possession of his heart. He lost all taste for his usual occupations and—what to a reflecting mind will be overwhelming proof of the profoundness of his grief—his appetite also. The only spot which had any attractions for the poor boy was the little grove where he had seen Marie so often. Here he now went to think of her—to attempt to realize that she had really departed. As yet he had been unable to do so. His taste for hunting was gone. Lenoire, his black falcon, screamed aloud in vain efforts to attract the attention of its disconsolate master.

The baroness asked those around her the cause of the change in the habits of her son—no one knew. She asked Claude himself—he only sighed. The baron and his wife asked each other, and decided that it was only the natural longing for ‘companions of his own age.’ After a great many tears on the part of his mother, the young man set out for Paris, where he had an uncle.

When the Chevalier de Beauvoir arrived at Paris he was a perfect *provincial*—how should he be otherwise. Thus when he entered society his manners were not quite as fashionable as those of the smiling fops, his companions. He was consequently laughed at, and as the young man’s temperament was not naturally very cool, he retorted by grossly insulting the laughers. They thought this *disgusting*, as they expressed it. The young man replied that he was always to be found in the Faubourg of St. Germain, and as this observation was too plain to require any explanation, so no one pretended to misunderstand it. In a week the young Chevalier had fought three duels, in only one of which, thanks to his father’s lessons, was he hurt.

After this, it was discovered that he was not so much of a provincial, that he bowed quite gracefully, that he knew how to handle his sword, and in spite of his ferocious manner of entering society—by fighting three duels—was quite a good natured companion. Then the laughter stopped somewhat, and soon altogether.

The Chevalier de Beauvoir had been to the siege of Rochelle in the king’s retinue, and had seen a little service. In leading an assaulting party, he had been nearly killed by a musket ball in the breast. The Cardinal heard an account of this as a matter of course, but his eminence was not like his successor Mazarin—prodigal of his commendations and frugal of his rewards, and he only promoted the young soldier, without any remarks.

In requital of his services at the siege he was now about to receive an invitation to take up his residence at the “King’s Chateau,” an invitation which it would not be loyal to refuse.

The Chevalier had been two years in Paris.

CHAPTER III.

DE CRILLON MAKES HIS REPORT.

In the back room of a small house in the rue Vaugiere, Paris, sat a man with a pale reflective countenance, wearing the red robes of a cardinal. This man was Cardinal Armand Duplessis de Richelieu. He was not yet forty years old, but his hair and moustache were both turning grey. The room in which he now sat was not the one in which he received the general reports of his officers, but the one in which he held interviews with his more secret and confidential agents. It was furnished with plain brown hangings, and notwithstanding the fatiguing nature of the Cardinal's labors, contained no couch or ottoman of any sort. The softly cushioned arm-chair in which he sat was the only piece of furniture approaching comfort in the apartments.

Rousing himself at last from the thoughts which had absorbed him, he rang a small bell which lay near his hand. A servitor entered rapidly, but quietly.

"Has M. de Crillon arrived," asked the Cardinal.

"No, Monseigneur," returned the servitor.

"What is the hour?"

"Notre Dame is sounding eleven, my Lord."

"Send in M. de Crillon the moment he arrives"—"he should have been here yesterday," thought the cardinal to himself as the servant went out. He resumed his meditations. He was still buried in thought when the bells tolled twelve, replying to each other from their tall towers—their tremulous echoes borne along on the night wind. At the sound of a door opening behind him, Richelieu looked suspiciously around and saw an armed cavalier, whose boots and garments were covered with dust as if he had just dismounted after a long journey.

"Ah! de Crillon, à la bonne heure," said the Cardinal, "I have been expecting you. What news from England?"

"There is none, Monseigneur," replied the cavalier. "King Charles is at his old game of quarrelling with his parliament, a play in which he is very likely to get the worst of it. They are going to strip him,

piece by piece, of his kingly prerogative."

"Are they so determined?"

"Yes, Monseigneur. I doubt much from what I have seen, if they will be content to deprive him of his kingdom."

"What mean you? The constitution says 'the king can do no wrong,' and declares his person sacred."

"Nevertheless, what I tell your eminence is true. The parliament is in open rebellion."

"So let it be, we will see the event. In the meanwhile I have not informed you why I wrote to you to return—but you are pale and appear much fatigued."

"I am much fatigued as you say Monseigneur, and my pallor arises doubtless from the blood which I lost in a rencontre upon the road. I was attacked by three masked cavaliers who robbed me of the passport under your eminence's seal."

"But who were these cavaliers, and why want your passport?"

"It was impossible to tell; they wore black masks of velvet. After passing the two who first attacked me, I charged the last, but before crossing his sword, I received his pistol ball. In firing, his disguise was deranged. It was M. de Beauvoir."

"Ah! really," exclaimed the Cardinal.

"The wound I received," continued the cavalier, "was a very slight one in the neck. I suppose I fainted. When I opened my eyes a shepherd was bending over me. He had brought me to his cottage. When I felt for the paper, it was gone. My wound was a trifle, I had only fainted from fatigue and loss of blood. You perceive, Monseigneur, it has not delayed me long upon the road."

"No—but have you recovered your strength, if so, I have an important affair for you. Here is a packet which must be delivered to his highness the duke of Nevers, in Italy, before the first day of March. It requires a sure man, one who is brave, and on whose fidelity I can rely; therefore I sent for you."

"When shall I set out?" replied the cavalier with a bow.

"There is quite sufficient time, meanwhile be at the palais-cardinal private entrance to-morrow morning at eight. I will have some business for you." M. de Crillon bow-

ed and was going out when Richelieu called him back.

"You said you were taken care of by a poor shepherd of Picardy; honest men should be rewarded—his name."

"He is known as Jacques Lenormand, I heard, my Lord."

"I will not forget him. To-morrow at eight, Chevalier—booted and spurred for a journey."

The cavalier bowed and this time went out for good. The cardinal asked himself why M. de Beauvoir wished a passport under his signature. Drawing his chair near the table he wrote a few lines and again rang the little bell. The same servitor entered for the second time. The cardinal gave him the note, directing him to have it conveyed to its address.

The servitor bowed and withdrew.

CHAPTER IV.

BRIGANDS.

On the day after the conversation at the party of M. de Soissons, the Chevalier de Beauvoir and his friend the viscount D'Orville set out on their journey to England. Passing out of Paris by the rue St. Denis, they crossed the Oise at Beaumont and stopped at the little town of Noailles to breathe their horses, which were greatly fatigued: then setting forward rapidly they reached Beauvais by the time night had set in. The next morning having changed horses, they proceeded on their route, spurring on towards Abbeyville, where they wished to embark. The country through which they were now passing, was extremely beautiful. The hills were covered with vines and here and there castles and chateaux appeared embowered in trees. But Claude galloped on in utter disregard of the most beautiful objects. He was occupied with his own thoughts. His companion could scarcely get an answer from him. They had passed some distance beyond Beauvais when suddenly the viscount exclaimed, "What noise was that—you heard it?"

"Not I," replied his friend.

At that instant, from the other side of the hill they were ascending, a cry was heard.

Putting spur to their horses, they soon arrived at the top of the hill, when they distinctly saw before them, one of the ponderous carriages of the period, in process of being rifled by seven or eight men, who, it was very reasonable to suppose, were robbers.

"Look here, Emile," said the Chevalier, turning to his companion, "shall we go a little closer?" And proceeding cautiously down they soon came close enough to understand the state of affairs. The postillion sat trembling like a leaf. An old noble with his arms bound was tied to a tree. The hot blood of anger had mounted to his very eyeballs, producing a singular effect from the contrast with his white beard and hair. Upon the grass near by, a lady was bending over another who had fainted. The young Breton started.

"Viscount," cried he, "we are going to charge: come!" and he put spurs to his horse.

"But, dear friend," replied his companion, "there are at least eight and we are only two." But seeing that his friend took not the slightest notice of his remonstrance, he followed saying, "Well, it is easy to see what is going to happen," greatly surprised at the sudden manner in which his companion had been excited.

At first the brigands made a motion to retreat, but seeing only two cavaliers they quickly returned. The young nobleman charged down at full speed. The Chevalier selected one who appeared to be their chief, and when within a short distance drew his pistol as his adversary made a motion to do the same, and fired. The ball struck the horse which the robber rode, and the animal went down with a groan, mortally wounded. At this moment he received a sword stroke that made his brain stream with fire, but quickly recovering he caught his adversary's bridle, and spurring forward threw his horse on its haunches; then before his opponent could interpose his sword, with a straight-forward stroke he ran him through the body. As the man fell like a clod, his horse started with affright. The young man saw no more of the first one whose horse he had shot: he had doubtless been crushed. "Two of the eight," thought he; "I hope this one

will be the third." The robber who now rushed upon Claude with his immense sword whirled round his head ready to strike, presented a singular appearance. His left arm was severed at the elbow; the part cut off being replaced by a wooden stump, into which a large iron hook was fixed. With this hook he held the bridle of his horse. The combat which now took place, was some distance in advance of the spot where the robbers were assembled, and as none of the others had as yet come up, it was a single combat. The brigand rushed forward and the fight began. It was strength opposed to skill. The Chevalier who had learnt from his father how to handle his sword, having perfected his education in Paris, was a perfect master of fence. The tall robber had met his match. In the course of several thrusts he had received two wounds, but very slight ones. The sight of his blood only exasperated him. The Chevalier was also wounded. Any one of the brigand's powerful blows, rained down like hail, would have crushed him, but they were all parried in the most skilful manner; still the young man felt himself grow weaker as the blood oozed drop by drop from his side.

Enraged at being foiled, and finding that his adversary was his full match, the robber dropped his sword which hung to his wrist by a cord, and drawing a pistol from the holster stretched it out and fired. At the same instant de Beauvoir bowed his head: the ball only cut through his beaver. He drew his own pistol and fired in turn, and his adversary fell dead from his horse.

In the meanwhile the viscount showed that he knew how to handle his blade. After firing both his pistols without success, he had charged a party of two or three who were galloping to attack his companion. In a moment he closed with the first of the number, and after several thrusts wounded him severely. His adversary turned pale, and raising his hand to his side fell from his horse. But the viscount was also wounded in his sword arm. A deadly pallor had taken the place of the fresh bloom which his countenance usually presented. In looking round to see the fate of his friend he was again wounded, and his sword involuntarily fell from his hand. At this moment de Beauvoir,

after slaying the tall brigand, came to his aid it was in good time; the young man was so faint he could scarcely sit his horse.

"Retreat Viscount," cried the Chevalier spurring before his friend. Then the young man—his beaver crushed in by a sword stroke, his horse panting and covered with dust, and the wound in his side bleeding profusely, prepared himself for the worst. He did not conceal from himself that there was little possibility of his overcoming alone four men perfectly fresh, whilst he was tired out and weakened by loss of blood. Then when the decisive attack was about to take place, the sound of horses' hoofs were heard upon the road to Beauvais. The brigands at this sound seemed to hesitate, and when the sounds came nearer, and it was evident that there was a large party, they turned rein and galloped off. The young men turned to meet the new-comers. A moment before they had reached the top of the hill, and they now descended rapidly. The troop consisted of four guards wearing the livery of the Cardinal, and at their head was M. de Crillon. It was evident that the Cardinal had learned what he wished to know. In a few moments the troop had reached the bottom of the hill.

"Ah!" exclaimed de Beauvoir, struck with astonishment at seeing a man whom he considered dead, "here is a spirit from the other world, D'Orville."

The spirit advanced directly towards the party, drawing from his breast a paper.

"In the name of the King," said he, presenting the paper, which instead of being some infernal document was simply an order for the arrest of the Chevalier Claude de Beauvoir.

At the first appearance of the Cardinal in uniform, de Beauvoir had drawn his sword, but seeing immediately how useless any efforts would prove in the present state of his friend, he sheathed it with a sigh of dejection.

"Oh, Monsieur," he said to de Crillon in a tone of bitter sarcasm, "you are not here then? I thought we had finished you on the Rouen road."

"Monsieur," replied the other, "it is to see that you wish to provoke me to fight with you. Nothing could afford me more pleasure, as you may

ine, but unfortunately his Eminence has ordered me to bring you back safe to Paris. But some day—*nous verrons!*”

“You mistake, sir,—when I have the choice, I only fight with honorable men,” said the chevalier.

The glance of rage which flashed from the eye of the Cardinal's emissary, with the slight tremor in his thick moustache, were the only signs of anger he allowed to appear. A moment after he gave his orders in a tone perfectly cool, and in which no degree of emotion was perceivable.

The nobleman who had been stopped by the robbers, was the viscount de Lissac. He had spent two years in England, and then finding that the Cardinal, instead of embracing the opportunity of completely destroying the Protestants, afforded by the reduction of Rochelle, had allowed them religious freedom, had set out on his return. When the young viscount, who had nearly fainted from loss of blood, had taken a seat in the large carriage of M. de Lissac, together with the rest, the party proceeded towards Paris. The viscount de Lissac had not recognized the son of his neighbour. When he desired his name, Claude had prepared his answer. He named his companion, who had sunk languidly back in his seat, and then introduced himself, but instead of saying *de Beauvoir*, he answered, “I am called *de Ligni*.” The old noble informed “M. de Ligni” that he had come in good time, and returned him, politely, his thanks. At the name of *de Ligni*, the viscount opened his eyes. His companion made him an imperceptible gesture. He was far from understanding why his friend changed his name, but he easily comprehended that he was desired to be silent. But drawing from his pockets his tablets, he wrote a few words with a pencil, handing it phlegmatically to his companion. He read the words—“Who am I?” His reply was a smile.

They reached Paris on the evening of the third day. The Chevalier de Beauvoir, who had given his parole not to attempt an escape, retained his sword. At the gates of the Bastille it was taken from him.

CHAPTER V.

IN AND OUT OF THE BASTILLE, AND WHAT ENSUED.

The young Chevalier had at last received his invitation to lodge himself in the “King's chateau.” He found himself in the Bastille, that gloomy fortress where the cries of innocence had so often been stifled. The only indication of the despair which had taken possession of his heart was a slight shudder. Thoughtless, like most young men, he had never imagined that there was even a possibility of his being immured in so gloomy a cell as the one which he now occupied. In place of his comfortable room, in the Faubourg St. Germain, with its rich and tasteful decorations, and its comfortable lounges and ottomans, he found himself shut up in an apartment eight feet square, with a single window traversed by thick iron bars, and in one corner a low bed upon which was stretched a hard mattress.

But soon his mind was aroused, and as at first despair had taken possession of it, so now he felt hope revive. “I have so many friends,” thought the poor chevalier, “they will certainly have me liberated.” Alas! he was unacquainted with the character of the Cardinal, who never forgave the person who had opposed him. After a sleepless night the door of his cell was opened. He arose thinking it was some one come to set him free. It was only the jailor bringing in his breakfast, and his disappointment was so great that he could not eat. Then he sat down to reflect. Thenceforward it was his only amusement. One week passed—then another—and then a whole month. No one came to open the doors of his prison. Then when he found that no one seemed to remember him, and when another month passed in the same manner as the last, instead of becoming more depressed, or feeling any agitation, he became more calm. “He was becoming accustomed to it,” thus he thought, without the bitterness which might have been expected. The young man reflected upon the folly of speaking of the Cardinal as he had done—of that great man who had abstained from reaching forth his hand to crush him—he knew not why. He understood that it must have been the affair of the

pect towards himself, and when the queen renewed her entreaties he signed the order. The same evening the Cardinal learnt the whole affair from Madame de Launoy, one of the queen's ladies of the chamber who was in his service. He was furious. The same evening he was closeted with the king. When he came out a smile was on his countenance—a bad sign to those that knew him.

When the viscount had related how the order was procured, they made a triumphant exit from the Bastille, and then proceeded to the hotel, where De Beauvoir resided, in the quarter of St. Germain.

When they had arrived, the chevalier surveyed himself in a pier glass, curious to see what changes his confinement had wrought in him. His face was much paler, and this pallor was rendered the more remarkable by a thick black beard. After he had made his toilet he took his sword, and desiring his friend to await his return, went out.

The chevalier proceeded towards the palais-cardinal, which soon came in sight. Passing through the antechamber filled with guards he knocked at the door beyond. A servitor appeared, and the young man asked to be shown in to the Cardinal. The man required his name, and then saying he would inform his Eminence, retired. In a moment he returned and requested the young gentleman to follow him. After leading the way through several suits of apartments magnificently furnished, he introduced the chevalier to an inner room, and then retired. He found himself in the presence of the Cardinal; even if he had never before seen him, the proud and haughty look was not to be mistaken.

"M. de Beauvoir, I believe," said Richelieu, in a tone of mingled coldness and severity.

"The same, Monseigneur," replied the young man, bowing to the ground. "I come to return your Eminence my thanks."

A slight expression of astonishment passed across the face of the Cardinal, but it soon resumed its severe expression.

"Come, sir, explain," said he, "what is it you mean?"

"Monseigneur relieves my diffidence. Amidst the cares of government he has

deigned to remember one so unworthy as myself."

The Cardinal began to understand; his face relaxed slightly its severity.

"Doubtless, Monsieur," said he, "you refer to your imprisonment."

The chevalier bowed.

"You speak truly," continued the Cardinal; "in defiance of the edicts of his Majesty, you permit yourself to fight continual duels. This is bad—very bad."

"I acknowledge with humility the justice of your Eminence's remarks."

"Then," said the Cardinal, "you have placed a gentleman in a position in which his life is despaired of—M. Dupontis. An example was needed and you were arrested."

"Ah," said the young man suddenly, "that was then the reason," but checking himself, he said with a bow, "Monseigneur's clemency increases the admiration which I before entertained for his great mind: I am his humble servitor."

The minister's face relaxed. A slight smile seemed to touch upon his face and then fly away. The young chevalier had played his rôle like an experienced actor.

"Come," said he to himself, "let us finish, this is choking me," and forming his countenance into an expression of modest confidence, he made a second bow.

"M. de Beauvoir," said the Cardinal graciously, "it would be wrong to cause a young man to spend the best years of his life in confinement, when the faults he has committed are only the results of hot blood. I have never doubted your loyalty or your courage."

"Monseigneur is too good," said the chevalier, with a third bow. He was surprised to find the Cardinal so gracious.

"The council consider it necessary," continued the minister, "that you should go and spend some time in the provinces."

"Then, Monseigneur, I am banished!"

The Cardinal smiled. "For three years."

The young man remained for a moment absent; when he raised his head the Cardinal said kindly,

"Adieu, M. de Beauvoir."

The young chevalier bowed for the fourth time and went out. When he found himself

in the antechamber he looked about him. At the sight of one of the many persons continually passing and repassing, he started. He recognized M. de Crillon.

"Ah! you Monsieur," he cried, "you, Sir coward, draw instantly."

Instead of replying, the other came near enough to whisper, "These people are watching. Behind the Franciscan convent—does that suit your convenience?"

"Perfectly," returned the chevalier. "Let the appointment be for four. I hope to finish there what I began on a certain road."

He found the viscount where he had left him. "It is fortunate I asked you to wait," said he.

"Why so?"

"You will accompany me this evening in a small affair behind the Franciscan's."

"Oh, a duel is it?"

"Viscount, your intelligence astonishes me. Yes, a duel. I met Monsieur de Crillon at the Cardinal's and the hour is four in the evening."

"You say at the Cardinal's. I thought you had seen enough of him."

"When he liberated me," said his companion, in a reproachful tone, "would you have me ungrateful. I went to assure his Eminence of the fact of my being his humble servitor."

"What," said the young man, bursting into laughter, "now I understand."

Soon they separated to meet at the convent of Franciscans.

When M. de Crillon went to keep his appointment, he found his adversary and the viscount already there. He had for second a gentleman called Carillac. The place in which they were about to fight was an enclosure of large extent, planted with trees, and covered with a beautiful sod. The adversaries, saluting each other politely, prepared for the fight. The young chevalier's face wore an expression of joy. His eyes sparkled, his breast heaved; he was about to have his revenge.

At a given signal the four adversaries drew their swords and rushed forward—the seconds as well as the principals; for in those days they were not in the habit of standing with their arms crossed while the others fought. If the Chevalier de Beauvoir knew

how to handle his sword, so did Monsieur de Crillon. His large blade whirled around his head as if it was wielded by a giant. Three times Claude executed after a long *detour* a splendid feint. Each time his adversary parried perfectly. They both became warm, and pressing forward their weapons were almost hilt to hilt. While these combatants, so well matched, were each preparing to use all his skill in a final effort to overcome his opponent, the viscount was fencing, as it were, with Monsieur Carillac. Watching his opportunity, the young man immediately after a parry, pressed his sword hard against that of his adversary, and then with a whirl of his wrist disarmed him. With a bow he returned his sword to his scabbard.

The two others were pressing forward to put an end to the combat. De Beauvoir was wounded in his shoulder. The blood only flowed a few drops at a time, but he felt himself less active than when he began; and he grew gradually weaker.

In three thrusts delivered by each, neither were touched. The swords rattled together like hail. The next moment decided the combat. Mons. de Crillon, spite of his coolness, became impatient.

"Come," he cried with his teeth set as he delivered a vigorous thrust, "this must end," and rushing forward he literally ran on the sword of his adversary. With an instinctive motion the young man withdrew his arm; the dark blood gushed out and he fell to the ground. Claude knelt and raised his head, but all was over.

"Dieu de la miséricorde!" exclaimed a monk of the Franciscans as he rushed forward—it was too late. The young men left the place and got into the carriage which awaited them. It stopped at the hotel in which the Chevalier de Beauvoir lodged.

"Well," said he, "all is arranged; I set off to-morrow."

The viscount looked at his friend in astonishment, and asked him where he was going. He replied to Anjou.

"But why?" asked his companion. It was the chevalier's turn to be astonished now.

"You know," said he, "that I am banished for three years."

"You banished!"

"Yes, indeed—before my duel with Crillon. Brave fellow, powerful arm—why are we compelled in these troublous times to kill or be killed. I shall ever regret my part in this day's doings."

And the chevalier with a grasp of the hand left his friend to make his preparations for departure.

On the next day he set out for Anjou and arrived safely. Strange to say the Cardinal never took any notice of the death of De Crillon; whether in truth the agency of the chevalier in the matter ever came to his ears or not, we cannot say. The chevalier lived a peaceful and quiet life thereafter, contented with his early experience of the world: and that quiet, provincial life, we need not say was shared by the true heart which had so long been constant to him. Marie was happy in an affectionate and devoted husband.

OUR BRIGHT VIRGINIA BELLE.

A SONG.

Fairer than the golden morning:
Sweeter far than tongue can tell,
Softer than the drooping moonlight
Was our own Virginia belle!

Our bright Virginia belle,
Our dear Virginia belle,
How she bereft us when she left us,
Our beloved Virginia belle!

Gazing on her wondrous beauty,
Every heart began to swell;
Every tongue grew weary praising,
Praising our Virginia belle!

How could I who loved her dearly
Listen to the weary knell,
Ringing through the purple twilight
Over our Virginia belle!

Often did we roam together
By the stream in yonder dell,
Oh! I loved her very dearly,
My own bright Virginia belle!

Therefore will I mourn forever,
Since I loved my darling well,
More than all the world I loved her,
My own bright Virginia belle!

Our bright Virginia belle,
Our dear Virginia belle,
How she bereft us when she left us,
Our beloved Virginia belle!

Notes and Commentaries, on a Voyage to China.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Piracies; A Fast Boat; Voyage to Macao; Chinese Life afloat; Hot Coppers; Effects of Typhoon; Salvage; Right of the Navy to claim and receive Salvage; Character of the Chinese, according to foreign writers; Education; Filial Piety; Beggars; Charity; Marriage; Politeness; Gambling; Duels; Decency; Gratitude; Mendacity; Howqua's word, contrasted with that of a Foreign Merchant; Mode of Business at Canton; Integrity; Benevolent Institutions; Self-esteem; Chinese Opinion of the English; Character of the English Peasant, by a Native; A Preface in Conclusion.

At daylight on the 30th September, (the ship then lying off Tiger Island in Pearl or Canton river,) I came on deck. A Chinese pilot boat or small "fast boat," commanded by Ashing, a pilot, (whom I found on our quarter deck awaiting me,) was riding at anchor a few yards astern, prepared to sail for Macao. Ashing suggested that, inasmuch as piracies had recently been very frequent, it would be well to provide ourselves with a couple of carbines and ammunition for defence on our voyage. Between Macao and Whampoa several passenger boats had been robbed within the past six weeks. At Canton I saw two men who had been severely wounded, by shooting, in a conflict with pirates which took place only about sixteen miles above the city. One of those poor Chinamen died about an hour after I saw him, at Dr. Parker's hospital: from the back of the other an iron ball was extracted; it was about an inch in diameter, and had rough projections on opposite sides, indicating that several balls had been cast in a series and afterwards broken apart. The recollection of those poor fellows gave force to Ashing's suggestion, and we armed ourselves accordingly; and all preparations completed, we boarded our little ship and set sail about six o'clock A. M., the tide at half ebb.

Ashing's floating domicile is about forty-five feet in length; her greatest breadth of

beam, which is abaft the mainmast, is about ten feet. Transverse water-tight partitions divide the hull into five separate compartments, the floor of which is about two and a half feet below the deck. The sternmost of these divisions accommodates the kitchen or culinary department which, when not in use, is covered by a flush hatch. A semi-circular hood or deck covers the central compartment, which is the cabin; it is the largest and is immediately abaft the mainmast. Between the cabin and kitchen is a third compartment which Mrs. Ashing makes answer all the purposes of chamber, dressing room and nursery; and in it she passes all time not spent at the oar or in cooking, engaged in the various duties of her ship-hold, or, if you please, household. The two forward divisions of the vessel contain spare rope, tackle, &c. Cleanliness is every where remarkable.

Between the cabin trunk or hood, and the high taffrail, the bulwarks are made of bamboos, which enclose a kind of quarter deck. The rig of the little vessel is according to the Chinese fashion. She has two masts with mat sails, which are kept expanded by bamboo spriets, inserted horizontally into each sail about two feet apart, and as there is a sheet or bowline at the end of each spriet, the rigging appears to be complicated. The foremast stands well forward in the bows, and answers the purpose of bowsprit in vessels of American or European rig. A small American ensign is displayed from a staff set upon the stern, showing that, for the time, the craft sails under the protection of the United States.

Besides Ashing, the crew consisted of five men, Mrs. Ashing and her three children, the eldest being five years old, and the youngest eighteen months. When we pushed off from the ship it was nearly calm, and for this reason the men put out their oars, and Mrs. Ashing, with the infant strapped upon her back, managed the steering oar and rudder. The children were active, running about in all parts of the vessel; but the parents manifested no anxiety for their safety. When the infant was permitted to run or crawl about the deck, a large piece of cork was tied to its back, to serve as buoy or life-preserver, in the event of tumbling over-

board. Ashing was affectionately proud of his family, and boasted a little that he had "two piece bull chilo, one piece cow chilo, and one piece wifo." Entire harmony prevailed in this floating family; all seemed to work cheerfully, the woman performing a full share of nautical labor, besides discharging her matronly duties.

This vessel and crew were chartered at the rate of thirty dollars a month, and a ration daily for each adult; that is seven adults, with the, vessel served us for a dollar a day, or about fourteen cents each.

On crawling into the cabin we were delighted to find its floor covered with new matting. The carbines and powder flask were arranged on one side, and bamboo pillows and a painted lantern furnished the other. A tiny bird-cage, about five inches square was suspended at one end; its occupant, a diminutive sparrow, was a general favorite, and received full attention. Poor thing; it deserved sympathy, for it might have enjoyed almost as much freedom to fly had it never emerged from its shell. At the sternmost end of the cabin, a small door communicated with a little temple or Joss-house, which, from its general arrangements, might have been mistaken for a child's play-house or display of dolls and toys.

About ten o'clock A. M. the flood tide met us, and the vessel was anchored. Mat awnings were spread as a protection against the sun; and then the carbines were brought on deck and deliberately prepared for action. This military duty performed, the kitchen hatch was removed and revealed two earthen furnaces, surmounted by round shallow iron pans about two feet in diameter. Lettuce, previously well washed was placed in one and partly covered with water. A shallow wooden tub was turned over it. Well washed rice was placed in the other with very little water. Over this was placed a bamboo grating upon which were set plates of fish, cut in pieces an inch or two square, mingled with onions and shreds of lettuce. The whole was covered by an inverted tub, and then the fires in the furnaces were made to burn briskly by blowing through a bamboo tube. At the expiration of twenty minutes the tubs were removed, and brought to view a very savory preparation to appease the ap-

petites of the Chinese company. The rice was served in a basket of the capacity of a peck, and the boiled lettuce in bowls. The fires were extinguished by holding the burning brands under water, and then the kitchen hatch was replaced. The food was set on the deck with a supply of bowls and chopsticks. The party gathered round in a circle, each one squatted on his heels, and deliberately began the seemingly grateful task of contributing something towards the preservation of the individual. The bowls were filled with rice; some added a little of the water in which the lettuce had been boiled by way of sauce, and all partook of the lettuce. The fish was raised to the mouth by compressing it betwixt the ends of two chopsticks. The same implements, both held in one hand parallel to each other, very much after our manner of holding a pen, were used to shovel rice into the wide open mouth from the bowl, the edge of which was pressed against the nether lip. The meal was concluded by tea, which was taken without milk or sugar, and in very moderate quantities. All joined in washing and putting away the dishes, and after this work was accomplished, the men took pipes or paper-wrapped cigars, one of the last being enjoyed by the boy, not more than five years old. But it is to be borne in mind that Chinese tobacco possesses nicotin, the active principle of the weed, in very small proportion; a pound of Kentucky or Virginia tobacco leaves would probably yield as much of nicotin as a hundred pounds of the China grown plant, and then the bowl of a Chinese pipe has not as much capacity as a lady's thimble. The pipes having been emptied, the men arranged their bamboo pillows on deck in the shade, stretched themselves at full length and went to sleep, while Mrs. Ashing screened off from the rest of us, sat on the quarter deck sewing, with her children about her feet. She was not blessed with feet of aristocratic smallness, according to Chinese taste. The boat was now in repose; silence reigned. The day was hot, in spite of a very gentle breeze. The scenery about us was picturesque. The land bordering upon the river is low and flat; but mountains of from one to three thousand feet or more in height form the back ground.

About half past two o'clock P. M. the stillness on board was broken by preparation to move on our course. By three o'clock, the tide being strongly ebb, our wooden anchor was lifted to the bows, and we began to beat against a fresh breeze.

Towards the close of the day we passed through a narrow part of the river called the Bogue, which is defended by no less than eight forts. The Chinese once supposed this pass to be impregnable, but the whole of their fine fortresses were taken from them in a single day by the English, in a dozen vessels of war, in the year 1842. On that occasion, however, the Chinese were panic-struck early in the day; their admiral being killed in the fight, they deserted their batteries.

We were not alone on these waters. An European ship, and hundreds of Chinese craft were in sight, steering in various and opposite directions, to and from Canton.

About sunset our little temple of Joss was illuminated, and a plentiful repast of sugar-cakes and fruit spread before his altar: The eldest son of Ashing, by direction of his mother, lighted a bundle of brown paper at the sacred lamp, and stood upon the taffrail holding it in his hand until the flaming offering was consumed. It is a cheap sacrifice; nevertheless, it is a sacrifice and an act of religious worship of deity. When the ceremony was ended, the work of the kitchen was begun. I was glad to partake of a bowl of rice and some tea, with the rest, because ants and cockroaches had invaded and spoiled the contents of my provision basket. At half past nine o'clock P. M. we were met by the tide, and again anchored. The night was sultry, in spite of a fresh breeze from the southward.

Sunday, Oct. 1.—At three o'clock P. M., I was wakened by the bustle of getting up the anchor and making sail, and for an instant was startled by contention with people evidently not of our boat, because the idea of pirates flashed over me, but a moment's thought satisfied me that other sounds than of angry words would have announced hostile intention. On emerging from my place on the bare cabin mat, I found it was merely a noisy dispute with some fishermen about the price of a fish. The wind had changed,

and though very light was fair. At seven o'clock I was supplied with a good breakfast of tea, rice and fried fish; and at ten I landed at Macao, in the inner harbor, very much fatigued by sleeping on boards, and by exposure to the hot sun during the morning.

These notes are sufficient to indicate the nature of Chinese life in a "fast-boat."

During the three weeks spent at Macao on this occasion I enjoyed the generous hospitality which is characteristic of its foreign residents. Dinner and evening parties were frequent.

Beggars are very numerous in this town, and annoying often by their importunity. One day a crowd of them had gathered about our door, and amused us by scrambling for "cash"—a small coin of which 1400 are equal to a dollar—thrown amongst them from the second story windows. The sport to us was increased by the simple expedient of heating these "cash" over the fire, and tossing them into the street, almost red hot. When picked up, being too hot to hold they were instantly dropped, to be again seized by another of the scramblers, who also instantly relinquished the prize, to be grabbed by some other unsuspecting beggar, until, by passing through many hands in succession they became too cool to "burn in the pocket." Even those whose fingers were made to smart seemed to enjoy the sport; I am sure no one was seriously burned, and no one retired poorer than he came.

About the middle of the month of August the U. S. ship Plymouth anchored in the roadstead at Cumsing-moon, to remain during the hurricane season. On the 31st it commenced to blow freshly from the northward and eastward, and by ten o'clock P. M. the wind had increased to a very heavy typhoon, and continued to blow with increasing violence until daylight of the 1st September. It was then discovered that of twelve European and American vessels in the roads four were dismasted, one had foundered at her anchors, and the English brig Arrow and barque Emily had dragged on shore. Besides these, many Chinese vessels were lost, and numbers of persons were holding fast to fragments of wrecks tossed about on the sea.

As soon as boats could be risked, they

were manned by volunteers from the Plymouth, by order of Commander Godney, and sent to rescue the drowning, and succeeded in saving some thirty persons, amongst whom were a woman and three children. Attention was then directed to the wrecked vessels, and such aid as was required was freely given to them.

The brig Arrow was stranded very near to the shore, and by six o'clock P. M., between three and four thousand Chinese had assembled, it was presumed, for the purpose of plundering the vessel, which was known to contain a cargo of opium, said to be worth \$600,000. Had not the Plymouth been present and rendered assistance, all this property would have been lost, and probably the officers and crew of the Arrow would have been murdered. The cargo was transferred to the Plymouth, and the brig got afloat by the exertions of the officers and crew, under the general directions of Commander Godney.

For these services, as is usual in such cases, salvage, that is, a portion of the property rescued, was claimed.

Messrs. Jardine, Matheson & Co., the owners of the vessel and cargo saved, objected to the claim for salvage, that officers of the Navy of the United States cannot accept remuneration for assisting vessels in distress or derelict without infringing the rules of the naval service.

Such an objection implies that vessels in distress or derelict of whatever nation are entitled to the assistance of officers and privates of the Navy of the United States, under all circumstances, and not to render such assistance is to be negligent of their duty. There is no law which imposes upon those of the naval service an obligation, to save property exposed to loss by wreck, without such remuneration as is commonly paid to citizens under equal circumstances; but like other gallant men, they are ever ready to peril themselves to rescue the lives of those of their fellow beings who may be exposed to danger from shipwreck, without hope of other reward than self-approbation.

The right of officers and men of the Navy to claim salvage is based on the common law, and on the act, approved March 3rd, 1800, entitled "An act providing for salvage

in cases of recapture." This act provides that unarmed vessels or goods recaptured by any of the public armed vessels of the United States shall pay, in lieu of salvage, one-eighth part of the value thereof, and armed vessels recaptured are to pay one-fourth part of the value thereof, &c.; and this act further provides that moneys received for salvage shall be divided among officers and men in the same proportion as prize money.

The fifth section of an act approved April 23, 1800, and entitled "An act for the better government of the Navy of the United States," provides that all vessels and goods lawfully taken from an enemy shall be the property of the captors entirely or in part, according to circumstances of the capture. The distribution of prize-money is provided for in the sixth section of the same act.

The statutes, therefore, provide specifically that officers and privates of all grades in the Navy of the United States shall receive, as a reward and stimulant to exertion, the entire value of all vessels of superior force they may recapture; and one-half the value of those of inferior force. American vessels saved or rescued from the possession of a hostile military force are regarded as recaptures; and the captors are entitled, according to circumstances, to either one-fourth or at least one-eighth of their value.

It is clear that specific rates of salvage are established by law, for rescuing property from military jeopardy by military means. As there is no law which excludes officers and men in the naval service from the rights and privileges enjoyed by their fellow-citizens, it is equally clear that they are entitled to claim and receive salvage, in cases of rescue from the perils of the sea, under the laws and usages which govern the award of salvage to officers and men of private or unarmed ships of the United States.

The navy is maintained for the protection of commerce, both in peace and in war; but it is not to be supposed for such reason, that those employed in the navy are bound, at any hazard whatever, to assist merchant vessels without remuneration, merely for the purpose of saving expense to their owners. It is clearly not among the obligations of the government of the United States to furnish anchors, cables or whatever may be requir-

ed to save merchant vessels from shipwreck; or to supply spars and rigging and means of repair when damaged in storms, free of cost. Nor can it be shown that those of the naval service are bound to hazard life, or exert their mental and physical energies to protect owners of merchant-ships against pecuniary losses occasioned by shipwreck.

The rules observed by the navy of England on this point are applicable to the navy of the United States:

"But although by the law of England, there is an obligation upon King's ships to assist the merchant vessels of this country, still a King's ship may be entitled to an adequate reward for services performed by her.

"In the case of the *Lustre*, Finlay, value £1100, to the assistance of which, on the application of her owners, his Majesty's steamer *Dee* had been despatched by order of the Admiral at Portsmouth, upon the express stipulation and condition that the owners and underwriters would be answerable for the stores expended or damaged—it was alleged that this stipulation barred the officers and men from all claim to salvage. Sir John Nichol said, 'It is a mistake to suppose that the public force of the country is to be employed gratuitously in the service of private individuals, merely to save them from expense. These government steam vessels are kept for the public service, and the officers in command cannot employ them in the service of individuals, and thus risk the public property, without authority, or an indemnity for all expense and damage. Here there was a stipulation given by the Admiral at Portsmouth upon allowing the *Dee* to be so employed; but it has nothing to do with a reward for personal service; it was never so intended, and cannot on principle be so maintained. There might in the service have been a great exposure of life, and there was much of risk and labor. Why are officers and crews to hazard their lives or undergo labor to save the owners of merchant ships from the expense of hiring private steamers or resorting to other means? I am clearly of opinion that officers and men so employed, and who perform essential service, are entitled to reward as much as in the case of recapture. In that description

of cases, they receive less than the law gives to privateers; so here, the condition to reimburse all expenses in case of damage, is a reason for a less reward than when a steamer goes out on private risk and enterprize; the only question is the quantum: £100 is as little as I can give and the expenses.'

"In a subsequent case of salvage by a government steamer and two hundred men, it appeared that the *Ewell Grove* was in extreme danger on a shoal off Jamaica, where she had been for three days, when signals of distress brought the steamer to her assistance. In about eight hours afterwards, the *Ewell Grove* was moored in safety, and the next morning towed into Carlisle Bay. The court, on the value of £6000 gave £1200, and costs.

"And in the case of the *Wilsons*, Sir Stephen Lushington decreed that for personal risk and labor encountered in a salvage service, the officers and crews of King's ships were entitled to remuneration upon the same footing as other salvors.

"It is also a settled doctrine of the Court of Admiralty that no pilot is bound to go on board of a vessel in distress to render pilot service, for mere pilotage reward. If a pilot, being told he would receive pilotage only, refused to take charge of a vessel in that condition, he would be subjected to no censure, and if he did take charge of her he would be entitled to a salvage remuneration."*

The question whether officers and privates of a navy have a right to remuneration for salvage services is so interesting that I deem it proper to add to the above the following statements and opinions, which are enough to satisfy, even Messrs. Jardine & Co.

BROOKLYN, (N. Y.) Sept. 25, 1849.

Sir: Having observed in the public prints that Mr. Poussin the French Minister was very much shocked that Commander Carpenter should have claimed salvage for getting a French vessel off the reef near Vera Cruz, after she had been abandoned by her commander, I take the liberty to inform the Department that, in the early part of 1830, I was attached to the United States sloop-

of-war *Peacock*, and while lying at the island of Sacrificios, near Vera Cruz, in company with the French corvette *Ceres* and English brig-of-war *Fairy*, at daylight one morning we discovered a vessel on one of the reefs off that port with a signal of distress flying. Boats were immediately dispatched from the three vessels to render assistance. On arriving at the vessel, she proved to be the English brig *Ant*, from London, bound to Vera Cruz. After using every exertion, we could not succeed in getting her off. The captain of the brig seeing that it was a hopeless case, abandoned her, and requested that we should save the cargo, if possible. We commenced the work, and labored for three or four days. The officers and men, with the boats from the French corvette, saved goods to the amount of \$19,000; those from the English brig, \$23,000; and those from the *Peacock*, over \$100,000. We all received salvage, at the rate of 33 1/3 per cent, awarded by the court at Vera Cruz.

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,
S. H. STRINGHAM,
Captain U. S. Navy.

HON. WM. BALLARD PRESTON,
Secretary of the Navy, Washington.

About two years ago the brig *Active*, of Baltimore, on her passage from Brazil to the river Plata, run on a bank, and was rescued by a French vessel of war, and carried into Montevideo. Salvage to the amount of one-third of the value was demanded and received by the French cruiser.

Salvors have a lien on the property saved, and have a right to detain it till their compensation is paid.—2 W. Rob. 306, Smith's Merc. Law, 291, Abbot, 556.

In 1813, the British ship of war *Andromache* was allowed 1-24 of the ship *Louisa* and cargo, for towing her into port, being dismasted and otherwise in a distressed condition. This was in addition to a military salvage of one-eighth allowed to the same parties; and is referred to only as an early case of civil salvage allowed to a national vessel.

In 1823, the British sloop-of-war *Arad*, cruising for smugglers, fell in with and rendered valuable assistance to the ship *Mary Ann*, in great distress near the rocks, with a valuable cargo, and the officers and men of the *Arad* took her into a harbor and claimed salvage. It was objected that she was a national vessel and bound to assist. The salvors, however, were awarded by the Court of Admiralty one-tenth of the ship's cargo and freight.—1 Hag. 158.

The British ship-of-war *Dryad* was awarded £1,000 for services rendered to the *Poacher*, worth £53,600.—1 Dod. 317.

A brig got ashore on a shoal off Tenedos, and was towed off by a King's steamer. The owners of the ship offered £100 for the salvage of the ship. The owners of the cargo contended that the crew of a Queen's ship were not entitled to claim a reward for so slight a service. The Court decreed for the plaintiffs £100 for the ship and in the same proportion for the cargo.—Brit. Dig. 385.

A King's ship, the *Cygnat*, on the coast of Africa, met a merchant vessel, the master and part of the crew sick, and the mate incompetent to navigate her. The *Cygnat* was bound to Prince Edward's Island, and the commander put four men on board the merchantman, kept company with her, and occasionally took her in tow, till they got to Prince Edward's Island. He then allowed two men and a sailing-master to ship in her on wages and take her to England. She was worth £1,300, and the Court held that the commander was entitled to obtain

* Abbott on Shipping—A Treatise on the law relative to Merchant Ships and Seamen. In five parts. By Chas. Lord Tenterden. Late Chief Justice of England. The Seventh English Edition. By William Shee, Sergeant at Law. The Fifth American Edition, with the Notes of Mr. Justice Story, and additional annotations. By J. C. Perkins, Esq. Boston. 1846.

salvage on behalf of himself, his officers, and crew in respect of such service, and decreed £150. *Prich. Dig.* 385.

The ship-of-war *Thetis*, in 1833, sailed from Rio Janeiro with £810,000 of treasure, being private property. The day after sailing she struck on the coast of Brazil and sunk. The Admiral of the station and Captain Dickinson and the officers and crew of the ship of war *Lightning* and other vessels of war, with great exertions saved £157,000 sterling. They were awarded £17,000 salvage, which on appeal was increased to £29,000, and approved by the King in council.—(3 Hag. 14.)

In 1837, Lieutenant Roberts, with two boats and ten men of the Royal Coast Guard, rendered very effective services in saving the *Helene*, a foreign vessel. The amount awarded was £200 salvage, one-half of it to Lt. Roberts.—(3 Hag. 430.)

The Attorney General to Mr. Clayton.

ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE,
June 20, 1849.

Sir: In compliance with the request of your note of the 11th instant, I proceed to give you a more formal opinion than I have heretofore done upon the question some time since submitted to this office, in the case of the salvage claim, at one time made by Captain Carpenter, of the United States steamer *Iris*, in behalf of himself, officers and crew, for saving the French ship *Eugenie*, off Vera Cruz, whilst on the rock of El Riso, near the anchorage of Anton Lizardo, in 1848.

I do not understand that it is denied that the service rendered entitled the parties rendering it to salvage, except upon the ground that themselves and their vessel constituted a portion of the naval marine of the United States. Nor could such a denial have been made. The property saved was in the most imminent peril, and its destruction certain, but for the aid of Captain Carpenter and his men. It had every element of a salvage case, and, upon general principles, independent of the official character of the salvors, their title to such an allowance would have been perfectly clear. The single objection then to the claim was, and is, that they were a part of the naval marine of the United States. Is this a valid objection? I think not; and I propose to examine it briefly, first upon authority, and second, upon principle.

Unless there be, upon some ground of reciprocity, a different rule upon this subject, in relation to French vessels and property rescued from danger, under circumstances entitling to salvage, than exists in relation to American and other vessels and property, it will be found, upon authority, to be a perfectly plain question.

How is the law in England? Does there exist there any distinction between salvage service rendered by a public and private vessel, or to a domestic and a foreign vessel? There does not. This will be plain from the citation of a few cases: *First*, That the service is rendered by a public vessel. In the case of the *Gage*, (6 Rob. 273,) civil and military salvage were both decreed, and in the *Lord Nelson*, (1 Edwards 79,) civil salvage; in each, the service being rendered by English men-of-war, and the property saved being also English. No objection was intimated by the bar or bench to the claim because of the official character of the salvors—an omission utterly inconsistent with the existence there of a distinction in such cases between public and private vessels rendering salvage service. *Second*. Is the rule there a different one when the vessel and property saved are foreign, and not domestic? Clearly not.

In the case of the *Pensamento Feliz*, (Edwards 115,)

the vessel saved was Portuguese, and the claim actually made by the salvors was resisted, not upon that ground, or upon the ground of the public character of the salvors, but because the service was not of a military kind entitling to military salvage. In answer to this, Sir William Scott said: "Now, supposing it were clear that there was really no salvage of war, the effect of this objection would only be that I should put the parties to the expense of a new proceeding in the Instance Court. *There is no doubt that a Court of Admiralty has a general jurisdiction to reward services of this nature, and that the party would recover by action in the Instance Court.*"

He evidently considers the claim as perfectly clear, doubting only as to the character of the salvage to be awarded; that is, whether it should be military or civil. But the right to it, notwithstanding the salvors belonged to the naval service of England, and the property saved was foreign, was esteemed too plain for question.

I could multiply English cases if I thought it necessary. The objection, indeed, is nowhere, that I have been able to discover, suggested either in any English or American case, or by any English or American commentator. Nor is it necessary to cite but one American case. The *United States vs. the Amistad*, 15 Peters, 518. The facts, as far as this question is concerned, were these: The *Amistad*, a Spanish schooner, on the 27th June 1839, cleared from Havana, in Cuba, for *Puerto Principe*, in the same island, having on board Capt. Ferrer, and Ruiz and Montez, Spanish subjects, and fifty-four negroes. During the voyage the negroes rose, killed the captain, and took possession of the vessel. They spared the lives of Ruiz and Montez, on their engaging to aid in steering the schooner for Africa, or to a place where negro slavery did not exist. The negroes were, in this deceived, and the vessel steered for the United States, where she arrived off Long Island on the 26th of August, and anchored within half a mile of the shore. In this condition she was discovered by the *United States brig Washington*, Lieutenant *Gedney*. With the assistance of his officers and crew, he took possession of her and of the negroes, and brought them into the district of Connecticut, and there libelled vessel, cargo and negroes for salvage. The Spanish owners of the cargo filed their claim to it, and denied salvage. The District Court decreed it to Lieut. *Gedney*, his officers and crew, to the amount of one-third of the value of vessel and cargo, rejecting it for the negroes; and the owners of the cargo appealed to the Circuit Court. That Court affirmed *pro forma* the decree, and the case was brought to the Supreme Court of the United States. There were many other questions growing out of facts which I have not stated, because they have no bearing upon the one I am considering. It will be seen that, as far as that question is involved, the case is directly in point. The property saved, vessel and cargo, were foreign, and the salvors a portion of the naval marine of the United States, on board a public vessel of the United States. It was even stronger in this, that there the United States themselves intervened, maintaining that it was their duty, under the treaty with Spain of the 27th October, 1795, as continued in 1819 and 1821, to have the property delivered *entire* to the Spanish owners, without any abatement for salvage, or any other claim. The then Attorney General, Mr. Gilpin, concludes his opening argument by saying that "the Court below has erred, because it has not decreed any part of the property to be delivered entire, &c. From the vessel and cargo it has deducted the salvage, diminishing them by that amount." But neither in the Court above nor below was the title to salvage contested, ex-

cept upon the ground of the supposed treaty obligation to restore Spanish property in the condition in which this was found. It was not pretended that any objection to it existed in the public character of the salvors or of their vessel. In giving the opinion of the Supreme Court, Mr. Justice Story says: "No question has been here made as to the proprietary interests in the vessel and cargo. It is admitted that they belong to *Spanish subjects*, and that they ought to be restored. The only point on this head is, whether the restitution ought to be *on the payment of salvage or not*."—(15 Peters, 592.) And after examining the other questions which the case presented, he concludes the point of salvage in these words: "As to the claim of Lieut. Gedney for his salvage service, it is understood that the United States do not now desire to interpose any obstacle to the allowance of it, if it is deemed reasonable by the Court. It was a highly meritorious and useful service to the proprietors of the ship and cargo, and such as by the general principles of maritime law is always deemed a just foundation for salvage. The rate allowed by the Court, (being, as stated, one-third the value) does not seem to us to have been beyond the exercise of a sound discretion, under the very peculiar and embarrassing circumstances of the case." And the decree as to that was accordingly affirmed. This must be held to be conclusive upon the proposition. The point was distinctly made, and distinctly decided. It is not, therefore, with us an open question, nor indeed, upon the pretensions upon which I understand it to be resisted in the case of Captain Carpenter, (the public character of the salvors,) was it, in England or the United States, ever doubted. In the case of the *Amistad* that character existed, as also the foreign ownership of the saved property; and it was in relation to service so rendered, to property so owned, that the Court said that it was "*such as by the general principle of maritime law is always deemed a just foundation for salvage*."

The doctrine upon the subject is therefore obviously the same with us as in England, or, to use the language of Story, in his edition of *Abbot on Shipping*, page 397, No. 1, "the general principles as to the allowance of salvage are the same in American as in English jurisprudence."

The only point, therefore, that could possibly arise in the present case is, whether we have a different rule in regard to the salvage of French property. I can find none stated or intimated any where. The rule I hold, then, to be universal in the United States, that salvage service rendered by the naval marine of the United States is to be compensated in like manner as that rendered by the private marine.

And this brings me to inquire, secondly, *How* should the rule be upon principle?

That the public policy of all nations should encourage a service of this description is manifest. Safety of life and property demand it, and the experience of the commercial world recommends it to universal adoption. It is the end to be attained which entitles it to and secures to it public favor, irrespective of the character of the means by which it is accomplished. The former addresses itself with persuasive influence to all. That end, as life and property are dear, is, if possible, to be secured, and all fair and lawful means to effect it are consequently to be encouraged. Why, then, is it that the officers of public armed vessels are not to have the same incentive to exertions necessary to the end with others? Are they under any other special obligation to do such deeds of kindness and humanity? The officer and the citizen are alike impelled to such service by general considerations of social duty. But the law has deemed it

wise to add to the incentive of mere duty that of pecuniary reward. The service is often attended with great peril, and the experience of the world has proved that it should be stimulated by the prospect of pecuniary compensation. In the language of Sir William Scott in the case of the *Louisa Dodson*, 318, "and, though it is certainly the duty of the King's ships to afford assistance to all his Majesty's subjects whom they may meet with in distress, yet I do not know that it is incumbent upon them, at the hazard perhaps of their lives, and without any prospect of reward, to take charge of a ship in a sinking state. Any hesitation in affording assistance might be of dangerous consequence to the property of persons so circumstanced, and it is therefore proper, for the encouragement of prompt and signal exertions on the part of King's officers and men to hold out to them the prospect of reward."

The whole doctrine rests, in truth, upon an enlarged policy, and from its very nature must be irrespective of the private or public character of the salvors. In the words of Chief Justice Marshall, in the case of *Mason et al. vs. Ship Blaireau*, 2 *Cranch* 240—a French vessel by-the-by, rescued from danger by the claimants of salvage—"the allowance of a very ample compensation for these services (one very much exceeding the mere risk encountered and labor employed in assisting them) is attended as an inducement to render them, which it is for the public interests and for the general interests of humanity to hold forth to those who navigate the ocean."

If such considerations be well founded—and who can doubt it?—it might prove a perilous experiment for France to adopt the rule, and obtain its recognition by the other nations of the world, that no salvage shall be allowed those who might rescue French life and property upon the ocean from impending destruction.

There is, however, no such rule now existing, and I am therefore very clear in the opinion that the case before me was one for salvage.

I have the honor to be, &c.

REVERDY JOHNSON.

HON. JOHN M. CLAYTON,
Secretary of State.

Messrs. Jardine, Matheson & Co. objected also to the rate of salvage claimed on the *Arrow* and cargo, because it would give to the salvors an aggregate far greater, in their opinion, than the value of the services rendered; and therefore urged that the amount of remuneration should not be proportionate to the value of the property rescued, but proportionate only to the toil and personal risk of the salvors. They urged that the claim for salvage on the vessel should be distinct from the claim for salvage on the cargo, because the rate claimed on the vessel should be based on the labor and time expended in getting her afloat; but the rate on the cargo should be very much reduced, for the reason that it was jeopardized in the port of its destination, and had only to be transhipped in boats from the site of danger to the "receiving vessels." Their argument is that property saved when far

from the residence of its owners is worth more than when rescued from loss at their very doors, and consequently should pay a higher rate of salvage in proportion to the distance it may be from its proprietors.

They also objected to salvage in the case of the British brig Arrow, because salvage had not been claimed in the American brig Eagle, which vessel was stranded at the same time. Why salvage was not claimed in the case of the American brig Eagle is not apparent; but the neglect in this case is not in itself conclusive against the claim on account of the Arrow.

The salvors might have urged that they were entitled to higher rate of salvage, because the property saved was a contraband in the port where endangered, and that saving opium from destruction was contrary to the spirit of the Chinese law, which neither party had a right to disregard. It might have been viewed as confiscated, and that the captors were entitled to the whole.

In saving the opium contained in the Arrow and in the Eagle, assistance was given to smugglers, which, in a moral point of view, they were not entitled to receive.

The case was decided by an arbitration, which gave a gross sum of \$15,000 to the salvors, and \$500 for salvage expenses.

The character given to the Chinese by Christian writers seems to me untruthful as a whole, though, I doubt not individual conduct may be found to sustain the statements made. It is not easy to view misbelievers without a bias, to see in them those virtues, when they exist, which we are too ready to suppose belong exclusively to Christian men. I have been quixotic enough to seek for truth; but I have not sufficient presumption to assert that I have found it. The following extracts and comments upon them will exhibit to the reader:

THE CHARACTER GIVEN TO THE CHINESE BY FOREIGNERS.

"The responsibility of the writer (of official edicts) in a measure ceases with the promulgation of his orders, and when they reach the last in the series, their efficiency has well nigh departed. Expediency is the usual guide for obedience; deceiving superiors and oppressing the people, the rule of action on the part of officials; and their orders do not more strikingly exhibit their weakness and ignorance, than their mendacity and conceit."—Vol. 1 p. 375.—*Middle Kingdom*.

"During the last war with England, fear of punishment induced many of the subordinates to commit suicide when unable to execute their orders, and the same motive impelled their superiors to avoid the wrath of the Emperor in the same way. The hong-merchants and linguists at Canton, during the old regime, were constantly liable to exactions and punishments for the acts of their foreign customers from the operation of this principle. One of them, Seru-hing, was put in prison and ruined because Lord Napier came to Canton from Whampoa in the boat of a ship he had 'secured' [become security for] several weeks before, and the linguist and pilot were banished, for allowing what they could not possibly have hindered, even if they had known it."—*Ib.* p. 383.

The inference from this last paragraph is surely different from that to be drawn from the preceding one. If punishment so severe in its character as to render suicide preferable to its endurance, be inflicted for disobedience, something more than mere expediency must be the guide for obedience. Mr. Williams contradicts himself—

"In comparison with other Asiatic nations, the Chinese have made distinguished attainments in general intelligence, and in good government so far as security of life and property goes, and the tone of public opinion is more in favor of morality and sobriety than among their neighbors. The deficiencies consist mostly in those things which Christianity alone can supply, and until that comes to their aid they cannot be expected to advance. It is a remarkable thing that the writings of Confucius and his disciples should have been regarded with such reverence; and we are disposed to look upon their teachings as sustained and invigorated by the all-wise Governor of nations for his own gracious designs, more directly than perhaps second causes would lead us to conclude. 'The Chinese student, not being secured from error by the light of revealed religion, can only derive his moral precepts from his school learning. He is certainly therefore fortunate in the possession of a body of ancient national literature, which, while it cultivates his taste and improves his understanding, contains nothing to influence his passions or corrupt his heart. The Chinese are not compelled, as we are, upon the authority of great names, and for the sake of the graces of style and language to place in the hands of their youth, works containing passages which put modesty to the blush—works in which the most admirable maxims of morality are mixed and confounded together in the same page with avowals and descriptions of the most disgusting licentiousness. The writings which the Chinese put into the hands of their youthful students are in this respect wholly unexceptionable.'" This testimony is unimpeachable."—*Ib.* p. 435.

"The examples of filial piety contained in it (a work by Chu Hi) are more interesting to a foreigner than the minute directions about intercourse and behavior. Still these last all go to form Chinese character, and give it that development which makes it the strange compound of ignorance and scholastic erudition, the union of cruelty and politeness, of condescension and contempt, of civilization and barbarism, which it really is."—*Ib.* p. 539.

"Those who have been educated are generally remarkably fond of books; and though there are no public libra-

* Description of the city of Canton—1839. This work is attributed to the pen of the Rev. Mr. Bridgeman.

ries in Canton, yet the establishments for manufacturing and vending books are numerous. And to supply those who are unable to purchase for themselves the works they need, a great number of circulating libraries are kept constantly in motion. But almost all of these books are bad; this charge, however, does not lie with equal force against those works which usually constitute the text books of literary men."—*Description of the city of Canton.*

"Beggars find their lodgings in the porches or temples, or the sides of the streets, and nestle together in their rags for mutual warmth. This class of people is under the care of a headman, who, with the advice of the elders and constables, apportions them in the separate neighborhoods. During the day, they go from one house or shop door to another, and receive their allotted stipend, which cannot be less than one 'cash' to each person; they sit in the doorway and sing a ditty or beat their clap-dishes and sticks to attract attention, and if the shop-keeper has no customers, he lets them keep up their cries, for he knows the longer they are detained at the door, so much the more time will elapse before they come again to his shop. Many of them are blind and all of them present a sickly appearance, their countenance begrimed with dirt, and *furrowed by sorrow and suffering*. The areas before the temples and the vicinity of markets are the resort of numbers, and there too they die by scores from disease and starvation, *presenting an affecting illustration of the cold indifference heathenism exhibits towards the distress of the poor*. Many persons give the headman a dollar or more per month to purchase exemption from the daily importunity of the beggars; and families about to perform house warming, a marriage, or funeral, and newly arrived junks, are obliged to fee him to get rid of the clamorous and loathsome crowd."—*The Middle Kingdom*, vol. 2, p. 16.

The author of "The Middle Kingdom" here bears testimony to the sensibility of the Chinese; he says their countenances are "furrowed by sorrow and suffering," but expresses an opinion that the Chinese are indifferent "to the distress of the poor," because they are heathens, that is, not members of the Christian community. If the Chinese are totally indifferent to the distresses of beggars, why have they placed them under regulations which permit importunity till shopmen and others bestow a gratuity of at least one "cash;" until this be given the beggar may besiege the shop or house door as long as he pleases, without fear of personal chastisement; but when the "cash" is bestowed he must retreat. It might be inferred from this custom or regulation being sanctioned by public opinion, that the charity of the Chinese affords considerable toleration for beggars, some of whom at least, "go from one house or shop door to another and receive their *allotted stipend*." Then again, "The King of the Beggars" assigns his subjects to different beats or wards every day; and in their behalf levies a kind of "black

mail" on those who are willing to pay rather than suffer the annoyance of importunity.

My own personal observation in Canton is, that although the beggars are numerous, they are not more loathsome or importunate to strangers than their miserable brethren in London or New York. The Christianity of a nation or large community, does not exempt people from sorrow, poverty, beggary, or starvation, nor afford less "affecting illustration of the cold indifference," in many instances, men of all creeds and nations exhibit towards the distress of the poor. Look at travellers' accounts of Italy and its most holy city; or France, Spain, Portugal, England, Ireland, and even of New York, and learn whether death by starvation, or suicide induced by hopeless poverty be not recorded; whether hordes of beggars are not seen in all the great cities of Christian Europe with as much cold indifference by their respective countrymen, as the beggars of Canton by the natives of the Middle Kingdom. Want of sympathy with those afflicted by poverty may be charged both on heathenism and Christianity; but to the latter it is surely a greater reproach, because the precepts of our Saviour inculcate a different practice. "Remove the beam from thine own eye, before thou touch the mote in that of thy neighbour."

Listen to what an Englishman relates of England.

"It was dark before he reached Winchester, and he was obliged to go to an inn, which did not very well suit with his finances. He had such a supper as his humble means would afford, paid for it, and desired to be shown to his bed. The landlady replied there was no bed there for such as him; and he was actually forced, with terms of abuse, to turn out of an inn where there was not a single bed-room occupied, at ten o'clock at night, in the month of December. After wandering about the streets for some time in search of a lodging, he had length got shelter for the night in a small house at the skirt of the town. It is affecting to read of such things; but we allude to them here, in the hope of serving an useful purpose. We find this entry in his notes: 'On Sunday morning I was sixty-four miles from London, and had only one shilling in my pocket. I was hungry, but I durst not eat—thirsty, and I durst not drink, for fear of being obliged to lie all night at the side of a hedge, in a cold night in December. After dark I travelled over Bagshot, was denied admittance into some of the public-houses and ill-used in others. He requested the shelter of a barn at a farm house near the road, but was met with a surly negative.' At another place our Biographer says—"At Nice the people refused him a lodging, while they thought him to be a German; but

when they understood him to be an Englishman, gave him the best apartment in the house, and the best of every thing."

"The laws forbid the marriage of a brother's widow, of a father's or grandfather's wife, or a father's sister under the penalty of death; and the like punishment is inflicted upon whoever seizes the wife or daughter of a freeman and carries them away to marry them.

"These regulations not only put honor upon marriage, but render it more common among the Chinese than almost any other people, thereby preventing a vast train of evils. The tendency of unrestrained desire to throw down the barriers to the gratification of lust must not be lost sight of; and as no laws on this subject can be effectual unless the common sense of a people approve of them, the Chinese, by separating the sexes in general society, have removed a principal provocation to sin, and by compelling young men to fulfil the marriage contract of their parents, have also provided a safeguard against debauchery at the age when youth is most tempted to indulge, and when indulgence would most strongly disincline them to marry at all. They have, moreover, provided for the undoubted succession of the inheritance, by disallowing more than one wife; and yet have granted men the liberty they would otherwise take, and which immemorial usage in Asiatic countries has sanctioned. They have done as well as they could in regulating a difficult matter, and better on the whole, perhaps, than in most other unchristianized countries. If any one supposes, however, that because these laws exist, sins against the seventh commandment are uncommon in China, he will be mistaken as those who infer that because the Chinese are pagans, nothing like modesty, purity, affection, or love, exists between the sexes.

"When a girl 'spills the tea,' that is, loses her intended husband by death, public opinion honors her if she refuse a second engagement; and instances are cited of young ladies committing suicide, rather than contract a second marriage. They sometimes leave their father's house and live with the parents of the affianced husband as if they had been really widows. It is considered reproachful for widows to marry."—*The Middle Kingdom*, vol. ii, p. 61.

If a wife elopes and marries, she is to be strangled.

A young lady, "having heard of the worthless character of her intended, carried a bag of money with her in the sedan, [in which she is carried to the groom,] and when they retired after the ceremonies were over, thus addressed him: 'Touch me not; I am resolved to abandon the world and become a nun. I shall this night cut off my hair. I have saved \$200, which I give you; with half you can purchase a concubine, and with the rest enter on some trade. Be not lazy and thrifless. Hereafter remember me.' Saying this she cut off her hair, and her husband and kindred fearing suicide if they opposed her, acquiesced, and she returned to her father's house. Such cases are not uncommon, and young ladies implore their parents to rescue them in this or some other way from the sad fate which awaits them"—*Id.* p. 64.

"True politeness, exhibited in an unaffected regard for the feelings of others, cannot, of course, be taught by rules merely; but a great degree of urbanity and kindness is every where shown, whether owing to the naturally placable disposition of the people, or to the effects

of their early instruction in the forms of politeness. Whether in the crowded and narrow thoroughfares, the village green, the bustling market, the jostling ferry, or the thronged procession,—wherever the people are assembled promiscuously, good humor and courtesy are observable; and when altercations do arise, wounds or serious injuries seldom ensue, although from the furious clamor one would imagine half the crowd were in danger of their lives.—*Id.*, p. 68.

"Combats between crickets are contested with great spirit, and tubfuls of them are caught in the autumn and sold in the streets to supply gamblers. Two well chosen combatants are put into a basin and irritated with a straw, until they rush upon each other with the utmost fury, chirruping as they make the onset, and the battle seldom ends without a tragical result in loss of life or limb. Quails are also trained to mortal combat; two are placed on a ruled table, on which a handful of millet has been strown, and as one picks up a kernel, the other flies at him with beak, claws and wings, and the struggle is kept up till one retreats by hopping into the hands of his disappointed owner. Hundreds of dollars are occasionally betted upon these cricket or quail fights, which, if not as sublime, are perhaps less inhuman than the pugilistic fights and bull-baits of Christian countries, while both show the same brutal love of sport at the expense of life."—*Id.*, p. 90.

"The absence of some of the violent and gladiatorial sports of other countries, and of the adjudication of doubtful questions by ordeals or duels; the general dislike to a resort to force, their inability to cope with enemies of vastly less resources and number, and the comparative disesteem of warlike achievements, all indicate the peaceful traits of Chinese character. Duels are unknown, assassinations are infrequent, betting on horseraces is still to begin, and 'running a muck' à la Malay, is unheard of; and when two persons fall out upon a matter, after a vast variety of gesture and huge vociferation of opprobrium, they will blow off their wrath, and separate almost without touching each other."—*Id.*, p. 91.

"While their contrarieties indicate a different external civilization, a slight acquaintance with their morals proves their similarity to their fellow men in the lineaments of a fallen and depraved nature. As among other people, the lights and shadows of virtue and vice are blended in their character and the degree of advancement they have made while destitute of the great encouragements offered to perseverance in well doing in the Bible, afford grounds for hoping that when they are taught out of that book, they will receive it as the rule of their conduct. Some of the better traits of their character have been remarkably developed. They have attained, by the observance of peace and good order, to high a degree of security for life and property; the various classes of society are linked together in a remarkably homogeneous manner by the diffusion of education and property, and equality of competition for office; and receives its just reward of food, raiment and shelter, with a uniformity which encourages its constant exertion.

Education has strengthened and disseminated the morality they had, and God has blessed their filial piety by making their days long in the land which he has given them."—*Id.*, p. 92.

"With a general regard for outward decency, they are vile and polluted in a shocking degree; their conversation is full of filthy expressions and their lives of impure acts. They are somewhat restrained in the latter by the fences put around the family circle, so that seduction and adultery are comparatively infrequent, the former may

* Life of Dr. Robert Jackson,—prefixed to a View of the Formation, Discipline and Economy of Armies By the late Robert Jackson, M. D. Inspector-General of Army Hospitals. London. 1845.

even be said to be rare; but brothels and their inmates occur every where on land and water."—*Id.* p. 96.

How does Canton differ in this respect from Paris or New York. See the work of Parent du Châtellet—

"More unradicable than the sins of the flesh is the falsity of the Chinese, and its attendant sin of base ingratitude; their disregard of truth has perhaps done more to lower their character in the eyes of Christendom than any other fault. They feel no shame at being detected in a lie, though they have not gone quite so far as not to know when they do lie, nor do they fear any punishment from their gods from it."—*Id.*, p. 96.

Our author here charges "base ingratitude" among the national traits of Chinese character. On page 574, vol. 1, he gives a translation of an "extemporaneous sonnet, written by MA, a gentleman of respectable literary attainments, who was successfully operated upon for cataract in Dr. Parker's Ophthalmic Hospital at Canton. This effort at least sprang from gratitude; I give the concluding verses—

"With grateful heart, with heaving breast, with feelings flowing o'er,
I cried, 'O lead me quick to him who can the sight restore!
To kneel I tried, but he forbade; and forcing me to rise,
'To mortal man bend not the knee;' then pointing to the skies:—

"'I'm but,' said he, 'the workman's tool, another's is the hand;
Before his might, and in his sight, men, feeble, helpless stand:
Go, virtue learn to cultivate, and never thou forget
That for some works of future good thy life is spared thee yet!"

"The off'ring, token of my thanks, he refused; nor would he take
Silver or gold, they seemed as dust; 'tis but for virtue's sake
His works are done. His skill divine I ever must adore,
Nor lose remembrance of his name till life's last day is o'er.

"Thus have I told in these brief words, this learned doctor's praise,
Well does his worth deserve that I should tablets to him raise."

Other instances of Chinese gratitude for benefits received at the hands of physicians are recorded by our author, vol. ii, p. 345; but he mentions no case of Chinese ingratitude. In his reports of the Ophthalmic Hospital, Canton, Dr. Parker notices many instances of lively expression of gratitude by the Chinese patients.

The charge of mendacity does not belong

exclusively to the Chinese. There must be truthful men in a community in which there are no lawyers by profession—by the very existence of this sign of civilization the Chinese would be so, although we find them in possession of none of the institutions which are supposed to belong only to civilized nations of Christendom. The Chinese have a literature, learned men; religion, temples for public worship, and priests; laws and judges, no lawyers; taverns, tea-gardens, gambling-shops, restaurants and brothels; foundlings, hospitals, jails, and places for decollation; business-brokers, bandits, pirates, money-changers and slaves; theatres, bill-sticks, and mountebanks; druggists, doctors, quacks; and last, not least, "newsboys" vending the Peking Gazette or the last new novel. Where more has Christian Paris, or enlightened England?

But to return: I hope the general charge of mendacity is exaggerated. When, during the Opium War, the negotiation for the ransom of the city of Canton was settled without any written document: Howqua pledged his word to Commissioner Elliot that six millions of dollars should be paid for the city, and Elliot was satisfied. It was long afterwards a source of gratification to Howqua that Elliot had not doubted his word on that occasion; and when he urged his fellow hong-merchants to bring forth the money, he said to one of them who manifested some reserve, "Howqua has promised to pay; his word must be redeemed. His arguments were not urged by representations of the sufferings and calamities which must befall the city if the money were not paid; it was, "Howqua has promised!" That was worthy the best days of Pagan Rome, and is surely some proof that truth is recognized as a virtue in the Middle Kingdom. It is true Howqua was a remarkable man. It is related of him that some years ago, he called on a late merchant of Philadelphia then resident in Canton, and said, "Mr. I hear you want they go America side catch wifo—you litty olo, now; why you no go

"How can I, Mr. Howqua? You have my notes for \$80,000; just now I have the money to take them up."

Howqua drew from his sleeve, (the pocket of the Chinese,) these notes, tore them

deposited the fragments in a spittoon, saying, "Now, Mr. —, you can go so soon you please."

The Philadelphian was moved of course by such an act of generous confidence. He left Canton. Some years afterwards, a vessel arrived at Whampoa and brought a barrel of hams, and several packages directed to Howqua. The agent told Howqua these had been sent as a present from Mr. —, of Philadelphia. "What man, that?" "Mr. —." "That man forget my, ten year: I forget he: make sendy that thing, *all-a*, back to he." Both Howqua and the merchant have paid nature's debt; the Christian merchant although he had not paid Howqua, was distinguished before his death for liberally giving bills and other things to the church from his ample means. And the Pagan Howqua gave gratuitously a lease of the building occupied as the Ophthalmic Hospital in Canton, and this "gratuitous lease," says Dr. Parker in his 14th report, "granted by his aged and distinguished father, has been, and still is, continued by his estimable son," young Howqua.

"The facilities and security of commerce in a country are among the best indices of its government being administered, on the whole, in a tolerably just manner, and on those principles which give the mechanic, farmer and merchant a good prospect of reaping the fruits of their industry. This security is afforded to China to a considerable degree, and is one of the most satisfactory proofs, amidst all the corruptions, extortions, injustice, and depravity seen in their courts and in society at large, that the people on the whole receive and enjoy the rewards of industry. Tranquillity may often be owing to the strong arm of power, but trade, manufactures, voyages and large commercial enterprizes must remunerate those who undertake them, or they cease. The Chinese are eminently a trading people; their merchants are acute, methodical, sagacious and enterprising, not over-scrupulous as to their mercantile honesty in small transactions, but in large dealings exhibiting that regard for character in the fulfilment of their obligations, which extensive commercial engagements usually produce. The roguery and injustice which an officer of the government may commit without disgrace, would blast a merchant's reputation, and he enters into the largest transactions with confidence, being guarantied in his engagements by a system of mercantile security and responsibility, which is more effectual than legal sanctions."—*The Middle Kingdom*, vol. ii, p. 396-7.

The author seems to examine the practical details of the Chinese government, as one would a great steam engine whose attention is so much attracted by the greasy drippings around the packing boxes and jour-

nals of the machine, or the jarring sounds of its action, that he does not appreciate its value and the harmonious adaptation of its several parts.

The author does not mean, it is presumed, that the same man who would "not be over-scrupulous" in petty dealings, would be strictly honest in large transactions?

"The integrity and fair dealing of the hong-merchants and great traders at Canton, is in advance of the usual mercantile honesty of their countrymen. A Chinese requires but little motive to falsify, and he is constantly sharpening his wits to cozen his customer, wheedle him by promises and cheat him in goods or work. There is nothing which tries one so much when living among them as their disregard of truth, and renders him so indifferent as to what calamities befall so mendacious a race; an abiding impression of suspicion rests upon the mind towards every body, which chills the warmest wishes for their welfare and thwarts many a plan to benefit them."

Middle Kingdom, vol. ii., p. 97.

Business is conducted in Canton to a great extent, if not entirely, on honor, without written pledges of any kind being asked or given, except among Europeans. There are very few instances known of failure on the part of Chinese to comply with their contracts; perhaps there are as many failures on the part of Christian merchants trading with them.

When a mercantile house or firm is established in Canton, among the first things is to appoint a *Cómprador*, a Chinaman, who is, in fact, the cashier and treasurer, paying and receiving teller of the establishment. He is appointed simply on his reputation for integrity; he gives no bond or any available security; yet on inquiry I do not learn there is any instance of a defaulting Chinese *Cómprador*—not one reported as having "gone to Texas." The *Cómprador* engages the servants of the house and guaranties their honesty; among these, the number found to be dishonest is few compared with the same class in other countries. He acts as steward and butler also. The *Cómprador* receives no salary, but depends for remuneration a small discount from bills paid by him, which is at the cost of the receiver. Should a *Cómprador* abscond, bearing away the contents of the treasure vault, which not unfrequently, in large mercantile houses, contains \$100,000 or more in silver and gold, at a time, and sit down within the city walls, pursuit would be fruitless. Should the municipal government attempt to

find him, the chances are still in favor of escape.

I have heard it stated, too, more than once, that the stevedores, laborers and others employed in the service of merchant vessels at Whampoa, are more honest and faithful on the whole than the same classes in the United States. Sailors in China fare quite as well as in other parts of the world frequented by them, for wherever they land, "land-sharks" are sure to be found on the alert, to cheat or otherwise maltreat them.

That there is an abundance of rogues of every description amongst the Chinese, I have no doubt, but I believe they are no worse than the so-called Christian nations of the West.

Whether the expression I have italicised in the above quotation is a *lapsus linguæ v. pennæ* or not, it does not become the pen of a Christian missionary. He surely is not ignorant that perjury is among the crimes of Christian nations? Can Christians or philanthropists feel indifferent to the fate, to the calamities of a people, of a heathen people, because the cowardly habit of lying exists amongst them, because of a flaw in their morality? To the presumed want of religion and morals amongst the Chinese, Christian missionaries here are indebted for employment; and their incentive to labor should be in proportion to the depravity they encounter?

"Thieving is exceedingly common, and the illegal exactions of the rulers are burdensome. This vice, too, is somewhat restrained by the punishments inflicted on criminals, though the root of the evil is not touched. While the licentiousness of the Chinese may be in part ascribed to their ignorance of pure intellectual pleasures, and the want of virtuous female society, so may their lying be attributed partly to their truckling fear of officers, and their thievery to the want of sufficient food or work.

"Hospitality is not a trait of their character; on the contrary, the number and wretched condition of the beggars show that public and private charity is almost extinct; yet here too, the sweeping charge must be modified when we remember the efforts they make to sustain their relatives and families in so densely peopled a country." *Id.*, p. 97.

What necessary connection exists between hospitality, kindness to guests and strangers, and private and public charity, the giving of alms to paupers? Men accept hospitality who would scorn public or private charity?

"This brief sketch of Chinese religious character will be incomplete without some notice of the benevolent in-

stitutions found amongst them. Good acts are considered proofs of sincerity; the classics teach benevolence, and the religious books and tracts of the Buddhists inculcate compassion to the poor and relief of the sick. Private alms of rice or clothes are frequently given, and householders pay a constant poor tax in their donations to the beggars quartered in their neighborhood. There is a foundling hospital in Canton, founded in 1698, containing accommodations for about 300 children; its annual expenses are not far from \$3,500, a good part of which used to be filched (?) from foreigners by a tax on their shipping. A retreat for poor, aged and infirm, or blind people, is situated near it, the expenses of which are stated at about \$7,000, but the number of persons relieved is not mentioned. The peculation and bad faith of the managers vitiate many of these institutions, and indispose the charitable to patronise them. A translation* of the annual report of the Foundling Hospital at Shanghai established in 1707, opens with Yungching's rescript of approbation accompanying his donation, and a tablet he sent to it in 1725; and then follows a preface succeeded by a regular report. In this the people are exhorted to subscribe an institution conducted with so much order and energy, and which emperors and empresses have sanctioned and supported."—*The Middle Kingdom*, vol. ii, p. 280.

"The names of distinguished benefactors are recorded, and the report concludes by an appeal for funds, as the institution is nearly out of money. Various modes of raising supplies are proposed, and arguments are brought forward to induce people to give; the appeal ends with the following, which would answer almost equally well for the report of a charitable institution in Western lands.

"If, for the extension of kindness to our fellow-creatures, and to those poor and destitute who have no father and mother, all the good and benevolent would daily give one cash, (1—1100th of a dollar,) it would be sufficient for the maintenance of the foundlings one day. Let no one consider a small good unmeritorious, nor a small subscription as of no avail. Either you may induce others to subscribe by the vernal breeze from your mouth, or you may nourish the blade of benevolence in the field of happiness, or cherish the already sprouting bud. Thus, by taking advantage of opportunities as they present themselves, and using your endeavors to accomplish your object, you may immeasurably benefit and extend the institution."

"Similar establishments are found in all large towns, some of them partly supported by the government; all of them seem to be of modern origin, less than two centuries old, and may have been imitated from, or suggested by, the Romanists."—*Id.*, p. 282.

These statements indicate that compassion for the poor and helpless does exist among the Chinese; and that there is both public and private charity exercised to a considerable extent, although it may be inadequate to succor all who are needy and afflicted. In what part of the world is the number of charitable institutions large enough to relieve all the indigence arising from vice, poverty and disease? The field of benevolence is inexhaustible, even in Christian lands, where the

* Chinese Repository, Vol. XIV, pp. 177—195.

precepts of our Saviour are not as extensively practised as they might be.

"Oh that some power the giftie'd gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us."

National self-valuation generally, if not universally, tends to run up very high; while the national judgment tends to estimate other nations as inferior. In the case of the English and Chinese, who have been recently in contact, it is amusing to contrast what they say of each other.

In the opinion of Dr. D. McPherson, of the Madras Army, who has published a very faulty account of what he saw:—In the opinion of Dr. McPherson "the true character of the Chinese, taken in a public point of view," is as follows: "Haughty, cruel, and hypocritical, they despise all other nations but their own; they regard themselves as faultless, [so do all nations.] Next to the son of heaven, a true Chinaman thinks himself the greatest man in the world, and China, beyond all comparison, to be the most civilized, the most learned, the most fruitful, the most ancient—in short, the only country in the world. [The Chinese invariably apply similar remarks to the English nation.] They style all foreigners barbarians, and they tell them, 'We can do without you, but you can not do without us; if your country is so good, why do you come here for tea and rhubarb?'"

As far as relates to the English this is quite correct; the Chinese are not dependent on them for supplies of any kind.

"In private life they excel many other nations. Here indeed do we find a direct contrast to the character given of them by the world. There are no castes among them, consequently the great barrier between man and man, so generally subsisting among eastern nations, is altogether done away with, and the passing stranger is at all times welcome to partake of the poorest man's fare." Here is a witness, a transient visiter, testifying to the hospitality of the Chinese, in the face of Mr. Williams, who has been a resident for twelve years!

* Two Years in China. Narrative of the Chinese Expedition from its formation in April, 1840, to the treaty of peace in August, 1842. By D. McPherson, M. D. Madras Army. Attached to the service of his Highness the Nizam, and lately with the 37th Grenadier Regiment in China. Second edition. 8 vo. pp. 391. London. 1843.

The following sentences are indicative of the opinion held of the English by the Chinese.

"There is a building at Canton called the Ming-lun Tang, or Free Discussion Hall, where political matters are discussed under the knowledge of government, which rather tries to mould than put them down, for the assistance of such bodies, rightly managed, in carrying out their intentions, is considerable, while discontent would be roused if they were forcibly suppressed. In October, 1842, meetings were held in this hall, at one of which a public manifesto was issued,"* from which I quote such sentences as express the opinion of the Chinese of the English.

"Wherefore peace being now settled in the country, ships of all lands come, distant though they be from this, for many a myriad of miles; and of all the foreigners on the south and west there is not one but what enjoys the highest peace and contentment, and entertains the profoundest respect and submission.

"But there is that English nation: whose ruler is now a woman and then a man, its people at one time like birds and then like beasts, with dispositions more fierce and furious than the tiger or wolf, and hearts more greedy than the snake or hog—this people has ever stealthily devoured all the southern barbarians, and like the demon of the night they now suddenly exalt themselves. During the reigns of Kienlung and Kiaking, these English barbarians humbly besought entrance and permission to a present; they also presumptuously requested to have Chusan, but those divine personages, clearly perceiving their traitorous designs, gave them a peremptory refusal. From that time linking themselves in with traitorous traders, they have privily dwelt at Macao, trading largely in opium and poisoning our brave people. They have ruined lives,—how many millions none can tell; and wasted property,—how many thousands of millions who can guess! They have dared again and again to murder Chinese, and have secreted the murderers, whom they have refused to deliver up, at which the hearts of all men grieved and their heads ached. Thus it has been for many years past, the English by their privily watching for opportunities in the country have gradually brought things to the present crisis.

* * * *

"During the past three years, these rebels, depending upon their stout ships and effective cannon, from Canton went to Fukien, thence to Chehkiang, and on to Kiangsu, seizing our territory, destroying our civil and military authorities, ravishing our women, capturing our property, and bringing upon the inhabitants of these four provinces intolerable miseries.† His imperial majesty was troubled and afflicted, and this added to his grief and anxiety. If you wish to purify their crimes, all the fuel in the empire will not suffice, nor would the vast ocean be enough to wash out our resentment. Gods and men are alike filled with indignation, and heaven and earth cannot permit them to remain:

* * * *

"Now these English rebels are barbarians, dwelling in a petty island beyond our domains; yet their coming throws myriads of miles of country into turmoil, while their numbers do not exceed a few myriads. What can be easier than for our celestial dynasty to exert its fullness

* The Middle Kingdom, vol. i, p. 389.

† Captain Arthur Cunynghame, Aide-de-camp to Major General Lord Saltoun, in his "Recollections of Service in China," testifies fully to this truth.

of power, and exterminate these contemptible sea-going imps, just as the blast bends the pliant bamboo.

"These English barbarians are at bottom without ability, and yet we have all along seen in the memorials that officers exult and dilate upon their prowess and obstinacy; our people are courageous and enthusiastic, but the officers, on the contrary, say that they are dispirited and scattered.

"The dispositions of these rebellious English are like that of the dog or sheep, whose desires can never be satisfied; and therefore we need not inquire whether the peace now made be real or pretended. Remember that when they last year made disturbance at Canton, they seized the square fort, and thereupon exhibited their audacity, every where plundering and ravishing.

"We have respectfully read through all his majesty's mandates, and they are as clear-sighted as the sun and moon; but those who now manage affairs, are like one who supposing the raging fire to be under, puts himself at ease as swallows in a court; but who, if the calamity suddenly reappears, would be as defenceless as a grampus in a fish market. The law adjudges the penalty of death for betraying the country, but how can even death atone for their crimes? Those persons who have been handed down to succeeding ages with honor, and those whose memories have been execrated, are but little apart on the page of righteous history; let our rulers but remember this, and we think they also must exert themselves to recover their characters. We people have had our day in times of great peace, and this age is one of abundant prosperity; scholars are devising how to recompense the kindness of the government, nor can husbandmen think of forgetting his majesty's exertions for them. Our indignation was early excited to join battle with the enemy, and then all urged one another to the firmest loyalty."

It will not be difficult to sustain the Chinese views of English character by reference to British authors.

"The English peasant is a bold and confident peasant. He is open and blunt, apparently sincere, sometimes generous, often rude, boisterous, and overbearing, rarely gracious or courteous to strangers, particularly to those who have nothing to bestow. He generally assumes an air of independence, is indifferent to equals, even to superiors, except where he expects favor or bounty; he is then as obsequious as his neighbors of the north. He sells his service, public or private, and deems his service equal to his reward. He is little disposed to form personal attachment from pure love. He is often arrogant when he possesses money, abject when he is without it; for he seems to consider money as the sovereign of men and things. He is proud of his nation and contemptuous of others; he is rude, but not cruel or vindictive, and he rarely ill treats an enemy after the chance of war, or any other chance, has brought him within his power."

This character of the English peasant and artizan, the people who enter the British Army, would not be disputed by the Chinese. In fact, it is questionable whether the moral

* A View of the Formation, Discipline and Economy of Armies. By the late Robert Jackson, M. D. Inspector-General of Army Hospitals. London. 1845. p. 187.

character of the Chinese will suffer by comparison with that of the British.

"The English are nationally speculative, and adventurous of all games of chance. Two passions do not reign with equal force in the same subject at the same time; consequently the spirit of the war of honor, as it is called, does not run high among people who are adventurers for gain of money through speculations in trade and manufacture. The name of military service does not bring distinction in England [this is a mistake ?] as it does in many parts of Europe; and, as the profession of arms is not here held in the first estimation, the better class of the peasantry do not leave the plough or the shuttle for the sword; consequently the recruits of infantry regiments are not on a level with the mass of the nation."

"The dominant principle of acting for and by money adheres to the nation in all its operations, that is, the nation is manufacturing and commercial by constitutional habit, military contingently for profit, not for glory. A proportion of the people, influenced by the desire of gain, enticed by the tinsel of dress, or driven by the necessity of want, arrange themselves at the commencement of war under military standards. The ranks are thus filled with men; they are not filled with soldiers, for we do not admit those to be soldiers who have no higher motive to induce them to assume the soldier's garb than a pecuniary bribe, an instigation of vanity, or a necessity arising from want of bread; and as the mass of English recruits consists of such, its military character is not what it might be, that is, not on a level with the bulk of the nation."

I have ventured to suggest a comparison between the moral character of the Chinese and English as nations; the superiority of the latter in religion, intelligence, science, and in war is not questioned, but if we may rely upon British novelists and poets for correctly drawn, though warmly colored pictures of their countrymen, on the records of history, or on the annals of crime as exhibited in the records of the criminal courts of London, Dublin and Edinburgh; or on the truth of the allusions made in the newspapers of the day to "elopements in high life;" or should we seek the evidence of sight and judge of the morals of the nation by what may be seen in St. Giles, or in the gin-palaces of London, we must conclude the heathen Chinese to be depraved indeed to rate lower in morals than the so-called Christian British, or so-called Christian Americans, whose daily papers teem with notices of murders, rape, seduction, robbery, swindling and perjury. In these we almost equal the mother country.

But we complain when travellers, with few opportunities of knowing, and with short

* Jackson on Discipline of Armies.

time for seeing, characterise us nationally from their observance of a few individuals. The Halls, Trollopes, Dickenses have not been forgotten or forgiven; why then shall we agree with the same class of travellers who, without speaking the language, and coming in contact at best with the inferior, if not the lowest classes of Chinese, at Canton, determine that the Chinese are without religion and morals; that they are thieves, liars, cowards, pirates, bandits and murderers. That there are very many Chinese who are untruthful and dishonest; who are pirates, murderers and robbers, is not questioned; but I do not believe, from the little I have seen and read, that they are, "take them by and large," as sailors say, inferior in morals to the Christian nations of the West.

With this I conclude the rough notes made during a brief visit to the Middle Kingdom, which seems now to be in a revolutionary condition—a transition state—but I will not venture a conjecture about the result.

When I made the notes, it was my design to work them into the form of a book, and the sentiment under which I have written always, has been expressed by Jerome Paturot;—"Mon pays a droit à la vérité; je dirai la vérité à mon pays." But observe, friendly reader, I do not declare that what I have said is true; I only assert I believe it is: therefore, question my judgment and observation as much as you please, but I beg you not to assail my veracity.

SONNET.

Are these wild thoughts thus fettered in my rhymes
Indeed the product of my heart and brain?
How strange that on my ear the rhythmic strain
Falls like faint memories of former times!
When did I feel the sorrow, act the part
Which I have striven to shadow out in song?
In what far century swept that motley throng
Of mighty pains and pleasures through my heart?
Not in the yesterdays of that still life
Which I have passed so free and far from strife,
But somewhere in this weary world I know,
In some strange land, beneath some Eastern clime,
I saw, or shared a martyrdom sublime,
And felt a deeper grief than any present woe.

W. W. W.

AGLAUS.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BY ASHER CLARKSON.

Few characters of any age or nation will call forth such laboured essays, glowing eulogies, or attacks so deep and bitter, because few have made so unfading a mark upon the rolls of time, as Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington. Beyond all former example, this is the age of pamphleteering; from "Dan to Beersheba" every nation and clime is flooded with pamphlets and periodicals, and so rich a theme as that of the great character before us will not fail to be thoroughly analyzed by thousands of writers. Almost every penny-a-line writer has wielded or will wield his pen to portray the moral lineaments of England's greatest hero; and this must form our apology, wholly unknown as we are, for inflicting upon the public a few of our own reflections, and contributing our literary mite to the memory of the mighty dead. Ever since we have been able to read history at all, the long and eventful records of the French revolutionary struggles have been our delight and study; and but one character in all the brilliant galaxy has more engrossed our thoughts than that of the Duke of Wellington. While transcribing our reflections and forming the estimate of his character which we propose now to give to the public, we shall endeavor to be turned aside by no prejudices in his favor, certain that we will be by none in the opposite direction. We do not design a lengthened or minute account of his life; that will be left for the historian and the biographer—but the outline which it will be necessary for us to make in measuring his character and the facts we shall throw together, will be taken principally from Napier's Peninsular War, and Alison's History of Europe.

Napoleon, Wellington, Marshal Soult and many other of the greatest names figuring in that most eventful period of the world's history, were born in the same year—1769. Thirty-two years have elapsed since the spirit of Napoleon, amid the storms of that memorable night, fled from a world it was born to rule; and but one short year since Marshal Soult descended, broken with age,

to the tomb: Wellington survived them both: one more than thirty years—the other but a few months. As the same year, (a year more prolific in great births than any other of the whole six thousand,) gave birth to them all, so the same year saw two of them go down to the grave. Scarcely had Marshal Soult passed from the living to the dead, when the embrace of the stern conqueror of all that is mortal closed round his mighty competitor.

Arthur Wellesley was born of a noble and illustrious family on the first of May, 1769, and the profession of arms being his choice, he received a military education. Until he had reached his majority there was nothing—at least nothing of which we have heard—that marked him as superior to those around him. His first service—that in which the young hero was first taught to feel the actual shock of battle was, like that of our own Washington, in a stern, hard school—a school well calculated to call forth and develop every faculty of the mind. He was first engaged as a colonel under the Duke of York, in the ill-starred campaign of Flanders in 1794–5, and his heroic firmness and conduct while commanding the rear-guard of that army throughout its long and disastrous retreat, though on a larger scale, bear a striking analogy to the deeds of Washington on the no less ill-fated field of Braddock's defeat. Up to this point the actions of the British and American hero bear a close resemblance. As, away in the wilds of the New World, deep in the backwoods of the Far West, a British army was saved by the firmness and ability of Washington, so at a later day, on a soil grown rich as the battlefield of nations, another and a more splendid army escaped destruction in the exercise of the self-same qualities by the future Duke of Wellington. Indeed, the eye of a critical observer may discover that though their actions and spheres were so widely different, the characters of both throughout all their lives were not less closely allied; the same stern, passionless exterior, with the same kindness of heart within, the same cautious prudence and solidity of judgment, the same iron will and unyielding integrity of purpose, the same disinterested, unbending love of country, formed the great outlines in the

character of each. On their first battlefield, from the imbecility of superiors, each was called upon to save the wreck of a routed army; and from the first deeds of each rose that long blaze of glory, destined to go out only in the cold damps of the grave. The giant form of the one sleeps peacefully, comparatively unmarked on the lovely banks of the Potomac; that of the other may claim the highest niche in the mausoleum of England's mighty dead.

About two years after the close of the Flanders campaign, Arthur Wellesley set out for India, where he remained from 1797 until 1805. Too little is known on this side of the Atlantic of the Indian career of Wellington. When his age, the immense distance of the country, the feebleness of his means and resources, and the character of the natives are taken into consideration, it was perhaps as brilliant as any other period of his life. Brief as was his career there—but seven years in duration—it alone, even had he not survived it, would have secured him immortal renown. Much is undoubtedly due to Lord Clive and to others for having laid the foundations, but to Wellington above them all does Britain owe that splendid Eastern empire, now surpassing in extent that of Napoleon in its palmiest days. It is somewhat singular, that the future mighty antagonists, the two greatest warriors, perhaps, of all ages—Napoleon and Wellington—should have sought their early fame on oriental plains, and performed there, amidst strange memories of the past, some of the most glorious achievements of modern times. Napoleon, on the sand wastes of Egypt, round the eternal pyramids with forty centuries gazing down upon him, rivalled all the fabled deeds of yore, and scattered the fiery Mamelukes like chaff before the wind; far away on the other side of the Eastern world, Wellington swept before him the swarming myriads that dwell in that land of the sun. What if they had met! Had the march of conquest of either not been checked, the mighty Titans would have come in collision in the midst of Asia! What would have been the result? How different would have been the destiny of the world! Waterloo would have come ten years sooner, in another continent. What a different Waterloo it

might have been ! We cannot pause in this hasty sketch to follow Lord Wellington through his Indian career : how brilliant and successful it was let Seringapatam, Assaye, and Argaum tell !—they have crowned him with unfading laurels. But brilliant as were these actions, his fame will never rest on his Indian campaigns, in consequence of the overshadowing deeds of his later life. We must therefore hasten on to other and more momentous events. General Wellesley returned from India to Europe in March, 1805.

In the year 1809, Europe presented a grand and magnificent spectacle—a spectacle rarely exhibited even in the ceaseless change of human affairs. The terrible throes of the French Revolution which had torn and blasted Europe like the destroying passage of the Angel of Death, had died away ; and internal peace and prosperity had been restored to France. The mightiest genius the human race has developed was seated on the loftiest throne of the continent, and was stalking with fearful strides towards universal empire. By the gigantic workings of his own wonderful intellect, Napoleon had erected on the ruins of the blood-stained Democracy a splendid and apparently a lasting empire. He was then on the very highest summit of his dizzy greatness ; his star was at its meridian and shining with its most unclouded brilliancy. Three times the armies of Austria had been crushed under his heel, and suffered to rise again only by his unequalled magnanimity ; twice he had slept in the very palace of the Cæsars and humbled them by the presence of a plebeian conqueror. He had crushed and almost blotted Prussia from the family of nations ; and at Tilsit had dictated peace, on a raft, to the Czar of all the Russias. He had made one brother King of Holland and a sister Queen of Naples : had hurled his far-famed Marshals upon the time-worn monarchy of Spain, and seated another brother on the throne of Ferdinand ; and had driven Sir John Moore into the ocean, leaving England scarce a foothold throughout the Peninsula. He had gratified his pride and ambition by gathering the subject potentates around him at Erfuth, and, moving with emperors and kings in his train, displayed to the eyes of an astounded world a spectacle such as had not been seen since

the days of Sesostris. It was then, at the time when the science of Soult, the indomitable valour of Ney, and the genius of Suchet, those terrible Marshals, at whose names nations trembled, were desolating the sunny fields of Spain, and the fate of the continent seemed fixed, that as a last hope the conqueror of India was dispatched by the British government to take charge of the Peninsula affairs, and to check the rushing eagles of France. It was a desperate and trying trust, and hope of success seemed faint and glimmering as the first twinkle of an evening star. Happily for England and the world, the genius of Wellington proved equal to the emergency : from the rocks of Torres Vedras was rolled back for the first time that tide of Gallic conquest which was threatening to overwhelm the world. Lord Wellington landed in Lisbon in 1809, which was his second expedition, having been sent to Portugal the year before, and returned after gaining the celebrated battle of Vimiero ; the good effects of which were rendered abortive by the disastrous defeat of Corunna and the death of Sir John Moore. Once again, as we have said, he landed at Lisbon, but to return no more until he had driven every Frenchman from the soil. He found the condition of affairs almost desperate ; the French armies were sweeping like destroying plagues over the whole Peninsula ; the English army was in a miserable condition ; without money, without provisions, without discipline, and above all without moral power, that most essential element of success which Napoleon has computed as forming three-fourths of the military strength of an army ; but the mighty energies and creative powers of genius soon restored every thing, and prepared all for the fearful conflict. Meanwhile Soult and Victor entered Portugal, and that terrific struggle begun in earnest, which terminated only on the field of Waterloo, that grave of empires, which closed the scene. On the 27th and 28th of July Wellington encountered and totally routed King Joseph and Victor at the great battle of Talavera. This battle first taught the victory-spoilt Marshals of Napoleon that they had at last found a master ; that they could no longer march to easy victory, but if victorious at all it must be at the price of the most des-

perate fighting and reckless bloodshed. In the early part of the campaign of 1810 Wellington took the initiative, but from the overwhelming numbers of the French, was at length forced to fall back and act on the defensive; he retired and entrenched himself at Torres Vedras. Then, for the first time, the conquering march of France received a permanent check; its mighty armies beat in vain round his unassailable position, and finally rolled back, for a voice had said—"Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther."

In the next year Wellington again took the offensive, and begun the first siege of Badajoz, which failed. On the 16th of May the two armies met at Albuera in their utmost strength; the French commanded by Soult, perhaps the ablest of all Napoleon's Marshals. This struggle, the first trial of strength between these two redoubted chieftains, was long and doubtful, and the slaughter dreadful—the genius of the English general overcame all opposition, and Soult was compelled slowly and sullenly to retreat. From this time forward, Wellington almost uninterruptedly retained the aggressive, though often against a superior enemy; for he was as well aware as Napoleon himself of the immense advantage an assailing has over a defending army. The battle of Albuera restored the control of Portugal to the English. At this period, says Mr. Alison, commenced the fall of the French empire. "The British army was the vanguard which broke the spell which had so long entranced mankind: it was from the rocks of Torres Vedras, that the French armies first permanently receded: it was on the plains of Castile that the first mortal strokes to their empire were delivered. Before the Niemen had been crossed, the rivulet of the Albuera had run red with Gallic blood; before Smolensko had fallen, Badajoz had yielded to the resistless assault of the English soldiery; it was in the triumphs of Salamanca that the Russians sought the long-wished for omen of ultimate success; in the recovery of Madrid, that they beheld, amid the flames of Moscow, the presage of their own deliverance. The first to open the career of freedom, England was also the last to recede from the conflict; the same standards which had waved over its earliest triumphs, were seen

above the reserve upon whom the final throes of the struggle depended. Vain would have been the snows of Russia and the conquest of Leipsic—vain the passage of the Rhine and the capture of Paris, if British valour had not forever stopped the renewed career of victory on the field of Waterloo." It is but too true, the throne of Napoleon was buried in the fair plains of Castile and Andalusia, but it was the hand of fate. Thus, in the very meridian of its splendour, when its glory was in its zenith and its power was mightiest, the eye of the philosophic historian discovers amid the blazing splendour the canker worm of decay undermining the very foundations of the stately fabric, and calmly deduces the moral how unstable and ephemeral is all power, howsoever great, if not based on the deep set rock of ages. However the grand and stormy soul of Napoleon may have revelled in the roar of cannon and the crash of battle, yet above all things he loved the welfare of France and desired peace; but well he knew the unstable character of the columns supporting his empire; well he knew the gulf of ruin that lay behind him—that his course must be onward, and that the slightest pause in his career of victory would plunge him at once into the abyss which ever yawned at his heel.

Soon after the opening of the next year, 1812, Spain was invaded by the English; Badajoz surrendered in March, and on the 13th of June the Agueda was crossed. Wellington moved rapidly forward; Marmont retreating before him as he advanced; but not long afterwards, from the slowness and treachery of the Spaniards, and various other difficulties, the Duke was forced to retire again behind the Guarena. At length, after continued manœuvring, the two armies came into collision near Salamanca, and fought one of the most famous and obstinately contested battles of the war, where the English again remained masters of the field. During the ensuing winter, Wellington thoroughly reorganized his troops, and early in the spring opened the eventful campaign of 1813. Affairs were now hurrying all over Europe to a finale. During the passage of the events we have recorded, war had broken out between France and Russia. Napoleon, un-

appalled by the desperate struggle he was already maintaining in the Peninsula, had undertaken the greatest military expedition ever conceived or dared by the genius of man. Recalling nearly all his veteran troops from the Peninsula, gathering an army of from 5 to 600,000 men, an army that had never seen its equal, Napoleon commenced the Russian campaign—the most memorable in history. With the calm confidence of the giant and the precision of the chess-player, he hurled that mighty mass over the Russian frontier, fought the bloodiest battle of his life and marched over 70,000 corpses into the second city of the empire—then, when his star seemed brightest—when his star seemed reared on the loftiest pinnacle of human grandeur, beheld that star go down forever, and that empire crumble into dust and ashes amid the flames of Moscow. He whom man had never conquered, succumbed at last before the elemental strife of nature. One moment he stood the lord of Europe; the next a lonely fugitive hunted down by myriads of foes. Now began that terrible retreat, the darkest page in European history, whose crimson record we cannot pause now to trace. Suffice it to say, that of the 600,000 men who filed so proudly over the Vistula, not 27,000 ever saw their sunny home again. Their mouldering bodies rose in ghastly piles at every step; their bleaching bones whitened every plain from Moscow to the Rhine. That whole vast army which had conquered Europe suddenly ceased to exist. Napoleon now saw that he must battle against a banded world in arms. With that solitary self-reliance which never deserted him in the darkest hour of his life, he gathered together all the attributes of his mighty intellect to meet the coming struggle. Creating an army almost literally from nothing, he waited not for his foes, but marched to meet them; beat them on the fields of Lutzen and Bautzen, and hurled them back from the walls of Dresden; and then when hope had again begun to gleam in his breast, saw it go out in the deeper night of Leipsic. With three to one against him, after battling for two long days around the environs of Leipsic, Napoleon was crushed, but still not conquered.

Beyond all question the design of the Rus-

sian campaign was the greatest and most stupendous military annals can boast. It has been too much the custom among the wise men of these latter days to censure Napoleon for having undertaken this expedition. Few historians have taken a fairer view of this subject than the English colonel, Napier, and fewer still have been so capable of judging. "If Russia," says he, "owed her safety in some degree to the contest in the Peninsula, it is undoubted that the fate of the Peninsula was in return decided on the plains of Russia; for had the French veterans who there perished, returned victorious, the war could have been maintained for years in Spain, with all its waste of treasure and blood, to the absolute ruin of England, even though her army might have been victorious in every battle. Yet who shall say with certainty, what termination any war will have? Who shall prophesy of an art always varying, and of such intricacy that its secrets seem beyond the reach of human intellect? What vast preparations, what astonishing combinations were involved in the plan, what vigour and ability displayed in the execution of Napoleon's march to Moscow! And yet when the winter came, only four days sooner than he expected, the giant's scheme seemed a thing for children to laugh at! Nevertheless the political grandeur of that expedition will not be hereafter judged from the wild triumph of his enemies, nor its military merits from the declaration which has hitherto passed as the history of the wondrous, though unfortunate enterprise. It will not be the puerilities of Labaume, of Segur, and their imitators, nor even that splendid military and political essay of General Jomini, called the '*Life of Napoleon*,' which posterity will accept as the measure of a general who carried four hundred thousand men across the Neimen, and a hundred and sixty thousand men to Moscow. And with such a military providence, with such a vigilance, so disposing his resources, so guarding his flanks, so guiding his masses, that while constantly victorious in front, no post was lost in his rear, no convoy failed, no courier was stopped, not even a letter was missing; the communication with his capital was as regular and certain as if that immense march had been but a

summer excursion of pleasure! However, it failed and its failure was the safety of the Peninsula."

Wellington began the campaign of 1813 under bright and brightening auspices; with consummate skill he followed up his successes: victory succeeded victory, until at last the shock of Vittoria came, and Joseph was hurled from his throne. The crisis of Europe was now indeed at hand. The struggle of France for empire had ceased; from that time forward the French armies everywhere on the continent struggled for very existence. The general retreat of the French from the Peninsula now began, and that desperate conflict between Soult and Wellington amid the crags and gorges of the Pyrenees, when the former disputed every inch of ground with all the stern heroism of his lion nature. Soult was finally compelled to abandon all the mountain fastnesses, and an English army, after the lapse of three hundred years, once more stood conquerors on the sacred soil of France. In six weeks, after some of the most desperate fighting on record, Wellington drove Soult more than two hundred miles, from Bayonne to Toulouse. The battle of Toulouse followed, and the city was taken. All was now over! Napoleon having made a last stand on the plain of Champagne; a stand so noble and heroic, as to call forth the warm admiration of friend and foe alike, had finally bowed beneath the crushing numbers, had been compelled to abdicate, and Louis XVIII. was on the throne of his ancestors. To all appearance the tragedy was done: but the end was not yet—a still more immortal wreath was weaving for the conqueror of Spain.

Soon after the abdication of Napoleon, the allies assembled in solemn conclave to settle the affairs of Europe, i. e. to portion out the spoils: in this body of distinguished men, Wellington shone one of the brightest stars, and exerted a commanding influence on the side of honor and justice.

But scarcely were these potentates comfortably seated and fairly at work, when, to use the witticism of Talleyrand, "the grand charlatan had outwitted the little ones." Napoleon escaped from his gilded prison, landed in France, and was borne on the shoulders of an acclaiming people to his lost throne;

the so lately restored Bourbon was a fugitive and an exile. The news of Napoleon's return fell like a thunderbolt from heaven upon the Congress of Vienna. Fortunately for them, it proved their salvation; their armies were yet undisbanded, and they immediately dispersed to the head of their respective troops, to begin anew that tremendous game where the stakes were empires, the dice were human bones, and emperors and kings the players. Wellington assumed command of the Anglo-Prussian, the most immediately effective army. Napoleon, with a gigantic energy unsurpassed in all his former wondrous life, infused instant order and vitality into every department of France; and gathered up the shattered remains of those glorious legions, heroes of an hundred battles, to make his last throw for empire or a grave. With the swoop of an eagle he fell upon the Prussians at Ligny, and scattered them like chaff; dispatching Grouchy in pursuit he dashed on to the field of Waterloo, where Wellington, after waiting for some time at Brussels for the development of his opponent's plan, had at length retreated. For the first time in his life Napoleon now stood face to face with the chivalry of England. But seldom has the world seen such a spectacle as was then exhibited, and may never see such again, the two greatest generals of their age, perhaps of all time, stood front to front to decide the fate of a continent on a single battle-field. We cannot enter here into a discussion of the different plans and manœuvres of the two opposing Titans in this ever-memorable battle—when the attendant consequences are considered, the most memorable ever fought on earth. The candid Englishman now concedes that throughout the whole of this closing campaign of the French Revolutionary wars, Wellington was out-generalled—but who shall decry the genius of the "Iron Duke" for having been out-generalled by Napoleon? Early on the morning of the 17th of June, Wellington began his retreat on Waterloo, Napoleon following, and both armies passed the night in sight of each other, on the field of the coming battle. Wellington was fairly entrapped and caught in a position where no alternative remained for him but victory or ruin—there was no es-

cape, no retreat—he must gain the victory or he must perish. Had Wellington been alone, inferior in force and fighting single-handed with Napoleon, this would, perhaps, have been his wisest course, thus to have cast all on one desperate throw; but with a million of men marching to his support, with the fate of Europe hanging on his single arm, and with the great Captain of the age before him, it was folly, it was madness thus to hazard and to cast every chance into the hands of his adversary. Nothing but the miserable incapacity of Grouchy, and the arrival of the Prussians at the critical moment when even the firm squares of England were wavering from very weariness, saved him from irremediable ruin, and Europe from again witnessing the glories of the Empire. We do not design a detailed account of this battle; it has been already done too often and by abler pens than ours. Wellington by his conduct on the actual field retrieved all his preceding errors; from morning till night of that eventful day the British “squares” stood firm against the utmost and incessant efforts of the cavalry of France. In vain did those splendid cuirassiers from hour to hour, dash themselves with desperate but hopeless valour against that rooted infantry—not a line wavered. The sight of those heroic “squares,” upon whom the fate of the army and Europe depended, standing for hours almost lost amid the ceaseless crash of charging squadrons, might well cause even the “Iron Duke” to exclaim, “Oh, that night or Blucher would come.” At last, towards the close of the day, startled by the arrival of the Prussian army in force, whom he thought destroyed or occupied by Grouchy, to snatch from him the victory already within his grasp, Napoleon saw that he must hazard all on a single cast of the die, and place his last hope of life and empire in the hands of his faithful “Guard.” The “Imperial Guard,” who, throughout the entire day, had remained on an eminence in the rear, inactive and impatient spectators of the scene, now, at the final crisis, deployed into two vast columns and began their march straight upon the British centre—converging, they united in the valley between, and formed one vast and massive column.

That last charge of the “Guard” is the most glorious in the annals of war. With a shout of *Vive l'Empereur*, the last shout of triumph they ever gave, that rang far above the roar of cannon, like a death-knell all over that rent and trodden field, they moved down upon the foe. Along the whole British line there rose a cry of fearful warning—“They come! they come!” The final hour had arrived. That stern and terrible “Guard” who had finished every other battle were now moving down in awful majesty upon them to finish this; and well did those brave and toil-worn men know that the closing struggle was at hand. On, on! under the lead of the “bravest of the brave,” the mighty column moved on, the whole artillery of the allied army bearing upon their devoted ranks mowed them down like grass. Still amid the iron storm, which, at every discharge crashed from front to rear through that mass of living valour, that heroic column bore steadily forward. Crushing guns and gunners in their path, they reached at length the summit of the ridge, within forty yards of where the English guards were lying covered by the crest: at this moment, when the fate of the British army seemed sealed—“Up Guards, and at them,” cried the Duke, who had repaired to the spot; and the whole on both sides of the angle into which the French were advancing, moved forward a few paces, and poured in a volley so close and well directed, that nearly all of the first two ranks of the French fell at once. Gradually advancing, they now pushed the immense column, yet bravely combatting down the slope; and Wellington at that decisive instant, ordered Vivian’s brigade to charge the retiring body on one flank, and Adam’s foot advanced against it on the other. The effect of this triple attack, at once in front and on both flanks, was decisive.* Overwhelmed by the onset the column broke like a shell—instant and irretrievable confusion ensued; the shades of night were falling fast, and darkness was rapidly lending additional horror to the dreadful scene; the cry of “*Tout est perdu, la garde recule*” rose from the broken mass, and the rout commenced. Still the “Old Guard” disdained to fly. “The Guard dies, but never surrenders,” was their

* Alison’s Hist. Eu.

stern defiance, and forming into four squares they nobly interposed themselves between the pursuers and their prey. All the chivalry of England long beat round that band of heroes in vain! They were the heroes of an hundred battles—they had stood beside their idolized chief on the bridge of Lodi—had fought round him on the burning sands of Egypt, had seen the “sun of Austerlitz” arise—had survived all the horrors of the Russian Retreat, and now, when the last hour of their emperor was striking, they rallied around to bury themselves beneath the ruins of his empire, determined never to survive his fallen glory; and to the last man they were cut down by the maddened enemy. But the darkness of night had now closed in, the curtain fell over an army flying at every point and the Anglo-Russian army in full pursuit. The last act was finished, and the mighty drama of the French Revolution, which for twenty-five years had held entranced the gaze of an awe-struck world was done. Every shadow of hope passed from the bosom of Napoleon. He fled to Paris, and from thence to the West, when he soon after surrendered, throwing himself upon the generosity of the English as the most generous of his enemies—who relentlessly tore the crown from his head, sent him a lonely prisoner to a far off rock in the Southern seas, and re-established the Bourbon dynasty on the throne of France.

On the second restoration of the Bourbons, Wellington proceeded again to the Congress of the allied powers, in which he bore a prominent part; at its close he returned to England, with perhaps the noblest chaplet of laurels that ever graced the brow of man. All the remainder of his life, more than thirty years, was spent in peace. During the time, he has held various civil trusts, but they only served to add another proof to what past ages had already proved, that the genius of the field is not always the genius of the Cabinet.

The world has produced few greater generals than the Duke of Wellington. We can remember but two, in all history, whose names will rank higher than his—those of Cæsar and Napoleon. In an endeavor to estimate his character and genius, we cannot refrain from introducing, though somewhat

lengthy, the closing reflections of Napier's *Perimsular War*. “The Duke of Wellington's campaigns furnish lessons for all nations, but they must always be peculiarly models for British commanders in future continental wars, because he modified and reconciled the great principles of art with the peculiar difficulties which attend generals controlled by politicians who, depending upon private intrigues, prefer parliamentary to national interests.” [*A fortiori*, Wellington's campaigns must be models for our republican generals.] “An English commander must not trust his fortune. He dare not risk much, however conscious he may be of personal resources, when one disaster will be his ruin at home. His measures must therefore be subordinate to this primary consideration. Lord Wellington's caution, springing from that source, has led friends and foes alike into wrong conclusions as to his system of war. The French call it want of enterprise, timidity: the English have denominated it the Fabian system. These are mere phrases. His system was the same as that of all great generals. He held his army in hand, keeping it with unmitigated labour always in a state to march or to fight; and thus prepared he acted indifferently as occasion offered on the offensive or defensive, displaying in both a complete mastery of his art. Sometimes he was indebted to fortune sometimes to natural genius, but always to his untiring industry, for he was emphatically a pains-taking man. That he was less vast in his designs, less daring its execution, neither so rapid nor so original a commander as Napoleon, must be admitted, and being later in the field of glory, it is to be presumed that he learned somewhat of the art from that greatest of all masters; yet something besides the difference of genius must be allowed for the difference of situation: Napoleon was never, even in his first campaign of Italy, so harrassed by the French, as Wellington was by the English, Spanish and Portuguese governments. Their systems of war were, however, alike in principle, their operations being necessarily modified by their different political positions. Great bodily exertions, unceasing watchfulness, exact combinations to protect their flanks and communications without scattering

their forces, these were common to both. In defence, firm, cool, enduring: in attack, fierce and obstinate; daring when daring was politic, but always operating by the flanks in preference to the front; in these things they were alike, but in following up a victory the English general fell short of the French Emperor. The battle of Wellington was the stroke of a battering ram, down went the walls in ruins—the battle of Napoleon was the swell and dash of a mighty wave, before which the barrier yielded and the roaring flood poured onwards, levelling all. Yet was there nothing of timidity or want of enterprise to be discovered in the English General's campaigns. Neither was he of the Fabian school. He recommended that commander's system to the Spaniards, but he did not follow it himself. His military policy more resembled that of Scipio Africanus. Fabius dreading Hannibal's veterans red with the blood of four consular armies, hovered on the mountains, refused battle, and to the unmatched skill and valour of the great Carthaginian opposed the almost inexhaustible military resources of Rome. Lord Wellington was never loth to fight when there was any equality of numbers. He landed in Portugal with only nine thousand men, with intent to attack Junot who had twenty-four thousand. At Rolicca he was the assailant, at Vimiera he was the assailed, but he would have changed to the offensive during the battle if others had not interfered. At Oporto he was again the daring and successful assailant. In the Talavera campaign he took the initiatory movements, although in the battle itself he sustained the shock. His campaign of 1810 in Portugal was entirely defensive, because the Portuguese army was young and untried; but his pursuit of Massena in 1811 was as entirely aggressive, although cautiously so, as well knowing that in mountain warfare those who attack labour at a disadvantage. The operations of the following campaign, including the battles of Truentes, Onoro and Albuera, the first siege of Badajoz, the combat of Guinaldo, were of a mixed character: so was the campaign of Salamanca; but the campaign of Vittoria, and that in the south of France were entirely and eminently offensive. Slight therefore is the resemblance to the Fabian warfare. And for the Englishman's hardihood and enterprise, bear witness the passage of the Douro and Oporto, the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, the storming of Badajoz, the storming of the ports at Mirabete, the march to Vittoria, the passage of the Bidassoa, the victory at Nivelle, the passage of the Adour below Bayonne, the fight of Orthes, the crowning battle of Toulouse! To say that he committed faults is only to say that he made war; but to deny him the qualities of a great commander is to rail against the clear midday sun for want of light. How few of his combinations failed. How many battles he fought, victorious in all! Iron hardihood of body, a quick and sure vision, a grasping mind, untiring power of thought, and the habit of laborious minute investigation, and arrangement: all these qualities he possessed, and with them that most rare faculty of coming to prompt and sure conclusions on sudden emergencies. This is the certain mark of a master-spirit in war; without it a commander may be distinguished, he may be a great man, but he cannot be a great captain: when troops nearly alike in arms and knowledge are opposed, the battle generally turns upon the decision of the moment. Fortune, however, always asserts her supremacy in war, and often from a slight cause, such disastrous consequences flow that in every age and every nation the uncertainty of arms has been proverbial. Napoleon's march upon Madrid before he knew the exact position of the English army, is an example. By that march he lent his flank to the enemy. Sir John Moore seized the advantage, and though the French emperor repaired the error for the moment by his astonishing march from Madrid to Astorga, the fate of the Peninsula was then decided. If he had not been forced to turn against Moore, Lisbon would have fallen, Portugal could not have been organized for resistance, and the jealousy of the Spaniards would never have suffered Wellington to establish a solid base at Cadiz; that general's after success would then have been with the things that are unborn. It was not so ordained. Wellington was victorious—the great conqueror was overthrown. England stood the most triumphant nation of the world. But with an

enormous debt, a dissatisfied people, gaining peace without tranquillity, greatness without intrinsic strength, the present time uneasy, the future dark and threatening. Yet she rejoices in the glory of her arms! and it is a stirring sound! War is the condition of this world. From man to the smallest insect, all is strife; and the glory of arms, which cannot be obtained without the exercise of honor, fortitude, courage, obedience, modesty and temperance, excites the brave man's patriotism, and is a chastening corrective for the rich man's pride. It is yet no security for power. Napoleon, the greatest man of whom history makes mention—Napoleon, the most wonderful commander, the most sagacious politician, the most profound statesman, lost by arms, Poland, Germany, Italy, Portugal, Spain and France. Fortune, that name for the unknown combinations of infinite power was wanting to him, and without her aid, the designs of men are as bubbles on a troubled ocean."

We deem no apology necessary for the extreme length of this extract—so completely, and in language so much finer than any we could use has it expressed everything we desired to say, that we have but little to add.

The intellect of Napoleon can be compared to that of no other man. It was emphatically the master-mind of the human race—the grandest climax of human intellectual greatness. He possessed more than the statesmanship of Cæsar, with all his lightning-like celerity—the prudence of Hannibal with all the daring of Alexander—and in comparison even the genius of the Duke of Wellington dwindles away almost to the rank of common men. It is not by comparison with this mighty antagonist that we are to measure the character and genius of Wellington. We must take him alone, follow him through his long series of brilliant and successful campaigns, beginning on the plains of Flanders, and after nearly traversing the globe, closing almost on the very spot they begun; and in making up our judgment we must lose sight altogether of his gigantic contemporary, except to remember it was he whom Wellington opposed and conquered. But if Wellington was inferior to Napoleon, he was superior to all others of his age, and his name far surpasses every

other in England's story. In the campaign of Waterloo he did not display abilities so great as he had done in the Peninsular war; he was fairly entrapped into a battle when all the chances were against him. Yet he conquered; and he will be remembered as the conqueror of Napoleon when his Indian and Peninsular career will have been forgotten. His Peninsular campaigns, incomparably his most able, are far inferior to any campaign of all Napoleon's career, yet will they ever remain as models of consummate generalship.

Thirty-eight years have now rolled away since the battle of Waterloo was fought, years of peace and almost universal tranquillity; during that time the Duke has enjoyed every honor that could have been conferred upon a British subject. One by one, he has seen all his mighty compeers and competitors go down to the grave; and now he too, ripe in years and full of honors, has followed them—he too sleeps with the mighty dead! *Requiescat in pace.* He was the last relic of the colossal Titans who flourished in the age of George III. and they were giants indeed who flourished in those days. It was such an age as the world has never seen, and will not soon see again. Whether in regard to the great events which agitated the period and changed the destiny of nations, or to the splendid characters, military, scientific and literary, who clothed it in glory, the age of George III. has no parallel in history. We cannot enumerate all the great events, and brilliant characters who flourished then. The military genius of Frederick, the patriotism of Chatham, the majestic fortitude of Washington, the ambition of Catharine; the colossal intellect of Pitt, the prophetic wisdom of Burke, the burning eloquence of Fox, the erratic genius of Mirabeau, the energy of Danton, the talent of Carnot, the unapproachable intellect of Napoleon, and the calm, glorious heroism of Wellington, all conspire to shed such a blaze of immortality as is painful to look upon. They are all gone now! They have all marched off the stage, some of them in storm and tempest, others in peace and serenity! The whole generation has passed utterly away, leaving a vast intellectual void, in all probability never to be filled down to the latest generation

of men. And now, in common with future ages, we may think of them, and write of them as things of by gone times. One by one all that mass of living greatness have passed away to that last lonely resting place of all of Adam's race, where "we shall all be contemporaries," and all be great alike. It is melancholy to reflect on the sad inevitable fate that awaits every mortal, whether he be the statesman who wields the destiny of nations, or the humblest peasant! All, all, must pass to that last narrow house, that "bourne whence no traveller returns," how many will ever reach that place "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

RAIL ROAD LYRICS.

AIR—"Coming through the Rye."

If an engine meet an engine
 "Coming round a curve,"
 If they smash track, train and tender,
 What do they deserve?
 Not a penny's paid to any,
 So far as we observe,
 But all acquit the engineer,
 When "coming round a curve."

If an engine meet a steamer
 "Coming through the draw,"
 If they crush or drown the public,
 Need we go to law?
 If the engineer was careless—
 P'raps he's rather raw—
 They don't discharge an honest fellow,
 "Coming through the draw."

If a steamer chase a steamer,
 "Running up to time,"
 If they burst their pipes and boiler,
 Where's the mighty crime?
 Should a jury in a fury,
 Make them pay one dime,
 Or send the officers to prison,
 "Running up to time?"

If they maim or kill a body,
 Or a body's wife,
 Need a body sue a body,
 For baggage, limb or life;
 If you sue for damages,
 For pay for what you lost,
 You get a broken neck or leg,
 And have to meet the cost.

AUTUMN DREAMS.

Come beautiful Past, instinct with smiles and jests, and so much merry hearted laughter!—bright as a fair lake dancing in the sunlight and the wind—dear as a long loved one with brilliant eyes and rosy lips, and glossy locks; and forehead leaning on the shoulder trustingly, and tender smiles, the "very echo to the seat where love is throned." Come back to me to-day, while the dry leaves of gay November rustle round my window, or are stirred by the young hounds rolling in them yonder, on the lawn—come and add a tender grace, more magical than ever to the fine landscape, and the old immemorial woods, and azure skies veiled with the Indian-summer haze, all speaking with such eloquent and moving voices of the bright merry faces which shed light upon my path, in other years!

I remember my youth with my heart, not with my eyes, or intellect: and thus while a thousand "important matters" have passed for me, into the dust of oblivion to come back no more forever, I recall every trifle, every emotion, every image, every glance and accent, which moved my heart in the old days.

Wonderful perfume of the Past! strange aroma of the rustling scrolls of memory! singular and striking exhibition of the all-conquering puissance of the Heart! That perfume of the Past, in the bright evenings of Autumn wraps me like a roseate cloud, in its enchanting and delightful influence: a divine harmony arises from the fading leaves, and this roseate cloud, this melting music, combine to smooth the way for my return with joyful feel, into the bright, long cherished domain of my younger life.

I do not think there ever could have been before so bright a face! That there have been none since resembling it I am well convinced! Why attempt to describes that beauty? Words are so cold! colors so faint! the most extravagant phrases so mere a burlesque of the truth, so mere a shadow of the original! That I loved her is saying little—that I would have died for her with a smile upon my lip seems so unnecessary to be asserted! Ah! poor words! throwing down my

pen I look out on the Autumn woods, and so with dreamy eyes—the gay piano music in my ears—for a while write no more. Now that I have drunk from the gay landscape a long delicious draught of pleasure, let me trace a few more lines; those lines, like thin black clouds streaming across the disc of the great moon, may only obscure my radiant heart image: but still will in a degree afford me pleasure. Did not Hamlet find a certain satisfaction in “unpacking his heart with words?” And though I am not Shakespeare: though my poor words “faint and fail;” yet did I choose it, I could place here on this careless page, I fancy, something of that music, and joy, and life, and beauty, which all met and centered with calm strength, and quiet complete majesty in that child.

For she was a mere child—a beam of the dawn, not a ray of the noonday. The dawn indeed seemed incarnate in her, with all its freshness and tender grace, and splendor perfect in itself, however liable to change. There was something in her eyes too of the bright dew diamonds which morn scatters on the grass—eyes full of light and joy, and instinct with that divine radiance which God gives to his pure young angels, sent for a time to hallow with their presence our poor cold earth. The lips were very sincere and guileless, the brow broad and rose-pearl, cheeks of sunset, and long dusky lashes the color of the chesnut hair, flowing in long curls upon the round shoulders. Thus 'tis plain the dream of my heart, the moon that ruled my blood in those days, as ever, was not—spite of my apparent extravagance—a thing of impossible graces, and fabulous attributes. No: simply a child, who came to me when I entered, and gave me a flesh and blood hand, and sat down by my side, and rested the little curls upon my shoulder, and raised the bright, loving eyes to mine, and uttered merry hearty, very unangelic laughter! No: only poets love their dreams and waste their sighs on airy forms of angels and enchantresses of the fancy. Thank heaven I am not a poet, only an ordinary human being, and so this star that lit with such immortal light my younger days, was a true, simple maiden, who loved me—why not write

it here?—and who took my better part away with her.

For fate decreed that we should not long gaze into each other's eyes, nor any more forever rest, so, side by side. She went from me, as all bright things in this world go, becoming instead of a reality a memory. Why here yield to the feelings which rise in my throat? No; I am very thankful that my treasure is so wholly mine, and am quite calm again!

True, at times this calmness fails me, and strangling a passionate sob which, rising in the breast, whirls like a mountain torrent to the lips, I say in broken words: “I loved her so! she was my all in all! my life! all here is dark and worse than dead! my heart is worse than turned to stone—to ice!”—true at times the weak bosom heaves, the eyes swim in tears, the pale lips tremble, heart and soul are lost, overwhelmed by a rush of memories which carry all hope, all calmness, all philosophy before them, drowning all but that bright star in the dark gulf of tears: true, the human strength yields at times to fate, the brain succumbs! But this does not last: the true asserts again its power over the merely passionate: and the ever-shining star repels the cloud from its clear brow, and hope again sits on her throne. Then the dear image stretches to me from the Past soft, tender hands, which waft to me unspeakable blessings; the bright eyes say to me what my heart listens to in silence; and so I smile again, and think of my other heart with perfect calmness, no more any trace of grief. The memory is mine—I have it so perfectly, that nothing can tear it from me, and am happy.

Dear sunbeam of my youth, how happy this soft Autumn dream of you! I do not think of you as gone from me: gone? never! Here in my heart you are fixed so securely, that the twin-souls will leave the portal hand in hand, I trust, to wander—as here happily they wandered one and single—hand in hand through the undreamed of vastness of eternity!

Editor's Table.

The editor of the Fredericksburg News, in a notice of the last number of the Messenger, refers in only too favorable terms to some verses of our own, and suggests to us a trip in the metre of one of the stanzas. We had ourselves observed this defect, (which was the result of a typographical error,) before the number was made up, but really did not think the matter of sufficient consequence to warrant a correction in the Editor's Table. We had supposed that the true nature of the blunder would have occurred to the musical ear which informs the criticisms of the News—in the mere omission of the little word “on” in the objectionable line. For the benefit of our fastidious friend, whose praise we highly value, we give the verse as it should have been printed—

And as they wail through the copses
Dirge-like and solemn to hear,
Nature's own grand Thanatopsis
Sadly shall strike on the ear.

Why should not the maxim *de minimis non curat lex* hold in the courts of Urania as in those of Themis?

The Lectures at the Richmond Athenæum have commenced, and the course promises to be one of unusual interest. Mr. Oliver P. Baldwin opened the season, on the evening of the 29th November, with a lecture on “Woman's Rights,” of which it is but justice to say that for wit, pathos and rhetorical grace, it could not have been surpassed by any lecturer in the land. The names of the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. Geo. Frederick Holmes, Professor Schele De Vere, Mr. G. P. R. James, and others to follow, give earnest of the high intellectual entertainment in store for our citizens.

Recent additions to the various rooms of the Athenæum building will make them more than ever pleasant places of resort. The libraries of the Historical Society and the City have received large accessions of rare and valuable books purchased with great discrimination in London, during the last summer, by Conway Robinson, Esq., and the taste and liberality of that gentleman have been well displayed in some paintings which he brought with him to adorn the walls of the Lecture Room.

Galt, the sculptor, is fitting up a studio in one of the smaller apartments, where visitors will be able, in a few days, to see all his busts, the *Bacchante*, *Psyche*, *Virginia* and *Columbus*. We especially ask the attention of our friends in the Legislature to these works. We have brought forward Galt's superior claims to the commission for Jefferson's Statue, and every body who will visit his rooms will recognize the justice of our estimate of his genius.

A sparkling little epigram of William Wirt, which was embodied by Kennedy in his admirable memoir of that distinguished man, was the subject, at the time the work was in progress, of some discussion among the literary people around us, inasmuch as no authentic copy of it could be found in writing, and it was transcribed by us for the biographer, from the recollection of Mr. Wirt's contemporaries yet living. We have recently obtained the original draft of the *jeu d'esprit* in Mr. Wirt's own handwriting, which settles the matter. We give it below, prefaced by Mr. Kennedy's brief account of the circumstances under which it was written—

“Wickham and Hay were trying a cause in the Court at Richmond. Wickham was exceedingly ingenious, subtle, quick in argument, and always on the alert to keep the advantage by all logical arts. Hay was not remarkable for guarding all points, and was sometimes easily caught in a dilemma. Wickham had, on this occasion, reduced him to the choice of an alternative in which either side was fatal to him. ‘The gentleman,’ said he, ‘may take whichever horn he pleases.’ Hay was perplexed, and the bar amused. He was apt to get out of temper and make battle on such occasions, and sometimes indulge in sharp and teaty expressions—showing himself a little dangerous. A knowledge of this characteristic added to the sport of the occasion. Mr. Warden, one of the most learned, witty and popular members of this bar,—familiarily known to them as Jock Warden,—for he was a Scotchman, and then an old man,—remarked, in a quiet way, ‘Take care of him, he has hay upon his horn!’ Wirt, sitting by, with full appreciation of this classical witticism, forthwith hitched it into verse in the following epigram:

“Wickham t'other day in court
Was tossing Hay about for sport,
Jock,* full of wit and Latin too,
Cried, ‘Habet fœnum in cornu.’”

The compositors in some of our Richmond printing offices have a rare felicity of blundering. A few days since we saw Mr. Thackeray's book announced in a daily paper as “The New *Combs*,” and an advertisement in another journal informed us that our friend Mr. Randolph had just received a large supply of “interesting London Cooks.”

* John Warden.

The article in foregoing sheets of the present number of the Messenger entitled "Castles and Shakspeare" is from a forthcoming work by H. T. Tuckerman, descriptive of English Travel. It will be styled "A Month in England," and the reader may argue from the agreeable style of the extract we present from it, that it will be one of the most readable volumes of that sort ever issued from the American press.

Among our exchanges we especially value two—the *Knickerbocker* and the *Literary World*, for the pleasant things the editors say to us. Clarke is always full of charming gossip, and Duyckinck has a way of delighting you that is peculiarly his own. There is a sort of *Century-Club* geniality felt by the reader of old Knick's *variétés* and the *World's* criticisms, which is found in few knights of the quill. We are glad to know that the circulation of both these journals is increasing.

En passant, we notice a change in the proprietorship of the *Southern Quarterly Review* which promises to place that valuable work on a surer basis than ever. Mr. C. Mortimer has become its owner, and is fortunate enough to retain Simms in the editorial chair which he has graced so long. The Quarterly has not heretofore enjoyed that favor at the hands of the Southern reading public to which it was justly entitled by reason of its high literary excellence and its devotion to Southern interests, but we feel confident it will now receive a more substantial encouragement and operate in a wider sphere of usefulness than it has ever done before.

The shock of arms in the Orient between the Turk and the Czar, which has caused the electric wires of the country to tingle with such agreeable intelligence of a rise in wheat, and furnished the daily papers with so capital a theme for swelling paragraphs, has not been without a certain happy effect in awakening the poetic sensibilities of such as possess "the vision and the faculty divine." Witness the following effusion which came to us, a few days since, and which shows the author to have something of that "proleptic apprehension" of coming events which was attributed in our last number to Tennyson—

If I were to write the poet's name,
I say the beauty is not the same,
For God has given him a bright mind,
But he has not preserved it for the time.

One more thing I like to say,
The poet's time is passing away,

For the King will soon come down,
And cause the earth all to rebound.

Turkey, Russia, and others too,
Will join in the battle, and that not few,
The one who the prophets says,
Is the battle of the latter days.

Will not the Editors all look,
And see it written in the Book,
No, not while politics is in their way.
They will deceive the ignorant of the day.

Keep an eye o man! Oh keep!
An eye to the War though others sleep,
For I told them first and last,
What the prophets say would come to pass.

A volume of poems is about to appear from the press of Scribner for which we bespeak *d'avance* the hearty appreciation of the public. It is the venture of a literary partnership which trades upon a large capital of genius, composed of "Two Cousins of the South"—Mr. T. Bibb Bradley and Miss Julia Pleasants. The former has made himself known to the readers of the Messenger in frequent tuneful utterances of the muse: his fair cousin has not published so much, but her silver rhymes have been recently ringing through the land in vibrations so musical that all have stopped to hear, and we cannot doubt that when the collection of the poems of both makes its appearance, it will be hailed as establishing their claims to lofty niches in the temple of song.

Notices of New Works.

THE FLUSH TIMES OF ALABAMA AND MISSISSIPPI. *A Series of Sketches.* By JOSEPH G. BALDWIN. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 200 Broadway. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

In the department of humour we think it can not be questioned that Southern writers have excelled. The Georgia Scenes of Longstreet—Major Jones' Courtship of Thompson, and Simon Suggs of Hooper, constitute an aggregate of fun, the like of which it would be difficult to find in our literature, and here we have a new humourist who, in our judgment, surpasses them all. The seal of public favor has already been set upon Mr. Baldwin's sketches as they appeared during the past year in this magazine, and we are but giving expression to a widely entertained opinion when we say that they are the very best things of the kind that the age has produced. The drollery of the writer is irresistible, but apart from this there are graces of style which belong peculiarly to him, and are always appearing in the most delightful man-

ner in these papers. In the way of illustrating his subject by allusions to the earlier and later classics, no writer that we know approaches Mr. Baldwin—he seems to have the whole range of ancient and modern literature at his command. "The Virginians in a New Country" is worthy of Goldsmith in its easy and quiet satire and its smooth descriptions, while in the sketch of Prentiss there is a power of mental analysis and a regal pomp of language that only the acknowledged masters in the intellectual world possess. Mr. Baldwin is a young man, whose studies have hitherto been confined to his profession—the Law—in which he has risen to an enviable eminence:—it remains for him now to decide whether he will carry off the richest rewards of Law or Letters which are equally within his grasp—if indeed he does not show that like Legaré he is fitted to wear both the gown and the laurel with dignity.

OUTLINES OF COMPARATIVE PHILOLOGY, with a Sketch of the Languages of Europe, arranged upon Philologic Principles: and a Brief History of the Art of Writing. By M. SCHELE DE VERE, of the University of Virginia. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co., 10 Park Place. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

A very dry and unpromising title-page to a most agreeable and lively work. That M. Schele De Vere (who modestly writes himself "of the University of Virginia," without letting the public know that he fills an important Professorship there) is a ripe scholar, no one who reads this treatise can entertain a doubt. We have had the pleasure of knowing that gentleman for some years,—the Messenger has been frequently graced by contributions from his pen—and we do not hesitate to declare that a more cultivated person we have never met with. All this would be quite out of place here, if his book, now under momentary discussion, did not abundantly sustain our opinion of him. Let no one, who would read a really entertaining volume, be deterred from purchasing these "Outlines" by the 'Philology' and 'Philologic' which occur in the title—the subject in M. Schele De Vere's hands is rendered positively attractive.

THE BLACKWATER CHRONICLE, A Narrative of an Expedition into the Land of Canaan, in Randolph county, Virginia, a country flowing with Wild Animals, such as Panthers, Bears, Wolves, Elk, Deer, Otter, Badger, &c., &c., With innumerable Trout—By Five Adventurous Gentlemen, without any aid of Government, and Solely by their own Resources, in the Summer of 1851. By "The Clerke of Oxenforde." With illustrations from life by Strother. Redfield 110 and 112 Nassau Street. New York. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

We commit no impropriety in saying that Mr. Pendleton Kennedy, the author of this volume, (whose *feræ naturæ* title-page we give at full length above,) is a gentleman whose literary tastes, shining wit and exuberant fancy, ought long ago to have been exemplified in a book. The "Chronicle" which lies before us, good as it certainly is, does not, however, come up to our notion of what its gifted author could accomplish; if he chose. We are thankful to him, nevertheless, for an afternoon's en-

joyment afforded by his humorous description of the new Canaan and the adventures his party met with in their expedition into that strange land. And we say to all who like a laugh, go to the bookseller's and get the "Blackwater Chronicle."

ADDRESS delivered before the Alumni Society of the University of Georgia. By the Hon. JOHN A. CAMPBELL, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the U. S. At the Annual Commencement, in August, 1853. Athens: J. S. Peterson. 1853.

We return our thanks to the fair lady to whose flattering remembrance of us we are indebted for a copy of this Address of Judge Campbell. We have read it with interest, and find it compact of valuable truths and political wisdom. The following passage will afford some idea of the style and general bearing of the effort. After mentioning that it is not upon the commercial elements of our country that the eye of the statesman or philosopher reposes in contemplating the development of its institutions, Judge Campbell says—

"They ask for our treasures of science and learning; they count the products of art and imagination; they measure our growth in philosophy, our improvements in legislation, in mechanical and chemical science; they range through our social and civil life; observe our appreciation of the beautiful, our social relaxations and enjoyments, the courtesy and amenity of our manners; they examine our trading propensities and habits of accumulation, and pronounce, 'that within this Temple there is offered up to gain, the master idol of the land, perpetual sacrifice.'

"Notwithstanding this harsh judgment, the minds of men are not convinced. There is a sure instinct which teaches the European society, its chiefs as well as its masses, that there has been discovered in this land, a principle which has been embodied in institutions, frames laws, and sheds a brightness upon the daily life of our people, which is worth more than the prizes of art, invention, industrial conquests, material prosperity, the researches of science, the triumphs of literature—and which fully possessed and duly preserved, surely will bring with it all these treasures. It is the existence and development of this principle, which occasions the philosophic statesman and publicist to pause at the mention of the American name.

"This principle is found in the active and ever-living consciousness that our institutions and usages inspire in the citizen, that he is a freeman, with inherent and acknowledged rights, charged with concomitant duties and responsibilities, which extend to, and pervade all the relations and interests of the society. That these rights and responsibilities do not centre in providing merely personal gratifications, nor selfish ends, but in the apt, full and faithful exertion of his faculties, to accomplish ends external to himself, in which society, in its various states and organizations, has a participation and interest,

"In taking from government the custody of religion, the censorship of the press, the guidance of conscience, the control of opinion; in associating the citizen with the distribution of justice, the maintenance of social order, our people have not sought to diminish the claims of religion, veracity, or justice; the legitimate empire of all over the understanding, the conscience and conduct, is universally admitted. The experiment we have under-

taken is, to preserve their empire unimpaired, without violence, authority, or constraint; by the free-agency, the habitual efforts of a self-superintending population."

LADY LEE'S WIDOWHOOD. New York: Harper & Brothers. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.]

Let us be thankful that a clever novel has at last come out, which was written neither by Bulwer, nor Thackeray, nor Dickens, nor Charlotte Brontë. "Lady Lee's Widowhood" is unquestionably one of the wittiest and pleasantest things that the press of our day has given to the public, and to all those who did not read it as it appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, we would say, by all means get the book. It furnishes the largest return of enjoyment for twenty-five cents that can be found in any bookstore in the country.

THE BOW IN THE CLOUD; or Covenant Mercy for the Afflicted. Elegantly Illustrated. Philadelphia: Published by E. H. Butler & Co. 1854. [From James Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.]

The tone of this handsome volume is devotional; the essays which comprise it being contributed by some of the most eminent divines in this country upon subjects springing out of affliction and calamity in this world of trial. To those hearts which have been subdued by recent sorrow, it will prove a very friendly counsellor.

The style of the publication is exceedingly good. The illustrations are very unequal in merit, some of them are effective, while others seem to us far unworthy of being placed in such elegant binding.

THE PICTURE PLEASURE BOOK. *Illustrated with nearly Five Hundred Engravings* from Drawings by Eminent Artists. Two Series. New York: D. Appleton and Co., 200 Broadway. 1854.

PARLEY'S PRESENT for all Seasons. By S. C. GOODRICH, Author of Parley's Tales, etc. New York: Same publishers.

Happy Days of Childhood. By AMEY MEADOWS. Illustrated by Twenty-Four Pictures by Harrison Weir, and a Frontispiece by Birket Foster. Same publishers. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.]

In the name of the little folks we move a vote of thanks to the Appletons for these jolly fine books for the holidays. In our day of callow juvenility, no such treasures of print and pictures had ever come from the press to the nursery. The publishers have done, in the Pleasure Books, for Mother Hubbard and the story of the Three Bears what Alderman Boydell did for Shakespeare, in just as magnificent a way. Let no one think to deceive us. These engravings, do we not know them? Have we not seen works of a similar kind and from the very same artists in the most sumptuous of modern English publications? Verily, the men who do the pictures of the *Illustrated News* and *Punch* and the *Art Journal* have had a hand in the getting up of these wonderful juvenile affairs.

"Parley," we take it, was done in Paris. Mr. Goodrich looking after it in person. Our old friend looks some-

what singularly in French type, but the children will always hail him with delight, come when and how he may. These books are all capital for holiday presents and will prove very popular as such.

The Works of JOSEPH ADDISON. Edited by George Washington Greene. In Five Volumes. Vol. I. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co., 10 Park Place. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.]

The first volume of what promises to be the best edition of Addison. It will embrace many papers never before included in his collected works and the essay of Macaulay on the life and genius of the great essayist.

POPULAR POETS AND POETRY OF BRITAIN, *Edited with Biographical and Critical Notices.* By the Rev. Geo. Gilfillan, Author of "Gallery of Literary Portraits," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Broadway.

Four sumptuous volumes of this elegant edition of the British Poets have been issued—embracing Milton, Herbert and Thomson. We learn that they have already met with an extended sale, as might have been confidently expected from the extremely low price—One Dollar a volume—at which they were offered. The Appletons deserve the largest encouragement for the enterprise with which they have undertaken so considerable a work as this. The reader will find the volumes already published at any of the Richmond bookstores.

THE POEMS OF GENERAL MORRIS.

No one needs to be told that "Woodman Spare that Tree," or "On the Lake where Droops the Willow," are the most successful American songs yet written, but many may be thankful for the intelligence that these and many other,—in fact all the acknowledged poems of the author are at last brought together in a suitable form. The volume is beautifully printed, superbly bound and admirably illustrated by Weir and Darley. It thus constitutes a most desirable gift book, and we trust with the approaching festive season it will prove a source of deserved emolument to one of the most tasteful of editors and worthiest of men.

L' ENVOI.



The Volume closes as the year departs—

And as the showman, when the play is done,
Puts up the puppets that our praise have won,
So we, with not the gladsomest of hearts,
Shut up our box, and bid our friends adieu

A little while, for when the Old Year's fled
And bravely down the highway comes the New,
We'll open it again, by purpose led

To please you, gentle reader, as we trust—

And some new comers to our varied show.
Meanwhile, right graciously accept you must

A "Merry Christmas" from us as we go.
With mirth and music may the happy time
Glide with you softly as the poet's rhyme!

THE EDITOR.





